

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

THE POOR MAN'S BIRD.

A year ago, I had a child. A little daughter fair and mild; More precious than my life to me, She swoops beneath the chimney's eave...

HODGES' THEORY.

Its Practical Working, as Told by an Ex-Manager Editor—Editors in the Counting-Room, and Book-keepers in the Editorial Section...

"The Post," he replied, in a moody tone of voice, "has gone up the spout." "Is that possible?" I said, in surprise...

White Pine Ornamentation. Some recent attempts with white pine appears to give it a value as an ornamental wood which its common uses have not heretofore suggested...

Forgotten Valuables. A messenger boy ran up to J. E. Kingsley in the Continental Hotel and handed him a telegram...

The ship comes in. For years we have waited, In hope and in grief, Watching the billows...

The Hansom Cab.

"Well, I rode in a Hansom cab when I was in Chicago 'tother day," said an old kicker to another old kicker...

"What kind of things are they?" asked the second old kicker. "I have read about Hansom cabs ever since I was a boy in Dickens' works, and all English publications, but I wouldn't know one if I saw it in the road..."

"Last week a patron of the house who lives in Harrisburg, came down and staid over night. When he came to the office in the morning to pay his bill he fumbled through his pockets..."

Every body who casually read the article supposed, of course, that M. S. Kendrick had run away with Mr. Anderson, and all parties concerned sned us for libel...

"Why, my dear sir," he said between his roars, "the Post is still running and doing well. Burbank was thrown out for habitual drunkenness, and I have no doubt but that he has negotiated that \$20,000 bill..."

Some specimens lately examined show a greatly enhanced beauty by very simple treatment—the filling with warm shellac varnish, bleached shellac in alcohol, applied with a brush white varnish...

A messenger boy ran up to J. E. Kingsley in the Continental Hotel and handed him a telegram. Mr. Kingsley tore open the envelope and read this message: SARATOGA SPRINGS—For heaven's sake, send my respects to our old friend...

For years we have waited, In hope and in grief, Watching the billows, Scanning the sea, For our ship on the ocean...

whoever duty it is to take charge of everything left in the rooms and try to trace the owners. Sometimes he succeeds and sometimes he does not...

"Don't make her study geography," said a mother to the principal of a school where she was putting her daughter; "its of no use, I never could make anything out of geography myself and she can't..."

They are really cultivated people who never can learn to spell perfectly. We know a graduate of Yale, the best Greek scholar of his class, who always misspells certain words...

The poor women, who are the only examples of the sex generally visible, are, on the whole, inferior to the men in good looks...

A short time since there lived in the sinful city of Cincinnati a young and beautiful drummer, beneath whose steam laundry shirt there reposed a reservoir of pride, ambition, hope and energy...

Diversity of Gifts.

He asked her if she'd have tea-cream— "I do not eat it. Thanks," she said. "Wha—that?" he stammered, in surprise. And then he turned round to her...

Give him himself to one pursuit or one class of pursuits makes a man one-sided; to change the figure, gives as cutting edge on only one side...

We are apt to idealize those who have brilliant and positive gifts, and think them altogether enviable, but nearer acquaintance reveals the fact that no cup pressed to the lips of mortals is altogether sweet...

There are many men who have no talent for the use of tools, and who handle everything they take hold of clumsily; there are women who have no talent for the needle, and who cannot learn crochet and tatting and the like...

The poor women, who are the only examples of the sex generally visible, are, on the whole, inferior to the men in good looks. For one thing, their dress is the most unbecoming possible...

A Tragedy. A short time since there lived in the sinful city of Cincinnati a young and beautiful drummer, beneath whose steam laundry shirt there reposed a reservoir of pride, ambition, hope and energy...

—The cost \$8,100 to pay the salaries of the agent and assistants to distribute postage stamps to the various post-offices in the United States.—Washington Star.

they encountered in the street? Ah? Little did he dream that ere the end of the next block was reached he would be lying upon the hard, unfeeling pavement...

A tragic fate awaited him, and it soon came. It is unnecessary to go into details. A local paper tells the whole story in four lines—four thrilling lines of soul-worrying poetry...

Broken Bones. A doctor should, of course, be sent for in most cases, and it is difficult to determine the character of the fracture. But the fracture of an arm bone, especially in the case of children—their bones are not yet brittle—like that of a green twig, partly bent and partly broken...

Of late years the plaster of Paris bandage has, to a large extent, taken the place of splints. It is vastly superior every way, and with it the person may sooner be allowed the use of his limbs.

The good people of Connecticut—that is to say, the good old-fashioned people—have strong faith in certain peculiar weather-signs. One of these is the appearance of the katydid as the precursor of the first snow...

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A pigeon ranche! Why, there can't be much money in that. "But there is a bonanza in it, the way Dave manages. I wanted to buy a half interest in it, but he wouldn't sell..."

"You have never seen those San Antonio markers two shov? They only hit one pigeon in ten. Dave has those pigeons trained so that as soon as they are shot at and miss, they fly home, and next day Dave sells them over again to the Gun Club, and back they come again, all safe and sound. Dave hasn't got a pigeon in his ranche that has not been shot at forty times, and he has got more pigeons now than when he got the San Antonio Gun Club belonging to them."—Texas Siftings.

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THE GOOD OLD FARM.

There's got to be a revival of good sound sense among men, before the days of prosperity will dawn upon us again.

JACOB AND POLLY.

Jacob Cattleby was a messenger to Messrs. Perkinson, Goldchest & Co., the rich bankers in Lombard street.

He had been hanging outside this big bank for many years now; and it had become a custom, of late days, to send him on little errands which were not within the province of a regular clerk's duty.

Jacob received no salary, but was supported by voluntary contributions, like a hospital, and what these contributions amounted to in the year there had been much speculation concerning at the bank, amongst the clerks.

It was set down by young and imaginative minds as a "pretty penny, take it altogether." But taking Jacob Cattleby altogether was to the ordinary observer, to set him down as a poor, half-starved, ill-clad, miserable old man, struggling hard to live, and always on the brink of falling at it.

He did not know his other name, "Old Jacob" was Mr. Cattleby's cognomen in Lombard street—"Cranky Jacob" sometimes.

It was a washed-out copy of the great Goldchest manner, which the big bank-soldiered across the pavement to his carriage.

And he was a messenger to Messrs. Perkinson, Goldchest & Co., the rich bankers in Lombard street.

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"He ain't dead, then," cried Polly. "Well, I am glad."

"Don't see what you've got to be glad about," said the woman, sharply. "But no; he ain't dead yet; he's going, though."

"I've had a loss, Mr. Goldchest," said Polly. "I've lost my daughter; all I had in the world to me; all I cared for, child, Good day," he said, with an excitement for which Polly was wholly unprepared.

"Yes, but here; hold hard!" she cried, indignantly. "Ain't you going to have any flowers to—"

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The Profit from Sheep.

We hope no one will laugh at the heading of this article, though to talk of profit from sheep just at this time does appear to be the height of absurdity.

"The profit from sheep," says the editor of the sheep-breeder, "is not a matter of much moment, and with reference to the good time coming when there will not be so much gloom among sheep-breeders and wool-growers as there is at present, still we believe that even though circumstances have conspired to greatly reduce the profits of sheep-raising, that had we, as sheep-breeders, pursued a little different course in the past, we would even now be in quite a satisfactory position."

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FACTS AND FIGURES.

There are 34,000 deaf mutes in the United States. By their intermarriage, they are constantly increasing.—N. Y. Sun.

Since 1880 the increase of deposits in the State and savings banks of the country has been nearly \$500,000,000.—Chicago Journal.

The statisticians of the United States Mint estimate that the total production of gold in the world during the 400 years ending 1882 was 10,394 tons, equal in value to \$7,211,797,869.

What is claimed to be the largest grain elevator in the world has been erected at Newport News, Va., by the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Company.

The first attempts to introduce gas as an illuminator in the United States were made in Baltimore between 1816 and 1820.

According to the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics among the women laborers of that State are 106 barbers and hairdressers, 6 barkeepers, 3 billposters, 9 commercial travelers, 2 bank officials, 2 pawnbrokers, 4 teamsters, 2 sailors, 1 gun and lock-mith, 75 bakers, 58 shoemakers, 6 carpenters, 2 door, sash and blind makers, 13 masons, 1 paper-hanger, 1 plumber and 2 gutter, 2 carriage makers, 16 watch

The Language of Envelopes.

I have spoken of the envelopes being shabby, and you will want to know what I mean. Well, I'll tell you.

I have spoken of the envelopes being shabby, and you will want to know what I mean. Well, I'll tell you. I have carried in my time an average of over 300 letters a day.

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WIT AND WISDOM.

—What sound is to the ear, and what light is to the eye, that the soul is to the brain.—N. O. Peckham.

—If you cast away one cross you will doubtless find another, and perhaps a heavier one.—Thomas a Kempis.

—Artist's friend (pointing to sketch)—"Say, Harry, where did you get this?—Harry—"Why, I got that out of my head."—Friend—"Well, it's a lucky thing for your head that you got it out."

—The best recipe for going through life in a commendable way is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness they can get from others in the world.—Boston Budget.

—Yes, my son. There is gold in the mountains of Idaho and Montana. Lots of it. And so there is heaps of it in the United States Treasury, too. And it is just about as easy to get it from one place as the other. Good deal easier, in fact.—Burdette.

—A young man blackened his mustache with a lead comb and then took his girl out for a moonlight stroll. When the fair one appeared in the bright light of the family circle a couple of hours later her face looked like a railroad map.—Hay.

—A policeman who was patrolling Montana street east the other day heard a whistle blow for all it was worth, and ran a block and a half to find a woman with her head out of a chamber window.

—"No, sir, My gal and her beau are spoonin' around on the side stoop, and I blew the whistle to let him know that it was time to skip or look out for clubs."—Detroit Free Press.

—"I'm afraid I was cheated on those lightning rods."—"What's the matter with them?"—"I hadn't had 'em up mor'n a month when a fearful stroke of lightning knocked 'em all forlorn and everything in it."

—"Is there anybody about this establishment who loves poetry?" he said as he opened the door and gazed around the editorial room with a doubtful look.

—"What's the matter with you?"—"That lightning never strikes twice in the same place."—Hocheater Post-Express.

Curiosities of English Schools.

The following were recently among the written answers in examinations on Scripture by her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools:

"Who was Moses?"—"He was an Egyptian. He lived in a hark maid of bulrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshiped brazen snakes, and he let nothing but quashes and madder for forty years. He was kord by the air of his 'ed while ridin' under a bow of a tree, and he was killed by his son Absolon as he was hanging from the bow. His end was peace."

"What do you know of the patriarch Abraham?"—"He was the father of Lot and had two wives. One was called Hismale and tother Haygur. He kept win at home and he hurried tother into the desert, where she became a pillow of salt in the daytime and a pillow of fire at night."

"Write an account of the Good Samaritan."—"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jeriker and he fell among thaws and the thaws sprang up and choked him. Whereupon he gave tuppins to the hoast and said tak care on him and put him on his home haas. And he past by on the hoaster side."—London Times.

The Garfield memorial window at Williams College has been finished at the cost of \$8,645.—Boston Journal.

