

# Case County Courier.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

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

VOLUME X.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1884.

NUMBER 37.

## A WEEK'S NEWS.

### Gleaned by Telegraph and Mail

#### CONGRESSIONAL.

The Senate, on the 9th, insisted upon its amendments to the Labor Statistics bill and appointed a Committee of Conference. Mr. Vance submitted the views of the minority of the Committee on Privileges and Elections regarding the Danville investigation. The Mexican Soldiers' Pension bill was taken up and the pending amendment was laid on the table. The amendment was Mr. Dickberger's amendment to strike out the phrase "for the suppression of the rebellion" from Mr. Hoar's amendment, providing pensions for soldiers who fought in the late war for the suppression of the rebellion. Mr. Williams moved to lay the amendment on the table. Carried, Ayes, 20, Nays, 15. Several amendments were offered and laid on the table and further consideration of the bill went over. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the River and Harbor bill. Without action the committee rose and the floor was accorded the Committee on the District of Columbia. At the evening session of the House amendments were offered and voted down. After completing the consideration of the forty-seven pages of the bill, the committee rose and the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 10th, a large number of petitions were presented opposing a Governmental telegraph. Mr. Beck withdrew his resolution concerning the removal of political disabilities, and the Senate resumed consideration of the Mexican Pension bill. The amendment by Mr. Harrison, intended to limit the beneficiaries of the bill to those who had seen service, was laid on the table, yeas 23, nays 15. The Committee on Diplomatic Appropriation bill was taken up and the Senate went into secret session on the portion relating to the enforcement of the neutrality act. In the House, Mr. Morrison, Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a concurrent resolution providing for final adjournment of Congress Monday, the 20th of June, at three p. m. Adopted without division. Mr. Purson, of the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill for the sale of certain lands granted by Iowa to aid in the construction of the railroad that State. The House, at its evening session, took up the bill directing the Secretary of the Interior to obtain a relinquishment of title to the Red Lake Reservation of Minnesota. After a long debate and without action the House adjourned.

The Senate, on the 11th, went into secret legislative session on the item in the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill appropriating \$250,000 to cover the necessary expenses attending the execution of the Neutrality act. Nothing definite was accomplished, as when the doors were reopened a quorum was not present. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the River and Harbor bill. The clause for the construction of the Hennepin canal having been reached, Mr. Jones, of Wisconsin, raised against it the point of order that the Committee on the Appropriations had no jurisdiction over the subject, and that a bill with substantially the same provision was pending in the House. The point of order was sustained and Mr. Jones moved to strike out the clause. Mr. Hoar then moved to amend the bill and was sustained on an appeal by 161 yeas. Mr. Cosgrove moved to increase from \$200,000 to \$250,000 the appropriation for the improvement of the Missouri river from its mouth to Sioux City. Lost. After concluding the debate on the bill, the committee rose and the House adjourned.

The Senate, on the 12th, took a final vote on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, and the bill was passed by thirty-eight yeas and two nays (Vance and Van Wyck). The bill as passed is identical as reported from the Senate Committee on Appropriations, making an addition of \$50,000 to the bill as reported from the House. The Mexican Pensions bill was then taken up. After debate, the Senate, without reaching a conclusion on the bill went into recess, adjourned, and when the doors opened, adjourned. The House met in continuation of Wednesday's session on the appropriation for the improvement of the Missouri river and Harbor Appropriation bill. The appropriation for the improvement of the Missouri river was increased from \$200,000 to \$250,000. The committee rose and reported the bill to the House. Mr. Hoar moved to strike out the clause and the bill and pending amendments on the table. The motion was lost, yeas 97, nays 156. The bill was then passed by yeas 157, nays 102. The Speaker announced that the motion to strike out the clause was not carried and that the bill was correctly stated; that the actual vote was yeas 160, nays 102. Mr. Eaton then called up the Senate bill regulating the electoral count. After some discussion, the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 13th, Mr. Brown obtained unanimous consent to take up the bill to require the payment in cash to the State of Georgia of \$35,355, appropriated for that State by act of Congress, and to amend the act to require Georgia to refund money expended for the common defense in 1777. Mr. Dolph moved an amendment to include the State of Oregon and \$95 for California to refund money expended by those States in the suppression of the rebellion. After a long discussion, Mr. Ingalls moved to recommit the bill to the Committee on Claims. It was then discovered that the bill was not reported and the Senate adjourned until the 16th. In the House the Senate amendments to the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bills were not concurred in. Mr. Fryer then took the floor on the Electoral bill. At the conclusion of Mr. Fryer's speech Mr. Townsend, of Illinois, submitted a concurrent resolution on the Post-office Appropriation bill. He said that the items upon which no agreement had been reached were, first, increasing the appropriation for the pay of letter carriers; second, increasing by \$100,000 the appropriation for mail transportation on railroad routes; third, striking out the clause regulating the compensation to land grant roads; fourth, appropriating \$185,000 for special mail facilities, and fifth, increasing by \$30,000 the appropriation for railway post-office clerks. The conference report was adopted as far as the items are concerned upon which the agreement had been arrived at. The House at its evening session passed seventy-six pension bills and adjourned.

#### WASHINGTON NOTES.

The record of the Court of Inquiry in the case of General S. A. M. Judge Advocate General of the Army, reported the facts as developed by the evidence, and concluded as follows: "The court is of the opinion that while it is not prepared to say that any specific act developed by the evidence is actually fraudulent, yet the evidence does show a series of transactions discreditable to any officer of the Army." The Secretary of War laid the report before the President and it was decided to order a court martial trial for General Swain. SENATOR VANCE submitted to the Senate an amendment to the Legislative Appropriation bill to provide that no money shall be paid out of the Treasury, or from any public fund, for printing in the Congressional Record any speech which has not been actually spoken or delivered in either Senate or House. The Washington Star says: Late disclosures show that the failure of the banking house of Middleton & Co. was not only disgraceful, but one of the most disastrous on record. Property left for safe keeping,

good margins on stock, charity funds, all the deposits, and in fact everything, had been swept away and used by this firm until it is doubtful if it pays a cent or even a mill on the dollar.

The remains of ex-Justice Noah H. Swayne, of the United States Supreme Court, arrived at Washington from New York recently on a special car, and were interred in Oak Hill Cemetery.

The House Committee on Ways and Means agreed to report favorably a bill to admit free of duty articles intended for exhibition at the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition.

#### THE EAST.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN has written a letter definitely declining his proposed nomination as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. His reasons were that he was physically unable to bear the burdens of Government or to make the necessary canvass.

At the celebration of the semi-centennial of the corporate existence of Rochester, N. Y., the throng was the greatest ever known in the city, and the procession formed was over two hours passing the reviewing stand. The entire city was illuminated.

WILLIAM G. MORGAN, defaulting agent of the New York banking firm of Putnam & Earle, was sentenced to three years in State's prison.

A STORM, accompanied by a water spout, visited the Cumberland Valley, Pa., recently. From Newville east the railroad runs on a high embankment of sand and gravel. Directly after the cloud passed over a portion of the road the storm burst, and in the presence of passengers in the rear car carried half a mile of rails, ties and embankment away. The water spout was about half a mile wide and very destructive.

GEORGE D. MORGAN has been elected director of the Western Union, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Augustus Schell.

In the United States District Court, at Philadelphia, recently, Judge Butler made an order in the suit of Rowland Hazard against the Credit Mobilier for the removal of Oliver Ames, receiver, and directing the receivers to close the testimony against granting the petition within ten days. The schedule of the firm of M. Bogart & Co., bankers and brokers, of New York, showed the firm's debts to be \$2,100,997; nominal assets, \$413,308; actual assets, \$97,831.

An extensive fire was raging in the building occupied by the National Rubber and New Brunswick Rubber Companies, on Congress street, Boston, on the 12th. An explosion of naphtha on the second floor burned three firemen named Holgado, Halsey and Littleton, who were taken to the hospital. Others injured were as follows: John Flaval, District Engineer Cunningham, Captain Willard, Captain Frost, Lieutenant Grady and Lieutenant Swartz. The loss would be heavy. Insurance, \$100,000 on stock and \$275,000 on building.

#### THE WEST.

The Western Nail Association met at Pittsburg and reduced the card rate from \$2.00 per keg to \$2.40. This action was taken in order to get nearer the actual selling figure, which has been \$2.25 in car lots at sixty days. Trade was dull.

The special agent of the Mexican Government intrusted with establishing the Zona Libra, has returned to the City of Mexico without visiting Piedra Negra, and the Zona Libra idea ended in smoke.

A FREIGHT train was wrecked on the Indiana and Vincennes Railroad, near Martinsville, Ind., the other night, caused by a washout. The engineer was badly injured.

MICHAEL MURPHY, aged about forty-five years, was run over and killed by a Baltimore & Ohio yard engine at Newark, O., recently. He had started home somewhat under the influence of liquor, and it was supposed laid down on the track.

PHILIP KLITZ, who lived near Youngstown, O., was killed the other day while out hunting. His lifeless body was found by a fence, which he had climbed, causing his gun to explode, the charge entering his brain.

The disappearance of Alfred Sheldon from Kansas City several weeks ago was creating considerable talk. Charges of abduction and murder have been made, and counter charges that he embezzled funds and skipped out have also been made. Sheldon was an Englishman, reputed wealthy, and the British Government has instituted inquiries. Sheldon was a partner in the Blue Springs Milling Company, of Jackson County, Mo.

Mrs. B. F. NICHOLS, wife of a traveling man, formerly a resident of Mount Palaski, Ill., while out with a fishing party at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, fell out backwards from the boat into the river and never came to the surface again. Her husband was but a short distance away, and two or three of the party saw her go under.

ISAAC A. STANLEY, paying teller of the National Bank of Commerce, of Cleveland, O., was jailed recently on the charge of embezzling \$100,000 from the bank. He invested the money on a grain deal.

MEXICAN newspapers continued discussing the nomination of Blaine, which was generally regarded as a threatened evil for Mexico. La Libertad says it hopes for the election of Blaine, for Mexico has more to fear from a friendly President than one who is avowedly hostile, regarding it as more to the interest of Mexico to deal with her neighbor in the spirit of want of confidence and reserve than to hobnob with traitors who pretend to be friends in order to become masters.

A FRANK L. MORSE, of Chicago, who was sentenced for using the mails to defraud, surrendered himself to District Attorney Tuttil, and was sent to jail for twelve months.

The dead body of a young man, whose widowed mother lives at Bardstow, Ky., was found in Salt River, near Santa Fe, Monroe County, Mo., a day or two ago, his arms bound and his neck broke. It was believed that he was brutally murdered and

thrown into the river. The matter was being investigated.

VESSEL agents in Chicago are hopeful of a material advance in freight rates. Engagements were made one day recently for over half a million bushels of grain.

FRANK ARBUCKLE caught his arm in some of the machinery of Nathan Arbuckle's mill at Rushville, Ind., recently, and had the flesh literally torn from the bones. He lived in extreme agony until he was relieved by death.

#### THE SOUTH.

The Copiah County, Miss., Democrats held their convention recently. They endorsed Governor Lowry's administration, E. Barksdale for renomination to Congress and Tilden and Hendricks. They condemned the majority report of the Senate Investigating Committee in the Matthews killing, and endorsed the minority report. The cadets accused of hazing at Annapolis have been ordered aboard the ships. This, it was supposed, would end the matter.

The doors of the State Bank of Charleston, West Virginia, closed on the 12th. Liabilities, \$119,000; assets reported at \$115,000. The principal losers are poor people who had small sums deposited.

Mrs. MARY LONG, a widow of some property, of Carrollton, Ga., committed suicide the other day by taking two phials of laudanum. She left her money on a table beside her, divided into three parts, for her three grandchildren.

A RECENT Corsicana, Tex., special says: The extraordinary hot weather of the past few days culminated in a small cyclone and heavy rain storm. Two business houses were unroofed, many houses blown down and a number of residences somewhat damaged.

HUNT, STEWART & Co., cotton factors of New Orleans, failed recently. Stewart states that the failure was caused by a misunderstanding concerning the acceptance of drafts.

#### GENERAL.

HENRY G. VENNOR, the weather prophet, died in Montreal on the 5th, aged forty-four years.

DAGAREFF, the assassin of Sudeiken, was arrested at Berlin. He will be surrendered to Russia.

BARON NORDENSKJOLD, the Swedish explorer, is seeking subscriptions to meet the expenses of an expedition to the South Pole. The Baron estimates that the expedition will cost \$1,000,000. The Spanish Government has promised to pay part of the expenses of the enterprise.

FAILURES for the past seven days in the United States were 203, Canada 25, or an increase of 13. Casualties were lighter than usual in the New England and Western States; but there was an increase in the Middle, Southern and Pacific States and Canada.

THEBBAW, King of Burma, recently poisoned the Queen and her mother and married the Queen's sister.

THREE dynamite cartridges exploded at Genoa, Italy, recently—two in front of the Church of the Conception, the other in close proximity to the Church of San Lorenzo.

A LONDON dispatch of the 13th says: The Loxborne claimant (Arthur Orton) will be released on a ticket of leave.

#### THE LATEST.

By a collision with an excursion train on the Camden & Pacific Railroad, recently, near Camden, Pa., Engineers Palmer and Baxter and Conductor Smith, Baggage-master Vaughn, Mail Agent Wylie and Fireman Barber were killed. Many persons were injured. The excursion party was present when the rebels attacked Berber on May 23. The garrison defended the town two hours, but the rebels forced their way into the city, where they immediately massacred 1,500 men of the garrison and 2,000 of the male population. The women and children were spared.

The Senate was not in session on the 14th. The House continued its work on appropriation bills. The Post-office Appropriation bill was completed. A committee report on the site for a public building at Brooklyn exonerated the Secretary of the Treasury and subordinate officials from charges of corruption.

A FRANKFORT, Ky., special says the Court of Appeals reversed the decision of the lower court in the case of Thomas Crittenden, of Missouri, charged with and sentenced to the penitentiary for killing a negro. Illegal evidence was the grounds of the reversal.

At Butler, Pa., a boiler used in pumping Coldridge oil well No. 13 exploded the other morning demolishing the boiler and engine house and killing the engineer, Richard Walker. His son, who was near his father, was thrown fifteen feet, receiving fatal injuries.

The skeleton of a boy was found in a pond at Avondale near Cincinnati, with a rope around his neck and a stone tied to the rope. No clue to his identity or how he came into the pond.

The necessary papers to secure the requisition of John C. Eno, the defaulting President of the Second National Bank of New York, were made out and officials left with them for Canada. The State Department formally notified the British Minister that a requisition had been made for the surrender of Eno.

## KANSAS STATE NEWS.

State Horticultural Society. The State Horticultural Society at its late meeting, unanimously adopted the following preamble and resolution:

WHEREAS, The Cotton and Industrial Exposition that opens in New Orleans, on December 11th, 1884, promises to be of greater magnitude than any other exhibition of like character in the history of the United States; and

WHEREAS, The State of Kansas desires to retain the laurels so meritoriously won in past horticultural contests; therefore be it

Resolved, That the State Horticultural Society of Kansas, pledges its best efforts to secure the best accuracy possible, and requests the hearty co-operation of district, county and local societies, and that of all our fruit growers, to the end that this object be attained.

#### Miscellaneous.

The Grand Army of the Republic has secured a rate of fifteen dollars from Missouri River points to Minneapolis and return for those who wish to attend the National Encampment, July 23. It is announced that all Kansas roads will give the boys in blue a rate of two cents per mile each way between all Missouri River tickets at these rates to be sold in connection with tickets of connecting lines.

The township assessors of Clay County have completed the statistical work of the past year and make the following excellent showing: Present population of Clay County, 15,753, being a gain of over 2,000; area, 1,132, a gain of 132; value, \$1,500. The county has in fine condition 37,483 acres of winter wheat, 6,000 acres of rye, 93,000 acres of corn, 16,000 acres of oats, and acres upon acres of potatoes, sorghum, beans, broom corn, grasses, etc. This county owns over 30,000 cattle, 1,500 horses, 400 sheep and 30,000 hogs. Both county and city enjoy an unusual state of prosperity, and the prospects for a bountiful harvest could not be better.

JEROME WILLIAMS, a carpenter of Afton, was sent to do some work at a residence recently, and by means of misrepresentation secured money from the parties of the house. When feigning sickness, he was allowed to lie down in a room, which he plundered of its valuable contents and made good his escape.

A DISPATCH from Topeka says: The Railroad Commissioners have determined that Superintendent Fayan will have to put the Central Branch road in decent shape or they will make it warm for him. A letter was addressed to that gentleman stating that many people feel compelled to travel over his road, and there can be no reason for subjecting them to a risk of their lives upon it in its present condition.

A MEETING of the officers and Executive Committee of the Denver, Memphis & Atlantic Railway Company was held at Topeka, Kansas, recently, and looked at the early construction of the road was considered and disposed of and it was reported that a corps of engineers were at work locating the line and work was to be commenced on the grading right away. Subsidies amounting to \$2,200 per mile had been secured from Baxter relating to Larned and three hundred miles of the road will be constructed this year. The same corporation has also organized the Excelsior Town and Mining Company.

While Rev. C. N. Reggle, Methodist minister of Tecumseh, was absent from home the other night, his barn was burned by an incendiary and a valuable horse perished in the flames.

While Mr. Joel Hunsdon, City Engineer of Topeka, was descending from the hayloft of his barn in that city the other evening, his foot slipped upon the ladder, causing him to fall to the floor below. A fracture of his right arm at the elbow and between the elbow and wrist was the result.

R. W. WYLLIE, well known in commercial circles of the Missouri Valley, was bound over by Justice Drury at Afton recently to appear in the District Court to answer the charge of stealing groceries from the jobbing house of W. L. Holliss, of which he was manager.

DURAN recently at the West Side Schoolhouse at Parsons recently, a girl, about twelve years old, was seriously shot by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of some boys not far off. The ball entered her left cheek, and lodged in her mouth. It was not thought to be a fatal wound. The boys were arrested.

Dr. HOLCOMBE, the State Veterinarian, reports that the glanders exists among the horses in twenty-nine counties of the State, and is becoming serious in its proportions. The disease, it is believed, was brought into this State from Missouri, where it has existed for some time, and has been spread throughout the State by "horse jockeys," who brought over their infected animals and traded or sold them.

DAVID BRIGGAM recently came into Topeka from Biggs City. He has one thousand dollars in his possession. He fell in with an old chum named Barnes, and after caressing around a little while they parted. Shortly after Briggam missed his pocketbook containing the money and Barnes was arrested. The money, however, was not found in his possession.

The United States Fish Commissioners' special car passed through Topeka the other day over the Santa Fe road attached to the Cannonball train. It had on board George W. Moore, of Chicago, in charge, F. L. Donnelly, W. A. Bennington, M. Tume and John T. Moore. They were returning from the Needles of California, where they planted 300,000 shad fish in the Colorado River. In his talk with a reporter, Mr. Moore said he thought the farmers of this State ought to build ponds and go into the cultivation of carp. They are a good, hardy fish, well adapted to this climate, and if properly cared for, give in a year's time to weigh from one to five pounds.

MAY 28, McCarty and twenty-eight other persons filed a petition with the Board of Railroad Commissioners asking permission to construct a spur or switch two miles from Baker Station on the Missouri Pacific Road in Brown County, but the Board did not think, in its decision, that the inconvenience caused to a few persons in an agricultural district by having their product two miles further to the station at Baker was sufficient to counterbalance the additional hazard which would be caused to the traveling public by allowing a switch put in at said place, and for these reasons the application was denied. This was the third time the same case had been disposed of.

## THE KIND OLD MAN.

The kind old man—the mild old man—Who smiled on the boys at play, Dreaming, perchance, of his own glad youth When he was as blithe and gay!

And the larger urchin tossed the ball, And the lesser held the bat— Though the kindly old man's eyes were blurred He could even notice that!

But suddenly he was shocked to hear Words that I dare not write, And he hastened, in his kindly way To curb them as he might:

And he said, "Tut! tut! you naughty boy With the ball for shame!" and then: "You boy with the bat, whack him over the head If he calls you that again!"

The kind old man—the mild old man—Who gazed at the boys at play, Dreaming, perchance, of his own wild youth When he was as tough as they!

—J. W. Riley, in *Indianapolis Journal*.

## MRS. MILLS'S SPRING SUIT.

"Now," said Mrs. Mills, as she took her semi-annual dividend from the envelope— "now I will have a spring suit; it's high time, too, and I mean to have it made by Furbelov. Once in my life I want a dress that will fit like a glove and look stylish. I'm dead tired of being dowdy, and running about in ready-made gowns that hang on me like a bag, and ravel apart if one looks at them. I think I will have a gray Henrietta-cloth and gray velvet. I saw one at an 'opening' that was too lovely for anything—but a wedding. I'm so sick of black cashmere and black silk; it seems to me I've never worn anything else. To be sure, black is more economical; your next neighbor can't be certain whether you had your black gown this spring or last, and it's becoming and lady-like. I shouldn't care to have Mrs. Brown say, 'There goes Mrs. Mills in her everlasting gray gown; when shall we see the last of it?' Perhaps I should get to be known as the woman in gray, and then gray spots so easily, and benzine don't all that fancy painted it. To be sure, it would dye—and shrink. Brown is a durable color, and not so pretentious. I could never wear a gray gown except on fete days; still that gray gown has haunted my imagination; it's like a poem, like the first sight of the silver catkins, the first sound of the robin. However, I'll go in to town and get patterns, and see Furbelov."

So Mrs. Mills went in to town, and obtained patterns at the best shop; patterns of velvet, of Henrietta-cloth, of cashmere, of armure, of bourette, of bison-cloth and what not; patterns of gray, of London smoke, of ashes of roses, of clover. Then she proceeded to Furbelov's, and looked at the fashion plates, and asked questions. "Here's a gray we have just finished for Mrs. Hyson, of Mount Vernon street; it's thought to be very chic," said the assistant. "Our price for making is forty-five dollars only." Mrs. Mills sighed. It was plain she could not have a gown made by Furbelov, fit her never so wisely. Her check was but for fifty dollars. When she reached home with her patterns, in rather a pleasant frame of mind—for even the selection of patterns is a kind of shopping which exhilarates the feminine heart, more or less—she found Mrs. Armstrong waiting for her. "You see," explained Mrs. Armstrong, "we are getting up a testimonial for dear Mr. Glucose—his thirtieth anniversary—and we know you would wish to add something; all of our best people have given. Miss Clapp gave fifty dollars; nobody has given less than five except old Mrs. Blunt, and you know how stingy she is. She gave a dollar."

Mrs. Mills gave five dollars. "She couldn't do less," said Mrs. Armstrong afterward. "I was determined she shouldn't get off with a dollar." "That rather cuts into my spring suit," said she; "but I can have it made without the velvet, I suppose." "You see," explained Mrs. Armstrong, "we are getting up a testimonial for dear Mr. Glucose—his thirtieth anniversary—and we know you would wish to add something; all of our best people have given. Miss Clapp gave fifty dollars; nobody has given less than five except old Mrs. Blunt, and you know how stingy she is. She gave a dollar."

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the evening for a game of whist, that the conversation fell upon the Cincinnati sufferers. Everybody expressed great commiseration. "Yes," said Mr. Salem, one of the guests present, "we are all very sorry, but it doesn't keep us awake nights, and we don't like to abridge our own material comforts for their sake; we are sorry in a poetical, immaterial sort of a way. Now who of us would give our personal adornments for their benefit? I mean to pass round the hat, and see who is in earnest about this business. Here goes my seal ring, my intaglio, for example; it came from Rome, and was blessed by the Pope."

"And here go my ear-rings," said a lady present; "I always disliked them." "And here's my locket," cried the hostess; "lockets have gone out of fashion."

"I have no ornaments to give," said Mrs. Mills. "You have a tiny gold chain around your neck, Mrs. Mills," whispered her neighbor. "Do you wear it for a charm?"

"Mrs. Mills has charms enough without it," said Mr. Langworthy, aside, at her elbow. "Hush!" returned Mrs. Mills. "I have my pocket-book. Perhaps ten dollars will answer quite as well, it is the smallest bill in it."

"Oh, give him the chain—he only asked for ornaments—and save your money," advised a friend. "But Mrs. Mills only replied with a flush, and threw in the ten-dollar bill, mentally calculating the shrinkage of her spring suit, perhaps. "Twenty dollars is a rather small amount for a spring suit," she reflected, later. Let me see, ten yards at a dollar a yard—it's no use to buy cheaper, for the elbows will be out in no time if I do; that leaves ten dollars for the dressmaker, linings, buttons, and extras. I'll ask how much Miss Slasher has a day."

"Three dollars a day is my price, madame," reported Slasher; "and I might have it done in three days, if you are in a hurry. I suppose you have a machine?"

"No." "I could bring mine, but that's a dollar extra." "And nothing left for linings and extras," thought Mrs. Mills. "I must give up Slasher, too." She went home lost in thought, and while she worked an acquaintance who had seen better days rang her bell.

"You can't guess what I came for," she said, coloring furiously, and unfolding a lace fichu. "You know I got into debt when the children had the measles, and just now I want ten dollars desperately. Now here's the fichu—that earthly good is it to me, a poor widow doing her own house-work? I haven't worn it for ten years. I see they're coming in again, and I thought maybe you could give me ten dollars for it and not feel cheated."

"But Mrs. Knowles, it's worth fifty at least. I couldn't think of giving you ten dollars for it; it would be like grinding the face of the poor. I'll lend you the money gladly, but why don't you raffle it?"

"I don't want to publish my poverty, that's all. I don't mind an old friend like you knowing it; it's painful enough anyway. But when you raffle anything people always feel as if they were conferring an everlasting favor upon you, and those who don't draw the prize think they've made you a present. I don't care if it's worth a fortune. I want the ten dollars now more than I ever shall again."

"But I will lend it to you—I will give it to you. I have ten dollars that I don't exactly know what to do with. Do let me have the rare happiness of making a present."

And Mrs. Knowles went home with her money, and Mrs. Mills laid the fichu in the drawer and counted her change. "Well, I must have a gown," she said; and before the remaining ten dollars should melt away she went out and bought ten yards of black bunting.

"A black gown is always safe, especially for a widow," she thought, and she purchased the last Bazar pattern, and hired a sewing machine for a week. And while she puzzled over the paper pattern, Mr. Langworthy dropped in. Before she married, Mr. Langworthy had been a lover of Mrs. Mills's, and there had been a lovers' quarrel, and Mr. Mills had stepped into the breach he had helped to make.

"Dressmaking, eh?" said Mr. Langworthy. "Why is this?" "I don't know why I can't make a gown as well as Furbelov." "Is this the gray cashmere and velvet with which you were to astonish the natives?"

"The very same." "You should not give five dollars to Mr. Glucose, nor fifteen for Miss Nellie's wedding gift, nor ten to Mrs. Knowles, nor ten to the Cincinnati—" "How did you know, Mr. Langworthy?"

It was a few days later when an expressman left a huge box and a tiny letter at Mrs. Mills's door.

"DEAR COUSIN," the letter began—"I've just lost an uncle in the Cincinnati flood, a great-uncle whom I never saw, and hardly ever heard of, but papa says we must wear black, and here's my lovely gown that Furbelov just sent home going a-begging. As your gowns used to fit me to a T when I visited at your house in the days of my impetuosity—that word's so big I'm not sure of the spelling—perhaps you won't mind accepting this from your loving cousin, LUCIA."

"P. S.—I can't bear to part with it, but it's no use to me, and will be out of style before I can wear it." It was a gray silk and velvet, a perfect symphony of a gown, the very shade Mrs. Mills had coveted. "It will answer for my wedding dress," she said, with a little blush.—*Mary N. Prescott, in Harper's Bazar.*

# Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS.

## EVERYDAY.

The dawn grows red in the East,  
With pomp of purple and gold,  
And certain of trading men  
Are in gauzy films uprolled.  
The sun like a painter comes  
To illumine the background gray,  
And he wields his magic brush,  
Though few know it, Everyday.  
The birds awake when the dawn  
Draws faint pink streaks in the east  
And the lark in the morning  
Behears for a royal feast.  
The robin, linnet and lark  
Are songsters in the gray  
The music they make is good  
And they make it Everyday.  
The brook begins with its song  
At earliest morning hour,  
And the lark in the morning  
Behears for a royal feast.  
The sound of all growing things  
Is heard in the background gray,  
The sound of peace and love,  
And earth makes it Everyday.  
There are children glad as dreams,  
And they fill fair homes with light,  
And their voices chime in chords  
Of joy from the hill night.  
Throughout the whole wide earth  
The children dance and are gay,  
The throats of the birds are sweet,  
And 'tis measured Everyday.  
There are battles for the right,  
By men who are brave and true,  
And the world will never know  
Half the valiant deeds they do,  
They make the sorry to smile  
They make the wicked to prey,  
They make the brave to die,  
And they do it Everyday.  
—Harriet T. Grisebach, in Chicago, Advance

## THE GUILLOTINE.

The Art of Carrying Out the Death Penalty in France—A French Opinion as to the Perfection of the Present System of Execution—Treatment of the Prisoner Under Sentence of Death—The Executioner and His Emoluments.

There is a common question, which it is to be hoped a few of us may have to consider from a practical point of view, as to the pleasantness of being executed. Is hanging, or beheading, or poisoning the least disagreeable? How long a time should elapse between the sentence and the infliction of the penalty? The good old plan in France was to get as much amusement out of a prisoner as possible by using slow methods for the infliction of death; and a case is recorded where a wretched criminal survived twenty-four hours on the wheel. They enjoyed the whole proceeding, and regarded it as a kind of dramatic entertainment, comparing it with the amusement of a capital punishment is still a necessity," says a French writer, "we would seek to withdraw it in every way from public attention. The present system would reach its ultimate perfection if criminals were entirely withdrawn from public notice on the instant of their condemnation. After sentence had been pronounced, and the doors of the doors of the court had closed upon them, they would never again be visible to human eyes, except to two or three persons intrusted with the duty of ushering them out of the world. The mystery which would rest all over the details of their fate would perhaps be more impressive than the most elaborate display, and even criminals might feel a greater horror at sinking, as it were, suddenly into darkness, than at once more appearing to play a conspicuous part before the eyes of their fellow-creatures.

This pitch of perfection has not yet been attained, and M. Du Camp gives a curious account in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the present stage of the art of execution in France, and of the treatment of the criminal during the last days of his life. Directly after his condemnation he is stripped naked, every fragment of his clothing being carefully removed for fear of his anticipating the action of the law. He is then dressed in the usual prison costume, with the exception of handkerchief and cravat, which might be convenient for suicidal purposes. Finally, he is put into a straight waistcoat, which makes him totally incapable of using deadly instruments, even if he wished to, or of helping himself in any way. He is constantly in the presence of a guard and of a fellow-prisoner ready to act as a spy. The prisoner thus treated is generally reduced to a state of profound depression. He generally refuses at first, even to give the necessary powers for the appeal admitted by French law, and almost invariably gives way afterward by the advice of counsel and the director of the prison. Meanwhile he is allowed to amuse himself according to his fancy, so far as that expression is applicable to a man in a condemned cell, confined with a straight waistcoat, and with no company but a spy and a fellow-prisoner. The period of suspense generally breaks down the courage of the most brutal criminals. They listen to the exhortations of a venerable priest whose duty it is to attend upon such cases. They try to read, and, according to M. Du Camp, the favorite author of these unhappy wretches is Fenimore Cooper. The reason suggested by him is that Cooper leads them into a world of adventure, far removed from European law, where killing is considered to be a creditable occupation. It is doubtful, however, whether the literary taste of murderers, as a rule, can be cultivated. Cooper is probably suggested by the priest or prison authorities as a thoroughly amusing novelist who has not a single passage which could do any harm by being read, even if he were in the immediate expectation of death. However, it is not surprising to hear that murderers generally fail to become absorbed in the adventures of Leather Stocking and his companions. The guardians, we are told, are kind enough to try to distract their attention, but the poor wretch whose day of execution is now fixed is naturally a prey to various irritations, trembles when any one enters his room, and is often haunted by imaginary sounds like the knocking of a hammer. This, it is said, frequently amounts to physical suffering. The position must be unpleasant enough under all circumstances, but the uncertainty as to the day of the execution seems to add an unnecessary pang. If the court decides against the appeal, a memorial is sent to the President of the Republic, and should he see no fit reason for commuting the penalty, orders are at once sent to the various officials concerned to proceed instantly to execution.

M. Du Camp dwells elaborately upon the details of the guillotine, whose inventor, he says, did not (as has often been asserted) die by his own creation, but expired peacefully in 1814 at the age of seventy-three. It is by no means so simple a thing as it seems at first sight to cut off a human head with accuracy and dispatch. The efficiency of the machine, for example, depends entirely on a modification supplied by a Dr. Louis, who made the edge of the knife oblique instead of horizontal, and who, like other improvers, nearly got the whole credit of the invention, which for some time was called a louisine. A good deal depends upon the skill and coolness of the executioner—more, it would appear, than in the case of a hangman. He has with one hand to hold down the criminal, who sometimes struggles and generally gets out of the proper attitude; he then has to turn the proper screws, and afterward, by a single pressure of the hand, to send the body down an inclined plane to the basket. Two assistants hold the sufferer by the head and keep down his legs; and, as M. Du Camp remarks, unless they perform their duty with a simultaneous irreproachable, the gravest inconveniences might result. It appears, however, that this has never been the case of late years, owing, perhaps, to the qualifications of the chief performer. He is not only a man of colossal strength, and clad in black garments of elaborate pattern, but, like his predecessor, has conferred many advantages on the condemned by ameliorations in his instrument. He is so sensitive that he is generally ill for days after an execution, and M. Du Camp complains that, considering his qualifications, he is miserably paid. He receives only \$800 a year, besides an allowance of \$1,800 for supplying the necessary materials. He has the charge, it seems, of seven departments; but, considering that there have been only forty executions in Paris in the last fifty years, the salary is not so very bad.

The authorities enter the condemned man's room in the early morning, taking infinite precautions not to disturb his sleep by turning the key abruptly. They then rouse him to tell him that the hour is come. From the time of waking him to the moment of his execution takes about half an hour. This includes his interview with the priest, a rather prolonged ceremony of taking off and putting on his straight waistcoat, cutting his hair, and conducting him through various passages; and M. Du Camp suggests that by certain easy simplifications it might be reduced to half the time, so that a man might be asleep as the hour struck and be without his head at a quarter. That part of the proceedings, however, which takes place within view of the public is expeditious enough. The trying moment is that at which the guillotine, which is painted a dull red color, first becomes visible, and it is then that the criminal tries, often in vain, to brace himself with a view to dying game and leaving a creditable name among his companions. Characteristically, too, it is in these moments that they try to recall the word, carefully prepared beforehand, with which they are to take leave of this world. "Adieu, enfants de la France," was the exclamation of one Avinain, "un accuser jamais; c'est ce que m'a perdu." Another man at this moment asked the name of an assistant who had been kind to him, in order that he might preserve it in his memory. But the scaffold is close to the prison; and, according to an accurate observation in one instance, only fourteen seconds elapsed between the time that the prisoner put his feet on the scaffold and that at which his head fell into the basket. The scene may be hideous enough, but it is commendably short.

The logical neatness of the French organization seems rather to fail in this instance. The execution is public, but the greatest care is taken that as few people as possible shall attend it. The few enthusiasts who watch till they see the scaffold erected on the night before the event. Great care is taken to treat the criminal kindly, especially in the rather doubtful matter of getting the business over as soon as he is out of bed; yet he has all the misery of suspense, and, moreover, of suspense in a straight waistcoat. If the execution were its private, as is now the case in Germany, England and the great part of the United States, the prisoner might have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing beforehand how long he was to live. The interests, however, of the prisoner are of comparatively little importance. Nobody can look forward to the guillotine without considerable reluctance, and whether the days are a little more or less unpleasant is not of very material consequence. But it is a more curious question whether the growing disgust at the publicity of executions does not foreshadow the entire abolition of capital punishment. The French are so tender to the criminal that they only give him half an hour of certain anticipation of death, and Du Camp tries to show that the time might be reduced to half. The next step would be to cut off his head before he is awake; and when the condemnation is read, perhaps, it may be thought improper to put an end to him at all.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## Getting in One on the Teacher.

Dr. Busby, once the master of the high school, was celebrated for severe discipline; but though severe he was not ill-natured. It is said that one day when he was absent from his study a boy found some plums in his chair and at once began to eat them, first waggishly saying: "I publish the bans of matrimony between my mouth and these plums. If any here present knows just cause of impediment why they should not be united, you are now to declare it or ever after hold your peace." The Doctor overheard the proclamation, but said nothing till next morning, when calling the boy up he grasped his work-book instrument, saying, "I publish the bans of matrimony between this rod and this boy. If any one knows any just cause or impediment why they should not be united let him now declare it or ever after hold his peace." The boy himself said: "I forbid the bans." "For what cause?" asked the Doctor. "Because," said the boy, "the parties are not agreed." The boy's ready wit pleased the Doctor, and the union was indignately postponed.—*Montpelier (Vt.) Gazette.*

## The Real Cause of the Late Panic.

Our learned neighbor, the *Tribune*, gives four direct and one indirect cause for the recent Wall street panic. We do not think they are so bad:

"Finally, there has been some dishonesty and recklessness," says our learned contemporary, with more respect for truth than for grammar.

Dishonesty and recklessness have been the true causes of our troubles; dishonesty in public and private life; recklessness in the moral pursuit of wealth and in the methods resorted to for its accumulation.

The shoddy fortunes made during the war inaugurated an aristocracy of money bags. Everybody wanted to belong to it and to outshine his neighbor. Grant as President, eager for money, took presents. The members of his Cabinet, eager for money, took bribes. His private secretary entered into a gang of Government thieves.

Congress bestowed 290,000,000 acres of the public lands on railroad corporations and the Congressional saints grew rich.

Jay Gould, Huntington and other great operators took their lobby to Washington and scattered wealth among the National Legislators.

Gould, Fisk and Corbin gave the President's household a practical illustration of the value of a rise in gold in the form of a twenty-five thousand dollar check, and out of this grew Black Friday.

Credit Moblier came along and Oakes Ames gathered in his Vice-Presidential and Congressional seats comparatively low prices.

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which prevented them from going to the polls. They burned their candle at both ends and on election night found themselves in the darkness of ignominious defeat.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

## New York and the Presidency.

Beyond all dispute or cavil, the most vital question now before the people of the United States is, Who shall be our next President? It is a problem that profoundly concerns every citizen, no matter what his station in life. It is a question which the people have it in their power to answer for themselves, no matter what the professional politicians may think or do. It is a question so pregnant with good or ill, according to the way in which it will be solved, that it may well claim prayerful consideration on the Sabbath as well as earnest thought on the other six days of the week.

Our Federal Government sadly needs purification. It can be purified only by a sweeping change of men and methods. Honesty, economy and patriotic intelligence are the foundation stones on which alone good government can rest and flourish. After four-and-twenty years of prodigal waste and corrupt favoritism, we are now beginning to comprehend the depression and disturbance of normal functions, which inevitably follow a debauch in the community as in the individual. We are paying the penalty of feverish extravagance and class legislation, and a thorough cure can be effected only by electing a Democratic President.

Several months ago the *Star*, after an exhaustive survey of the field, contended that the Presidential campaign of 1884 would be decided by the vote of New York State. Although the prediction was ridiculed by some persons at the outset, its accuracy is now appreciated, and admitted by leading politicians and newspapers of all parties. "As goes the Empire State, so goes the Union," is no mere empty boast, but a confessed truism in politics. What candidate can carry New York? is a query discussed by Republicans as anxiously as by Democrats.

The eyes of the country are fixed expectantly on New York. With a good platform and a popular ticket, our State may always be relied upon to go Democratic. During many years past our party's strength has been frittered away in factions broils and selfish schemes. If the various factions will now sink their differences in a common aspiration for the country's good, and will cordially unite on any deserving candidate, their choice will be morally certain not only of being endorsed at Chicago, but of securing a decisive election.

Should Mr. Tilden consent to run, there is scarcely a room to doubt that the old ticket of 1876—for its nomination most logically involve that of Mr. Hendricks—would sweep the country as irresistibly as a prairie fire. But should Mr. Tilden persist in his present attitude of unwillingness to risk the excitement, then the New York Democracy must fix upon another standard-bearer who will be acceptable to all wings of the party. Their choice need not be as widely known as Tilden, yet he must be a man of statesmanlike views and high character. The *Star* has no candidate of its own to groom or boom; but there are many significant and honorable Democrats in this State who possess the qualifications described, and upon one of whom the party might readily unite.—*N. Y. Star.*

## Some Oracular Utterances.

We hardly need to remind our readers of the fact that the Administration which came to a welcome close upon March 4, 1881, was a bastard Administration, having no legitimate right to perform executive functions and existing during the allotted period through fraud and theft by the leaders of the Republican party, and through the sufferance of the Democratic party. Still, the form and state of the office and its attachments were appropriated as fully as though the people had given the arrangement the seal of their approval. The fraudulent Administration had a Ministry, a Cabinet, the head of which was an eminent lawyer, who likes sometimes to pose as a reformer, notwithstanding the incongruity of such position when his antecedents are taken into account. He has just delivered himself of some periods whose length is, in inverse ratio to his own, as is common when he opens his mouth or grasps his pen. He says:

"There has been no period in our history when it was more important to defeat the Democratic party than now. That we must all concede, can only be done by carrying New York. It is a very narrow margin to the mercantile, commercial and industrial interests of this great country of ours down to; but such is the situation, and we must meet it as it confronts us."

"That is very oracular, but it is not very encouraging to the apprehensive Republican brethren. His judgment of fitness in connection with the plans sentiment toward the Democratic party is expressed as follows:

"The wisdom of that observation is only surpassed by its novelty. Dorsey was the man who got more votes in Indiana than anybody else could. Perhaps he would be the one to set upon New York. But we quote further:

"This enemy must be met and must be beaten; and if he is not routed and driven back by the people and the country, for they are the masses of the people, and it is they who depend upon the maintenance of industrial activity for a subsistence—would suffer."

This we reproduce because it sounds so much like his sapient master, who, when informed at his home that the people didn't desire his services, said he didn't care on his own account, but his heart bled for the poor black man. Poor indeed, is the black man who isn't held in higher esteem to-day than the obscure hen farmer of Fremont. He has one virtue, however; he keeps quiet. Those who shared his four years of usurpation, would do well to follow his example in this respect.—*Boston Post.*

—Real India shawls, not made up into mantles but worn over the shoulders, just as grandmothers used to wear them, are again in fashion and will be worn this summer by the most elegant women in society.

—One of the hardest things to accomplish is to waken a man in a railroad car who is occupying two seats.—*Philadelphia Call.*

## TILDEN'S LETTER.

Mr. Tilden Reviews the Considerations Which Impelled His Acceptance of the Nomination in 1876 and the Work of the Campaign, and Confesses His Physical Inability for the Task, Submitting to the Will of God in Resuming His Public Career Forever Closed.

New York, June 11.

The following communication from Samuel J. Tilden has been given the Associated Press:

New York, June 10, 1881.

To Daniel Manning, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York:

In my letter of June 18, 1880, addressed to the delegates from the State of New York to the Democratic National Convention, I said: "Having now borne faithfully my full share of labor and care in the public service, and wearing the marks of its burden, I desire nothing so much as an honorable discharge. I wish to lay down the honors and toils of even such party leadership and to seek the repose of private life."

"In renouncing the re-nomination for the Presidency, I do so with no doubt in my mind as to the vote of the State of New York of the United States, but because I believe that it is a renunciation of reelection to the Presidency. To those who think my re-nomination and reelection indispensable to an effectual vindication of the right of the people to elect their rulers, violated in my person, I have accorded as long a respite of my decision as possible, but I can not overcome my repugnance to enter into a new engagement which involves four years of ceaseless toil.

"The dignity of the Presidential office is above a mere ambition, but it creates in me no illusion. Its value is as a great power for good to the country. I have four years ago in accepting the nomination. "Knowing as I do, therefore, from fresh experience how great the difference is between gliding through an official routine and working out the form of systems and policies, it is impossible for me to contemplate what needs to be done in the federal administration without an anxious sense of the difficulties of the undertaking. If summoned by the suffrages of my countrymen to attempt this work I shall endeavor, with God's help to be the efficient instrument of their will."

Such a course of re-nomination after many years of misrule; such a reform of systems and policies to which I would cheerfully have sacrificed all that remains to me of health and life, is now, I fear, beyond my strength.

My purpose to withdraw from further public service, and the grounds of it, were at that time well known to you and others, and when at Cincinnati, through respecting my wish yourself, you communicated to me an appeal from many valued friends to relinquish that purpose. I reiterated my determination unconditionally. In the four years which have since elapsed nothing has occurred to weaken, but everything has strengthened the considerations which induced my withdrawal from public life. To all who have addressed me on the subject my intention has been frankly communicated. Several of my most confidential friends under the sanction of their own names have publicly stated their determination to be irrevocable. That have occasion now to consider the question is an event for which I have no responsibilities.

The appeal made to me by the Democratic masses with apparent unanimity to serve them once more is entitled to the most deferential consideration, and would inspire a disposition to do anything desired of me if it were consistent with my judgment of duty. I believe there is no instrumentality in human society so potential in its influences upon mankind for good or evil, as the governmental machinery for the administration of justice, and for making and executing laws. Not all the eleemosynary institutions of private benevolence to which philanthropists may devote their lives are so fruitful in benefits as the rescue and preservation of this machinery from the perversions that make instrument of conspiracy, fraud and crime against the sacred rights and interests of the people.

For fifty years as a private citizen, never contemplating an official career, I have devoted at least as much thought and effort to the duty of influencing aright the action of the Governmental institutions of my country as to all other subjects. I have never accepted official service except for a brief period for a special purpose, and only when the occasion seemed to require from me that sacrifice of private preferences to the public welfare. I undertook the State administration of New York, because it was supposed that in that way only could the executive power be arrayed on the side of the reforms to which, as a private citizen, I had given three years of my life. I accepted the nomination for the Presidency in 1876 because of the general conviction that my candidacy would best present the issue of reform, which the Democratic majority of the people desired to have worked out in the Federal Government as it had been in the State of New York. I believed that I had strength enough then to renovate the Administration of the Government of the United States, and at the close of my term to hand over the great trust to a successor faithful to the same policy. Though anxious to seek the repose of private life, I nevertheless acted upon the idea that every power is a trust and involves a duty. In reply to the address of the committee communicating my nomination I depicted the difficulties of the undertaking and likened my feelings in engaging in it to those of a soldier entering battle, but I did not withhold the entire communication of my powers to the public service.

Twenty years of continuous maladministration, under the demoralizing influences of intestine war and of bad finance, have infected the whole governmental system of the United States with cancerous growths of false construction and corrupt practices. Powerful classes have acquired pecuniary interests in official abuses and the moral standards of the people have been impaired. To redress these evils is a work of great difficulty and labor, and can only be accomplished with the most energetic and efficient personal action on the part of the chief executive of the Republic. The canvas and administration in which it is desired that I should undertake would embrace a period of nearly five years. Nor can I admit any illusion as to their burdens; three years of experience in the endeavor to reform the Municipal Government of the city of New York and two years of experience in renovating the administration of the State of New York have made me familiar with the requirements of such a work.

At the present time the considerations which induced my action in 1880 have become imperative. I ought not to assume a task which I have not the physical strength to carry out. To reform the administration of the Federal Government, to realize my own ideal and to fulfil the

just expectations of the people, would indeed warrant, as they could alone compensate, the sacrifice which the undertaking would involve; but in my condition of advancing years and declining strength I feel no assurance of my ability to accomplish these objects. I am, therefore, constrained to say, definitely, that I can not now assume the labors of an administrator of a nation. Undervaluing in nowise that best gift of Heaven—the occasion and the power sometimes bestowed upon a mere individual to communicate an impulse for good—grateful beyond all words to my fellow-countrymen who would assign such a beneficial function to me, I am consoled by the reflection that my resignation to the Democratic party nor the republic, for whose future that party is the best guarantee, is now, or ever can be, dependent upon any one man for their successful progress in the path of a noble destiny. Having given to their welfare whatever of health and strength I possessed, or could borrow from the future, and having reached the term of my capacity for such labors as their welfare now demands, I submit to the will of God in deeming my public career forever closed.

[Signed] SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

## HARPER'S WEEKLY

Squarely Declines to Endorse the Candidature of Blaine for the Presidency.

New York, June 11.

Harper's Weekly to-day publishes the following editorial:

"The nomination of Mr. Blaine does not change the view of its inexperience which we have freely expressed. Harper's Weekly has said nothing upon the subject of thorough careful consideration and the fact of the nomination does not change its conviction that the Republican campaign, with the candidacy of Mr. Blaine, must be a prolonged explanation and defense. The campaign of this year will be one in which the personality of the candidates will be more scrutinized than ever, because there is no great supreme issue of National peril or National policy which will engross the attention of the people, and this scrutiny invites defeat. Under such circumstances, when a party appeals to the country for a vote of confidence, it will naturally be judged for the reformer whom it deliberately selects. To him the country will turn to see what the party honors and what qualifications it holds to be essential for the highest trust. It would, we think, have been possible to name a candidate whose nomination with the present feeling of the country, would have been equivalent to an election—a candidate who would have aroused all the old Republican enthusiasm, by appealing to the desire of pure and progressive politics, which was the animating principle of other Republican campaigns. Originally the Republican party was a reform party, and the Republic was a great reformer in emancipation and in an amended Constitution freed from all taint of slavery, it is strongest when its young and ardent workers, the real workers of the party, feel that it is still essentially a progressive and aggressive reform organization, and when they know that the old Republican ideal is a candidate who is in character and career a true and fitting representative of political progress and reform. The fact that a candidate is selected who is not such a representative properly alarms them and shakes their faith in the party. It is true that the Republican party is always strong in the weakness of the Democratic opposition; but that is a negative strength. The Democratic party really stand for nothing but opposition, and a repulsive tradition, the endeavor to identify it with any definite policy except that which is known as 'general cussedness' fails, but that is not an argument which can elect a President. The nomination of Mr. Blaine, although it is doubtless agreeable to the majority of the party, as shown at Chicago; because a large part of the apparent opposition, as in the Indiana and Illinois, and even in the Ohio delegations, was friendly to his nomination, ought to teach Republicans as how long languously far the Republican standard has fallen. The nominations at Chicago, made against the most friendly Republican reprobation, have forced upon Republicans the conviction that the great objects of the Republican party, honest and economical administration, peaceful and honorable foreign relations, the progressive purification of the public service at home, a wise reduction of the revenue and that sense of general security which springs from the moral elevation of the administration, are not to be expected from Republican success. To this statement it was his reply that less is to be expected from the Democrats. Those who have aroused the deep and general protest of the Republican conscience must bear the responsibility of the result. Fidelity to Republican principle requires indifference to present Republican success, and Harper's Weekly, which more than any other has been the champion of the cause of public morality and of the purification to oppose other Republican nominations, can not sustain the significant one against which it has so earnestly protested, and which is a practical abdication of Republican character and purpose. The sad and kindly face of Lincoln's portrait, which hung in the hall, seemed to watch the proceedings of the Convention with an air of earnest solicitude and apprehension, and it had disappeared from its place before the nomination was made.

## A STARTLED COMMUNITY.

A Pennsylvania Mining Village Sinking to a Lower Level, Causing Destruction of Property and Consternation Among the People.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., June 11.

Excitement prevails in the vicinity of number four colliery of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, situated at Poke Hollow, caused by the sinking of the earth's surface there yesterday, and a further drop this morning. The people are terror-stricken, and are abandoning their houses as quickly as possible. This morning while the miners were at breakfast they were started by a loud report and the shaking of the ground as if by an earthquake. Immediately the foundations of the houses began to crumble away, and the dwellings themselves turned over, causing the inmates to rust precipitately from their homes and seek places of safety. For over a distance of two miles every dwelling house situated above the treacherous ground is liable to fall into the mine, six hundred feet below. The bottoms of the wells dropped out, and the place is threatened with water famine. Fortunately, no lives were lost, but many were injured.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving name and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

### BEFORE AND AFTER.

#### BEFORE SHAKEN.

The rosy hue that decked her face  
As like the sea-shell's tint;  
Her form ideal, symmetric grace,  
Eyes like sparks from a flint.  
Her golden tresses hung in curls,  
Her diamonds, too, took me;  
Teeth, two rows of shining pearls—  
All this before she shook me.

#### AFTER SHAKEN.

Some unlovely chap has cut me out,  
And evening takes her shining;  
I feel a little vexed, no doubt,  
For it starts the gossips talking;  
But she's not here, so no matter,  
She modest Nature mocks:  
The maiden blushes'neath her brow,  
She says it by the box.

Her form so perfect, as I thought,  
Is made with cotton-bowling;  
In a dollar store her gems were bought—  
They're nothing else but paste.  
Her golden hair that droops in curls  
Her false complexion suits;  
Because, I've learned from other girls,  
It's not golden at the roots.

Her teeth are false, upon my honor,  
And painted takes her shining;  
Her eyes, made bright with belladonna,  
Give forth the sparkling illusion.  
In fact, really, she shocks,  
As she blushing Nature smokes,  
(Don't think I'm like the fabled fox  
That scorned the sour grapes.)

### EXILES IN SIBERIA.

Chief Engineer Melville's Encounter with the Russian Victims of Tyranny—Leaves from an Unpublished Record of Arctic Adventures—Romantic Experience.

Chief-Engineer Melville's new book, which his nephew, Melville Phillips, is now preparing for the press, contains the narrative of his Polar experience on the voyage of the Jeannette and after the abandonment of the vessel. Among the many interesting episodes is an account of his meeting with the Nihilist exiles at Verkeransk in the government of Yakutsk, Eastern Siberia, in the winter of 1881, and of their strange adventures as related by themselves. Melville was delayed at Verkeransk awaiting the arrival of the rest of his party from Belun, as the posting facilities in Siberia only admit of two or three persons traveling at the same time. What follows is taken from his forthcoming book:

"Directly after my arrival the espravnik, or Cossack commandant, sent for a Mr. Leon, one of the political exiles in his keeping, to act as interpreter between us. Leon came and introduced himself as the gentleman who had written the letter for the espravnik to me while I was at the delta, and now, while he interpreted for us, he managed to interpolate for my benefit a part of his history. We had a capital dinner together of teal duck, snipe and other game, which Kasharofski, the espravnik, kept frozen in his cellar all the year round. Leon told me that he had never before eaten at his table, though often at first invited to do so, for Leon was a very bitter Nihilist, and would not fraternize with his keepers. Kasharofski had a son, whom I named the 'mainiki soldier' (little soldier), to the great delight of both. Mrs. Kasharofski was a pleasant, fair-haired, good-looking woman, seemingly quite contented to spend her days in this remote wilderness of snow, cooking and caring for her house and spouse and little son. She waited on us at table, and did not sit down until we had done. It was the first good meal I had eaten since leaving San Francisco. We remained at table in conversation until four o'clock the next morning.

"Leon informed me that he had never heard of the Jeannette expedition until I actually came to the polar sea to visit them. Leon told me his eyes brighten when I spoke of the facility with which I could navigate the coast of Siberia in a vessel as small as our whaleboat. Kasharofski was anxious to learn all about the clothing and provisions necessary to undertake journeys such as we had been making, and Leon's face flushed with hope and joy while I opened to his glistening eyes a glorious vision of escape from an odious imprisonment.

"Leon continued to act as interpreter during Melville's stay in Verkeransk, and told him that in putting Kasharofski's question as to how he would like to ask some of his own account.

"Leon now urgently invited me to visit his comrades in exile. I asked Kasharofski whether he had any objections, and he said: 'Oh no! I do not believe a nihilist can hurt a Republican.' So he sent me to the hut of the exiles in his sleigh, which returned again for Leon and myself at dinner time.

"Leon was slenderly built, dark and cadaverous-looking man with Jewish features, though when I asked him he said he was a Hebrew. His hair was long and black, reaching to his shoulders. He had been a student of law, he told me, and was arrested in a student's street row. He had been brought afterward before three separate tribunals, not one of which, however, had been able to find anything irregular in his habits of life, and so, indeed, his final commitment papers expressly stated. While on his way to Siberia the good-natured Cossack officer in command of his guard permitted him to look over these papers, and learned that he had been sent out, after three different tribunals had acquitted him, on whom is known as a 'Government order'—a most remarkable instrument, which closed with the following specimen of legal logic: 'We can prove nothing against this man, but he is a student of law, and no doubt a very dangerous man.' And banished for life he accordingly was. Leon had preserved a copy of his commitment papers and exhibited them with a great deal of merit at the peculiar philosophy of the administration."

"In the hut with Leon Melville found four other young men, all political exiles, the oldest twenty-seven and the youngest eighteen years of age. They were all professional men and spoke French fluently, some of them German and others a little English. All were Nihilists, though several said they had not been so until after their banishment. Each one had a mournful story to tell. They were from different parts of the empire, had known the inside of Russian prisons all the way from Archangel to the Crimea, and were finally sent to the frontier for safe-keeping.

They questioned Melville eagerly in regard to the navigation of the Siberian coast, and had a number of charts and maps. They had often talked and dreamed, they said, about making their escape, but a thousand miles of river and two thousand miles of coast seemed an impossible journey with the means at their command.

Melville continued his visits to the exiles. "In the evenings," he says, "several parties were given, when the men sang, played, ate, gambled, drank and smoked. The women did as much in separate apartments of their own, and I astonished the assembly by telling them that I never played cards, not even in my own country. Leon, who was present, told me that they would think evil of me. 'They will say to themselves, this is a queer man who neither gambles nor smokes, he must be always thinking, and a man who does that is dangerous.' But this was a speech of a poor exile, whose life was lost because by reading and reflecting he had learned the truths of morals and politics and had unwisely uttered them aloud. He had read Mill, Cobden, and Herbert Spencer and longed for English books, for though they had an English dictionary with a German and French, together with a German and French dictionary in the hut they had no other books printed in English and begged me for the Bible or any other English book in the navigation box, which, as they were relics of the expedition, I was obliged to refuse."

The hut the exiles lived in was, it appears, a miserable affair, built after the manner of a Yakutsk *youtpa*, of rough timber plastered with mud, containing the usual order and inner apartment, a kind of weather-porch and a kitchen which contained their fire-place and cooking apparatus. In the inner apartment, where they lived, they kept their books, bedding and clothes. Russian illustrated papers were pasted on the walls, but the ceiling was so low that the room presented a dark and dismal appearance, and candles were burning there at mid-day. The Government allows each exile a monthly stipend of twenty-five rubles (paper), about \$12.50 in American coin. Out of this they must feed, clothe and house themselves, besides procuring fire-wood and services. This is almost absolute destitution, for in Siberia the pound, or forty pounds Russian (thirty-six pounds American), costs five rubles. Sugar is worth a ruble a pound. Though venison, beef, horse-flesh and fuel are comparatively cheap, all the other necessities of life are extravagantly dear. Some of the exiles had rich relatives who sent them money, but not more than three hundred rubles could be sent at one time, and the mail service is so irregular that sometimes there is only one delivery in six months, and only at odd intervals during the winter when some Government official has occasion to go over the coast. No exile may send or receive any sealed package. Everything of that nature must be opened and read or examined by the Cossack Commandant or Chief of Police.

"My coming," Melville writes, "filled them with the wildest hopes, for heretofore it had been considered as impossible to effect an escape by the Arctic Ocean as to cross a living sea of fire, and for them, doubtless, it would be, as there was not a sea-faring man in their number, nor one, I suspect, who had ever seen the rolling ocean. Let before I left they told me that they intended to make the attempt, and I ardently hoped that it might be successful, for here I saw youth, intelligence and refinement banished for life to an Arctic desert, without companionship of books or cultivated society, surrounded by filthy and disgusting Yakutsk, who were to a certain extent their keepers—for the natives are held strictly accountable, under penalty of the dreaded knout or of imprisonment, for the escape of an exile, since nobody could travel far from the country without their knowledge.

"The exiles told Melville that all they asked and strove for was a constitutional form of government. 'They only wanted the privilege of being imprisoned and hanged, if needs were, under a Russian law and constitution, and not driven like a herd of cattle into exile by the chief of Police of some small provincial town.'

"Leon," Melville continues, "in his character as interpreter, obtained for himself and his companions the full benefit of my recital to Kasharofski of the Jeannette's cruise and equipment, our retreat, supplies, clothing and line of march. The youngest exile had been a student at the 'Ecole Polytechnique,' and seemed to be a physicist in general of the party. He gazed fondly on my sextant, for with it he could find his way across the ocean. They had watches and compasses, but no means of determining latitude or longitude. So this earnest young Nihilist began the construction of a sextant, and soon had navigation tables in course of preparation, using a Russian almanac to find the sun's declination. It was their intention to build a boat on the Yara River, near Verkeransk, and attempt a journey of a thousand miles to the coast and then another of two thousand miles along the coast of Siberia to the Eastern Cape or Behring Straits.

"I learned afterward, to my regret, that they had attempted to carry out their bold project, but without success. They eluded their pursuers and succeeded, after many difficulties, in working their way down the Yara, past a large village near its mouth within sight of the sea. They might then have accomplished their escape with comparative ease, but the rolling waves terrified them and washed into their boat overlaid with its freight of thirteen miles, and when they waded ashore it was swamped and all their provisions soaked. One of the fugitives was a young woman. Some of the exiles, frightened at the situation, straightway gave themselves up to the authorities at Oceansk, who soon captured the remainder and sent them all into a crueler captivity than ever. Leon was sent to Kolayma River. Others were taken from the settlements and took up their abode among the Yakutsk."

Another exile whom Melville took an interest in was Buall, who lived apart from the others and fulfilled the duties (he was a doctor) of the post-surgeon, who had gone blind from a cataract. Dr. Buall had been very kind in his attentions to Daneshower and Leach. His life held more of sorrow in it than that of most men. He had been a practicing physician in a small town of Lit-

le Russia, had neither committed any crime nor belonged to a secret society, and he firmly believed that his only offense had been marrying a young woman he loved in a neighboring village, not knowing that he had a rival.

The story of his capture, and of his residence in Verkeransk was translated to me, with tears in his eyes, by Leon, his friend and companion in misery. It seems that for a week he had been at tending the little daughter of the chief of police in his native town, who at length so far recovered that he crossed her name from his visiting list. But one morning he was surprised to see the Cossack of the chief of police, who came to tell him that his master's child was worse. "Would the doctor come at once?" Buall, not supposing the case a serious one, replied that he would call there after breakfast.

But the Cossack insisted that he should come at once, and so he bade him wait until he got his overcoat. Here again the Cossack interposed, saying that the chief's house was but a short distance away and that breakfast would be served for him there. Buall supposed that the child must be seriously ill and hastened off at once; but the Cossack said they must first go to his master's office. Buall was surprised, but, not dreaming that anything was wrong, followed the Cossack to the police office. The chief met him in the vestibule and told him that he was a prisoner. "A batch of exiles," said the heartless wretch, "are ready to start for Siberia to-morrow; will you accompany them?" Buall laughed—it was a good joke, but the chief assured him it was a solemn fact. The unhappy doctor, completely overwhelmed, gasped out a prayer for delay: "Why am I to be deprived of my liberty?" "Who is my accuser?" "What am I accused of?" No answer, save "Government order." He asked permission to go to his house and procure some necessary articles of clothing. Could he not at least return to his young wife to bid her farewell? The brutal official denied him even this. "And then," said the exile, "I waited in anguish; but they placed me in solitary confinement to await the departure of the detachment, and in twelve hours I was on my way to Siberia."

Of course, he was half-crazed. His young wife, what would she think of him? That he had deserted her. A thousand fears and suspicions racked his mind, and he had outlived an age of torture when, hurried on across the frontier by rail and steamer, he chanced at a certain railway station to recognize from the close carriage where he was confined an old friend in a merchant. He called to him eagerly, and briefly told him the great wrong that had been done him for the train only stopped for a few minutes, and interested him to visit his wife and relatives and inform them of his fate.

And here it is said that immediately upon his sentence an exile loses his identity. Yvan Troppoff ceases to be Yvan Troppoff and becomes "No. 101." His estate is administered upon as though he were dead, and apportioned, among his heirs, so that is almost impossible for any one save the authorities to discover his whereabouts.

Buall was detained some time at Irkutsk, and in the meantime his friend the merchant, true to his promise, had hastened to tell the circumstances and conditions of his banishment to the poor young bride, who, as quickly as she could, set out to join him in his exile. With woman's wit she managed to apprise him by letter of her coming, and a light broke in upon his grief. Daily, hourly, constantly he looked and longed for her, and just when he knew she must come they sent him on to Yakutsk and from there to Verkeransk.

She, poor creature, filled with sweet sympathy and expectation, hoping from his delay at Irkutsk that he would be permanently detained, arrived two days too late. Picture her anguish when, having traveled with wifely devotion four thousand miles over the most rugged country in the world, she learned the cruel truth. Still, two thousand miles away—and even then would she find him? It was too much for the poor heart. She lost her reason, raved for a little while in a mad-house and died. He received the sorrowful tidings, so different from what he had hoped, and when Leon him he was just recovered from the effects of an attempt at suicide by poison.

This is his sad story as told by himself and interpreted to me by his friend Leon. Dr. Buall was not a Nihilist or at all intemperate in his political talk, and was not in consequence very popular among the other exiles, but was on pleasant terms with the espravnik, who liked him for his own sake. Yet he was not allowed to practice his profession, but was obliged to perform the duties of the blind old surgeon at the post, who might reward him or not as the worthy man saw fit. No exile is allowed to carry on business, teach school, till the soil, labor at a trade, practice a profession, or engage in any work unless through the medium of a master. If I wanted any service done an exile would sometimes come and offer to perform it, but I would have to pay his master, upon whose bounty he must depend for remuneration.

The ignorant Yakutsk are very fearful of the whole class of exiles, for they hear exaggerated stories of Nihilist atrocities, and the police officials are always ready for an outbreak. I was much amused at Kasharofski, who told me that he lived in constant dread of assassination, and showed me a long knife and a revolver, which he always took to bed with him, while a Cossack always slept in the outer apartment next to him. Leon told me that he and the other exiles found a never-failing source of amusement in frightening the chief of Police, the Cossack guards and the tradesmen at the post, who would sell them goods at a ruinous discount rather than incur their enmity.

"But," said Leon and his friends, "why should we kill these poor devils? We might, if we could, thereby effect our escape. But to kill a thousand of them wouldn't help us to our liberty."

In addition to the illustrated newspapers passed on the walls of their sitting-room there were two pictures—one a photograph, the other a wood-cut, taken from a newspaper. They faced each other from opposite sides of the room, and I stood, looking at them, struck by

their familiarity. The wood-cut I recognized as a portrait of the dead Czar. He lay in state near a window, dressed in his ceremonial, his hands holding a crucifix on his breast. One of the exiles, observing my silent comparison of the two pictures, approached and said: "The two men are very much alike, are they not?"

"They certainly were; faces sharp and peaked in death, hair and beards arranged in the same way. I thought both were likenesses of the Czar and said so. The exile smiled.

"No," said he, "the photograph is one of my brother, who perished of cold and hunger in the horrible dungeons of Petropavlovsk, on the Neva. His body was photographed on his bier, near one of the gun-ports, which has the appearance of the palace window, wherein is laid the corpse of the Czar. My brother was murdered in the fortress; my friends murdered the Czar in his palace. Things that are equal are equal in all their parts—a dead Nihilist and a dead King."

### Awful Slaughter of Childhood at the Coal Mines.

"There are many melancholy features connected with the life of a coal miner," said Morgan Jones, formerly a mine-boss in the Schuykill coal-region, but now a resident of this city, "but the most painful is the employment of boys in and about collieries. A colliery boy is never a child. He has no games. He seldom speaks. He knows nothing of the world beyond the line of bleak hills that environ the grim locality where he begins to earn his living almost as soon as he is large enough to be put into trousers.

"I have in my mind now a colliery where for years I was one of the delvers. It is one of the oldest and one of the richest mines in the region. I passed up and down its shaft every day when it was not idle for more than twenty-five years. I have helped carry from its depths the mangled body of many a poor fellow-workman, crushed beneath some fall of coal or mutilated by fire-damp explosions. I have witnessed the agony of wives and mothers and sisters, as victims after victims to the perils that constantly threaten the miner has been raised from the deadly depths, and my heart has ached for them in their grief. The poignancy of that feeling time never failed to temper, but the spectacle of a score or more of boys aged before their time, bent, and stunted, and worn, working their lives away in the black, dusty breaker, sweltering and suffering in the summer and chilled to the bone in the winter, was something that brought perpetual heartache. The colliery I refer to is only the counterpart of hundreds of others. Its buildings are on a high spur of the Blue Mountains, and are visible for miles.

The entrance to the mines is at the top of the hill, which is covered with the accumulated coal dust of years, clouds of which are constantly rising from the whirling, sharp-toothed machinery within, and pouring from the open doors and windows. The interior is dark and gloomy, with coal-begrimed men moving silently about, appearing and disappearing in the dust, coming from invisible corners and suddenly swallowed up in impenetrable depths.

In one room in one of these colliery buildings—a room not more than fifteen feet square—I have seen forty boys at work picking slate from the coal that passes swiftly down the chutes in an endless stream. They are seated on rough hemlock boards stretched across the room in rows. The windows are always open in winter and summer, in order that the dust may escape. In winter the wind whistles through the apartment and the snow beats in at the window and doors. From seven o'clock in the morning until darkness compels work to cease these boys sit on their benches, with heads bent almost double over the running coal, separating the slate from it. To do this requires great dexterity and skill with the hands and a quick eye. The slate pickers range from seven to fifteen years of age. At fifteen or sixteen they are old enough to enter the mines, and to reach that stage in their career is their only ambition. If any visitor to the colliery will take a trouble to enter the miners' graveyard near by he will not need to bemoan the goal of their ambition. The tombstones in the graveyard are numerous, and a great many of these names of boys under the age of fifteen—slate pickers, who have succumbed to the overstrain of their toil—tell that had made them old, decrepit and infirm before they had reached the freshness of youth.

"The wages paid to these boys are from \$1 to \$2.50 a week, if they have luck to be steadily employed. Some of them, in many instances, live long distances from the collieries, where they are employed, frequently as far as five or six miles. In such instances they are carried to work in the morning and home again in the evening in the coal cars of the colliery company. For this service they are charged sometimes as much as ten cents a trip, the money being deducted from their wages. It is an uncommon thing for the boys to find, after reaching the colliery, that the works will be idle for some reason. In such cases they get no pay, and I have known it to happen that at the end of the month it would require not only all the boy's wages to pay for his transportation, but that he would still be in debt to his employer. While I was in the coal regions I endeavored to awaken an interest among the miners on the subject of this employing boys at collieries, with the idea of making a change in the system, but nine out of ten of them had large families of boys, and they were willing to run the risk of their being equal to the hardship of the life of a slate-picker rather than lose the pittance each would contribute to the family income. I got up a petition among people at large asking the enacting of a law prohibiting the employment of boys under sixteen at any colliery, and compelling miners to send their children to school until they were that age, but nothing ever came of it. In the meantime the graveyards of the coal regions are rapidly filling with boys whose surroundings might be made such that they would grow up to be useful members of their communities, and parents, employers, society and legislators look idly on at the slaughter.—N. Y. Sun.

### Youths' Department.

#### STAY, LITTLE BROOK.

Through the freshest meadows a little brook wound,  
In and out, in and out, with a clear crystal sound;

Like a bright-jeweled band, fringed in emerald green,  
It glittered and flashed with a silvery sheen.

The grasses bent down with a loving caress,  
Praising its beauty and usefulness;

And the violets hid them from many a nook,  
To see their sweet faces within the cool brook.

The buttercups blossomed like handfuls of gold,  
And the white starry daisies began to unfold;

Yet the little brook ran on its way to the sea,  
On and on, day by day, through the flowery sea.

The tender green willows their soft shadows threw,  
And the tall stately flag showed blossoms of blue.

The birds built their nests within sound of its song,  
And the butterfly came like a fairy throng.

"Little Brook! little Brook! why hurry away?"  
Cried they one and they all. "Oh stay! oh stay!"

Then the little brook laughed, and flashed in its song,  
Stopping only to say: "There's work to be done!"

"And my task, though so small, is to find the great sea!"  
Pray haven't you something to do, like me?"  
—Elizabeth Davis, in Our Little Ones.

### DISCONTENTED BOYS IN THE CITY.

It is just possible that some of you may have known boys who live in the city, and yet who were discontented with everything about them. There have been some such, whether you have met them or not, and it is a singular fact that, as a general rule, they were always very well contented with themselves, but seemed to think that they had good cause to find fault with everything around them.

I know one once—for I have known lots of boys in my day—and all of us fellow used to think that Fred Small was situated just about as comfortably as a boy ought to be. He had a pleasant home with two sisters in it; he could go to school all the time—and there are a good many boys who can't do that—and his clothes were always neat and clean.

Now any one would suppose that such a boy could have a regularly jolly time in this world. You see he had so many things that thousands of boys can't have, that just the simple thought of how fortunate he was ought to have kept him as happy as a lark all the day long.

But with all these advantages Fred was far from being contented. I don't mean to say that he was what might be called a thoroughly discontented boy, for he was not exactly that. If any one had intimated such a thing to him he would have denied it emphatically, and thought that he was telling the truth; but yet he was far from being as happy as he ought to have been.

At school he had an idea that he was forced to study more than was good for him; that he was obliged to learn many things that would be of no use to him when he was a man, and that some of his fellow students were receiving favors from the teachers that were denied him.

At home he thought that he was not allowed freedom enough; that his sisters had more of everything than he had, and that he was, in several particular cases actually imposed upon. As for instance when the baby got his box of paints and destroyed fully one-half of them, nothing in particular was said about it, which he thought wrong, although it would have been hard for him to have decided, if called upon to do so, just what punishment ought to have been inflicted upon the little thing.

Among his playmates he thought he was not treated exactly as he ought to have been. Some were chosen leaders in the sports, when he was positive that he should have occupied such position. Some appeared to think that they excelled him in leaping, running or jumping, and at the same time, refused to give him an opportunity of testing his strength with them.

Now of course it was foolish for Fred to have allowed himself to be vexed or discontented over what were really trifles, as compared to the benefits he enjoyed, of which so many other boys were deprived; but yet he did feel vexed and was discontented, with never a thought that he was making a good deal more than half of his troubles himself.

Then, again, Fred thought that he was particularly ill-used because his parents would not let him go out evening with the other boys. Charlie Stetson could go out whenever he wanted to, and stay until midnight. Charlie knew how to play billiards and pool; he could smoke a whole bunch of cigarettes in an evening, and had already begun to color a pipe; he went to almost every place of amusement that he wanted to, and had more money to spend than a dozen of the other fellows put together. In short, Charlie did just as he wanted to, and Fred was discontented because he could not enjoy the same liberty.

Fred's father, however, thought that he knew more about such things than his son did, and it was not many years before he proved that he was correct. Charlie continued to keep late hours, to spend his evenings in billiard rooms where the air was unfit to breathe because it was so laden with impurities, until, when he should have been a young man, he already looked and felt old. He had no energy, was sickly, knew little or nothing of what he should have known, and when Fred graduated Charlie was nothing more nor less than a loafer, looked down upon even by those who called themselves his companions.

Then when Fred went out into the world, and understood matters, and particularly himself, better, he saw the mistake he had made.

He realized that he had neither been obliged to study too much nor too long, and he only regretted that he had not been able to learn more. He came to understand that at home he had enjoyed as many advantages as his sisters had, that he had been allowed to have his own way quite as much as was good for him, and, when it was no longer possible, he wished that he could have a baby sister again, for he was certain it would be a pleasure to him even if she did destroy some of his things.

He realized that if he had been neglected by his playmates, it was only because he had not made himself as agreeable as he might have done, and, more strongly than anything else, was he impressed with his father's wisdom in refusing to allow him all the so-called privileges he thought Charlie Stetson had enjoyed. He came to know that even sitting up late at night is not good for a boy's health, that tobacco smoking is simply inhaling a slow poison into one's brain, and that there can be neither pleasure nor profit to a boy in loitering around places where grown up loafers congregate.

But all these things Fred might have found out for himself long before he did, if he had but studied the full meaning of the simple word contentment—James Otis, in Congregationalist.

### The Slow Boy.

The old Hebrew idea of a man of honor is set forth in the Psalmist's words: "He that sweareth in his own hurt and changeth not." We express the same idea by our phrase: "His word is as good as his bond."

A man who would merit the application of these epithets to himself should be careful to heed these old sayings: "Make few promises," and: "Never promise more than you are able to perform."

There are men of business, men among those that seem to tell a lie, deliberately, who seldom heed this wise advice. They allow the press of business, or the desire to retain an impatient customer, to tempt them to make promises which they are unable to keep either to the ear or to the hope. Such men generally find that their expedients stamp them as unreliable. In the long run, the man who is cautious in promising, but faithful in performance, is the one whom success welcomes.

A few years ago, a lad entered a printing-office in England, as an apprentice. He was slow in his movements, and the irritated foreman often scolded him for not working rapidly.

During a rush of work, the foreman would call out, impatiently: "Bob, how soon will you have that job done?"

"In an hour, sir," or: "Not before two hours and a half, sir," would be the calm but provoking reply.

The other boys, when asked a similar question, would reply: "In a few minutes, sir," and thereby soothe the impatience of the hurrying foreman.

But the overseer was not blind, though he was nervous and a "driver." He noticed that Bob's job was always finished at the promised time. The other boys, on the contrary, were never up to time; for their "Almost ready, sir," meant nothing more than their anxiety to avoid a scolding.

The result was that Bob became the trusted boy of the office, and was allowed to take his own time in working out his task. He carried out this habit of doing exactly what he said he would do, and when he was promoted. To-day, the "slow" boy of ten years ago is the foreman of the office and oversees one hundred men.—Youth's Companion.

### How Cotton Thread is Made.

Here lie heaps of snowy cotton wool as it has been opened out of the bales in which it was carried across the Atlantic. Take up a tuft of the wool and examine it. The fibers lie in all directions and are apparently in a state of hopeless entanglement. It is evident that before they can be formed into a thread they must be brought to something like parallel order. Accordingly we find that the first business to which the cotton spinner applies himself is to give the fibers the needful parallel arrangement. This he does by means of a machine known as a carding engine. This consists of a series of drums or cylinders, covered with fine wire spikes. As the wool is passed through between the cylinders the spikes catch the fibers and draw them straight. After this operation has been repeated a sufficient number of times the wool is drawn off in the form of a soft rope about the thickness of one's finger. As yet it has received no twist and consequently has to be dealt with tenderly. The rope of fibers, having been wound upon large bobbins, is taken to the first of the series of spinning machines, by which it is drawn out and slightly twisted into a cord of about the thickness of a quill. This cord is then passed to another machine, which draws it out still farther, and gives it some more twist. After it has been brought to the desired degree of fineness by operations such as these, it receives the final drawing and twisting on the spinning mule, a most complicated piece of mechanism.

So far we have only got a single yarn toward the formation of a thread, and we must follow that yarn to the doubling machine. Before being placed on the machine, however, the yarn has to be passed rapidly through a gas flame, in order to burn off the loose ends of fiber. Were this not done the finished thread would have a rough exterior, and would not be so easy to sew with. Two lengths of yarn are now twisted together, and then three of these double filaments are formed into a thread. The thread is reeled off into hanks, and in that form is either bleached or dyed as may be desired. All that is now necessary to do is to polish the thread by passing it between rollers having a peculiar motion, and to wind it upon the bobbins on which it is sent to market.—Little Folks.

### A Plausible Explanation.

Papa—"In Boston the other day I saw a curious sight. A store-keeper there was arrested for keeping a live monkey in his show window. It drew such crowds that the street was obstructed."

Little Nell—"He didn't hurt the monkey any, did he?"

Papa—"Oh no; I guess not."

Little Nell—"And they arrested him just for keeping it in the window?"

Papa—"Yes, pet."

Little Nell—"Oh! I know why. It must have been because he made the monkey cry."

Papa—"Why, what would the monkey cry for?"

Little Nell—"I des he thought the dudes on the street were his long-lost brothers and he wanted to go out and play with 'em."—Philadelphia Call.

**The Chase County Courant.**  
Official Paper of Chase County.  
W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher.

Henry Ward Beecher, Roscoe Conkling, Carl Schurz and John P. St. John are ferriest Blaine and Logan.

An allusion to the crucifixion of Christ, in the most objectionable manner, was the attempted wit of one of speakers at the Blaine ratification meeting in Topeka, last Saturday night.

There will be a grand opening of the Dodge City Driving Park and Exposition, July 2, 3 and 4, at which there will be a Spanish bull fight, five arch tournaments and lassoing, shooting and base-ball matches.

Some few Democrats complain that we are not aggressive enough. Now, really, we have not the time to be very aggressive, but for their benefit we have ordered our "patent man" to give the Republicans a--hades.

The German vote of the country is lost to Blaine. His prohibition record that clings to him from the days when he edited a paper in Kennebec, Maine, and his repeated denunciation of the Germans on the floor of Congress, effectually preclude his getting the votes of that sturdy nationality.

Why is it that the rich cattle men are allowed to stretch thousands of miles of barbed wire fence over the Oklahoma country and otherwise improve it, while poor men are driven out of there at the point of the bayonet? In other words, does it not look like it is the aim of the Republican party, in this as in all other matters, to make the rich man richer and the poor man still poorer?

The Democratic State Convention for nominating a State ticket will be held in Topeka, Wednesday, August 20, 1884. The officers to be nominated are: Governor, Lieut.-Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor, Treasurer, Attorney General, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, two Presidential Electors from the State-at-large and one Elector from each Congressional District.

"John Bull" rejoices over the nomination of Mr. Blaine through the official organ of his realm, the London Times. Very likely this complimentary roar from the British Lion is induced by the hope that, if elected, Mr. Blaine, in the pursuance of his foreign policy, will set down hard on Irishmen who are demonstrative against England. The Times says: "We congratulate the Republicans on the choice of a candidate so eminently suited as Blaine to represent and uphold the dignity of the United States." When "John Bull" talks about "upholding the dignity of the United States" he means, of course, that the executive head of this nation should "stand in with" him.

Godley's Lady's Book for July is an especially good number, and, considering the high standard of this excellent magazine, this is perhaps as generous praise as could be bestowed upon it. The book is just entering upon its fifty-fifth year, and celebrates this mature anniversary in a fitting manner. M. E. B. occupies the opening page with a poetical salutory of more than ordinary merit, and then come the initial chapters of "Drooping the Weir," the new serial by Helen Mathers, authoress of "Comin' thro' the Rye," "Cherry Ripe," etc., etc. That all may be able to see how beautiful the book is, the publishers (J. H. Haulenbeck & Co., Phil.) offer to send the new volume (six months) to any address for \$1.00.

In the language of the Junction City Union, the Ram Fiscal has got in his work. Up to the first of March, Kansas scored two brutal murders per week, without interruption. Then there was a lull of a couple of weeks. An occasional killing happened during a period of a few weeks, and then came the Medicine Lodge Bank affair in

which five were killed, thus putting the average up to two per week. Then another bloodless week or two, followed by the death of a man at Clyde for resisting an officer, and the killing of one boy by another in a fight in Jefferson county. The next week, or three weeks ago, a family of six were found slaughtered in a horrible manner, in Linn county, and at Wellington a man killed his wife and then killed himself. Two weeks ago an Abilene man was found in the river at Wamego, having been murdered, and a girl in Douglas and another in Franklin died from abortion; and last Saturday a man killed his wife, at Ft. Scott, and then killed himself, and on Monday last Major B. L. Burris was shot dead in his office at Wichita by an unknown person. To this date the average of violent deaths is more than two a week, and the only case in which rum was directly involved was the Wellington scrape, and indirectly, possibly, in the death of the man at Clyde. If we have the prohibition prohibitionists clam then are we not making rapid strides in morals?

**AT HIS OLD WORK OF TRYING TO KILL US.**

Having, in 1876, tried to wipe this office out existence by buying up, in the name of his wife, two notes against us and having this office closed for nearly two weeks; and having stood ready at another time to buy the office when it was advertised for sale by the Sheriff; and at another time having tried to kill us, corporally, by knocking us in the head with a "stuffed club," all of which attempts proved unavailing against the life of either this paper or its editor, but, on the contrary, added to our prosperity while it lessened his influence, Mr. W. A. Morgan is again at work on a scheme to injure us, that will terminate about the same as these did. The facts of the case are, about six weeks ago there was one Charles Dickinson, not a Democrat, at work on the Strong City Independent, and, having been discharged from that office, he applied to us and induced us to put in a \$275 job outfit, with the expectation of having his continued assistance, and thus being enabled to improve our paper; but it appears that at the time Mr. Dickinson got his discharge, he threatened Mr. R. M. Watson with the starting of another paper at Strong City. Some of the Greenbackers hearing of this threat, and being anxious to have a paper in opposition to the Independent, but believing that three papers were enough in this county, came to us and, in the presence of Mr. Dickinson, offered us \$500 if we would change the COURANT into an anti-monopoly paper. We told them that the COURANT had ever been an anti-monopoly paper as the Democratic party is an anti-monopoly party, but that is only one principle of Democracy, and that we did not care about running a one-idea paper. After this Mr. Dickinson was closeted on several and divers occasions with these Greenbackers, and Mr. C. C. Watson, knowing the same, and fearing a paper would be started in opposition to his brother's, made Mr. Dickinson an offer of a certain amount of money if he would start a Republican paper in this city; and, as a hint for us to discharge Mr. Dickinson, ordered all the FERRY & WATSON locals out of this paper and that their advertisement be reduced one half in size. Mr. Morgan, no doubt, hearing of this last offer, put his wits to work to determine how he could most hurt both the opposition papers, and especially the COURANT, as the sequel will show, and gets Mr. Chas. H. Carwell, a Democrat who gives him all of his legal advertising, never giving a cent's worth of it to this paper although we have twice supported him for office, to work the matter up, Mr. Morgan, of course, to be kept out of view in the enterprise, but actually to furnish the capital for the undertaking. In carrying out this programme, Mr. Carwell had a long talk with Mr. Dickinson on Saturday night, May 31, in which it was planned that Mr. Ed. W. Ellis, a Democrat and deputy post-master under Mr. Morgan, and whom, also, we have supported for office once, should go, the next day (Sunday), with

Mr. Dickinson to see certain Democrats about the matter, but, as no rig could be gotten at either ivory stable on Sunday morning that trip was knocked in the head; and then it was decided that Mr. Dickinson should set type that morning for Mr. Morgan so as to give him (Morgan) a chance to go to Kansas City, on Monday, to get new material for his present paper, so that he could transfer a portion of his old material to Strong City, where his new paper, which was to have been Democratic in politics and run in the name Mr. Dickinson, was to have been established. When Mr. Morgan left here, that Monday, it was given out that he was gone to Lawrence, but he was seen on the streets of Kansas City, that day or the following day, twice. Then again, the agent for the St. Louis Type Foundry very conveniently came along this way on Friday, June 6. We understand that a portion of the new type has arrived. This scheme, if carried into effect, would give Mr. Morgan one half of the pay for the county printing, instead of one third as is now the case, as the pay would, no doubt, then be divided between the four papers, giving him one fourth for each of his papers. Now, if the Democrats who have been talking this matter up, wish old material with which to start a Democrat paper at Strong City, they can get it of us, and need not assist a Republican by taking such material off his hands. All the time while these things were being planned and executed Mr. Dickinson and his wife were boarding in the family of the writer. On Tuesday night, June 3, we told him, in substance, the facts of the case as here recited, and he admitted everything, except Mr. Morgan's complicity in the matter. The next day he and his wife went to the Union Hotel to board, and on the following Monday he went to work for Mr. Morgan, and is still at work for him. Now, that man is very blind who can not see as far through this mill stone as can the fellow who pecked the hole in it, and which, if put to running, would crush what little political and moral influence he now has into such small particles that it would require a most powerful telescope to tell what the hideous mass was.

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**THE GREAT EMPORIUM!**  
**FERRY & WATSON**  
Desire everybody to know that we have one of the  
**BEST & LARGEST STOCKS**  
Of goods ever brought to this market,  
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And, in fact, anything  
**NEEDED BY MAN**  
During his existence on earth.  
**BE SURE TO GO TO**  
**FERRY & WATSON'S,**  
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**YOU WILL BE PLEASED**  
With their  
**BARGAINS.**  
Jan 3-11

**HARDWARE, TINWARE, WAGONS, ETC.**  
**M. A. CAMPBELL,** THE **WALTER A. WOOD**  
DEALER IN **NEW**  
**HARDWARE** Enclosed-Gear Mower.  
**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!**  
**FORKS, SPADES, SHOVELS, HOES, RAKES & HANDLES.**  
Carries an excellent stock of  
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Consisting of Breaking and Stirring Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, Wheelbarrows, &c., and is Agent for the well-known  
**Wood Mowing Machine,** and best makes of Sucky Hay Rakes.  
**Glidden Fence Wire,** Solo agent for this celebrated wire, the best now in use.  
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**A COMPLETE TINSHOP.**  
I have an experienced tinner in my employ and am prepared to do all kinds of work in that line, on short notice, and at very low prices.  
**WEST SIDE OF BROADWAY,**  
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**Harness, Saddles, Blankets,**  
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ALSO, TRUNKS, VALISES & BEST OSAGE COAL FOR SALE.  
nov-11

**ANNOUNCEMENTS.**  
To whom it may concern: I announce myself as a candidate, on the principles of temperance, for the position of Senator. Yours, truly, **W. H. CARTER.**

**J. W. MCWILLIAMS'**  
**Chase County Land Agency**  
ESTABLISHED IN 1869.  
Special agency for the sale of the Atchison and Santa Fe Railroad lands wild lands and stock ranches. Well watered, improved farms for sale. Lands for improvement or speculation always for sale. Honorable treatment and fair dealing guaranteed. Call on or address J. W. McWilliams, at  
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For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dispepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all chronic and nervous disorders.  
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We, the undersigned, having received great and permanent benefit from the use of "COMPOUND OXYGEN," prepared and administered by **DRS. STARKY & PALEN**, of Philadelphia, and being satisfied that it is a new discovery in medical science, and all that is claimed for it, consider it a duty which we owe to many thousands who are suffering from chronic and so-called "incurable" diseases to do all that we can to make its virtues known and to inspire the public with confidence. We have personal knowledge of Drs. Starky & Palen. They are educated, intelligent, and conscientious physicians, who will not, we are sure, make any statement which they do not know or believe to be true, nor publish any testimonials or reports of cases which are not genuine. Wm. D. Kelley, member of Congress from Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I have used 'Arthur's Home Magazine,' Philadelphia, Pa., June 1, 1882."

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Will practice in state and Federal courts. All business placed in our hands will receive careful and prompt attention. aug10-11

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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. Jy13

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**MONEY.**  
7 and 8 Per Cent!  
CALL ON  
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Trees! Trees! Trees!  
Farmers, Planters, Tree Dealers and everybody who feels at all interested in the subject of Tree Growing, will confer a favor by sending a postal card for copy of my catalogue for season of 1884, free of all. Prices low. Trees good, and packing superior. Address **J. C. FINNEY**, Proprietor Sturgeon Bay Nurseries, Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin. mch27-10

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**WHO WANTS WATER?**  
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TERMS REASONABLE.  
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Particular attention given to all work in my line of business, especially to ladies' shampooing and hair cutting. Cigars can be bought at this shop.

**TUTT'S PILLS**  
**TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.**  
From those sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, Fatigue after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, a feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluctuating at the Heart, Drows before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION.** Demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine **TUTT'S PILLS** have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through those three "sewerage" of the system, producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. **TUTT'S PILLS** cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect **ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.**  
**HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.**  
"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and **TUTT'S** are the first that have done me any good. They have done me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." **W. D. EDWARDS, Fairbury, O.** Sold every where, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N. Y.

**TUTT'S HAIR DYE.**  
GRAY HAIR OR WITHESSES changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of 50c. Office, 44 Murray Street, New York. TUTT'S MANUFACTURED BY WALTER A. WOOD

**The Chase County Court.**

**COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS., THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1884.**

**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, \$3.00. For six months, \$1.00 cash in advance.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	5 in.	1 col.	1 col.
1 week	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$5.00	\$10.00
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3 weeks	2.00	2.50	3.00	4.50	7.00	15.00
4 weeks	2.50	3.00	3.50	5.00	8.00	17.00
1 month	3.00	4.00	5.00	7.00	10.00	20.00
2 months	4.00	5.00	6.00	9.00	13.00	25.00
3 months	5.00	6.00	7.00	11.00	16.00	30.00
6 months	7.00	8.00	10.00	15.00	22.00	40.00
1 year	10.00	12.00	15.00	22.00	35.00	60.00

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

**CITY AND COUNTY NEWS.**

**LOCAL SHORT STOPS.**

Business locals, under this head, 30 cents a line, first insertion, and 15 cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Corn is booming.

Mr. Nat. Scribner is at home.

Longest day of the year, to-morrow.

Mr. Jacob Rupert, of York, Pa., is in town.

Rain in eastern part of the county, Monday.

Mr. J. M. Kerr is putting up a summer kitchen.

Mr. J. N. Nye returned home, Friday, from the East.

Mrs. H. P. Brockett was down to Emporia, last week.

Miss Carrie Lloyd has gone on a visit to Cleveland, Ohio.

Many of the farmers have plowed their corn the second time.

Mrs. Alice Rockwood left, Monday, for a visit to Michigan.

Miss Fanny Born, of Emporia, is visiting at Mr. J. N. Nye's.

Mrs. E. Lunk, of South Fork, has gone on a visit to McPherson.

Mr. Bonewell has moved into his new house on Broadway.

Mr. J. R. Stearns is book-keeper for Messrs. Johnson & Thomas.

Prof. Wm. M. Crichton went to Newton, yesterday, on business.

Mr. Dennis Rettiger, of Strong City, was at Council Grove, last week.

Geo. Witcher, the varnish man, tried to saw out of jail, Tuesday night.

Mr. H. S. F. Davis shipped two car loads of sheep to St. Louis, Saturday.

Mr. A. S. Howard is putting a veranda to the new part of his residence.

Mr. D. S. Sauble, of Cottonwood township, called at this office, on Tuesday.

Mr. W. T. Burdall has moved into his new house in the south part of town.

Mr. S. C. Evans, of Bazaar, has gone to Ft. Worth, Texas, to go into business there.

Mr. J. C. Davis, of Strong City, was in attendance at the Chicago Republican convention.

Mr. C. C. Terwilliger's father and mother, of New York, are visiting at that gentleman's.

Mr. David Rettiger, of Strong City, went to Las Vegas, New Mexico, on business, last week.

Ridgely, youngest son of Mr. J. H. Scribner, has been very sick with a set back after the measles.

Mrs. Clara Phelps, nee Cunningham, of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting friends and relatives on Fox creek.

Mr. E. F. Bauerle has sold his confectionery and restaurant at Strong City to Miller Brothers, of Emporia.

Mr. Robert Gottheuht has bought the old Cooley house and moved it on to his lots, east of Mr. Wm. M. Kellogg's.

Mr. B. F. Largent has sold his farm, near Matfield Green, to Mr. Wm. Suple, of Jefferson county, for \$7,000.

There was a very heavy rain, Tuesday afternoon, but not so heavy as that of Monday evening and night.

Two men were trying to steal a horse from Mr. G. U. Miller's, Saturday morning, but were seen and driven away.

Eighteen of the children of the Catholic Church at Strong City made their first communion, last Sunday morning.

Died, on Saturday, June 7th, 1884, on Peyton creek, Matthew

Robertson, aged 16 years, son of Mr. Jas. Robertson.

The cases of the State vs. J. N. Nye, M. A. Redford and Nye & Redford have been reversed by the Supreme Court.

The case in which a negro was the complaining witness against M. A. Redford has been affirmed by the Supreme Court.

Mr. David Biggam was relieved of \$1,000 in Topeka, on Tuesday of last week, but, fortunately, he recovered every cent of it.

The Republican County Central Committee will meet in the Probate Court room, on Saturday, June 18, at 1 o'clock, p. m.

Mr. John Dobbins and daughter, of Ft. Scott, arrived here, Friday, and have moved into Mr. M. H. Pennell's former residence.

A petition to the W. U. Telegraph Co., asking for a telegraph line between this city and Strong City was circulated in town, last week.

We have received a printed circular from Col. S. N. Wood announcing himself as an independent candidate from this the 4th District.

Mrs. J. W. McWilliams started, Monday, on a summer's visit to New York. She was accompanied as far east as Kansas City by her husband.

On Wednesday of last week Mr. D. B. Berry shipped 3,500 head of grade cattle, in charge of Mr. Ben Kastor, to one of his ranches in Montana.

Mr. S. A. McClure, formerly book keeper for Messrs. Johnson & Thomas, of this city, has accepted a similar position with Mr. C. I. Maule, at Strong City.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Church of this city will be held on Saturday, June 28, at 3 o'clock, p. m. On the Sunday following communion service will be observed.

Mr. John N. Walker, of New York, brother of Mrs. J. W. McWilliams, stopped off here, last week, on his way to Denver, in the interest of the Mill Iron and Cattle Co., of Oxford, N. Y.

Messrs. S. E. Yeoman, Charlie Hartet, Lu Fogle, Jas. Buchanan and Charlie Gray, who went to Oklahoma, in the latter part of April, have returned; but Mr. Yeoman says he will shortly return there.

Mr. Jos. Mapes, formerly of Van Wert county, Ohio, but who is now living in this county, gave us a pleasant call, yesterday. He is well pleased with this county, and says he would not leave here for all of Van Wert county.

The sale of stock at Mr. S. T. Bennett's, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, drew quite a number of cattle men from a distance, but prices did not prove satisfactory, and in the afternoon of Thursday the sale was declared closed.

Mr. Matthew Fogarty, who has been at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, returned, last Friday, bringing with him Master Chas. Lantry, a nephew of Mr. B. Lantry, of Strong City, and brother of young Barney Lantry, who will remain with his uncle.

The First Quarterly Meeting of the United Brethren of Cottonwood Mission will be held at the Sharp's Creek school-house, June 21 and 22. Rev. P. I. Lee, Presiding Elder, will be present. All are invited to come and worship with us. REV. E. J. EDWANE, Pastor.

The Chase County Normal Institute will commence on Monday, June 30th, 1884, and will be conducted by Prof. John Deirich, of Burlingame, assisted by Prof. J. M. Warren. A printed programme will be sent out as soon as prepared by the Conductor. For further information address MARY E. HUNT, Co. Supt.

St. Anthony's Catholic church at Strong City is now out of debt, with \$400 in the treasury. Mr. B. Lantry, of Strong City, having a few weeks ago presented the congregation with \$637, a sum sufficient to pay off all debts against the church. The next thing the congregation intend doing is to build a school-house, but we understand the Priest and Trustees have determined not to go in debt

again, for that or any other purpose, but to keep adding to the money now on hand until they have a sum sufficient to enable them to build.

Just as the heavy rain storm of Monday was beginning, about dusk, Mr. Asa Taylor, one of the old settlers of this county, a man about fifty years of age, was struck dead by lightning, at his home, about three miles from town. He had just unhitched a team, at the barn, and was going to the house, about 100 yards distant, behind two other men who reached the house just as the lightning struck Mr. Taylor who was then nearing a gate mid way between the house and barn. He was struck on the left side of the top of his head, the lightning passing down his left side to the ground, blistering his body and perforating his boot as though it had been shot with a load of shot, and killing him instantly. He leaves a wife and three daughters (two married) to mourn his death. His life was insured for \$2,500. He will be buried, to-day, in the Quaker graveyard six miles this side of Emporia.

**FOR SALE.**  
A stone blacksmith shop with two fires and all necessary tools; also, a residence of five rooms, good cellar and well, and two lots. Apply at this office or to Wm. C. Giese, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

**CHEAP MONEY.**  
Interest at 7 per cent., on two, three, four, or five years time, real estate security. Call on Thos. O. Kelley, at Young & Kelley's Law Office. nov23-tf.

**CASH.**  
For eggs, butter, chickens and other products, at Pennell's restaurant.

**BUSINESS BREVITIES.**  
Pay up your subscription.  
Flour at Ferry & Watson's.  
Boots and shoes at Breese's.  
Harness at Ferry & Watson's.  
Hats and caps at Ferry & Watson's.

Wanted, two girls, at the Union Hotel. dec6-tf

Good goods and bottom prices at Breese's.  
Go to the Union Hotel for your ice cream.  
First-class organs at E. Cooley's for \$50 cash. jy6-tf

Two houses for rent. Apply to M. H. Pennell.  
Go to Ferry & Watson's for your boots and shoes.  
Oranges, lemons, apples and cider, at Pennell's.  
You can get your staple dry goods at Breese's.

A large stock of furniture at Ferry & Watson's.  
Dry goods, clothing, etc., at Ferry & Watson's.  
Go to Howard's mill if you want to get the best of flour.

Fresh goods all the time at the store of Breese, the grocer.  
Parties indebted to Dr. Walsh are requested to call and settle.  
I have a few hundred cash in hand to loan. C. C. WHITSON.  
Go to L. F. Miller's to have your Sewing Machines repaired.

Home-made bread, cakes and pies, fresh, every day, at Pennell's.  
A car load of Moline wagons just received at M. A. Campbell's.  
A car load of Glidden fence wire just received at M. A. Campbell's. oct5-tf

Just received, screen wire cloth and window frames, at Johnson & Thomas's.  
If you want to get a good square meal, go to Mrs. M. H. Pennell's restaurant.

A car load of Studebaker's wagons and buggies just received at M. A. Campbell's.  
A car load of new improved Bain wagons just received at Hildebrand Bros. & Jones, Strong City. dec6-tf

Dr. W. P. Pugh will continue to do a limited practice; and will be found, at all unemployed times, at his drug store.  
Go to Breese's for your fresh staple and fancy groceries, and where you can get the highest market price for produce.

Go to the Star Bakery for all kinds of candies and nuts, cigars and tobacco. J. D. STROUSE, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

Mrs. Laffoon is now offering her immense stock of millinery goods, in Strong City, at prices within the reach of all. Hats at from 25 cents to \$5. d13-tf

Go to Breese's for your fresh staple and fancy groceries and for staple dry goods, and where you can get the highest market price for your produce.

"A penny saved is a penny earned," and the way to save your pennies is to go to Breese's, where you can always get fresh staple and fancy groceries.

You can get meals or lunch at any hour, from 6 o'clock, a. m.,

**R. F. LAFFOON**  
Has on hand a full line of  
**Ladies' Cloaks and Dolmans, Gents' Youths' and Boys' Overcoats,**  
Which he will close out  
**AT COST!**  
He keeps the  
**Best Line of Dress Goods to be found in the County;**  
Also, a full stock of  
**Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps,**  
HOSIERY, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, GLASS, QUEENS, AND WOODENWARE.  
**MRS. E. LAFFOON, MILLINER,**  
Does all kinds of Stamping to Order.  
**STRONG CITY, KANSAS.**

**"HEALTH AND HOME."**  
Washington, D. C.  
Sworn Circulation, 70,000. EDITED BY W. H. HALE, M. D.  
This is a large eight page, forty column, monthly paper, and is devoted to everything pertaining to Health and Home, Marriage, Social Science, Domestic Medicine, Science, Literature, Art, Economy, Cookery, Hints on Health, Dietetics, and every realm of Modern Science that tends to improve health, prevent disease, purify morals, and make home happy.  
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PROPRIETOR, LOWEST PRICES  
RED FRONT PROMPT ATTENTION  
Food Exchange Paid to  
NORTH SIDE ALL ORDERS.  
Main Street, Good Rigs at  
Cottonwood Falls, ALL HOURS.  
**BOARDING HORSES MADE A SPECIALTY.**

**E. F. BAUERLES'**  
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.  
CONFECTIONARY AND RESTAURANT AND BAKERY.  
Strong City and Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.  
JABIN JOHNSON W. C. THOMAS.

**JOHNSON & THOMAS,**  
DEALERS IN  
**HARDWARE,**  
STOVES, TIN AND GRANITE WARE, NAILS,  
Barbed Wire, Buggies, Wagons, Agricultural Implements,  
And SPORTING GOODS.  
AGENTS for the Celebrated Columbus & Abbott Buggies, Olds & Schuttler Wagons, Pearl Corn Shellers, Buford Plows, Farmers' Friend Corn Planters, and Bako-well Vapor Stoves.  
**OUR STOCK IS NEW.**  
Call, and Examine our Prices before Purchasing Elsewhere.  
**JOHNSON & THOMAS,**  
East side of BROADWAY, between MAIN and FRIEND Streets,  
**COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.**

until 10, p. m., at Jerry Williams', on Main street, between Broadway and Friend street. d13-tf  
Doolittle & Son have the best and cheapest of boots and shoes to be found in this market; also, a full line of furnishing goods, notions and groceries. A dollar saved is a dollar made; and you can't make dollars any easier than by saving them; and the best way to save dollars is to buy your goods of Doolittle & Son.

**WANTED.**  
From twenty to forty acres of land broke on C. C. Watson's farm on Rock creek. Apply at Ferry & Watson's, in this city.  
The best flour of all kinds, at E. F. Bauerle's. He says: "Come, and see me."  
**PUBLIC AUCTION.**  
The undersigned will offer for sale at public auction, in Strong City, on  
**Saturday, June 21, 1884,**  
The following described property: One thorough-bred bull, five years old; twenty cows and calves; thirty 1 and 2-year-old heifers and steers; forty head of full-blood Berkshire and Poland-China hogs; several teams of good work horses; two brood mares with foal; one 2-year-old colt; two superior 2-year-old fillies; two yearling colts.  
My farm will be offered for sale or rent at the same time.  
TERMS OF SALE: For sums under \$5.00, cash; above \$5.00, 5 per cent off for cash. Approved notes at 10 per cent per annum.  
JOHN EMBLE  
June 21

**JOHN R. KOFEL,**  
Watch Maker and Jeweler.  
COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.  
Will take watches, clocks and jewelry for repairing; and all work warranted to be in done first-class workmanship. Through my long experience in Switzerland, Paris and London, also in a number of first-class jewelry houses and watch factories in America, I am able to give satisfaction. Give me a call.  
ENGRAVING NEATLY DONE.  
Leave orders at central hotel. ap3-tf

**PHYSICIANS.**  
**J. W. STONE, M. D.**  
Office and room, east side of Broadway, south of the bridge.  
**COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.**  
**W. P. PUGH, M. D.,**  
Physician & Surgeon,  
Office at his Drug store.  
**COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.**  
**A. M. CONAWAY,**  
Physician & Surgeon,  
Residence and office, a half mile north of Toledo. jy11-tf  
**L. P. RAVENSCROFT, M. D.,**  
Physician & Surgeon,  
STRONG CITY, KANSAS.  
Office in McIntire's drug store, residence opposite the post-office. Calls promptly responded to. j417-tf  
**DR. S. M. FURMAN,**  
RESIDENT DENTIST,  
STRONG CITY, - - KANSAS.  
Having permanently located in Strong City, Kansas, will hereafter practice his profession in all its branches, Friday and Saturday of each week, at Cottonwood Falls. Office at Union Hotel.  
Kicker near W. J. Martin, R. M. Watson and J. W. Stone, M. D. j5-tf

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
THE "ENTERPRISE"  
**MEAT MARKET,**  
L. A. LOOMIS, PROPRIETOR,  
WEST SIDE OF BROADWAY, COTTONWOOD FALLS  
Fresh Meat Every Day,  
RIGHT CASH PRICE PAID FOR  
Fat Cattle, Hogs & Dressed Chickens

**BLISS'**  
1845. Illustrated Hand-Book 1884.  
For the Farm and Garden. 150 pages.  
300 illustrations, and a beautiful Colored Plate of Flowers, etc. What a treat! How it will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address THOMAS & CO., Augusta, Maine. j417-tf

**SEEDS**  
ORDER NOW  
And have on hand when you want to plant.  
**A GARDEN for \$1.00.**  
20 packets choice Flower Seeds (our selection), including WILD GARDEN SEEDS (a mixture of 100 varieties of Flower Seeds), for \$1.00.  
**A VEGETABLE GARDEN for \$1.00.**  
20 pkts. Choice Vegetable Seeds (our selection), including Bliss's American Wonder Peas, for \$1.00.  
NOTE the above for \$1.75. Gardener's Hand Book telling you how to grow them, sent free with orders.  
**B. K. BLISS & SONS,**  
34 Barclay St., New-York.  
**LINCOLN FLORAL CONSERVATORY**  
Cor. G & 17th, on line of streets  
Greenhouse, Bedding Plants, Roses, Flowering Shrubs, Evergreens, Small Fruits, Etc. Extra with every order.

**W. S. SAWYER & CO.,**  
Lincoln, Nebraska  
Flora! Dealers, Bouquets, Baskets, Etc. for Parties, Weddings and Funerals a specialty, and sent to any part of the State.  
Sweet Potato and other vegetable plants this season. Illustrated Catalogue free.  
W. S. SAWYER & CO.,  
Lincoln, Nebraska  
Telephone No. 34.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Persons and cattle have been killed by eating the pomace of castor beans. Cider cake: One cup of cider; one cup of butter; one cup of milk; two cups of sugar; six cups flour, spice and one tea-spoonful saleratus. N. Y. Herald.

To Preserve Sliced Bread Fresh: If loaf bread has been sliced for dinner and is not all eaten, take the slices remaining and place two together and have a clean cloth made very damp and wrap the bread carefully up and put away, and the next day it will be perfectly fresh. Exchange.

The great yields from root crops should be a tempting inducement for farmers to grow them, and although the labor of cultivation may seemingly be great, their value as necessary adjuncts to the usually dry provender fed during the winter should tempt all to grow them, at least to a certain extent.

The appearance of farm-buildings adds much to the attractions and value of a farm. When it is not convenient to paint, remember whitewash covers many imperfections and gives an air of neatness. System, cleanliness and every part of the building kept in repair makes an old farm look new. Cleveland Leader.

It will interest good housekeepers to know that oil marks on papered walls against which thoughtless persons have laid their heads may be removed by making a paste of cold water and pipe clay, or fuller's earth, and laying it on the surface without rubbing it on, else the pattern of the paper may be injured. Leave the paste on all night. In the morning it may be brushed off and the spot will have disappeared, though a renewal of the operation may be needed if the oil spot is old. Chicago Times.

A good scare-crowd may be made by suspending an old barrel between two posts in such a way that it will be moved by every passing breeze. A better way to frighten away the sagacious birds is to take a large bottle, knock off the bottom and suspend the top to a slanting pole by means of twine. Fix a short string to the cork and let it hang down inside the bottle. This, with a nail or two on its end, will make a strange noise for most of the time—the nails striking the inner surface of the bottle. Boston Globe.

The Toilet of Farmers.

When the farmer gets out his machinery—his mower and reaper and hay tedder—the first thing he does is to wipe it thoroughly clean, to remove all dust that may have settled into the mechanism, all oil that may have gummed on it. Perhaps he washes it with kerosene to make sure that everything is clean. Then when he is satisfied that every part is clean and sound and in good order, he oils it well, and sets it up ready for work. This process is repeated every time he uses his mower, for he knows that the old oil is more or less filled with worn particles of iron and steel and acts as a file to wear out the parts it rubs against.

But many a farmer is better to his mower than he is to himself. He will work all day in the hot sun, with perspiration streaming from every pore, and he will be at night covered from head to foot with a thin coating of effete matter. This, if not removed, the absorbents take right up again and carry back into the body, clogging its delicate machinery and acting exactly as old gummy oil does on the mower. If he wears all night the clothes he has worn during the day, a portion of the effete matter they contain will be taken into the body.

Unless a farmer knows by theory and experiment, too, that bathing and changing his clothes is the surest and quickest way of resting and refreshing him, it is hard to get him to do anything else but sit down in the nearest chair, or lie down on the nearest lounge and rest while he comes in from working all day in the field. It will be necessary, therefore, for farmers' wives who wish fresh evening toilets to be made by their husbands, to have everything arranged with exceeding convenience for this purpose. A bath room may be improvised on the first floor, the nearer the back door the better, and in this abundance of facility provided for the evening bath and toilet. Here the working clothes may be hung up at night, and here the evening clothes hang during the day. Plenty of soap, water, towels, bathing tubs, should be provided for all who need them, for hired men and children. A corner of the wood shed makes a nice summer bath house for a working man, since a dozen bricks or a few dressed boards laid down may keep the feet from the bare ground, and here one needn't be afraid to make a slop on the floor. A few yards of unbleached muslin will make a screen.

Patterns for dressing gowns, blouses and overalls are to be found in the pattern books, and with the aid of these, most any farmer's wife can provide an easy evening dress for her husband and a suitable dress for work in the day time. Slippers of leather are better for farmers than those of cloth, since there will be times when they will be obliged to be in the dew more or less, and on the damp ground.

Working men, not farmers, who live in houses not provided with that luxury, a bath room, may make one for themselves in a corner of the yard, which will answer every purpose during the summer time and be free from the dangers haunting most bath rooms in our city houses. Cleanliness is next to godliness. The quicker we get rid of our dead selves the more vital we are, the more we respect ourselves, the more we are respected. Dirt and virtue do not abide together in any close union.

Bathing just before and just after eating should be avoided, as the stomach needs the blood for the digestion of food, and bathing brings it to the surface. If the worker bathes when he first comes in from the field (in tepid water if he is very warm), and then dresses slowly and rests a few minutes, he can eat without inconvenience and be all ready for bed when his supper is digested.

As to material and quality, what one can afford is a good rule to go by. Poor material is always expensive, while good material gives satisfaction while a thread of it remains. N. Y. Tribune.

The Mojave Desert.

The Mojave Desert is a succession of vast plains and mountain ranges. The soil is not excessively sandy, except at a few points, and could water be brought on these immense wastes they could be made literally to blossom as the rose. What convinces one of this is the fact that the desert along the railroad, having received an unusual supply of the distilled spirits of Heaven during the past two months, has bloomed with amazing fertility, and the land, as far as the eye can reach, presents the aspect of a garden-bed of variegated flowers, darkly rich in their setting of emerald green. Here and there are little patches of barley, where the seed has dropped by accident. Near Farm Station, almost the center of this desert, fifteen acres of barley are growing, showing every evidence of rapid and healthy progress. With the average rainfall of the valleys of California—eight and ten inches—this great desert could easily be made to grow the cereals. Or perhaps other means of producing artificial irrigation may be discovered that will bring under cultivation this vast area. Apparently as indices of nature's intention oases are scattered at intervals over the desert.

No lofty mountains stand near to act as receptacles and reservoirs, and whence comes the enormous flow that breaks from these desert springs is a secret for science to solve. The only reasonable theory is that they flow long distances in subterranean channels. These desert streams rise to the surface thus mysteriously and disappear in an even more incomprehensible manner. In the northern portion of this desert a stream of one thousand inches bubbles to the surface in the midst of an almost endless plain. A pool of about twenty feet in diameter is formed, and the water is brown with such force to the surface that no living being can penetrate to any depth. Weighty iron chains float on the surface like corks. This stream debouches upon the plain, and, after traversing it for several miles without abatement, the entire volume disappears in the sand within a radius of one hundred feet. These sink-holes of the Mojave desert are numerous, the water from which, probably, finally reaches the slope of the Pacific and feeds the streams of the valley. The Mojave river, rising on the north slope of the Sierra Nevada and meandering over the desert for over one hundred miles, is finally swallowed up in a similar but more gradual manner. Nothing in the shape of the land occurs to prevent its further progress, as its course would lead it into the famous death valley, which, like a portion of the Colorado desert, lies below the level of the sea. But instead of the lost waters of the desert seeking a refuge in the deep basin, a spectacle of extraordinary sterility is here presented.

At several stations along the railroad artesian water is obtained, giving color to the theory that subterranean streams and lakes are in existence. At Lucena Station, artesian water is found at a depth of two hundred and twenty-seven feet. As this is a very reasonable depth, and to dig a well would be no greater expense than to buy an irrigating head of water in the favored lands of Southern California, some enterprising Yankee will, undoubtedly, buy up this desert and lay out a large colony. Such a scheme is now on foot at Lancaster Station, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, where artesian water is also obtained. But the wisest provision of nature is found in the Colorado River. Its present use does not extend much beyond providing a channel for navigation to the interior, and, as the railroad encroaches upon its domain, its usefulness is trifling. But it can not be doubted that it is destined to play an important part in the reclamation of our great deserts. Its waters are used by a few white ranchers, and the Indians along the course of the stream. These desert agriculturists are not particularly successful, their crops being sown along the river bed, where the cost of diverting the flow of the water comes within their limited means, and two years out of three their lands are swept by the rise of the river and their products are very shortly food for fishes in the Gulf of California. But in the seasons of deprecation of floods the wonderful fertility of the soil richly recompenses the scattered grangers. Cereals, fruits and vegetables ripen here much earlier than in the coast climates. The soil is a rich, red clay, its composite parts including all the elements required in healthy fertilization. The banks of the Colorado are rather high, with a gradual rise of the land for several miles back. This, together with the easy descent of the stream, has always offered a serious obstacle to diverting the river upon the desert, and, if ever done, it will probably be accomplished by the Government, as private capital would prove inadequate. At some points the expense of irrigating canals would not be so great and can be attained by private enterprise—notably, the Blythe colony—where the water has been diverted and thousands of acres of productive land rendered capable of cultivation. One destructive feature of irrigation upon this river is the fact that the water is so muddy that the deposit soon obstructs and finally fills the canals. This difficulty can be obviated by constructing large reservoirs and filtering the water. San Francisco Chronicle.

An Indiscreet Wife.

An Austin Israelite has his dwelling and place of business in the same house, which is quite a small one. There were several customers in the store, when his wife, who is a very affectionate creature, called out from the next room: "O, Schon, my dear Schon, come to dinner."

A shade of rage passed over his Hebrew features, and going to where she was, he seized her brutally by the arm, and with a malignant voice, hoarse with annoyance, said: "Rebecca, does you want to ruin me in my dishonesty? What for you call me dear Schon, ven I wants to be known as cheap Schon? Do you want to have do peebles lose confidence in me?" Texas Siftings.

—There is land in the city of New York worth \$15,000,000 an acre.—N. Y. Sun.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

The Europeans, or white men, in China number fewer than 10,000, or one to about every 25,000 natives.

—There are 138,065 Free Mason lodges throughout the world, with a total membership of 14,160,543.

—The United States Patent Office pays the Government a net profit, and has \$2,500,000 in cash on hand.—Washington Star.

—The importation of coffee in 1883 reached 525,763,479 pounds, or ten and one-half pounds for each inhabitant of the United States.

—The potato crop of the United States was 190,000,000 bushels in 1883, against 168,000,000 bushels the previous year.—Chicago Journal.

—M. Corson, in the Journal of Pharmacy, says that a piece of borax weighing two or three grains will, if allowed to dissolve slowly in the mouth of a singer, remove all traces of hoarseness.

—Pittsburgh, Pa., has 1,380 manufacturing establishments, with an aggregate capital of \$106,000,000, employing nearly 86,000 persons. The annual product is valued at \$146,000,000.—Pittsburgh Post.

—A company in Connecticut manufactures nearly all the liquorice used in this country—17,000,000 pounds a year. Confectionery and medicine, take about 1,500,000 pounds, and the remainder goes into tobacco.—Hartford Post.

—The stream of German emigration is again rising, the total number of those who left the Fatherland for America in the first quarter of this year having been 29,782, as compared with 28,291 in the same period of 1883.

—No less than 1,102 persons met with an untimely end in Berlin during the past year, 414 of whom committed suicide. Of this last-named figure 182 died by hanging, 45 by shooting, 105 by drowning and 82 by poisoning themselves.

—Animal life is very abundant in some parts of the world, to great depths in the sea. This is illustrated by the fact that during last summer's explorations by the French steamer Talisman one haul of its net brought up, from a depth of 300 fathoms, 1,000 fishes and nearly 2,000 crustaceans of different kinds. This capture was made in the Atlantic, near the Cape Verde Islands.

—Jalapa de Diaz, State of Oaxaca, Mex., produced last year 800,000 pounds of cotton, 100,000 of rice, 20,000 of coffee, 8,000 of cocoa, 75,000 of chili, 400 cargas of beans, 2,000 of corn, 100 tobacco, and 15 millares of vanilla. The vanilla is exported and the cotton is consumed in the State of Puebla.

—When the railroad of Anton Lizardo is completed the facilities for handling these products will be increased.

—The necessity of changing the diet for warm weather is not yet fully realized, though it is quite as important as that of changing the clothes. People see the customary warm meats and soups at dinner, and without thought employ the usual bill of fare. Whole some fruit has been provided excellent in many cases for supplying the proper nourishment, and if fruit and vegetables do not relieve the exhaustion produced by heat, a draught of pure milk, if it can be obtained, acts as a veritable tonic. When we are in the tropics we must live accordingly.—Chicago Times.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—The most unsocial things in this world are milestones—one never sees them together.

—A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake, as by never repeating it.

—How can a man shoot at 120 rabbits, or we should say, 120 hares, at the same time—fire at a wig.—Old City Derrick.

—The esteem of wise and good men is the greatest of all temporal encouragements to virtue, and it is a mark of an abandoned spirit to have no regard to it.—Bible.

—A writer on "the care of the hair" says: "The hair is the covering of the roof of the home of thought and palace of the soul." It is also sometimes the covering of the top of the bureau and back of the chair, but this fact is alluded to in the article.—Norristown Herald.

—A very small Speck was climbing up the milky way one moonlight night. "Ah, my little fellow, where are you from?" asked the Big Dipper. "Me? I'm from a grocery store down on earth." "How do you come to be away up here?" "Oh, I've been getting higher and higher year after year; and smaller and smaller, too." "That's funny. Who are you?" "I'm the bottom of a strawberry-box."—Chicago News.

—The Baby's Name.—In search from A to Y they passed—And "Marguerita" chose at last—But thought it sounded far more sweet To call the baby "Bernie Meg." When grandma saw the little pet She called her darling Marguerite. Next Uncle Jack and Cousin Ardie Sent up and soon to "Little Margie," And grandpa said the right must be To call the lassie "Bernie Meg." (From "Marguerita" down to "Meg!" And now she's simply little "Peg.")—St. Nicholas.

—"You needn't be so fly," said the new boarder to the pretty waitress. "Yesterday you poured the soup down my back, and to-night you flipped one of my biscuits up my sleeve, and the other is so small it looks lonesome." "Well, you are particular," said the pretty waitress, combing out her best bangs with jeweled fingers. "You'll want butter in your oleomargarine next, and fish balls twice a week. Beetwastmuttonroastcornmushandmilkhash!" She had the last word.—Detroit Free Press.

—A gentleman sprucely dressed was standing in front of a well cafe yesterday, when he was approached by the ubiquitous bootblack, who inquired: "Shine?" He was answered in the negative, but, instead of ceasing his importunities, he put his box on the walk, and, kneeling down, asked again: "Shine?" The gentleman, becoming somewhat impatient, responded: "I said no; can't you take no for an answer?" Nothing abashed, the gramin retorted: "Well, how did you like to have a man say no when you was a bootblack, say?" This was too much, and he was allowed to go to work.—Baltimore Day.

Some Strange Explosives.

"Flour looks innocent enough," an overman remarked, while watching the removal of some barrels of flour and other grain from a large warehouse.

"That depends upon how it is cooked," the reporter suggested. "Just so. It is dangerous in that way; but I was thinking of it as an explosive. Just look across the room. You see, when the sun's rays come in, that the air is loaded with a fine grain dust, and if you were provided with microscopic eyes you would see yourself fairly surrounded with small atoms of grain of all kinds. Now, suppose you take a dried ear of corn and fire it. It burns very slowly, and the chances are that it will go out. Shell it, or take the kernels off, and it burns much quicker. Suppose, now, we grind the corn, it will burn quicker still, say in a minute; but if you pulverize it, reduce it to powder or dust, and ignite it, it goes off like a flash, and has great expansive power. That is just the case here. If the room becomes over-charged with dust and is ignited, off it goes, blowing the house to pieces."

"One of the most striking cases occurred several years ago in Minneapolis when the Washburn Mill caught. Those who knew anything about it just got out of the way as quick as they could; powder wouldn't have sent them any faster. Blow up? Well, I should rather think so did. The walls of the mill were solid stone six feet thick, and when the explosion came they were just like paper, and the roof, made of sheet iron, was blown so high from one shell that it landed more than two miles from the spot where it went up. Of course it was helped by the wind, but the force exerted was shown. Men have been blown out through windows, hurled through the air, and the walls of a building completely demolished by a man's lighting a pipe in a big grain house."

"A curious accident once happened in Scotland in a large house. A man walked in with a cigar in his mouth, and in a second the room seemed to be filled with fire and a terrible roar, but a minute later it cleared off. With the exception of a singeing, not a person was hurt, but every one of the four walls was flat on the ground, and the roof had been lifted bodily and it dropped two hundred feet away. In such cases there must be a fire first. The dust burns, and a powerful heat is created, and then follows the terrific expansive force that nothing can withstand. The explosion in Barclay street several years ago may be accounted for in this way. In the manufacture of candy, sugar and starch are used in great quantities. Their dust accumulated and when lighted might easily develop power enough to hurl a building to atoms."

"Has the explosive power of different dusts ever been determined?" "Yes," the flour man replied: "Prof. Peck, the chemist, has made some experiments that demonstrate the enormous power of wheat, various flours, starch and grains of all kinds. In one of the experiments he took three-quarters of an ounce of starch, and, by raising it as dust in the air, ignited it in a compartment intended to represent a room. When exploded it threw a box weighing six pounds twenty feet in the air. You can judge yourself of the power of the material. Half an ounce of starch ignited in the same way was shown by the professor to lift the cover of a box, and a heavy man standing on it, three inches high."

"One of the most dangerous materials is the wheat-dust in flour mills. When burned it goes off like a flash. One of the first movements in making flour is to rattle the wheat, and pass a heavy draught at the same time to carry off the highly-inflammable dust. Yet, despite all care, the air often becomes perfectly loaded with it. Prof. Peck has shown what flour would do by taking a box with a capacity of two cubic feet and placing in it a little flour, the light of a lamp entering through a hole in one corner, and the muzzle of a bellows through the other. The cover of the box was nailed on, and a man took his place on it. The professor then worked the bellows, and the small amount of air in the box as dust, the face-smile of a dust laden mill being produced. The flour immediately ignited from the lamp, and in a second the cover was blown off, and the man lifted several inches out from all sides. A number of interesting experiments were performed by the same gentleman, showing that in our large mills and manufacturing where dust was likely to be formed the lurked a power as dreaded as dynamite."

"Peck states that one pound of carbon and 24 of oxygen, when they combine to produce carbonic acid, will evolve heat sufficient, if applied through a perfect heat engine, to lift nearly six hundred tons ten feet into the air. Then he assumes that if forty per cent of flour is carbon, it would require 24 pounds to accomplish this result."

"Why can't an engine be made to run by dust power?" "Perhaps that is what Keely is working at, or the same principle; but you would need, according to the authority quoted, an engine from which there was no radiation or loss of heat. Perhaps some day it may be accomplished. Some years ago an old fellow in Boston created a great excitement by pretending that he had a machine that was fifty times as powerful as any known power, and a hundred times as cheap. His machine was arranged so that after it once started it kept going by successive explosions of bran-dust that was blown into a chamber by a bellows, and ignited by a gas jet, the expansive force acting on a piston. It was a big scheme, and he claimed that he could run a train of cars all day with a quart measure of flour or bran, but I haven't heard of its being applied yet. Perhaps some one will work it up yet and make a fortune, but I doubt it."—N. Y. Sun.

"Assisting a minister to abdicate" is the latest form of putting it. Some individuals and some churches are won derfully helpful in this regard; occasionally, too, a minister requires a very large amount of such assistance.—Congregationalist.

—The Episcopalians will build a \$500,000 cathedral at Albany, N. Y.

Employer and Employed.

The hire of services is a contract by which the labor of a person is given for compensation or reward. Out of this contract arises the relation of employer and employe, of which it is the purpose of this article to treat. The division of servants into classes or grades which obtained in England many years ago, is somewhat amusing. Those employed for domestic service were called menials or domestics, because they resided within the domain or yard of their master, although not necessarily within the house. This name also applied to gardeners, groomers and others, and it has been held to apply to a huntsman who did not reside within the yard. The positions of governess, housekeeper and laborer on the farm, were regarded as superior to menial servants.

In this country no such distinction is maintained, and the only question is whether there was a hiring, and if so, on what terms and for what length of time. The law places contracts for labor on the same footing as other contracts; the employed must perform his part of the contract according to the agreement, and in return the employer must pay the contract price. If one man hires a laborer to work on his farm, and another person, knowing of the contract of employment, entices, hires or persuades the laborer to leave the service of the first employer during the time for which he was employed, the law gives to the party injured a right of action against the other.

Every contract for the hire of services, whether for a month, a year, or an indefinite time, is subject to the right of the employer to discharge the employe if sufficient cause exists for so doing. Of course dismissal for sufficient cause will prevent recovery of the future salary, and in England the employe forfeits the salary which he has already earned. It is not so in this country. Here he may recover the value of his services already rendered. It is difficult to tell what will be misconduct sufficient to justify a discharge. Some cases hold there must be on the part of the servant either moral misconduct, pecuniary or otherwise, willful disobedience or habitual neglect. Whether a servant was rightfully discharged depends upon the nature of his duties and the terms of his employment. We might discharge a servant for his acts of omission in one case when we would not in another. In such language might be good cause for dismissal in one case, when under other circumstances it might not. A servant was discharged for trespassing upon the premises of a third person, and it was held a sufficient ground for dismissal, though no injury resulted from the trespass. The discharge of a railway clerk for disclosing the accounts of the company to another company is justifiable. Generally it may be said that a servant may be rightfully discharged for any breach, express or implied, of the contract of service. In such cases have been held sufficient to justify a discharge: The commission of a felony by the servant, although not against the property or person of his employer; using insolent language to the employer or to members of his family; refusing to obey a lawful order of the employer; gross immorality; habitual drunkenness; or perhaps even a single act of drunkenness; quarrelling with a fellow employe; obscene or blasphemous language in the presence of the employer's family, or in the presence of other servants; disclosing the secrets of the employer's trade or business, or betraying the employer's confidence; fraudulent conduct in respect to the employer's business; embezzling the employer's goods or money; habitual carelessness or negligence; refusing to work at harvest, unless the employer furnishes beer; engaging in business injurious to the business of the employer. A servant is bound to obey all reasonable commands of his employer, and to do such work as he was hired to do. If the command be to do some unlawful or fraudulent act, the case is different, and a discharge in consequence of such refusal is unjustifiable. The same is true if the service is unreasonable. A servant is bound to use due care in the business in which he is employed, and should use sufficient care to protect his master's property from injury. If he does not do this, he may be discharged for habitual negligence. Yet he is not bound to protect his master's property at all hazards, nor is he liable for ordinary accidents. If the servant has been guilty of misconduct, and the master, being it still retains him in his service, it is presumed that he has condoned the offense. But if there has been proper excuse for the delay in discharging the servant, then there is no presumption that the offense is forgiven.—Addison G. McKean, in Country Gentleman.

Snake Shooting.

One of the most novel and exciting sports that the warm weather of spring develops for the sportsman of Baltimore is snake shooting. Woodcock, partridges, snipe and pheasants do not flock within a radius of twenty-five miles of this city at any time, but Baltimore and Anne Arundel County seem to have accumulated the legion of reptiles which St. Patrick boycotted in Ireland. As this is the season in which the black snakes, the garter snakes and moccasins are engaged in making love to their mates, it is the best time to go after them. At this season they are not only bold and fearless, but they will even attack an intruder if provoked to an extremity. They hover together in dry spots, and make so much noise with their hissing and wriggling that they can be stalked from fifty yards distant.

The moccasin snake looks dull and rusty on land, but his back lightens up into beautiful kaleidoscopic crossbars when in the water. He is the easiest snake to kill. When the warm spring sun showers its rays down on the pools in which they live and get their food they come to the surface and hang on to a jutting weed, or else crawl out on the bank and lie stretched out on the grass or sand. One of them will run over you can tread upon him, but if he bites the wound is apt to be exceedingly poisonous, although not fatal. The copperhead, or cotton-mouth or copperhead moccasin, commonly called in the South the "dry-land" moccasin, is the terrible cobra of Amer-

ica. He is worse than the rattlesnake, because he is more sluggish and gives no alarm. He waits quietly until the unhappy wayfarer steps on him, and then turns up and puts in his fangs. The proper and sportsmanlike manner of hunting snakes is to go out with a small rifle. It is only a "chump" who would shoot snakes with a shotgun. It would be like catching fish with a sein. It is easy to see the moccasins when their heads are poked up out of the pool, and fifteen yards range is enough for the average shot who can plug a shooting gallery bull's-eye. When the bullet goes true the little reptiles give up the ghost after a few excited convolutions. A parlor rifle of twenty-two calibre Remington is the best "snaking piece."—Baltimore Sun.

The Century-Plant.

Said a well-known florist to a reporter yesterday, in response to the query whether he ever saw a century-plant in bloom: "Only once, and that was a great many years ago, in a conservatory in London, when a plant, generally supposed to have attained the age of one hundred years, began to show signs of life by sending out a stem in the center, which grew from seven to eight inches daily. At once began to attract general attention. The stem grew larger every day. The plant was moved from place to place, for the glass roof was not high enough, until, as a last resort, it was placed under the cupola. Before many days the stem reached the cupola roof, and, in order that its progress might not be retarded, the glass was removed and the roof raised. When the stem had attained a height of about forty-five feet, if I remember rightly, it stopped growing, and numerous small branches grew out of the main stem, each of which was topped with a cluster of magnificent greenish-yellow flowers, forming a solid bush of beautiful flowers of about ten feet in height. It seemed to me all London flocked to see that flower, and that it was the topic of conversation everywhere."

"Is it a fact that they bloom only every one hundred years?" "That's a mistaken idea, which has long ago been exploded. The American aloe, or century plant, as it is commonly known, will sometimes bloom when but twenty-five years old. It altogether depends upon the climate and the care. At times it will not bloom unless it has attained the age of one hundred years, but there are not many aloe in northern climates which attain such an age."

"Are they a popular house-plant in this region?" "Yes; they are growing in popularity every year, but, as a rule, people do not know how to treat them, and the consequence is, that they die before they are any kind of an ornament."

"What do you consider a proper mode of treatment of the plant?" "In the first place they must be placed in a wooden pot, pail or keg—earthenware pots are liable to be injurious. Before planting them it is essential that the drainage should be perfect—say three large round holes at the bottom—and before placing the earth in the vessel a quantity of broken crockery or pebbles at the bottom will improve its drainage. It also requires constant watering, and a great deal of care and attention."

"Will a century plant bloom more than once?" "No, sir; after the disappearance of the flowers the plant withers and dies, and no care in the world will save it."—Cleveland Herald.

Our India-Rubber Supply.

The increase in the consumption of India-rubber in the United States has been very large within the past ten years, and more particularly within the latter half of the decade. This is owing both to the great increase in the consumption of rubber boots, shoes and clothing consequent of the increase in population, and to the multitude of new uses to which rubber has been put to the almost total exclusion of horn.

Our imports of India-rubber are classed together with gutta percha, both being on the free list and being to some extent similar articles.

The great bulk of our supply, and the best rubber, also, comes from Brazil, where its collection and preparation in crude state for shipments forms the principal resource of the two great provinces of the Amazon Valley, Para and Amazon.

Next to coffee and sugar, rubber occupies third place in Brazilian exports. Notwithstanding this, hardly any thought is given to the future of this great industry in Brazil. The same wasteful and exhaustive system of collecting the rubber which has been in vogue for half a century is followed to-day. The industry is chiefly in the hands of an uneducated and half civilized nomad population of Indian mixture and is pursued in a crude way with no thought beyond immediate profit. In consequence millions of rubber trees have been destroyed and many others abandoned from premature and excessive use.

The waste in this way is so great that many well informed Brazilians fear that unless better methods are employed this rich resource will before many years suffer a serious and perhaps fatal decline. In the few cases where care is exercised in not tapping trees in the months of August and September, when they change their leaves, groves have yielded continuously for thirty years and are still in good condition.

The rubber tree requires a growth of from twenty to twenty-five years before it produces the milky sap which forms the rubber. Hence little or nothing has been done to propagate the trees, and everything about the business is carried on as if the supply of trees would never give out. Brazil imposes a very heavy export tax on rubber, amounting, State and provincial, to twenty-two per cent from the Province of Para and twenty-one per cent from the Province of Amazon.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

—Some one asked the Boston Transcript on what occasion the expression, "By the Eternal," was used by General Jackson. It is answered that it was the General's favorite oath, and that he used it on every important occasion, when swearing seemed to be necessary, during the whole active part of his life.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Augustus Morse, aged seventy-seven, principal of a Hartford school, has resigned after sixty-one consecutive years of teaching.

A Pittsburgh woman suggests that the way for women to get into the pulpit is to cut down ministers' salaries to twelve dollars a week.

The Hebrews of Brooklyn are agitating the question of changing their Sabbath to agree with that of the Christian Church.—Brooklyn Eagle.

At the Moravian Synod at Litz, Pa., reports were made of sixty-five ministers and 8,649 communicants, in the United States, the increase from last year being 645.

There is a great dearth of Protestant theologians in Germany. Very few young men choose the church as a profession, and according to a recent account, several country parishes are vacant for want of a pastor.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, reports his forces "strongly entrenched" in eighteen countries, and claims that it is the largest missionary force in the world. The contributions last year footed up £393,800, of which £30,000 was invested in real estate.—N. Y. Times.

It is feared by the Congregationalist that the "good old practice of talk on personal religion between the pastor and his people" is going out of fashion. Etiquette in some church circles now forbids a minister to introduce the subject, but to wait until the layman does, just as a physician does when a patient calls on him for advice.

The Harvard Orator says: "Out of a population of 25,000,000 England sends 5,000 students to her two universities; Scotland, with a population of 4,000,000, has 6,500 university students; and Germany, with a population of 48,000,000, has 22,500 in her various universities. The New England States, with a population of 4,110,000, send 4,000 students to their eighteen colleges and universities."

The Aberdeen Free Press tells of a Free Church minister in the Highlands who denounced the growing tendency in his region to disregard the sanctity of Sunday, and offered to give on the following morning a half crown to every woman who should go home from church without talking about secular affairs. The men were to have a shilling. There were no takers, as no claimants called at the house on the following Monday.

A Postered Professor.

No other habitual Gothamite has had as much experience with the buncombe as Prof. Dudson, of the Normal College. At least a dozen of them have tackled him at one time or another, under the impression that he was a country man just waiting to be fooled. All who have taken him in hand, though, have found that he knows several things besides beans and turnips. The Professor is a rotund sort of man, with ruddy face, good-natured expression and hearty and comfortable appearance in general. He dresses rather carelessly, and this helps to deceive the swindlers, who take him for a farmer or country store-keeper with a good bank account. When they first took a fancy to the Professor and began showing him attentions on the street he did not quite understand it, and it annoyed him a little, but now he does understand, and, as his humorous faculties are pretty well developed, he rather enjoys a buncombe interview, and is always ready for it. The swindlers never catch him off guard, and the smartest has not yet made a dime out of him. When addressed by one of them he is always attentive and apparently a little surprised. He is never at a loss for a name and a residence, and he has been in a few years a dozen different persons, hailing from as many different places, and engaged in a dozen different kinds of business. A favorite ruse of his is to fool the buncombe men in this way: The first accosts him, for instance, as Mr. Johnston, of Johnston. The Professor disavows Johnston, and says he is Mr. Bliss, of Blissville. Off goes scamper number one to his pal and tells him the stranger is Bliss, of Blissville. Then along comes number two with: "Ah, Mr. Bliss, very glad," etc., and the Professor sets him back by saying he is Mr. Johnston, of Johnston. When number two rejoins number one the pair come to the conclusion that it won't pay to work the stranger any further, though he occasionally loiters long enough to give them another chance just for fun. Most of the buncombe men now know the Professor by sight and let him alone, but the new hands go for him now and then, and feel a little discouraged by the result. While he does not invite the attentions of any of the tribe, he is always ready to receive them, and give a Roland for an Oliver every time.—N. Y. Cor. Detroit Free Press.

How Not to Be Disagreeable.

"How do you manage to win the confidence of all the young people who meet you in society?" I asked a friend who was no longer young, but a great favorite with her own, and also the opposite sex, in friendship that seemed always sincere.

"I do not know of any secret in it," she said, "only that I am a good listener, and I can manifest an interest and sympathy in conversation. To be an agreeable listener it is necessary to talk now and then, to look the speaker in the eye, and not to interrupt. I try not to show superior knowledge, for there is nothing more disagreeable than to have people all the time setting you straight. I do not like it myself, so when some one tells me a story that I have heard before, even if it is a little different in detail, I let it pass as something I am hearing for the first time. I think if any one will talk naturally, speaking with eyes as well as lips, and without affectation, they need not fear criticism, unless the conversation is made personal by one's own neighbor's affairs. If I were to give rules for becoming a good conversationalist I should say, avoid slang, grammatical errors and bad pronunciation, be as refined as possible, and let that very refinement be your natural self. Be courteous and discreet, never treat them lightly, even in a joke; adhere strictly to the truth and listen intelligently."—Annie L. Jack, in Philadelphia Call.

The Greatest Waste of the Farm.

The greatest waste of the farm consists in the unnecessary loss of manure, and chiefly the liquid portion of it. Of the food consumed by an animal ninety-five to ninety-six per cent. of the nitrogenous part of it is ejected as waste in the excrement, only about four per cent. being utilized in repairing the waste of the system; and about seventy-three to seventy-five per cent. out of this ninety-five or ninety-six per cent. exists in the urine. And yet on a very large proportion of farms—probably ninety out of every hundred—no provision at all is made for saving this liquid manure. To save and utilize it is quite easy. There is no necessity for tanks and pumps and barrel-carts for spreading it upon fields; a very simple provision for gathering it where it may be absorbed by fine dry litter is all that is needed. There is even a necessity for a manure cellar, although this is a great convenience. A tight gutter, a drain, and a cemented water-proof basin in the yard, protected from the wash from the roofs, are all that are required, and in this basin the finer dry matter may be made to absorb all the liquid portion. There was once a man named Bommer, who has been called a crank, because he made a hobby of this very matter of saving the valuable liquid manure, but who was wiser than many who cast aspersions upon his good sense. He reduced his necessity for a manure cellar, and published a valuable little pamphlet descriptive of it.

It is remarkably simple and exceedingly valuable, and perfectly practicable. He made a pit at the center of a sloping basin of suitable size, made it water-tight, placed some logs across the pit and covered these with rails. Upon the rails he placed the manure mixed with everything useful for manure that could be raked and scraped together: sods, leaf-mold, weeds, (without their seeds) swamp-wood, etc. A simple wooden pump was fitted into the pit at the side of the heap and the liquid brought from the stables and pens in drains to the pit was pumped up and spread over the heap until it was saturated, and this was repeated as might be necessary to dispose of the liquid, or keep the solid matter in a good condition and moist enough to heat and decompose rapidly. Every farmer can see the value of this method which is known as Bommer's method and deserves to be rescued from neglect and oblivion.

The most valuable point of it is that the manure is equalized in value, and fertilizer is not robbed to pay fuel in any part of the farm. Some farmers know to us have taken great pains to save and use the liquid manure in a way we consider unwise. The liquid is saved in a tank, pumped into a barrel cart, and carried and spread upon the fields. This is well as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough, and it goes too far. There are the pit and the pump, but there is the barrel cart, and this last is an unnecessary expense. But this is the least objection to it. The urine contains five-sixths of the nitrogen of the food which has been used, and nearly all of the potash. By spreading the urine alone a portion of the land is unprofitable, and yet insufficiently enriched; it gets nearly all the nitrogen, all the potash, and none of the phosphoric acid; while the remainder of the field gets the impoverished solid manure which contains chiefly the phosphoric acid of the food. This is exceedingly wasteful, because however much nitrogen and potash we may apply to a field, if phosphoric acid is wanting, no useful effect results; and however much phosphoric acid we may furnish will be unavailing if it is not accompanied by a necessary supply of the other elements. It is as great a mistake as a hunter might make who carried with him his gun and his shot-bag and sent his companion off in another direction with the powder-fask, and would expect between them to come home loaded down with game. One alone could do nothing, however well supplied he might be with his ineffective materials, totally useless, however, unless in effective combination. And therefore it is that it will not pay a farmer to take pains to save the liquid manure unless he makes suitable provision for mingling it usefully with the solids.—N. Y. Times.

Who Mrs. Grundy Was.

Who was Mrs. Grundy? It seems strange, indeed, that so little should be known about the antecedents of Mrs. Grundy, who is always so anxious to know about other people, but the fact must be admitted that Mrs. Grundy's origin is enveloped in the profoundest mystery. Nobody knows who she was or how she first entered society. She was not even a character in a play, like the immortal Mrs. Malaprop. She first made known her existence to the public on the 18th of February, 1800, in a drama entitled "Speed the Plow," by Thomas Morton, where one of the characters alludes frequently to her mysterious influence by the words: "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" Beyond this nothing is known of her. There is, of course, the possibility that she was the wife of Solomon Grundy, of the nursery rhyme, who was born on Monday, christened on Tuesday, etc., and got through his existence on Sunday, for the rhyme expressly says that Solomon was married on Wednesday. Perhaps Solomon Grundy was a solar myth, and Mrs. Grundy something of the same kind. Thomas Morton is unfortunately dead and he has carried his secret to the tomb, and once more the world, which knows so little about its greatest men, will be deprived of all further knowledge of one of its most interesting women.—Notes and Queries.

Salsify, or vegetable oysters, are improved in flavor greatly if, after being thoroughly washed in two or three waters, they are boiled with their jackets on. These can be very easily removed, and will look and be perfectly clean. If salsify is scraped, as is the usual practice, much of the flavor is lost and it never looks quite clean.—N. Y. Post.

A London paper says that a shoulder of mutton contains one-third more bone than a leg, and considerable more fat and connective tissues, and that consequently a shoulder at twenty cents a pound is dearer than a leg at twenty-five cents.

A correspondent asks with a sigh: "Are there any kind of pans that will last a life-time?" Certainly—the occupants.

When a bachelor says he is single from choice, it makes him mad to ask him why a girl made choice of some other fellow.

Feeding Chickens.

To feed chickens with the best food in proper quantities at the right time, requires experience, good judgment, and constant watchfulness. There is a great difference of opinion as to what food is best; while some contend that whole seeds are best, others are quite as certain that fine ground meal is best. Why this difference of opinion? May it not come principally from the want of knowledge as to the best method of giving the food?

There is a widespread feeling against feeding whole corn, the belief being very general that to feed it to young chicks is death to them; yet some of the most successful breeders of poultry always feed whole corn to chicks as soon as they are large enough to swallow the smaller kernels, contending that the chicks grow better and keep healthier than on fine meal, which clogs up the crops and very frequently causes death.

From both observation and experience we are fully satisfied that when the meal is fed great care must be taken to feed with regularity and to not overfeed so as to let the meal get sour. To omit to feed until the chicks are very hungry and then give them all of the fine meal they will eat is dangerous to their health if not to their lives, because they crowd their crops so full it swells and becomes a mass so compact that it fails to pass off, hence the death of the chick. But when whole corn, or other seeds are fed, there is not that danger of souring if left over from one day to the next, so the chicks do not get so hungry as to overload their crops. Of the many thousands of chicks we have raised, and given no fine meal but feeding on whole corn as soon as the chicks are large enough to eat it, we have never lost a single one by indigestion; but when we fed meal we frequently met with losses by indigestion.

Until the chick is a week old smaller seed than corn must be given, or the corn must be cracked; but after the chick is a week old pop-corn may be given, and it will be readily eaten, at least this is our experience covering many years. We are fully satisfied that the health of the chick is greatly improved by feeding whole seed in place of fine meal. For the first few days grass seed, millet and the small grains make a good healthy food, and in fact after the chicks get older it is good policy to feed a variety, but it is grain be unground. What vegetables or meat are given should be fresh and sweet, in fact young chicks should be given only the best of food. Irregular feeding should be avoided, and also over-feeding. If chicks are to be kept healthy they should be fed with simple sweet food at regular hours, and always furnished with good clean water.—Massachusetts Poultryman.

Vomiting Babies.

There is an absurd idea that a vomiting baby is therefore healthy. It is fortunate, perhaps, that such when fed, as too many are, with various indigestible articles, can so easily throw off such objectionable food; yet it would be still more fortunate if mothers were more judicious and would not use such food. The vomiting is simply to rid the stomach of offending matter, this being the easiest and safest means of disposing of such indigestible food. It is also true that the mother's milk when she is excited, or still worse, is in anger, or when she has used improper food, may not agree with the little stomach, that stomach preferring nothing at all to such milk, which then is thrown off as a means of avoiding unfavorable results. Or it may be true that when the babe is very thirsty, or unusually hungry, more is taken than can be easily disposed of, the only safe means being its rejection. At this time the vomiting is easily affected, not materially injuring the child, though it would be better not to impose this extra labor, giving only what is needed, remembering the small size of the stomach at birth, holding about a wine-glass full. But when the food is improper; or the mother's milk has been made unfit for the stomach, the vomiting is the result of sickness, and then it is not as easy a matter, or so safe, as it should always be regarded as a hint, either that the food is improper, or that too much has been taken.—Golden Rule.

Blue Grass Breeders.

Mr. R. S. Withers, of Fairlawn Stock Farm, Lexington, Ky., writes: "I have such confidence in St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure, that I use it on everything; myself, my horses, my negroes. Every body and every horse, for all kinds of aches and pains, believe in its sovereignty as a cure."

A vet. physician of this city is doctoring potatoes for weak eyes, and says he has a growing practice.—Chicago Times.

"Yes, indeed, she's a daisy," remarked a young broker, discussing the charms of a certain young lady. "She dazzles you, apparently," replied his friend.—Old City Derrick.

THE Khevide now says that he needs \$50,000; but still he wish he would not look this way so appealingly. We can't help the Khevide out and summer at Saratoga, too.—Philadelphia Call.

THEY say the best wife always is some other fellow's wife, but the best baby is always your own.

"My husband is just like a candle," said Mrs. Green to Mrs. Blue. "Why?" asked Mrs. Blue. "Oh," replied Mrs. Green, "because he smokes every time he goes out."

SOMEbody says "Good manners are the small coin of virtue." It is true we suppose bad manners must be the trade dollar of vice.

THE difference between a minstrel joke and a product of Pittsburgh is probably this: One is real stale and the other's steel rail.—Chronicle Telegraph.

"It's a cold day when I can't catch a fly," said the base-ballist as he gently took a hot one from his coat.

THE crop of young doctors this year promises to be unusually large. But what will the harvest be?—Philadelphia Call.

THE best fertilizer is a Western cyclone. It will raise a whole town in less than five minutes.—Pine and Palmetto.

A CORRESPONDENT asks with a sigh: "Are there any kind of pans that will last a life-time?" Certainly—the occupants.

WHEN a bachelor says he is single from choice, it makes him mad to ask him why a girl made choice of some other fellow.

WHATEVER portion of the time you take, Sunday is always the rest of the week.

POKER-players borrow money from their uncle to pay their ante.—Chicago Tribune.

THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

What This Beneficent Enterprise is Doing for the Education of Indians and Colored People.

The Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., held its anniversary exercises on Thursday, May 22, and the reports made on this its sixteenth year show a good degree of prosperity. There have been on its rolls the past year five hundred Negro and one hundred and twenty Indian students—the former preparing to go South to teach their people, where nearly a thousand already trained in this Institute have established themselves and are doing a great work in the colored common schools, especially of Virginia and North Carolina. Of Indians seventy have already graduated and gone back to their homes in Dakota and in the Southwest, and are employed at the agencies as teachers, mechanics, farmers and hired hands. Not over seven have gone back to Indian lands, and eight have died. On the whole the record of educated Indians who have in the past three years returned from Hampton to their homes has been satisfactory.

The school has been built up since 1868 at a cost of about \$400,000; and is free from debt. It is now seeking an endowment for its annual expenses, which are \$50,000 in excess of aid received from the Government. It is a private, not a public, institution, duly incorporated, and is aided only in a moderate degree by the Government, which helps the Indians only.

The Trustees are making a special effort to secure sixteen thousand dollars to build a new dormitory for colored girls, two hundred in number, who are now greatly crowded and suffering for want of room. General S. C. Armstrong, the principal of the school (address, Hampton, Va.), will gladly receive and acknowledge contributions for any of the purposes of the school, which is an attempt to solve two of the race problems of our country. It is conducted on the manual labor plan. Students work out on the farm, or in the shops, the most of their expenses. They have earned this year over \$35,000. The whole six hundred—males and females—are literally working out their own salvation. This feature of self-help commends the school to the confidence and interest of all good citizens.

Baked Beans: Take one quart of beans and soak in cold water all night. Next morning parboil till the skins wrinkle. Then put into the bean pot with a very little mustard, pepper and molasses. Put on top a half-pound piece of lean, salt pork; fill up with warm water and put into the oven. Put in more water as it boils out, letting them get dry towards the last.—The Household.

A colored man went to the Cambridge, (Md.), gas works with a bucket recently asked for three quarts of gas.—Baltimore Sun.

A PERFECT MEDICINE CHEST. SING SING, N. Y., Post Office, March 19, 1888.

One week ago, while engaged in my duties as Assistant Postmaster, I was taken with a violent pain or kink in my back; it was so painful I could hardly breathe, and I ached all over my body. I immediately sent for an ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER and applied it over the seat of pain; in twenty minutes I was entirely relieved and cured. I have used ALCOCK'S Plasters in my family for over twenty years, and have found them wonderfully effective in curing coughs, colds and pulmonary difficulties. They are a perfect medicine chest; they cure without the slightest pain or inconvenience, never leaving a mark on the skin.—THOS. LEARY, President of Village of Sing Sing, N. Y.

A HEALTHFUL DIETIC.

BOUND BROOK, N. J., April 2, 1888.

You advise placing Alcock's Porous Plasters, in dyspepsia, on the pit of the stomach; in ague-cake, on the spleen; in torpid liver, over that organ; but I really think you should also recommend that one or two Plasters be put over the kidneys. They stimulate, strengthen and act as powerful diuretics, thus casting out many poisonous acids and salts. I have had fever and ague; all remedies I took produced little or no effect until I put an Alcock's Porous Plaster over each kidney; their action being more than doubled, the malaria was quickly washed away. I have also had several attacks of rheumatism and two of gout, and by applying the Plasters over the local pain, and also over the kidneys, I again found your Plasters wonderfully efficacious. H. K. THOMAS.

Beware of imitations. "Alcock's" is the only genuine Porous Plaster.

SEWANT—"Master, master, the house is on fire." "Oh, tell your mistress of it; I don't meddle with household affairs."—Golden Days.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap Is a reliable remedy for local skin diseases. Any physician acquainted with it will say so.

The greatest mistake in a young woman's life is her husband.—Detroit Free Press.

ALL weakness and ill health owes its origin to an impure state of the blood and weakness of the urinary and digestive organs. A medicine that will strengthen these organs, and at the same time purify the blood, will assist nature in curing nearly every disease that human flesh and blood is heir to. Such a remedy is Dr. Guyott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, and, although it possesses no cathartic or diuretic effect, its use will soon establish a regular habit of body as well as cure weakness of the kidneys, indicated by urinary sediments, nervousness, etc.

WHAT the hungry fish said to the angler: "If you're not too busy, drop me a line."

The question whether young women shall pursue the same line of studies as their brothers, seems to find its chief objection in their different physical constitutions. Arguments on this subject are finely handled on both sides; but the perfect adaptation of Mrs. E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to the cure of ailments attending the feminine organism needs no argument; its works are its proof.

"BUCKET-SHOPS" are probably so-called, because they make their customers turn pale.

WHATEVER portion of the time you take, Sunday is always the rest of the week.

POKER-players borrow money from their uncle to pay their ante.—Chicago Tribune.

A THRILLING EPISODE.

A Locomotive Engineer's Distinct—How He Saved A Train and How He Saved Himself.

On one of the darkest and stormiest nights of the recent unusual winter, the express on one of the leading New York railroads was moving westward from Albany. The engineer's headlights threw a strong reflection in advance, but the storm was so blinding it was almost impossible to distinguish anything even at a short distance. Under such circumstances instinct necessarily takes the place of sight. All seemed to be going well, when, in an instant, the engineer reversed his engine, applied the air brakes and came to a full stop. Why he did so he could not tell any more than any of us can account for the dread of coming disaster and death, and to the wondering inquiry of his fireman he simply said: "I felt as though something's wrong for I saw a lantern he swung himself down from the cab and went forward to investigate. Everything appeared to be right, and he was about to return to his engine when his eye caught sight of a peculiar appearance at the joint of the rail next to him. Brushing the accumulated snow away, he looked a moment, and then uttered an exclamation of horror. The rails on both sides had been unspiked and would have tumbled over the instant the engine touched them. What inspired this attempt at train-wrecking is unknown, but it was presumed the contrivance of some prisoners who were on the train, in the confusion of an accident, to deliver their friends.

Engineer John Bonchaves, of Albany, to whose wonderful instinct was due the salvation of the train, when asked by the writer why he stopped his engine, said: "I can't tell why, I only know I felt something was wrong."

"Do you have these feelings often when upon the road?" continued the writer.

"No, very seldom, although for the past twenty years I have been in a condition to feel apprehension at almost anything."

"How is that?"

"I have been a victim of one of the worst cases of dyspepsia ever known. I have not been confined to my bed, as like thousands of others, I am compelled to work whether able or not. Indeed, when it began I had only a loss of appetite, a faint feeling that would not go away and a bad taste in the mouth, but I finally got those terrible cravings and gnawing feelings that make life so unendurable and are known as general debility."

"What did you do?"

"I tried physicians until I became discouraged. I gave eight different ones fair trials, but none of them benefited me. I then tried proprietary medicines, but they failed, likewise. It looked pretty dark for me so far as any more peace or enjoyment in this world was concerned and I became terribly discouraged."

"You certainly do not look that way now?"

"Oh, no, indeed, I am in perfect health now," was the reply "and I propose to continue so. My nervousness is entirely gone; I can sleep nights; the aching numbness has disappeared; the pale, sickly appearance has given place to the color of health, and I have readily put on flesh. This is what has been accomplished by means of Warner's Tonic. If I can cure a quarter of a century I believe all suffering in a similar manner can be restored by using the same great remedy."

It is the testimony of a man who could detect and remove unseen danger on the road but could not remove the dangers from within his own system until brought face to face with the great preparation named which did so much for him, and could do as much for all those who require it.

LADIES' hats may be cheaper this spring than last season, but we notice that they come higher than ever.—Norristown Herald.

Cancer for Fourteen Years! SPARTANBURG, S. C., March 14, 1884.

I have for 14 years been a sufferer from a running sore on my face that everybody called Cancer. I have used over \$100 worth of medicine and found no relief. About four months ago I bought one bottle of Swift's Specific from Dr. H. E. Heinrich, and since have bought five others, having cured my face and my health is perfectly restored. I feel like forty years had been lifted off my head. Yours thankfully, ELIZA TINSLEY.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

A KNOCK-DOWN argument—"I shall never be found out, and I need the money more than the boss does."

From Death's Door. M. M. Deveraux, of Ionia, Mich., was a slight build, thin, and consumptive. He was the victim of the kidneys and suffered terribly. My legs were as big as my body and my body as big as a barrel. The best doctors gave me up. Finally I tried Kidney-Wort, and in four or five days a change came, in eight or ten days I was on my feet, and now I am completely cured. It was certainly a miracle. All druggists keep Kidney-Wort, which is put up both in liquid and dry form.

A GOTHAM youth calls his girl "Ice Cream" because she is cool and sweet.—N. Y. News.

Why do we neglect a cough till it throws us into Consumption, and Consumption brings us to the grave? Dr. WM. HALL'S BALM is sure to cure if taken in season. It has never been known to fail. Persevere until the disease is conquered. There is no better medicine for pulmonary disorders.

A ROCKLAND woman calls her husband "a glacier," because he moves so mortally slow.—Rockland Courier.

SCROFULA, Scald-head, Tetter, Rose-rash, False-measles, Nettle-rash, Lichen, Red-gum, Branny-tetter, Dry-tetter, Shingles, and all diseases of a scrofulous nature are cured by bathing the diseased skin with Papillon Skin Cure. Sold by druggists.

LONG-WINDED preachers may not be very musical, but they are great composers.—Texas Sittings.

The Simple and Perfect Dyes. Nothing so simple and perfect for coloring as Diamond Dyes. Far better and cheaper than any other dye. Dr. Druggists sell them. Sample Card, for 2c stamp. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

WHEN a man is bent on evil there is generally something crooked about him.

OFFENSIVE incrustations and ulcerated nostrils are permanently cured by using Papillon Catarrh Cure. By druggists.

BANKS and base-ball clubs differ in their fondness for runs.—Old City Derrick.

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

WOMEN, all women, are beautiful—in the dark.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, one dose of Pisko's Cure will give you a night's rest.

PAPILLON BLOOD CURE.

It is not an alternative. It restores the blood to a healthy condition. For all diseases of the liver, stomach, bowels and kidneys, as liver complaint, dyspepsia, flatulence, stomachache, jaundice, constipation, colic, vomiting, nervousness, wakefulness, back-ache, neuritis, and sick-headache, fits of epilepsy, anæmia, or poverty of the blood, chlorosis, especially in young females, suppressed or painful menstruation, wakefulness, and female weaknesses, this medicine is absolutely certain. Being purely vegetable, it can be taken into the most delicate stomach. A number of recent testimonials are profuse in praise of this excellent remedy. Its properties are slightly cathartic, acting more directly upon the liver. It is very pleasant to take. Price, \$1.00 per bottle, six for \$5.00. Directions in ten languages accompany every bottle. For sale by all druggists.

SPRING

Is the season in which bad or poisoned blood is most apt to show itself. Nature, at this juncture, needs something to assist in throwing off the impurities which have collected by the sluggish circulation of blood during the cold winter months. Swift's Specific is nature's great helper, as it is a purely vegetable alternative and tonic.

Rev. L. B. Paine, Macon, Ga., writes: "We have been using Swift's Specific at the orphan's home as a remedy for blood complaints, and as a general health tonic, and have had remarkable results from its use on the children and employes of the institution. It is such an excellent tonic, as it keeps the blood pure, the system is less liable to disease, it has cured some of our children of Scrofula."

Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to applicants. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. New York Office, 159 West Twenty-Third St.

Fortify the system. All who have experienced and witnessed the effect of Dr. J. C. Trammel's Stomach Bitters upon the weak, broken down, desponding victims of dyspepsia, liver complaint, fever and ague, rheumatism, nervous debility, or premature old age, will testify to the supreme tonic and strength-giving properties of this specific. It cures indigestion, flatulence, and restores the appetite, and effects a permanent cure. For sale by all druggists and Dealers generally.

STOMACH BITTERS

TRAMMEL NETS

HOOP NETS, FISHING TACKLE.

NETS manufactured by us warranted of best material and made to order for prices below cost.

E. E. MENCE & CO. Direct Importers of Guns and Gun Goods, 121-123 West Fifth Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Illustrated Catalogue Free. WENDELL FAY & CO., 86 and 88 North St., New York; 47 Franklin St., Boston.

VEGETABLE COMPOUND. A POSITIVE CURE FOR ALL those painful complaints and Weaknesses so common to our sex. Price 25c in liquid, pill or lozenges form.

It is purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can testify to. It will cure entirely all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, falling and irregular menstruation, and consequent physical weakness, and is particularly adapted to the change of life.

It removes Flatulence, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bleeding, Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Irritability. That feeling of being "run down" and "worn out," and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations. Inquiry confidentially answered. For sale at druggists.

XX-C.AUTION-XX. As BLUE FLANNEL Garments of Superior Quality of Goods are sold the "gentle" Middlesex Company, in order to protect their customers and the public, give notice that hereafter all Blue Flannel Goods sold by them will be STANDAED INDIAN BLUE FLANNELS AND BLUE FLANNELS, and will be marked with the name of the company, and the name of the "SILK HANGERS," furnished by the Sells Agents to all parties ordering goods.

WENDELL FAY & CO., SELLING AGENTS, MIDDLESEX COMPANY, 86 and 88 North St., New York; 47 Franklin St., Boston.

BARBLESS FISH HOOKS. (Pat. Oct. 30, 1877.) CERTAIN TO HOLD EVERY FISH. No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. For sale by the principal dealers in St. Louis, Mo., and by all druggists and dealers in fish. Sample orders on receipt of price, or cash sent by mail. WENDELL FAY & CO., 86 and 88 North St., New York; 47 Franklin St., Boston.</

SAD RESULTS OF A SPEE.

Fatal Death of a Southern Lady Through the Effects of Her Husband's Crime. AUGUSTA, Ga., June 18.—Mrs. W. J. Fairchild, once a beautiful and accomplished lady of Savannah, has just died a miserable death in one of Atlanta's haunts of sin. The story which attaches itself to this woman is peculiarly sad. Three years ago she was a happy wife in a cozy home in Savannah. Her husband, young, handsome, educated man, had a lucrative and responsible position with the Central Railroad in that city, and possessed the respect and esteem of all who knew him. About Christmas of 1881, while on a drunken spree, he shot a young man who subsequently died. Fairchild was arrested, placed in jail and tried. The case against him was stubborn, and it required his house and everything else he could accumulate to save his neck. His wife gave everything cheerfully, and her grief which was manifested during the trial, had great influence on the Judge and jury. The trial resulted in a sentence of five years instead of the death penalty. The parting between husband and wife when he was taken to the Penitentiary was deeply affecting. With the hope of securing mitigation of the sentence she came to Atlanta and fell a victim to the wiles of a well-known character in this city. She took the downward road, took to drink, and in a few weeks was a confirmed drunkard. This step was followed by others, until she found herself utterly disgraced and sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. She died very suddenly, without having been sick a moment. Her husband was at Lowe's camp, on the Chattahoochee River, and when Mr. Lowe heard of the death of the convict's wife he caused two guards to bring him to the city. The man knew nothing of the downfall of his wife until he found her dead in a house of sin. His grief was painful to witness, and as he stood beside the coffin he raved like a mad-man. The kindness of the lessees for whom he was working enabled him to send the body to Savannah for burial. He has two children living in that city, but it will be three years before Fairchild can go to them.

TOO MUCH GRAIN.

The Stanley, Paying Teller, Invests a Clean \$100,000 of the Bank's Funds in a Grain Deal. CLEVELAND, O., June 13.—Isaac A. Stanley, paying teller of the National Bank of Commerce, was jailed last evening for embezzling \$100,000 from the bank. The shortage was discovered when the Cashier, Garetson, counted the reserve fund kept in a special apartment of the vault. The combination was known only to Garetson and Stanley. When asked to explain the shortage, Stanley confessed that a year ago he was troubled about a debt of eight hundred dollars on his house and thought he could take that sum from the reserve fund without harm to anyone, invest it in grain, realize a profit, pay off the mortgage on his place and return the money. But the investment was unfortunate, and to cover the loss he took and so on until he had taken a clean \$100,000. The directors of the bank met, and after a consultation, held Stanley prisoner at the hotel in the custody of a detective. Yesterday another conference was held, resulting in the arrest. Stanley has assigned his property and some speculative debt. The bank announces in a card they will realize part of the loss from this, and will not be affected by the defalcation.

AFFECTING SCENE.

A Mother Separated from Her Children on an Ocean Steamship Leaves the Wharf. BALTIMORE, Md., June 12.—A thrilling scene was enacted at the steamship wharf here. Mrs. Ellen Withers, a widow lady, and her six children had engaged passage on the steamship Nova Scotia, which sailed for Liverpool this morning. By some means two of the children got separated from the rest, and upon arriving on board the steamer Mrs. Withers discovered her loss. Two little girls, aged fourteen and seven years, were missing. The mother's grief was heartrending. She rushed down the gangplank and up the wharf, searching among the crowd for her little ones. The mother grew almost frantic as the time for the steamship to sail grew nigh and no tidings were had of her children. At last the lines were cast off and the mother's grief started. The poor mother gazed after the departing steamer, having on board her four children, and when the vessel was out of sight she fell unconscious to the ground. The painful situation was soon made known to the spectators and reported to the agent of the steamship line. The available means will be used to reunite the family. After two hours' search the two missing children were found. Mrs. Withers will sail in the next steamer after her four children. Her husband died three weeks ago in Elk Lick, Pa. She was on her way to her parents' home, in England, when separated from her little ones.

Pennsylvania Floods.

Pittsburgh, Pa., June 12.—From points along the Allegheny valley reports say that yesterday's rain storms were by far the heaviest known in many years and causing the most destructive flood since '65. At Brookville, Pa., a waterspout burst, and in less than two hours the creek rose ten feet, transforming it into a seething, foaming torrent. The rapid rise gave the mill men no chance whatever to save their stock. The dams at the North Fork mills of Bryant & Wainwright, and Litch Bros' mills gave way, carrying with them lumber valued at \$30,000. Two bridges were washed away, many small buildings demolished and a number of families driven from their homes and compelled to seek shelter elsewhere for the night. In Pittsburgh the rise in the Allegheny last night was very rapid, and a number of coal barges were swept from their moorings, but caught by tow boats. The flood at Brookville brought down about fifty thousand pieces of lumber, and almost every owner of a skiff is busy to-day catching drift wood. The water is now subsiding and no further damage is anticipated. A new Martinsville, W. Va., special says: A terrific thunder storm passed over this city last night, doing considerable damage. A boy named McIntyre and companion, who took refuge under a tree, were rendered senseless with the lightning which struck the tree. McIntyre's recovery is doubtful.

A Terrible Storm Spout.

HARRISBURG, Pa., June 12.—A storm, accompanied by a water spout, visited the Cumberland Valley, in which several passenger trains narrowly escaped being wrecked. From Neville east two miles in the valley the railroad runs on a high embankment of shale ground. Directly after a train had passed over this portion of the road the storm burst, and in the presence of President Kennedy and other passengers on their car, carried half a mile of rails, ties and embankment away. Telegraph poles were prostrated and communication cut off. To avoid calamities, a fire was built at each end of the washout. The water spout was about a half mile wide, and very destructive to grain, buildings, etc.

A FATAL COLLISION.

A Train Containing an Excursion Party Comes in Collision With a Freight With Fatal Results. PHILADELPHIA, June 14.—By a collision with an excursion train on the Camden road this morning, Engineers Palmer and Baxter and Conductor Smith, Baggage Master Vaughn, Mail Agent Wylie and Fireman Barber were killed. Many persons were injured. The excursion party were of Camden Presbyterian Church.

LATER.

PHILADELPHIA, June 16.—Conductor Glenn, who was injured in a collision on the Camden & Atlantic Railroad, was sent to his home at Atlantic City immediately after the collision. It is rumored that he will likely die. Of the others injured, the two Lippincott children in the Lakeside train were so slightly hurt as to be about yesterday. Samuel Archer, a machinist, whose skull was fractured by a flying iron while working at the wreck, rests in much better. Leonard Bausch, who lives on Germantown avenue, Philadelphia, is in about the same condition. Henry Deith, special officer on the Lakeside train, is worse. His recovery is thought to be doubtful. Louis McLain, foreman of the Lakeside train, who saved his life by jumping is reported to be in great pain at his home in Berlin. Frank McCormick, who had his leg broken, is doing well at his home in Camden. Baggage Master Rosenbaum, of the up train, is improving. Later developments indicate that the blame for the collision rests primarily with Albert Glenn, the conductor of the accommodation train. The coroner's inquest will be held Wednesday.

JUMPED INTO THE LAKE.

A Chicago Man Jumps Into the Lake, Upsetting His Companion Also Into the Water.

CHICAGO, June 14.—As Policeman Muhlick was passing the lake at the foot of Belmont avenue he saw two men struggling with the waves. They were clinging to a boat which had capsized. The officer called a sailor to his assistance, and they procured a boat and rowed to the rescue. In the meantime one of the men had been washed away. When Muhlick and his companion were within twenty feet of the boat the other man also disappeared. The officer plunged into the rough sea, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in rescuing the drowning man. The latter, unconscious, was taken to a house on Belmont avenue and resuscitated after four hours hard work. Henry Nichols, whose life the officer saved, said: "Jacob Tausck met me about four o'clock and asked me to go fishing. I consented, and we procured a boat and rowed down a short way. When about one hundred and fifty feet from shore he rose in the boat and exclaimed: 'Good bye, Henry,' at the same time jumping into the lake. In a moment he overturned the boat and threw me into the water. He arose and grabbed hold of the boat, and again said 'good bye.' Soon after a wave washed me from the boat." Tausck's remains have not yet been recovered. He was thirty-five years of age, and leaves three children. He was a barber. Family troubles are supposed to have caused the suicide.

THE FALL OF BERBER.

The Garrison and Two Thousand of the Inhabitants Massacred.

LONDON, June 16.—Egyptian advisers say there is an Arab at Korosko who claims to be the sole survivor of the Berber garrison. He says he was present when the rebels attacked Berber, on May 23. The garrison defended the town two hours, but the rebels forced their way into the city, where they immediately massacred 1,500 men of the garrison and 2,000 of the male population. The women and children were spared. The story is believed by Major Kitchener and the son of Hussein Pacha and Khalif, Governor of Berber. Later advices from Berber state Hassan Pacha Khalif, Governor of Berber, fell wounded and would have been killed had not a son of Hassan Pacha a brother of Mohammed rushed to the rescue and held the rebel flag over him until the fight was finished. Hassan and Mohammed had been in the rebel camp some time dressed as dervishes. The rebels are within a week's march of Dongolo and Korosko. The feast of Ramadan gives a month of delay, after which nothing can prevent the rebels seizing any point south of Assiout, which is within twelve hours march of Cairo.

CAIRO, June 16.—Orders have been given to facilitate the retreat of Dongola garrison. The fall of Berber caused great excitement at Assiout, but the patrolling of gunboats tends to reassure the natives. It is believed in official circles that Khartoum is safe.

A JUDGE'S PROMISE.

He Gives a Note for One Thousand Dollars to Satisfy a Breach of Promise and Has to Pay It.

WAUKESHA, Wis., June 14.—A case which has excited much interest was decided here. The present suit was brought by Dr. H. A. Youmans, of Mukwonago, against Judge P. H. Carney, of Waukesha, to recover judgment on a promissory note for \$1,000, alleged to have been given by the defendant to Maria Thomas. The note was said to have been given by Carney to Miss Thomas in order to check a breach of promise suit. In the summer of 1879 the Judge began paying attentions to the young lady, who lives a short distance from Waukesha. Miss Thomas says she proposed and was accepted. The next year Carney married another lady. Miss Thomas then commenced a suit against him, fixing her damages at \$10,000. The suit was compromised by the note now in question, which was afterward transferred by Miss Thomas to Youmans. In his first answer Judge Carney admitted that the signature was genuine, but claimed the body of the note a forgery. In an amended answer he claimed that the whole note was a forgery. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff in the sum of \$1,046.

The Combination of Distillers Broken Up.

CHICAGO, June 14.—A meeting of distillers who are members of the Western Export Association was held here, and after discussing the question of reorganizing the pool for control of the production and regulation of prices, which has been practically a dead letter since the recent break in whisky values, the whole matter was turned over to the executive committee. That body spent the afternoon and evening in secret session. It is understood that the meeting was a rather stormy one. Charges of cutting prices and overproduction were made against Cincinnati and Des Moines distillers. Finally, without reaching any agreement, the committee adjourned sine die. The combination is considered at an end.

WASHINGTON PICK-UPS.

The Cotton Crop—General Swain—The Inter-Ocean Canal—Dynamite Outrages—Post-Office Appropriation.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—Return of cotton planting made to the Department of Agriculture indicates that the tendency to an increase of area was checked somewhat in the Southwest by rain and in Tennessee by low temperature in the planting season. Replanting was still in progress to some extent on the 1st of June, even in the lower latitudes. The apparent increase is about 4 per cent. It would have been larger with a better planting season. A comparison of area with previous crop is as follows: Virginia, 83; North Carolina, 101; South Carolina, 100; Georgia, 103; Florida, 143; Alabama, 105; Mississippi, 105; Louisiana, 99; Texas, 105; Arkansas, 106; Tennessee, 101; Missouri, 80. The temperature in April was lower than the average throughout the cotton States. The rainfall was deficient on the Atlantic coast, and slightly less than normal in the Gulf States, but rains were excessive in May throughout the Southwest causing overflows of the rivers, injuring stands everywhere, and causing a large amount of replanting. The latter part of May was warm and clear on a considerable portion of the Atlantic coast, causing rapid growth and affording an opportunity for thorough weeding and clean cultivation. In the West, the fields are grassy and "chopping out" is not yet finished. The season is one to two weeks late, and plants are generally thrifty and vigorous. The main cause of a relatively low condition is want of size, which is due to the late start of the season, yet a continuance of fine weather would now be disastrous. Beyond the Mississippi the general average condition is 87, against 86 in June last year, and 89 in 1882. The figures by States are: Virginia, 90; North Carolina, 95; South Carolina, 97; Georgia, 96; Florida, 99; Alabama, 93; Mississippi, 87; Louisiana, 92; Texas, 97; Arkansas, 85; Tennessee, 92; Missouri, 90. The increase in area of spring wheat appears to be nearly 900,000 acres, or 9 per cent. No part of the Pacific coast area is included as spring wheat. The largest increase is in Dakota, amounting to about 400,000 acres, or 10 per cent. Spring wheat averages 101 per cent, being up to the standard in nearly every district. The condition of winter wheat continues high; average 93 against 94 a month ago. It was 75 in June last year and 99 in 1882. Since the last report the Illinois average has declined 11 points, from 87 to 76. Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan and some other States are in a higher condition. The averages of condition in the principal States are: New York, 98; Pennsylvania, 100; Maryland, 99; Georgia, 93; Texas, 98; Kentucky, 96; Ohio, 92; Michigan, 91; Indiana, 91; Illinois, 76; Missouri, 90. The increase in area of oats is four per cent, average condition up to the standard in nearly every district. It was 96 last year, and 101 in June, 1882. The averages are the highest, as is usually the case in States north of the 30th parallel, coming up to the standard in all the Western States. The general average of rye advanced from 96 to 97. In barley the average advanced from 87 to 88. In corn the average was 97 last year and 91 in June, 1882. It is 97 in New York, 90 in Pennsylvania, 101 in Wisconsin, 100 in Minnesota, 97 in Iowa, 100 in Nebraska and 98 in California. These States usually produce four-fifths of the crop.

GENERAL SWAIN. The record of an inquiry in the case of General Swain, Judge Advocate General of the Army, reports the facts as developed by the evidence, and concludes as follows: The court is of the opinion that while it is not prepared to say that any specific act developed by the evidence is a crime, yet the evidence in general shows a series of transactions discreditable to any officer of the army, and which especially demands the severest condemnation, when engaged in by officers holding high position, and peculiar relations to administration of justice in the army, held by Brigadier-General Swain, Secretary of War laid the report before the President, and it was decided to order a court martial for General Swain. The details for the court will be made in a few days.

THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGES. A cable dispatch received from London states that the British Government has under the Foreign Secretary stated that negotiations touching the duty of friendly powers in regard to dynamites had been addressed to this Government, but no reply had been received. This dispatch was shown Secretary Frelinghuysen, and he said it seemed to refer to the proposed compensation for Government touching recent outrages. The State Department had not received anything on the subject from the British Government since the commission of the recent dynamite outrage.

THE INTER-OCEAN CANAL. The sum required by Secretary Frelinghuysen to be paid by the Government for the rights which it is understood the Nicaraguan Government has conceded, for the construction of an inter-ocean canal, is \$250,000, not \$200,000 as heretofore reported. It is embodied in a paragraph in the Consular and Diplomatic bill attached to it by the Committee on Appropriations. It was this paragraph which was under discussion in the secret session of the Senate. No action was taken.

THE POST-OFFICE APPROPRIATION. The conference on the Post-office Appropriation bill resulted in a disagreement upon the proposition relating to the compensation to railroads and those relating to letters and postal clerks. Remaining differences were adjusted. The House conferees acceded to the Senate amendments in all the more important features.

Dejected Railroad Men. INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 12.—Several days ago it was announced upon the authority of Messrs. Talmage and Wade, of the Wabash system, that the pay car would go over the Indianapolis, Peru and Chicago Division either Saturday or Monday, paying for April. Up to night no car has made its appearance and so far as the men can learn has not started on its trip. They claim that it went out to Moberly, Mo., and Springfield, Ill., to pay off the strikers there, to prevent the interruption of business, but that there has been no intention of sending out the car as promised. The indications are that the men all along the line, from here to Michigan City, who have not been paid for several months, will strike. It is stated here that the Court will not permit the receivers to let the Indianapolis, Peru and Chicago Division revert to the bondholders, as the Wabash managers intended to do, believing that it is too valuable a piece of property to be sacrificed.

A St. Paul Blaze.

ST. PAUL, June 11.—At 12:30 the large Union Depot was discovered in flames. The fire caught in the kitchen of the restaurant connected with the depot, third floor, and spread so rapidly that twenty waiter girls and employes escaped with only night clothes. The building is owned by a stock company, in which the railroads centering here are the principal stockholders. The loss will be in the neighborhood of \$200,000. Temporary needs will be put up at the foot of Third street for the accommodation of passengers of the roads. This being the only depot in the city, the inconvenience will be great. Later the depot is a total ruin, but the fire is under control and no further loss apprehended.

One of the Fiends.

He first appeared in a tobacco store on Michigan avenue. He had something rolled up in tin foil, and he carefully placed it on the counter and asked: "Do you ever have any use for dynamite?"

"Dynamite! Take the infernal thing away!" shouted the tobaccoist as he jumped back. "What on earth are you carrying the stuff around this way for! Here—have a smoke and take it away! I don't want any fooling around my store."

The man lit his cigar and strolled down the street and into a saloon, and when he had placed his little package on the bar he observed: "It's just as safe as sugar as long as you know how to handle it."

"What's that! Say isn't that the stuff they call dynamite?" The man grinned.

"Now you get out of my head! I don't propose to have you blow off to humor your nonsense. Here—come up to this end of the bar and have a glass of beer, and then you pick that stuff up powerful careful and tip-toe out!"

Down at the corner another saloonist bought him off in the same way, and on the next block a grocer who was asked to take the State agency turned as white as new process flour and his very first jump measured eight feet. The dynamite man asked him how he sold plug tobacco, and he stood in the alley door and called back:

"If you want to plug pull it off and get out of this! When I get ready to vacate here I want to move in the regular way!"

He was trying his persuader on another saloonist when a policeman overhauled him and sternly demanded the package.

"There it is and you can take your chances," replied the man as he placed the affair on a chair and walked out doors.

It was five minutes before the officer picked it up, and then he was all alone in the place. He placed it on the bar, carefully removed the wrapping and when he reached the compound itself he stuck up his nose and walked out and pursued his way. It was a cake of compressed yeast.—Detroit Free Press.

Wind Fertilization.

A flower, of course, consists essentially of a pistil or seed producing organ, and a certain number of stamens or fertilizers. No seed can come to maturity unless fertilized by pollen from a stamen. But experience, and more especially the experiments of Mr. Darwin, have shown that plants produced from the pollen of one flower applied to the pistil of another are stronger and more vigorous than plants produced from the stamens and ovules of a single blossom. It was to obtain the benefit of this cross fertilization in a simple form that flowers first began to exist, their subsequent development depends upon the further extension of the same principle. The pines and other conifers, the grasses and sedges and the forest trees for the most part depend upon the wind to waft the pollen of one blossom to the pistil of the next. Hence their flowers generally protrude in great hanging masses so that the breeze may easily carry off the pollen and that the pistils may stand a fair chance of catching any passing grain. Flowers of some such types as these were doubtless the earliest of all to be evolved and their colors are always either green or plain brown. But wind fertilization is very wasteful. Pollen is an expensive product to the plant, requiring much useful material for its manufacture, and yet it has to be turned loose in immense quantities on the chance that a stray grain here and there may light upon a pistil ready for its reception. It is almost as though the American farmers were to throw their corn into the Atlantic in hopes that a bushel or two might happen to be washed ashore in England by the waves and the Gulf Stream. Under such circumstances, a ship becomes of immense importance and nature has provided just such ships, ready made for the very work that was crying out to them. These ships were the yet undifferentiated insects, whose descendants were to grow into bees, rosebeetles and butterflies.—N. Y. Herald.

Habits of the Oyster.

The oyster is decidedly a "stay at home." Like many young folks, indeed, he goes on a ramble in his early life swimming about by means of cilia. But this "errand disposition" only lasts for a day or two. Then the young vagrant settles quietly down, glues its shell fast to the most convenient object, and spends all the remainder of its long life in the luxurious duty of "to eat and grow fat." Its food consists of the minutest tenants of the water, microscopic beings, plants and animals, such as a powerful lens reveals by millions within the roomy habitation of a drop of water. In fact, it has no hesitation to play the cannibal, since Mr. Ryder has found no less than two hundred larval oysters within the stomach of an adult, gulped down at a single meal.

Oyster grows slowly in the early days of its existence. At the end of a fortnight's growth it is of the size of a pin's head. After three months it attains the size of a pea. After that period it grows more rapidly, the European oyster becoming half an inch, the American an inch long in six months. The American oyster indeed grows much faster and attains a considerable greater size than its European cousin. It is ready for market in about three years, and its average life period is about ten years, though thirty-year-old oysters are not unknown. Its age, in fact, can be made out with some difficulty by counting the annual layers of limy matter in its shell, just as the age of a tree is discovered by counting the layers of wood in the trunk.—Philadelphia Record.

The little State of Tlaxcala, the Rhode Island of Mexico, has codes peculiarly its own. This State was an independent republic, defying the might of the Aztecs when the conquerors came into the land, and its laws are said to be much the same as they were then in many respects, the only instance, it is thought, where the aboriginal laws have been preserved for a civilized community.—N. Y. Times.

An English View of American "Finance."

The intolerable tolerance of American feeling towards speculators greatly increases the risk of investing in American bonds. No President of a railroad is ever punished either for misrepresentation or for committing his shareholders to the maddest enterprises. If he succeeds he is considered a great man, and if he fails he is pitied, and sometimes presented with great sums to live on. Even the President of a bank is not held criminally liable for loans to his own relatives without security, if only his friends, when he has failed, will pay up his defaults. The manager of a deposit bank who uses deposits to buy "blocks" of shares, if the shares rise, considered clever; and if they fall and he falls, is after the first twenty-four hours, neither considered nor treated as a mere thief. If he is well connected, or popular, or sheltered by friends, his "ruin" is regarded as a sufficient penalty, and after a year or two of retirement he usually begins again. The effect of this is, that any one who can gain control of large funds is tempted to make himself rich at once, and that the market is always at the mercy of men who are playing a game in which they stake temporary convenience and disrepute against fortune. The temptation is too great for a race of men who care more to gain money in large sums than any people in the world, and at the same time fear poverty less than any other people. Millionaires in America make "corners" as if they had nothing to lose, or let their sons amuse themselves with "financing" as if it were only an expensive game. An Englishman, however speculative he may be, fears poverty excessively, and a Frenchman shoots himself to avoid it; but an American with a million will speculate to win ten, and if he loses take a clerkship without thinking much about it. There is a good side, a very good side to the "detachment" noticeable in all American business men, a freedom from sordidness and from petty grasping, but the peculiarity makes them the most dangerous business gamblers in the world. You know how dealing with a Frenchman that he will not voluntarily risk pecuniary ruin, but to American that risk but rather adds to the excitement of his pursuit. What, indeed, is ruin, in that exhilarating air, with nobody caring, and thirty-six States around you offering to the skillful thirty-six thousand ways of making money? An attack of dyspepsia is far worse; and, in fact, when a prominent American is ruined, we generally hear that he is "sick," and that his friends upon that account are full of anxiety for his future.—London Spectator.

Small Orchards.

Every farmer should have an orchard of some kind, made up of such fruits as he finds to succeed in his region, but it will not pay, as a rule, for general farmers to go into fruit raising on a very large scale. On a large scale it must be a business to itself, as it requires a man's whole attention. So says the Prairie Farmer, adding that small orchards, intended mainly to furnish a generous supply of wholesome fruit for the farmer's family, will be found much more satisfactory on the whole than large undertakings, for they can be managed without interfering with other farm work to any great extent. We are all apt to take a little more pains with that which is intended for our own particular use and we feel more interest in the welfare of the few trees that are to furnish us with our yearly supply of fruit than we would in raising for the market, where it is only a question of dollars and cents, ranking the same as a wheat or cotton field in the calculations of loss or gain.

Certain it is that with perhaps a few exceptions, small orchards are more thrifty and produce much more fruit in proportion to the size than the large ones. It seems, however, to be in the nature of the American farmer to enter largely into any enterprise that may look promisingly remunerative. He never hesitates in doubt as to his capability to manage a particular undertaking, but sails in with all his available capital, and makes things "gee." This is a very commendable quality, and when applied to some project that will not require a very extended knowledge or experience, it usually insures success. But when we get down into the finer practices of agriculture, and especially horticulture, it is sometimes a very dangerous element to success. The farmer who, with but slight previous experience, lays out one or two hundred dollars in trees at a "swop" is pretty apt to lose a good share of the purchase money and an immense amount of labor along with it. And this is not all that he loses, he loses all liking for the business, if, indeed, he does not contract a hearty dislike. He failed, probably, through pure ignorance as to the needs of a young orchard. In the natural order of things the failure, we will say, is only a partial one. Some of his trees were set on wet, undrained land, some were set too deep, and were not properly trimmed. Fresh manure at the roots, no mulching, or a dozen other causes might be given which he had never before thought of. Now from this state of partial failure quite a share of the orchard might be rescued by prudent and preserving care. But he is disgusted with the business by this time and thinks it will not pay to fool away any more time on it; so the few remaining trees come up as best they can in their ragged, scattered condition.

His less venturesome neighbor commences early in choosing a few common kinds, and setting them near the house where he can frequently spend a few minutes at work among them. As he has but a few, he can give them better care from the first than he would be able to give if there were hundreds instead of dozens. These few trees thrive, and he feels encouraged to add a little more. His experience of a sturdy keeper pace with the increase of his trees, and by the time he has a fair-sized little orchard he knows just how to take care of it, and make the most from it. He knows what kinds do best in his particular locality, and what the most favorable conditions for each variety. He knows how to get his trees economically, and how to start them advantageously.

An orchard cannot be built up in a month or a year. Like a library, it must serve to build itself up. The first acquisitions must furnish the knowledge for gathering others about them. Capital will hurry things up a bit, but it takes time and experience to do the work perfectly. Spasmodic horticulture cannot be a success, so go steady but surely.—Atlanta Constitution.

Persons who write communications for the press, saying what they are ready to do for the good of the country, should always sign their names as a guarantee of good faith. There is too much anonymous manhood in the world.—N. O. Picayune.

A Great Day for the Country. A horse ran away in Austin one day last week, and knocked down an organ grinder, who was playing for all he was worth on a corner, and on an organ, too, of course. The musician was seriously injured, and his instrument damaged beyond repair. When the driver of the horse was arraigned for fast driving, he was fined \$100.

"But, Your Honor, the horse ran away, and I could not control him. It was not my fault in the least." "I know that," replied the Judge. "And then, Your Honor, there is another mitigating circumstance. The organ was totally destroyed, and the organ grinder will never be able to turn a handle again." "I know that, too, but you are a life insurance agent, and a bigger nuisance than the organ grinder. I shall not remit your fine. It is not often that two birds are killed with one stone. This is a great day for the country."—Teza. Siftings.