

THE COTTONWOOD FALLS COURANT.

W. E. TIMMONS, Publisher.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

WHAT IS BEYOND?

The blue sky and the blue lake
Meet together
In sunny weather,
But what, oh! what is beyond?
I know this side the horizon line,
With its purple hillsides, broad and fine;
But the country beyond, has it lakes like ours,
And trees of grandeur, and fruits and flowers?
What, oh! what is beyond?

The gray sky and the gray lake
Meet together
In somber weather,
But what, oh! what is beyond?
I know these homes, with their loves and woes,
Their buried hopes from which partings grow;
Are these broken affections united there?
Are hopes broken, and answered, prayer?
What, oh! what is beyond?

The black sky and the black lake
Meet together
In stormy weather,
But what, oh! what is beyond?
I know the currents that thrill the earth,
And dash the sky at the thunder's birth;
But what of the circuit for souls between,
And the central power in the Great Unseen?
What, oh! what is beyond?
—Sarah K. Bolton, in N. Y. Independent.

A LOST DAUGHTER.

How a Lonely Father Found Her in a Mountain Den.

Tom Henderson sat alone in his rough cabin, buried in deep thought. His elbows rested upon a board which covered the top of a barrel. Ever and anon he would stroke, or rather pull, the long pointed beard which ornamented his chin. Then he would tap his forehead as if endeavoring to recall some scene of the long ago.

"I wish it would hurry up and get daylight; so that I could have another good look at the face that's here in this trinket," and he lifted a small gold locket from his improvised table.

"I know I have seen those features before," he muttered, "but where, I cannot tell. If my candles hadn't all burned out I could be gazing at the picture now, but it won't be long to wait, because I can see a few rays of light stealing through the chinks of the wall.

"Fanny! I should have picked up this thing on the mountain trail. Some poor pilgrim must have dropped it, 'cause I'll swear that none of the old men in camp ever 'toted' it about with them. I've seen some one that it puts me in mind of, but who, when and where I've run across 'em I don't know.

"Oh, pshaw!" continued the miner. "I don't see why I should be bothering my head about the matter. If it is the picture of some one I've seen in my younger days it matters nothing to me, for hasn't Tom Henderson been dead to the world for many years?"

The lonely tenant of the cabin, however, could not shake off the fascination which the likeness seemed to possess for him, and again lifted the locket from the table. This time he turned it so that the feeble beam of morning which penetrated a small hole in the wall would fall directly upon it.

"It looks almost the same as my Margaret did when we were married. But it can't be her picture, for we never had anything of this kind in our house," he repeated.

"Oh! There was a home!" And the voice of the miner choked with emotion as he recalled the scene.

"Home, wife and daughter swept away in one night by the angry waters of the Missouri! How terrible! Ah, well, it was the will of Providence! I submit to the chastisement!"

With this remark Tom Henderson placed the trinket, which had so much interested him, in his pocket and proceeded to start a fire in an old broken stove that he might cook a little breakfast before going down into the gulch to begin his day's labor.

The old rusty coffee pot was steaming and the salt pork sizzling in the frying pan when the door of the cabin was burst open and a young man, perhaps twenty-five years old, fell prostrate upon the floor.

"Halloo! Halloo! What's this? Somebody in distress, and hurt, too! There's blood all over him. Say, stranger, what is it? What's happened to you? Who's been doing you up in this shape? Hey! Can't ye answer?"

A groan from the lips of the wounded man was the only response.

"You're hurt bad," observed the miner, bending over the form of his unannounced guest. "Hit hard—I should say you was. Why, somebody's been carving you up as though you was nothing more nor less'n a dead bullock.

"Tom!" continued the miner to himself. "I reckon you've got work enough right here in the cabin to-day without going down to the washings. This chap needs patching up mighty quick or else all the life that's in him will run out through the holes that some wicked cuss has made.

"Say, friend, can't ye speak and let a poor 'pill-garlic' know who you are and how ye came to be in this shape? Wake up, man. You're in Tom Henderson's cabin, and there ain't a 'galoot' east nor west of the Sierras that would dare to trouble ye while you're in his keeping."

"Margaret, Margaret, save her!" gasped the sufferer.

"Save Margaret?" exclaimed Tom. "Would to God that I could have saved her years ago when she was calling to me for help from the cruel river. But who is your Margaret, stranger? Who is it, bearing that name, that needs a friend? Old Tom Henderson would lay down his life to help any woman who possesses that name."

"They have taken her somewhere. Torn her from my side and left me for dead." As though the exertion of speaking was more than the wounded man could bear, he relapsed into unconsciousness.

Tom made no attempt to recall the young man to his senses, for, as he muttered to himself: "The lad is not going to go under right away, I opinion, and he won't feel me patching him up half as much if I let him lay asleep."

Despite the rough manner of the miner no woman's hand could more

gently have dressed the wounds of the poor unfortunate than did he. Tenderly, Tom lifted his guest and laid him on his own hard couch, and then he turned to partake of his breakfast, the preparation of which had been so unexpectedly broken in upon.

As he sipped the pot of strong coffee, Henderson soliloquized: "I wouldn't be afraid to gamble my pile that Jim Darnley has had a hand in this affair. I know that he with some of his crew are back again in these parts. Now, if I find that it is that villain's work there'll be considerable excitement in this camp, and old Judge Lynch will be master of ceremonies!"

"Eh? what did you say?" asked Tom, as a moan from his patient attracted his attention.

"Where have you taken her? Give her back to me or I will tear your heart out!" Thus exclaiming, the wounded man sprang to his feet and clutched Tom fiercely by the throat.

"Hold on, hold on, stranger. You never was put up right to pull me to pieces, even in your best days, so how can you expect to stand much show when you haven't more'n an ounce of strength. Take it easy, take it easy, and tell me what it is about this Margaret. I'm your friend, and will do all I can to help you and her too."

The stranger sank back upon the bed, but sat with glaring eyes riveted upon Tom. At length as reason began to return he murmured:

"Oh, yes, I remember all, now. The stage was stopped, a short fight ensued, I was struck down, and I saw my wife borne away in the grasp of one of the burly ruffians."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Tom. "Stage held up! It's funny I didn't hear anything about it. But then, how could I? I haven't been down to the hotel for a week. But how did you happen to tumble in here? The stage don't come within a mile of this place; it drives down through the canyon."

"I tried to follow in pursuit of the robbers who were bearing away my bride. Although it was dark I noticed that they ascended the mountain. I crawled on after them, climbing higher and higher until I fell exhausted across your threshold."

"It's mighty funny how I happened to miss ye."

"Miss ye?" feebly asked the wounded man. "What do you mean?"

"Mean? I mean that I climbed the trail after dark last night and I didn't see anybody, but I picked up a mighty handsome picture. Maybe it belongs to some of the folks in the stage. Did you ever see it before?" and Tom Henderson drew the locket, which had interested him so much, from his pocket and handed it toward his companion.

"Why, it belongs to me, and that is the likeness of my wife."

"Say, young man," returned Tom, bending a look upon the stranger that was almost fierce in its intensity. "Is that the picture of your wife?"

"Yes, yes, it is."

"Then tell me, what was her name before the parson made you two one?"

"Margaret Henderson."

"And how old might she be, stranger?"

The voice of the miner trembled as he asked the question.

"Scarcely nineteen."

"And was the young girl's father and mother alive when you married?"

"No, she was an orphan. Her parents were drowned during a flood along the banks of the Missouri when my Margaret was but a child. She was rescued. Was found, so it was stated, floating on a piece of timber."

"My God! Is it possible?" exclaimed Henderson excitedly. "Stranger, you stay here. Don't leave the cabin until I return."

"Where are you going?"

"To wrest from the clutches of that villain, Darnley, your Margaret, my Margaret, your wife, my daughter," and the infuriated miner rushed forth from the cabin leaving his guest spellbound with astonishment.

About the hotel of Eagle's Pass were loitering the usual number of miners, gamblers and chronic loafers.

They were absorbed in the interesting account of the robbery of the stage-coach the night before, which was being retailed to them by a heavy-whiskered, beetling-browed individual, who claimed to be one of the victimized passengers.

"Whoever did the job, did it in good shape," remarked the narrator. "There were only three of them, but they called 'hands up' before any man of us could pull a gun. So you see, although I hate to cave and shell out my dust without making a fight, I had to weaken, or else go under."

"But who was it held ye up?" asked one of the bystanders.

"That's what I'd like to know," was the reply.

"Then if you'd like to know who stopped that stage last night, I'll tell you." It was Tom Henderson that spoke.

"Yes boys, I'll tell you who it was. It was Jim Darnley, and there he stands! Up hands, Jim! I've got you covered!"

If the desperado had made an attempt to draw a weapon he would have been a dead man in a moment, for the miner had thrust the muzzle of a revolver to within a foot of his temple.

"Yes, Jim Darnley! You and your gang held up that coach, and what's more, not being satisfied with just robbing the passengers you carried off a young woman to your den in the mountains. Now, mates, that woman is my daughter, and I'm here to compel this wretch to release her, and then see that he is made to pay the penalty of his many crimes."

"Darnley!" continued Henderson, again addressing the robber, "your hours of life are few and the moments are speeding rapidly by. Unbuckle that belt of weapons about your waist, and let them drop. Then right about face and lead us to where you have confined your captive."

With an oath the bandit obeyed, for he saw no particle of sympathy in the stern faces of the men by whom he was surrounded.

"As I said a minute ago," remarked Darnley—"that when a man has got a gun pointed at you, you'd better come

pretty near doing what he tells you to, so, you old 'eradle-rocker,' I obey orders. Come on, I'll turn the young woman over to you in short order, but I'll tell you on the 'straight' that I wouldn't have bothered with her at all if I hadn't thought by her looks she had some rich folks in the east who'd be willing to come down handsome to get her out of my clutches."

The procession which wended its way up the mountain grew larger and larger, swelling its numbers by reinforcements from the miners who dropped pick, pan and spade to witness the release of their comrade's daughter, and assist in the punishment which they felt sure would be meted out to the robber chief.

They climbed a steep trail nearly to the crest of one of the mountain spurs, when Darnley halted and said:

"Within five hundred yards of here I have half a dozen men well armed, who won't hesitate to shoot if they see me in this company. Now, if some of you fellows don't want to lay down to rest with an ounce or two of lead in your bodies you'd better let me go on ahead and arrange for your reception."

A derisive laugh followed this suggestion, but it was quickly checked by Henderson, who said:

"Mates, Jim is right. He and I will go on alone."

"Do you mean it, man?" asked the robber, looking with astonishment at the miner.

"Certainly, otherwise I should not have said so. But, mind you, Darnley, upon your treatment of me and my child depends your life and those of your band. Act square for once, and you may be allowed a chance to repent."

"All right, old man," answered Darnley. "I know I've got a pretty bad record among you fellows, but seeing that you are willing to trust me, you can depend upon it I'll act square. Have no fear, boys," he continued, addressing the miners, "your friend will come back inside of half an hour, none the worse for having traveled a quarter of a mile in the company of Jim Darnley, the road agent."

Without hesitation, Tom Henderson followed the robber chief up the trail, leaving the group of miners wrapt in astonishment at his temerity. No had their wonder ceased when they heard him returning, and as he rounded a bend in the narrow path they were elated to see that their old companion was leading a beautiful young woman by the hand.

"Mates," began Tom, "this is my daughter, but she didn't expect to find a father up in the mountains. I'll tell it all to you later on if you'll come down to the cabin, for there is a person there the 'little one' is most anxious to see."

"Where is Darnley and his gang?" asked one of the group.

"They are making tracks down the other side of the mountain, and if they keep on going at the rate I saw them start, they'll be a great many miles away from here by sundown."

"What! Did you let 'em off?"

"That's just it, my friend," answered Tom. "They deserved hanging, every one of 'em, but it wasn't for us to place nooses round their necks. Two wrongs never make a right. Come to the cabin later on, and we will talk it all over."

So saying the sturdy miner led his daughter away to place her in the arms of her wounded husband.

It was a joyful day in Tom Henderson's rough cabin. Joyful, yet that joy was mingled with sorrow, for the father, looking upon his children, could not help recalling the days when he was blessed with the presence of a true and noble wife, and master of a cozy, comfortable home.

"It is kind of strange," remarked Margaret, "that you should have picked up that locket."

"Yes, but not so strange as it is that we should meet in this way. What causes your trip here to the mines?"

"Nothing, but recreation, a journey for pleasure—but I am afraid that the rough experience through which we have passed will cause us to wish to return home as soon as possible. And when we do, sir," went on the young husband, grasping the hand of the miner, "you must accompany us. I am possessed of sufficient of this world's goods to place us all beyond want."

"I, too, have been fairly prosperous," replied Tom. "I have stored away beneath that hearthstone gold enough to make us all rich, but God knows when I was gathering it I never supposed that I should have the pleasure of sharing it with my daughter Margaret."—Marlton Downing, in Yankee Blade.

A DIABOLICAL SOUP BONE.

That Was What Chilled the Romantic Intentions of a Bachelor.

"Yes," meditatively said the bachelor to the other man, "I would have been a prosy old married man like you by this time had it not been for the meddlesome intervention of a soup bone."

"Some months ago I was very much impressed with a little typewriter girl in our office. She was bright, pretty, had a dainty figure and wore such neat toilets that half the men in the place were daft about her."

"I was too bashful to ask her if I might call on her, and one night over my late cigar I evolved a business method of settling my fate. I would go early to the office next morning—she was usually the first clerk down—I would send the porter out upon an errand, and then dictate a letter to her asking her to marry me."

"Wasn't that a brilliant scheme? But she was not there, and did not come in until nine o'clock. Later in the day I overheard her tell another girl what had detained her."

"The cook at her boarding house had gone out to buy meat for breakfast; she entered the butcher shop just as the butcher, in anger, threw a soup bone at his assistant. The cook intercepted the soup bone, was felled insensible, and, being unknown to the butcher, was carried off to the hospital."

"The boarders waited for their breakfast, and my romantic intentions were chilled beyond resuscitation—so here I am, a dismal bachelor, the victim of a contemptible, mean, little five-cent soup bone."—Indianapolis Journal.

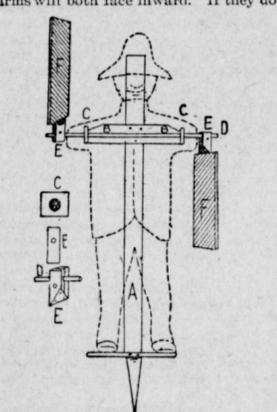
THE FARMING WORLD.

A GOOD SCARECROW.

Description of a Device Which Has Proved Very Effective.

Take a fence stake, A, about 8 feet long, then saw out a broad piece 2 feet long and 5 inches wide, shaped like B. Make out of 1-inch board two pieces 4 inches square and bore a hole a little larger than a rake handle. Nail these pieces, CC, one on each end of the board B. Get a piece of rake handle, D, 3½ feet long and slide through the holes so that it turns freely. Out of inch board saw four pieces 3x8 inches, then 3 inches from one end bore a half inch hole. Get two 3-inch bolts like E, making them just alike. Take two pieces of soap box or clapboards, 3 feet by 6 inches and nail firmly on the shaved-off ends of the pieces that are clamped together for arms.

It is now about time to dress the scarecrow. Take an old coat, cut off the sleeves 3 inches from the shoulders, take out the rake handle, slip on the coat and replace them. Make head and legs to suit yourself, as life-like as possible. Do not stuff anything near the handle that would be likely to wind around it. Loosen the bolts in the clamped pieces of the arm, slip them on the ends of the handle, one erect, the other hanging down. Then screw up the bolts tight. If made correct the arms will both face inward. If they do



not balance take a small piece of iron and screw onto the lighter arm. Drive a nail in each end of the handles just outside of the pieces, CC, to prevent it sliding endways when it revolves. Set on the highest ground near the center of the cornfield facing east and west. The wind will do the rest. The arms as they swing around give a scarey but life-like motion.—F. C. Taplin, in Farm and Home.

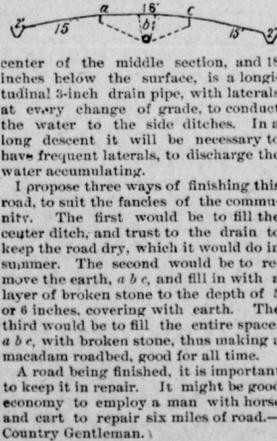
ROAD-BUILDING NOTES.

Errors Made in Many Sections and How to Avoid Them.

In all our inventions and improvements, it is gratifying to observe renewed interest in wagon roads. Once started on this work, we shall not go back, but in a few years will find the best plans and adopt them.

It appears to me that the fundamental error in road-openings in this country is in laying them out too wide—thus using too much land, and making unnecessary labor to keep this space in proper condition. I have driven over roads in England, Scotland and Wales, and found them mainly of the same width that they were two or more centuries ago. This we would call a narrow road—that is, two or three rods wide. I have in my mind more than one avenue in this country, 100 feet wide, where two rods of the center is used and the remainder occupied with weeds. There is a great highway between Jersey City and Newark, N. J., which I should judge is less than 30 feet wide; I have never seen it overgrown. A road having 400 wagons passing over it and returning, in twelve hours, would make 800 in motion. In twelve hours there are 720 minutes. This gives about one minute to each wagon passing a given point; or, putting it otherwise, each wagon, if in uniform position, would be 300 feet from another—not an inconvenient crowd!

We will take three rods as the proper width of a rural road. I propose to make one space in the center a drained track, and suggest this plan: Make two ditches, each 2 feet wide; two spaces, each 15 feet; one center space, 16 feet—total, 50 feet. In the



center of the middle section, and 18 inches below the surface, is a longitudinal 3-inch drain pipe, with laterals at every change of grade, to conduct the water to the side ditches. In a long descent it will be necessary to have frequent laterals, to discharge the water accumulating.

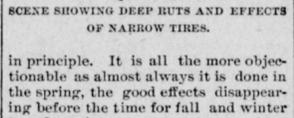
I propose three ways of finishing this road, to suit the fancies of the community. The first would be to fill the center ditch, and trust to the drain to keep the road dry, which it would do in summer. The second would be to remove the earth, a b c, and fill in with a layer of broken stone to the depth of 5 or 6 inches, covering with earth. The third would be to fill the entire space, a b c, with broken stone, thus making a macadam roadbed, good for all time.

A road being finished, it is important to keep it in repair. It might be good economy to employ a man with horse and cart to repair six miles of road.—Country Gentleman.

TO PRESERVE ROADS.

Wide Tires for Draft Vehicles Have Become a Necessity.

Our Canadian neighbors are alive to the question of road maintenance and are taking steps to prevent the destruction of their wheelways through the cutting and grinding of the surfaces by narrow wheel-tires. The Ontario department of agriculture has recently sent out a valuable special bulletin setting forth the treatment necessary to make as well as maintain good roads. The report says the repairing of roads once a year (the usual plan) is wrong



SCENE SHOWING DEEP RUTS AND EFFECTS OF NARROW TIRES.

in principle. It is all the more objectionable as almost always it is done in the spring, the good effects disappearing before the time for fall and winter travel sets in.

The report strongly commends the movement in favor of wide tires for draft vehicles. It says it has been proved by repeated experiments that wheels with tires 2½ inches wide cause double the wear of wheels which have 4½-inch tires. The wide tire has a tendency to roll the roadbed and keep it smooth at the same time, while the narrow one cuts it up and requires more hauling force for the same weight of load, besides spoiling the thoroughfare. Most of the European countries have laws regulating this matter. In France the market wagons have tires from three to ten inches in width, usually four to six inches, and the rear axle is the longest, so that the hind wheels run on a line outside of the fore wheels, the vehicle being thus a road maker instead of a road destroyer. For wagons without springs the tires should not be less than 2½ inches for a load of 500 to 1,000 pounds on each wheel, and for loads of 2,000 to 3,000 pounds on each wheel the tire should not be less than six inches wide. The document is worthy of wide circulation in the United States as well as Canada.

REMOVING THE BARK.

How to Keep Trees in Good Condition for Many Years.

Trees should be properly trimmed in the right part of the season. About June 20, when the bark can be most readily peeled, commencing at the top of the body and under one of the large branches, make two cuts through the bark, two or three inches apart, extending down to a point a little below the surface of the ground where the bark is tender. Then remove the bark between the cuts. Extend the cuts upward and outward on the under side of the branch as far as the bark is rough, gradually narrowing the space between them to an inch or less and remove the strip of bark.

In a short time the pulpy substance that remains in the strips where the bark has been removed will commence to form a new bark, and in course of the summer the strips will be filled, and, in many instances, the new bark will bulge beyond the thickness of the old.

Old trees get hidebound in consequence of the bark becoming hard and tough. The new grains of wood, through which the sap passes to supply nourishment to the tree and fruit, become thinner each year. Small twigs on the outer extremities of the branches grow but an inch or two, and the fruit dwindles in quantity, size and quality. Through these strips of new bark the tree is resupplied with an abundance of sap, and both the tree and fruit will show a great improvement the first season. By removing strips of the old bark each year the trees will be supplied with an entire new bark.—R. F. Stevens, in Troy (N. Y.) Times.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

However beautiful your surroundings may be, flowers will enhance their beauty.

Do not buy cheap seeds; buy good seeds cheaply if you can. But bear in mind the best is always the cheapest, at any cost. Merit is the result or work.

The growing of sets is often quite as profitable as growing the large onions. The seed may be sown later, and the crop does not require nearly so much labor.

A row of cannas in the back yard makes a beautiful screen. The plants take up no more room than burdocks, and they are a far better investment than fences.

The finest bed of flowers we saw last summer was the result of a paper of single dahlia seed sown in the hotbed, and the seedling plants transferred to a carefully-prepared border in June.—American Agriculturist.

The "New" Celery Culture.

The main features of the "new celery culture" require the soil to be well enriched and prepared with great care, being made as fine and open as tools can make it. It is then marked off in rows seven inches apart each way. The plants, started as usual from seed, are set out in the cross marks seven inches apart all over the field. They are cultivated with the wheel hoe and hand tools as long as possible, and irrigated or watered so that the soil never becomes very dry. Chemical fertilizers are best.—Rural World.

Hood's is the Best

The Judgment of Long Experience.



Mr. Grant W. Barnes

Kidney Trouble and Heart Difficulty

"Richford, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1893.

"Myself and my wife have taken several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, with gratifying results. For years I have had kidney trouble, and also heart difficulty. I was unable to sleep on my left side for years. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me a great deal of good. I am free from kidney trouble, and can sleep on either side now, thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. My wife has had a chronic sore throat for more

than twenty years. It always troubled her more or less, but for the last six months, since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, she has not had a sore throat except once when she took a slight cold. We cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as a good reliable medicine for the blood and to build up the system. I consider it the best medicine in use." GRANT W. BARNES.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box. 25c.

"August Flower"

Eight doctors treated me for Heart Disease and one for Rheumatism, but did me no good. I could not speak aloud. Everything that I took into the stomach distressed me. I could not sleep. I had taken all kinds of medicines. Through a neighbor I got one of your books. I procured a bottle of Green's August Flower and took it. I am to-day stout, hearty and strong and enjoy the best of health. August Flower saved my life and gave me my health. Mrs. Sarah J. Cox, Defiance, O.

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TAX REFORM DEPARTMENT.

(This department aims to give everybody's ideas about taxation not tariff. Write your opinions briefly, and they will be published or discussed in their turn by the editor or by a member of the Taxation Society. Address, "Taxation Society," this office at P. O. Box 88, Buffalo, N. Y.)

COUNTRY PAPERS AND THE TAX QUESTION.

Hear Both Sides.

The subject of just taxation is of the greatest interest to readers of weekly papers published in the farming districts. Yet the editors of these papers rarely refer to the question, and when they do, often hide their real views for fear of running against the prejudices of some of their subscribers.

This is only natural. An editor must live, and he can't succeed if he offends his subscribers. As a former editor of country papers I know how hard it is to keep the good will of the little circle upon whose patronage these papers depend.

But there is no fear of any subscriber threatening to "stop my paper" if the editor, instead of giving his own opinions, opens a column for the discussion of the tax question from every standpoint. In this way the advocates of listing laws, personal property taxes, the income tax, or single tax on land values, can all have a chance to air their views.

Try this plan, Mr. Editor of the Weekly—, and see if it does not live up to your readers and get them to write "a piece" for your paper.

Ex-Mayor Hewitt on Taxation.

NEW YORK, April 19, 1893.

Bolton Hall, Esq., Vice-President and Secretary—Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your letter of the 18th inst., asking my opinion of the following proposed addition to the Tax Reform Association platform:

"Besides real estate taxes, corporations should pay in taxes only the fair value of the franchises they obtain from the people."

I do not suppose that anyone will take exception to this proposition, but it seems to me that it by no means meets the problem which you desire to solve. You have simply removed the difficulty one step back. The question still remains as to what is fair value, and who is to determine it. In my judgment, corporations should be treated precisely as individuals are treated. They should be taxed upon their real estate, and not upon their personal property. Franchises will either form part of the realty or part of the personality, or perhaps be divided between the two. A franchise to establish a manufacturing corporation has no pecuniary value, because it is open to everybody. A franchise to establish a street railway, or a water works, or a gas company has a value, because to a more or less extent it establishes a monopoly. Such franchises properly go with the real estate, and should be taxed as real estate.

Of course you can not explain all this in your platform, but I think you will still have to meet the inquiries of those who do not see how franchises are to be properly valued. Yours truly,

ABRAHAM S. HEWITT.

From a Representative Business Man.

BOSTON, April 4, 1893.

Bolton Hall, Esq., Secretary New York Tax Reform Association: I don't know that I have had the pleasure of meeting you, although we have come into some sort of literary association in the little volume entitled, "Equitable Taxation," of which I have the privilege of giving away a heap.

I am obliged to you for the page of discussions on the subject of tax reform. I have done a little at the work in this old commonwealth, which in spite of its slow, conservative ways, is ahead of the other states in the matter of taxing real estate, in regard to which there is no double taxation—the result of taxing both it and any indebtedness thereon. It was a ten-years' conflict. I imagine it will take us many more to exempt personal estate also from double taxation, especially in regard to personal property out of our state, we having no jurisdiction or responsibility to protect the same. To tax it again in this state is simply robbery.

As to throwing all the burden upon real property, if any state would do it (your state now comes very near it), its prosperity would be so enhanced that others would be compelled to follow. I being an old fellow, hardly expect to see it accomplished in my day.

With thanks for your publication, sincerely yours,

JONATHAN A. LANE,
President Merchants' Association.

Tax Reform Ideas Spreading.

The report of the New York state joint committee of the legislature says: "We confess a considerable change of heart from the opinions at first entertained by us when we say that the proposition to relieve personal property from taxation presents a problem which we are well satisfied is worthy of careful study."

* * * * * The representative farmers who appeared before us were themselves considerably divided in opinion as to the advisability of, or probable success from, the adoption of the listing bill system of taxation.

No letter sent the Buffalo editor is ever suppressed, here or elsewhere; it always gets published. Correct whatever is wrong in this department. Isn't there anybody who believes in raising all taxes on liquor or on banks or something like that? We have not heard their side lately.

There is a story about a murderer who was very nervous lest some advantage should be taken of him at the trial. The judge said: "Don't be excited, you will get justice here." Says the prisoner: "That's just what I'm afraid of." Don't be afraid of justice, gentlemen.

Equality's a doctrine in which they don't believe.

Unless it be the doctrine of equality to thieves an equal share in the offices, or boaties, or a tax by which they each could richer grow and fatter their treasure socks.

Ambassador Bayard on Equality of Opportunity.

Returning to this country in 1870 after a tour abroad, Hon. Thomas F. Bayard was given a reception by his neighbors and friends. In his speech in reply to their address of welcome he said:

"This summer I have been looking across the Atlantic, thinking of the country I could not see, contrasting what I did see of the daily lives of men and women in other lands with that of my own; and when I heard 'Labor with a groan and not a voice,' and realized the abuses and injustice of class privilege, whereby the insidious bar of humble birth was kept and fastened on men from the cradle to the grave, I turned, as if for purer air, to the American states. Here the nobler equities of humanity are acknowledged and respected, and the one great and essential equality, the equality of opportunity is secured to all. And experience and reflection, with increased opportunities for comparison with other countries and systems of government, bring me only to a higher appreciation of the generosity, justice and moral grandeur of the principles upon which our own was founded."

Noble words. But are they true? Have we really an equality of opportunity? Everyone has an opportunity to pay taxes, but is there no barrier in the way of the strong, intelligent man who wishes to earn a livelihood? Are there no class privileges in this country?

What do the farmers and workmen think?

It Hits Both Ways.

The over-taxation of a municipality does not simply burden the property owners.

They largely escape through increase of rents and decrease of valuation.

It is the laboring man who is hardest hit. His expenses increase, his wages diminish, often he is without employment.

The expenditure of a vast amount of money, procured through over-taxation—say from \$5,000,000 to \$20,000,000—helps only the few.

Most of it goes to those who have had the tip in advance and have taken an option on the realty which is to be selected.

The pet contractors and engineers get the balance. There are few laborers of the locality that are much helped, while the whole population suffers.

Labor, as much as capital, is concerned in a matter of this kind. Both are deeply interested in demanding a fair deal.

Each is forced, by personal concern, to demand that we shall be informed what we are asked to do before we do it.

Each insists that the consent of the people must be asked before a new and practically unlimited debt is added upon us.—Enquirer, Cincinnati, O., March 17, 1892.

I Said in Mine Haste, All Men Are Liars.

Statisticians all tell us that the wealth of this country is about \$65,000,000,000. We suppose, of course, this is true—there is no doubt of its truth; the most reliable figures say so. Then the total figures of the tax books in the United States, the total amount of wealth and property taxed, ought to be just \$65,000,000,000, oughtn't it? Instead of that, according to the Great West, the total wealth that gets on the tax books is \$17,000,000,000 and of this amount the farmers are charged with \$14,000,000,000. Here is a text, almost anyone ought to be able to preach from.—Bradford (Ill.) Watchman.

This is a sample of current misleading statistics. No one denies that the farmer pays too much taxes, but he does not pay anything like the proportion above stated.

For instance: In the state of New York the total assessed wealth is nearly four thousand millions. Of this the farmers are assessed only about five hundred millions. A large sum, but not 14 out of 17, and New York treats her farmers no better than other states treat theirs.

"How Not to Do It."

The bill of the professors to the New York legislature for advice on how a tax law should not be made was \$5,000, and the bill of the joint committee on taxation was \$10,000. Instead of getting tax bills for this the people will get nothing but receipted bills. In other words, the taxes will be \$1,500 heavier for 1893. This is the professional method. How do you like it as far as you've got?

Tax Crime.

Less than two per cent. of the 7,000 murders in the United States last year were avenged by the law. Why doesn't some "practical" statesman come forward with a high license for murder, and so "make the business pay for the mischief it is doing?"—The Voice.

Justice Not Alms.

You can keep the poor better and more of them by straight out taxation than by giving to charity.

No letter sent the Buffalo editor is ever suppressed, here or elsewhere; it always gets published. Correct whatever is wrong in this department. Isn't there anybody who believes in raising all taxes on liquor or on banks or something like that? We have not heard their side lately.

There is a story about a murderer who was very nervous lest some advantage should be taken of him at the trial. The judge said: "Don't be excited, you will get justice here." Says the prisoner: "That's just what I'm afraid of." Don't be afraid of justice, gentlemen.

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Unless it be the doctrine of equality to thieves an equal share in the offices, or boaties, or a tax by which they each could richer grow and fatter their treasure socks.

THE LOUISVILLE CONVENTION.

A Striking Evidence of the Moribund Condition of the G. O. P.

The convention of the republican club in this city, in so far as it was expected to agree upon and foreshadow a national policy, upon which the party could unite aggressively and hopefully for future action, must have been a great disappointment to the republicans throughout the country who wish to see their party restored to vigor and power.

It is true that the convention had no authority to make a binding proclamation of principles and purposes for the party. The object of the clubs is to work for the success of the party's platform and candidates, rather than to make those platforms and candidates. But the membership of these clubs is drawn directly from the most active elements of the party. It comes from the rank and file, who bear the burdens and fight the battles which the official leaders plan, and there is no doubt that the republicans who met for conference in this Louisville convention were thoroughly representative of the party and fully competent to speak for it as if they had assembled in response to the call of the national committee and had been selected by the customary machine methods by which delegates to a national convention are accredited. Moreover, it was the first general and representative assembly of republicans since the defeat of the party last year, and under the peculiar and unprecedented circumstances, there is no question whatever that this meeting was awaited with unusual interest, and that it was confidently relied upon by the more hopeful members of the republican party to set in motion, not merely the party machinery, but the forces which should inspire and direct the next republican campaign. The roll was not only to be called and the lines redressed, but the clarion "keynote" was to be sounded, under which the next battle was to be fought and the last defeat retrieved.

What was the result?

The "boys" met and had a good time. They elected officers and made speeches—good-natured, conventional speeches, just such as we usually hear when a lot of good fellows get together and have nothing to do but elect officers and make speeches. The only carefully prepared address, and the one from which most had been expected, was that of President Clarkson, which, as a party shibboleth, fell dead from his lips. It was significant that the one issue to which Mr. Clarkson gave most conspicuous place in his address and which was nearest his heart, the race question as a political question, is now clearly obsolete, and has been so pronounced not only by overwhelming verdicts of the people, but has been so acknowledged by the republican party itself. Aside from this Mr. Clarkson suggested nothing in his address which is not acceptable to democrats or which is not a question of comparatively trivial import or of such erratic nature that no party, outside perhaps of the populists, would dabble with it as a national issue.

The democrats would be very willing to have Mr. Clarkson's race and agrarian issues adopted as the next republican platform, but the address, after all, was nothing more than a catalogue of Mr. Clarkson's personal opinions. His suggestions were ignored in the resolutions adopted by the convention, which must be accepted as its only authorized expression.

"Let us search these for a national 'keynote.'"

Referring to the republican platform of last year, they declare in favor of the establishment of a system of arbitration for adjusting the differences that may arise between capital and labor. Nobody objects to arbitration, if capital and labor want it, but whether the government is to take it in hand and enforce it is a matter which the republicans are at liberty to make a national political question if they choose.

They declare faith in the secret ballot. No national issue can be made of this, for the democrats have done more than the republicans to establish this ballot, and will cooperate with them and all other parties to maintain it.

One term for the president is urged. No national issue can be made of this, for there are as many democrats as republicans who favor the restriction.

The Monroe doctrine is reaffirmed. No democrat opposes the doctrine, and all democrats will fight, if necessary, to enforce it.

This leaves two other questions which our friends propose to make great national issues, upon which the hopes of the republican party must rest for future success. These are option dealing and woman suffrage.

The democrats have never been foolish enough to commit themselves to anti-option. The republicans are welcome to it. As for woman suffrage the democrats will not favor giving the ballot to woman until she wants it.

How do the republicans of the country like these ringing keynotes? Has it come to pass that a once great party, which has done so much to shape the history of the country, is now reduced to the issues of anti-option and woman suffrage? Are these the momentous questions upon which, according to the commendable remarks of President Tracy, the republican party is to go "marching down the ages, gathering renewed honor and glory with each succeeding year?"

The truth is that this convention has illustrated in a most significant manner that the republican party has accomplished its mission. It may continue to live awhile in name, but it will only be in name, affording another illustration of putting new wine, and wine altogether different from the trade-mark brand, in old bottles.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

There seems to be a good deal of doubt about J. S. Clarkson being the man who is to rehabilitate the republican party. That curious organization began its descent of the toboggan slide at about the time that the aforesaid Clarkson left Iowa to set up in business as its general manager.—Chicago Herald.

A DISCREDITED GANG.

Machine Politicians Trying to Bolster a Beaten Party.

The republican league convention which met in Louisville was nothing but a gathering of machine politicians. Their object being to try to find out "where they are at."

There was no need of a convention for the purpose. Whether they acknowledge it or not, they are down and out—very low down and very far out.

The gathering was not only one of machine politicians, but of beaten and thoroughly discredited politicians, men who to-day do not command the confidence of the rank and file even of the party which supported them last November. They are striving to keep themselves in place as party leaders or factional bosses.

It is useless. A beaten machine organization is practically worthless. The bosses may give themselves a vote of confidence; they may resolve to keep on fighting for high taxes, for extravagant appropriations, for force bills and a cheap dollar, but it will avail nothing. The more prominent the old crowd makes itself the fewer followers it will muster.

The people of the country distrust them all and despise a good many of them. Their day is past. They are fossils. Their meeting is of no more account than a meeting of the beaten generals in any other lost cause.—N. Y. World.

THE TREASURY POLICY.

Public Business Before the Interests of Private Individuals.

Secretary Carlisle has stated explicitly that he intends to maintain the credit of the government and the parity of the two precious metals at all hazards. Having said this, he has been devoting himself to the public business, and has not attempted to control the course of prices on the exchanges, nor has he felt impelled to rush to the relief of those fellows who happen to get caught on the wrong side of the speculative markets. He has not felt under obligations to tell what he will do in contingencies which have not yet presented themselves. This may not be a profound policy, but we think it is. It is no doubt very painful to those who would exert themselves to defeat the plans of the treasury, if they were revealed in advance; but these people cannot learn too soon that they are no longer partners of the government, and, consequently, they are not entitled to exclusive information of what the treasury intends to do. The policy of the treasury is to conduct the public business in the interest of the people of the whole country. If that is not a profound policy, it has, at least, the merit of being an honest one.—N. Y. Times.

OPINIONS AND POINTERS.

—The republican party is trying to modernize itself by getting in line with the crinoline movement.—St. Louis Republic.

—President Cleveland's will may not be law, but his "won't" is generally accepted as a finality.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—It is amusing to note how republican papers are paying Penney on the back for his recent insult to President Cleveland. When this pig-headed governor insulted President Harrison the republican papers whistled another tune.—St. Paul Globe.

—The Boston Transcript (rep.) would like to know whether Chairman Clarkson intended to exclude altogether the republicanism of President Harrison when he said: "We meet here today in the name of the republicanism of Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant and James G. Blaine."

—The same organs and organettes of the republican party that were complaining because the president was besieged by a horde of office seekers are now seeking to create a sentiment against him because he has demanded the time necessary for the performance of his highest duties as chief executive of the nation. When these same papers begin to endorse President Cleveland it will be time to suspect that there is something wrong in his policy.—Detroit Free Press.

—A republican journal of some importance, commenting on the recent flurry in Wall street, remarks: "Everybody has had six months' warning that the democratic (financial) policy, whenever made known, might cause trouble." Yet it was just six months ago, when this warning is said to have been given, that the people of the United States put the democratic party in power in congress and in the presidency by a majority so large that it almost seemed that "everybody" disregarded the "warning." Queer people, these Americans!—N. Y. Times.

—The platform adopted by the republican league convention is something of a blanketed affair. It "declares faith" and "points with pride," as usual, but it does not furnish much new food for thought. The only features that are worth mentioning are the recommendations in favor of annexing Hawaii, the passage of the anti-option bill, and a constitutional amendment making a president ineligible for a second successive term. This last is not a bad recommendation, and if it included a six-year term of office it would be even better.—Louisville Post.

Clarkson's Failure at Louisville.

At Louisville J. S. Clarkson, as president of the national republican league, in his opening address, had an opportunity to indicate along what lines it might be best for the republican party to array itself for the campaigns of 1894 and 1896. How signally he failed to do this is demonstrated by the silence of our contemporaries. His address fell flat and unprofitable because it was stale and insipid. Republicans throughout the nation were looking to Louisville for signs of a progressive and aggressive policy, but President Clarkson contented himself with tinkling generalities, a little clap-trap and a hand pointing backward. Republicans wanted the bread of timely purpose; he gave them the cold stone of last campaign's rhetoric.—Chicago Journal (Rep.).

THE RUBBER TRUST.

It is Really a Robber Trust—Read the Figures.

The great rubber trust, formed last year from the remnants of several small rubber trusts, has a capital watered up to \$65,000,000. It manufactures about 80 per cent. of the \$37,000,000 worth of rubber goods consumed here and besides controls the supply of the raw product from Brazil. It gets free raw materials and is protected by a duty of 30 per cent. on its manufactured products. As the trust makes goods for the whole world, the only purpose and use of the duty is to enable the trust to charge higher prices at home than it does abroad. This it does with a vengeance. Here are some of the recent advances made in prices in this country, as reported by the Boot and Shoe Recorder:

Men's hip rubber boots.....34
Men's knee rubber boots.....22 1/2
Men's short rubber boots.....22
Men's pure gum boots.....44
Men's sneakers.....23
Men's alphas.....23
Men's imitation sandals.....40
Men's and women's footholds.....28
Women's imitation sandals.....39

"The New York World is making a raid on the big trusts which defy law. In reply to the onslaught on the rubber brigand, Mr. N. M. Ladd says: "The sixteen years that I have handled rubber goods enable me to make some comparison in prices. Take, for example, one line of men's rubber boots which, up to April 1, I have been buying at \$2 per pair; the lowest price now is \$2.60 per pair, and as the head of one of the largest jobbing houses in New York city said to me: 'We would not dare sell a pair for a cent less, for should the trust know of our doing so they would sell us no more goods.' Another large house says: 'We have never before been dictated to by rubber companies as we have this year. A letter which I have recently received from a Boston house that handles goods to the amount of several million dollars annually, says: 'This is the first time we have been so completely ignored by rubber companies.' The rubber trust is dictatorial. They go to the jobber and tell him what he must do and what he must not do if he desires to handle their goods. A few years ago, when rubber was 25 per cent. higher than it is to-day, rubber goods were in many cases selling at a less price than they are now. Let the World keep this monopoly of a rubber trust before the people until such time as the trust shall be a thing of the past."

TARIFF SLUGGERS.

Several Hard Hits that Should Send the Protectionist to Grass.

"If there is anything in the world that maintains a high wage level besides the law of supply and demand in the local labor market what is it?"—Rome Sentinel.

"To illustrate: Say \$1,000,000,000 worth of manufactured goods are used annually, \$800,000,000 of which are made in this country. The duties are removed, and only \$500,000,000 worth are made here. The extra \$400,000,000 worth would create a greatly increased demand—abroad. But how would it affect the 'law of supply and demand' here at home?"—Troy Press.

If there were a tariff on foreign workmen who come to this country the illustration might appear to have application to the question of American wages. But wages here are regulated by what the employer can get the work performed for. The protection to the wage earner consists only in the cost of transporting foreign laborers to this country. But, besides that, our American products can compete with foreign products, and there is no occasion for creating a home monopoly under the pretense of preserving a home market. It is a well known fact that many American manufacturers now sell their goods in foreign countries cheaper than just at their own factory doors in this country, and make money at the same time. Yet they are the ones who assert that a high tariff is necessary to preserve high prices in the home market. Tax the home people, sell to foreigners much cheaper, and assert that it is done for the benefit of the laborer who is a competitor in a free trade market. That is the home market theory in a nutshell.—Rome Sentinel.

WHY THEY COME.

The Reason Why Canadians Are Emigrating to the United States.

We are told by the Mail and Express, and other high republican authorities, that the Canadian government is unable to stem the exodus of its people from the eastern provinces into our New England and middle states, and that to counteract this loss, "nearly three hundred agents are constantly employed traveling about the western states to encourage emigration to Canada, and offering \$10 bonus to a head of a family and \$5 for each member. Besides this, free homesteads are provided." Yet the tide is running strong from Canada to this country and the last census shows that there are nearly 1,000,000 Canadians here.

The Mail and Express says Canadians come here because "they are convinced that on this side of the dividing line lie opportunities for thrift and industry." This is undoubtedly true. Why, then, are there greater opportunities for thrift and industry here? Both countries have high protective tariffs, and both have millions of unused and fertile farm and timber lands. It is not nature's fault that opportunities are greater in this country; it is man's fault. The artificial restriction of trade and commerce by "protective" tariffs is mainly responsible for the present exodus. It would drive the oppressed out of any country which has no greater variety of climate than has eastern Canada. "Protect" Michigan or Maine from the rest of the country, as Canada is now protected from it, and the cost of living will go up and wages down so much that thousands will emigrate to the other states and great offers of cash will be necessary to allure them back to their "protected" homes.

The pinch of protection is felt more in small countries, which lack a great diversification of soil and climate. Germany, Austria, Italy and Russia are be-

ing depopulated by protective tariffs, and their oppressed come to this country because it is the greatest free trade country on the globe; trade being absolutely free from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, and from Canada to Mexico. Five years of McKinleyism would cost old England one-fifth of its population and the manufacturing and commercial supremacy of the globe. One decade of high protection has started Canada on the down grade and has brought about a reaction there which it took three decades to bring about in this great country. The sentiment for annexation is growing rapidly there. On April 4, Hon. Honoré Mercier, prime minister of Quebec from 1886 to 1892, addressed an immense audience in Montreal "On the Future of Canada." He pictured the great advantages that would follow union with the United States, and advocated political independence as the first step to annexation. The meeting passed a resolution in favor of immediate independence.

Practically all to be gained by annexation, of real benefit to the people, could be obtained by the removal of the two tariff walls between the countries. Canadians are responsible for one of these and could remove it any time. We will promise to remove half of our wall and to take the McKinley barbed wires off the top during the next two years. It is not likely that we will stop the good work at once, and who knows what may happen before the twentieth century arrives? Slaves who realize their condition and who could appreciate freedom, are already half free; and freemen, who do not appreciate their liberty and cannot govern themselves wisely are half slaves. When Canadians have studied their conditions and understand the nature of their bonds they will virtually be free, even though politically and nominally subject to Great Britain.—Byron W. Holt.

CANADIAN PROTECTIONISTS.

They Are Being Greatly Tried by Internal Dissensions.

Canadian protectionists are being sorely tried by dissenters in their ranks. Dalton McCarthy, M. P., hitherto a prominent member of the tory party, has just struck terror to the hearts of the tariff thieves by attacking in parliament the protective system which he himself had supported for fifteen years. While deprecating an immediate return to free trade, he made an earnest appeal for a substantial reduction of duties upon all necessities, particularly on articles of farmer consumption. Speeches and resolutions were quoted to prove that not even the founders of the Canadian protective tariff regarded such a policy as economically sound or as anything more than a temporary political expedient. The protected interests having long since reached the stage of combination for the purpose of extorting abnormal prices from consumers, Mr. McCarthy inquires whether it is not time to let these favored ones conduct their business without the aid of capital fled from the public. He thinks that if after fourteen years of pampering at the expense of the people an industry cannot continue upon its own merits it is proof positive that it ought not to exist at all.

The gross iniquity of compelling the pioneer farmers of Manitoba and north-western Canada to pay high prices for machinery made in a remote eastern market and depriving them of their natural and cheaper purchasing territory, the United States, was laid bare with unsparring hand. This, he said, was an example of the workings of a scheme which is rapidly driving Canadians from their country and generating an annexation sentiment in those who remain. Mr. McCarthy has already won a large following within the conservative party, both in and out of parliament, by his independent stand for freer trade. From 113 farmers' associations in various parts of Canada have come strong petitions asking for a reduction of duties all along the line, especially upon agricultural machinery, binding twine and other articles for which the consumers are now compelled to pay "trust" prices. Such an appeal from the men who have been among the most devoted defenders of protectionism is but one indication of many that our neighbors are on the eve of a political and economic revolt of considerable proportions.—Chicago Herald.

Charge This to Protection.

One of the incidental losses chargeable against "protection," that is seldom thought of, is the enormous expense incurred in producing long statistical reports to establish points in dispute between protectionists and free traders, or tariff reformers. Reports containing thousands of pages are distributed every year, to show difference of wages, of cost of living, cost of production or labor cost in certain products in different countries. The most of these statistics are misleading, inaccurate and worthless, but it does not matter, for they are read only in part and by a very few persons. They are stored in libraries and archives, at great expense and discomfort, to be an everlasting nuisance. Millions of dollars are wasted every year in the different departments of state, treasury, labor, agriculture, etc., that will be saved when protective tariffs are abolished and the people are allowed to take advantage of all actual and artificial conditions and to purchase goods where they are produced cheapest. Free competition will then settle the labor cost of producing all articles, and we will not have to wade through 1,400 pages of small figures to determine whether steel rails are produced at lower cost in England than in this country. We will not care. Steel rail producers and consumers will settle that point beyond all possibility of dispute. B. W. H.

A Sample of Trust Methods.

The rubber trust is composed of a large number of manufacturers organized with a capital of \$50,000,000. It gets its raw material free and a duty of 30 per cent. on its products. Having no competition in this country it adds the whole duty to the price in the United States, but sells abroad at prices fixed by the world's competition. Here is a chance for Mr. Olney to show that he is a better lawyer than his predecessor.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Chase County Courant.

W.E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher

Issued every Thursday.

It is a fact, whose significance the people of Kansas will not be slow to apprehend, that as soon as the republicans were defeated in the State and nation...

We are heartily glad that the Republicans have been able to agree upon a new issue by which to attempt to regain power...

Cleveland came in to find a depleted Treasury—a deficit instead of a surplus. Things have gone on for nearly three months and still no bonds are issued...

John Gilmore, of the Fredonia Citizen, is somewhat disgusted. Last week he sarcastically enquired: "Why didn't the Republican National League at Louisville commit itself in opposition to the use of tobacco and strong coffee..."

Under the new election law of this State there isn't much chance for the printer to get any salvage out of his party candidates. The promiscuous printing of election tickets...

The attorney general of this State gives it as his opinion that the municipal officers elected this spring who failed to file statements of their expenses with the county clerk...

The printer's dollars; where are they? A dollar here and there scattered over the country miles apart. How shall they be gathered together?

The venerable x President of the Kansas Democratic Editorial Fraternity, Timothy McIntrine, editor of the Arkansas City Democrat, was married, on Sunday, May 14, 1893...

The German has learned that high taxes impoverish the citizen. In the debate on the Kaiser's army bill, in the Reichstag, one member said, "What's the use of protection to a man who has nothing to eat?"

The government wastes the results of labor, then the laborer is the victim. Every dollar squandered means more toil and more poverty. If one man is made a non-producer by the bounty of government, it means more work for those who labor with less return.

The editors of Kansas have learned, with sorrow, of the death of Luke Herring, editor of the Wellington Standard, which occurred a few days ago. Mr. Herring had been suffering from a cancerous affection for about two years, and three times he underwent a painful and dangerous surgical operation...

BABYLAND FOR JUNE Opens with a pretty picture, and continues with poems and pictures, stories and pictures, and merry little jingles, to its close. It is as dainty a number as any Baby could wish.

SOLID STATEMENTS!—THE LARGEST, STRONGEST, GREATEST AND BEST

RAILROAD SHOW ON EARTH!

"And the Only Performance of the Kind in the World."

THE BIG SHOW WILL EXHIBIT AT COTTONWOOD FALLS, FRIDAY, JUNE 2.

SELLS & RENTFROW'S Colossal Aggregation of Sensational Features! MONSTER MUSEUM, 3-RING CIRCUS and Great Double Menagerie! Real Roman Races of Ancient Rome!



WM. SELLS, a veritable living centaur; a paragon among all horsemen; none dare to challenge his supremacy; the pride of America; the wonder of Europe...

MR. WILLIAM DUTTON, in his brilliant feats of Equestrianism, performing at will forward and backward somersaults on the back of his swift running steed...

MR. CHAS. WATSON, the greatest horse rider the world ever saw. THE DUTTON SISTERS, undoubtedly the finest lady riders on earth.

Miss Mildred Murray, the finest Menagerie Rider, Edgar Wilkinson, the celebrated European Hurdle rider, THE GREAT LIVINGSTON FAMILY—4 in number—Acrobats, Gymnasts, Acrobats and Bicyclists...

TWO MENAGERIES OF WILD BEASTS And open dens of Savage Beasts, Mammoth Elephants, Lions, Tigers, Hyenas, Bears, Wolves, Leopards and Panthers...

A MILE TUMBLE FROM THE SKIES. Grand Balloon Race and Double Parachute Jump by Miss Annie Bell Helton and Miss Little Race. To be witnessed positively each day of the exhibition at 10 o'clock...

WORTH PRESSING. He—Jennie, you are a brick! She—(between gasps)—Yes, a pressed brick.

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN For June is an exceptionally good number. It opens with a poem by Mary D. Brine, and the frontispiece accompanies the verse. Other articles that will commend themselves are...

THE OLD RELIABLE SELLS & RENTFROW'S SHOWS. Many of our readers will recall the name of the well-known establishment that exhibits in our city, on Friday, June 2d, with pleasure...

THE ELMDALE MILLS Will accommodate their patrons who wish their own grain ground provided not less than twenty bushels are brought at one time...

EVERGREEN NURSERIES STILL IN THE RING. Around the evergreens you'll find our address. We are waiting for yours. Send it on a postal card. We want to show you our list of Evergreens, Forest Trees, Flowering Shrubs and Plants adapted to all purposes...

GOD'S GIFT, ELECTRICITY NATURE'S OWN REMEDY. Delivered Anywhere by Mail or Express. Cures Others, Why Not You? The B. B. Bliss Electric Body Belts and their Attachments are superior to all others...

J. M. WISHERD, THE POPULAR RESTAURATEUR

CONFECTIONER! Is now settled in his new and commodious rooms, in the Kerr building, and is fully prepared to furnish everything in his line.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! OYSTERS! You can get Oysters served in any style—a plain stew, milk stew, fried, raw or in any manner to suit your fancy.

Nice Fresh Celery Every Day. FRUITS, CANDIES, NUTS, For yourself and "Best Girl."

CIGARS AND TOBACCO, For those who smoke or chew.

Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

W. H. HOLSINGER, DEALER IN Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Farm Machinery, Wind Mills, Pumps, Pipe, Hose and Fittings

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

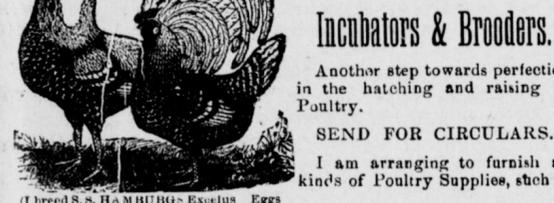
The Hydro Safety Lamp. Incubators & Brooders.

Another step towards perfection in the hatching and raising of Poultry.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS. I am arranging to furnish all kinds of Poultry Supplies, such as

BONE MEAL, OYSTER SHELL, WIRE NETTING, ROOFING PAPER, BONE MILLS, INCUBATORS & BROODERS, & C.

Write for what you want and get prices. J. P. LUCAS, Topeka, Kans.



Dr. Taft's ASTHMALENE contains no opium or other anodyne, but destroys the specific asthma poison in the blood, gives a night's sweet sleep and CURES.

ASTHMA FREE ASTHMALENE will and does cure asthma.

Publication Notice. In the District Court of Chase County, Kansas, ss.

THE STATE OF KANSAS to the Defendants: A. W. Brewerton, Ella E. Brewerton, W. P. Morris, and Elizabeth Morris, Defendants.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE NOT RIP. Best Cell Shoe in the world for the price.

EGGS FOR SALE. My Leghorns are all full pedigreed birds, bred from pens of some of our most noted breeders.

SHERIFF'S SALE. In the District Court of the Twenty-fifth Judicial District, sitting in and for Chase County, State of Kansas.

RIPAN'S TABLETS. REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

CHAPMAN & CO., MADISON, INDIANA.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

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

WOOD & CRISHAM, ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW. Will practice in all State and Federal Courts.

F. P. COCHRAN, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. Practices in all State and Federal courts.

BUCK & BRUCE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office over Emporia National Bank. Will practice in all Courts—Federal, State and U. S. Courts.

PHYSICIANS. F. JOHNSON, M. D., CAREFUL attention to the practice of medicine in all its branches—Extracting teeth Etc.

DR. HERBERT TAYLOR, M. D. Office and Residence at Dr. J. T. Morgan's late office, BROADWAY.

GO TO CEDAR POINT! call on PECK, and purchase a M'CORMICK BINDER; AND TWINE, etc.

Also HEADQUARTERS for all kinds of Farm Implements and

J. CASE Threshing Machinery. The best of all.

OUR NEW 1893 FLOWER SEED OFFER. A Magnificent Collection of FLOWER SEEDS 200 Varieties, FREE!

Free and postage a large and magnificent collection of Choice Flower Seeds, including Pansies, Verbenas, Chrysanthemums, Aster, Fuchsia, Zinnia, Petunia, etc.

Another GREAT OFFER! In receipt of Thirty-four, together with our magnificent collection of Choice Flower Seeds, together with our magnificent collection of Choice Flower Seeds...

PORTABLE SODA FOUNTAINS. Complete Ready For Use. \$35 TO \$50.



FOR PUBLIC GATHERINGS. NO DANGER! HANDSOME!

Over 25 Years in Use all Over the World. No generator or extra. Operated by a child. Will stand by any \$4000 Gas Fountain and sell five glasses to its own.

CHAPMAN & CO., MADISON, INDIANA.

W. E. TIMMONS, Ed. and Prop.

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

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



TIME TABLE TIME TABLE A., T. & S. F. R. R.

Table with columns for EAST, WEST, and Mixed services, listing destinations like Cedar Grove, Elmdale, Evans, Strong, and Clemens with corresponding times.

Table with columns for EAST, WEST, and Mixed services, listing destinations like Bazaar, Gladstone, Cottonwood Falls, Strong City, Evans, and Clemens with corresponding times.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

For farm loans call on Frew & Bell. Snow fell in this city Monday afternoon. Corn wanted at the Co-operative Store. Be sure and see us if you want some nice pictures. E. F. Holmes has sold his buggy horse for \$90. J. S. Petford, of Toledo, was in town, Saturday. George George's dog was poisoned, Monday, and died. The Co-operative Store has just received a car of Salt. Ed. Rockwood is clerking at the Central Drug Store. Cool and cloudy, this morning; and fires are comfortable. City Marshal Tom Fleming, of Emporia, was in town, Friday. The Co-operative Store has a few bushels of Cane Seed on hand. Mrs. Christain Mickeljerd, of Buck creek, was quite sick Monday. Ed. Gregory left, Saturday, for a visit at his old home in Michigan. Sam Sisson, of Wilsey, Morris county, formerly of this city, is in town. Joe Welte now carries the mail between Bazaar and Matfield Green. The wind blew quit hard in these parts, from Friday until last night. Mayor James O'Byrne, of Strong City, was down to Emporia, Monday. Mrs. J. C. Nichol, of Thurman, expects to visit the World's Fair in August. Mr. and Mrs. George Ellsworth are visiting relatives and friends in this city. Wm. Stewart, of Nickel creek, is now going over his corn the second time. P. J. Heex, of Matfield Green, went down to Emporia, this morning, on business. Miss Ida Clay, of Strong City, is visiting her aunt, Miss Lizzie Caly, in Emporia. Go to the Co-operative Store and examine those fine Douglas Shoes just received. The last will and testament of J. T. Pratt, of Diamond creek, has been probated. Mayor James O'Byrne, of Strong City, has repainted his residence, in that city. Residence property for sale, cheap for cash, or on easy terms. Apply at this office. August 18-19 A general holiday will be in vogue when Sells & Rentfrow's Big Show comes here. E. W. Ellis, of the Reveille, was down to Kansas City, last Saturday, on business. Wm. W. Clark went to Kansas City, Monday night, to work at his trade, carpentering. John Perrier & Co., of Emporia, will pay cash for butter, eggs, poultry, hides and furs. July 12-13 Orders taken by sample for Clothing at the Co-operative Store. Prices from \$5 to \$19. B. F. Talkington & Son, at Matfield Green, are selling calico and muslin at 5 cents per yard. The Rev. Thomas Lidzy attended the Quarterly meeting at Matfield Green, last week. While trying to learn to ride a bicycle, the other day, Mrs. J. J. Comer, fell off the wheel and sprained one of her ankles. For Sale—A mare and horse, six years old, broke to wagon, weight between 1,100 and 1,200 pounds. Apply at this office. Nov 24-14 Chas. M. Gregory, Dr. C. L. Conway and Dr. J. M. Hamme have gone on a bicycle trip to Courtland, Republic county. County Attorney F. P. Cochran was taken very ill, Saturday night, with a bilious attack, but was again up and about, Tuesday. If our delinquent subscribers would let us have even a part of what they are owing us, our paper would not be behind time so often. The best Coal Oil and Gasoline in the market, delivered at your door. Price, ten cents per gallon. Oil and Gasoline Merchant.

HIGH GRADE.



NICE STYLISH CLOTHING.

We have exercised great care in the selection of Spring Goods and our Stock embraces all the new and popular materials, cut and made in the latest style of the tailor's art. We have Suits to fit tall, slim men, short, fat men and all men of regular proportion. Our Boys Suit Department, both in Long and Knee Pants, is overflowing with good values and the styles are sure to please.



You can buy Furnishing Goods of us with complete satisfaction to yourself, and can always be certain of obtaining what the correct styles of the season demand. We are well supplied with NEFLIGEE SHIRTS, both in soft goods and laundered, in a large variety of colors, patterns and qualities. In White Shirts we sell the "Gold and Silver," the shirt that pleases all who wear it.

GLOVES

For dress and every day wear.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR

at 50c. to 75c. is splendid value.

STRAW AND FUR HATS.

We are selling more hats than ever before, the styles are excellent, and we make the prices right.

FASHIONABLE NECKWEAR

is always very much admired. We show a magnificent assortment in all the new designs.

GIESECKE FINE SHOES.

We especially urge you to thoroughly examine our fine shoes and try a pair. This is the only way you can know just how good they are. Plow shoes of same make are positively unexcelled for durability. Every time you buy the Giesecke Shoe, either for dress or every day wear, you get full value for your money.

"CONE'S BOSS"

Working clothes are the best wearing clothes on the market, and we warrant them never to rip in seams.

Throughout our entire stock you will find high grades and low prices.

Respectfully,

HOLMES & GREGORY, LEADING CLOTHIERS,

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - KANSAS.

Wm. T. Hutson and family returned to this county, Saturday, from Junction City, where they have been for the past five years. Mrs. Hutson and children are now at Thurman visiting. Mrs. Hutson's mother, while Mr. Hutson is looking up a location. He was in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bigelow of Bazaar left, Monday morning, for Oregon, where they go for Mrs. Bigelow's health. Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow have many friends in this county, who wish them a safe journey, and that Mrs. Bigelow may soon regain her health, and that, at no distant day, they may return to their midst.

As we go to press we learn that the store of B. F. Largent, at Matfield Green, was broken into, Tuesday night, through the front door, and the safe, belonging to Mr. Largent and Capt. Henry Brandley, was blown open, and \$50 in money and \$30 in postage stamps were taken therefrom. The store of B. F. Talkington & son was also broken into, and a small amount of money taken from the money drawer.

The Ocean Springs (Miss.) Leader an 8 column, weekly folio, published by Drinkwater & Field, with F. L. Drinkwater as editor, a neatly printed and lively newspaper, well filled with good paying advertisements, has reached this office. As Mr. Drinkwater is a formerly-of-Chase-county man, we take pleasure in placing the Leader on our exchange list, and wish him and his journalistic adventure an abundance of success.

Do you take the Kansas Farmer? Why not? Every farmer, stock breeder, orchardist, dairyman, gardener, poultryman, their wives, and the boys and girls, will find it full of helpful information. It is practical, honest, able; it is adapted especially to Kansas; it comes every week in the year, with sixteen or twenty pages of very valuable information. Sample will be sent free, if you send postal card request to KANSAS FARMER Co., Topeka, Kas.

Last Saturday night, M. W. Heald, of this city, S. Con. Harvey, Wilson Bradburn and Scott Dennison, of Strong City, attended a meeting of the Odd Fellows' Lodge, at Matfield Green, a new Lodge, and assisted in initiating a new member, and were treated to a most excellent supper. There was also an ice cream festival going on for the benefit of a widow lady, and the Lodge treated their guests to ice cream, also; and a royal time was had, so the visitors report.

Decoration day will be duly celebrated at Matfield Green. The following committees have been appointed to make necessary arrangements: On Programme—J. E. Perry, Dr. John Carnes and J. M. W. Hix; Music—Mesdames Patterson, Caldwell and Boeock, Misses Maud Brandy, and Minnie Nichol. Floral Committee—Misses Jennie Rogler, Maud Bennett, Daisy Brandy, Katie Welte, May Cox, Amanda Harlan, Cora Riggs, Bertha Caldwell, Lizzie Calvert, Alice and Maggie Johnson. Superintendent of decoration, Mrs. Mollie Jones.

U. S. Grant Post, No. 201, of Elmdale will have ritual service on Decoration day, at Clemens, this year, commencing sharp at one o'clock. All members of any and all benevolent and fraternal societies are invited to be present in bodies, as societies, or singularly, and all persons of any class who are invited to be present, but especially all old soldiers come forward and be with us. Everybody bring flowers with you, so that all graves may be decorated, whether soldiers or not. Any person having a friend buried in the cemetery on the hill or elsewhere close by, be with us and commingle your grief with ours, who are now but one common band of brotherhood and living only for one common purpose—the uplifting of humanity toward one common Fatherhood. Programme next week.

By ORDER OF COMMITTEE. The Kansas City Times, in the course of a long and interesting article, contained the following: "Ten thousand people cheered as they never cheered before at Sells & Rentfrow's show last night. The great white tent was packed to suffocation, and all a crowd besieged the ticket wagon, which the police ordered closed at a quarter of eight, so fearful were they that a panic might occur. The surprising merit of Sells & Rentfrow was fully known here, and all Kansas City was anxious to pay homage to a management that had created such a stir throughout the country. Those who were fortunate to gain admittance were abundantly rewarded. Blaise show goes were dumfounded to find that it is still possible to present entirely new and thrilling circus acts. The rings and huge stage blazed with marvelous and peep-o'-peep feats during the circus proper. The twenty-three horse act in the ellipse wrought the audience up to a delirium of excitement." Sells & Rentfrow scored an unmistakable triumph here yesterday. Never before has a circus establishment given such thorough satisfaction in this city, and for the first time has one religiously fulfilled all its promises. The signs of the times point to an overflowing business here for the enterprising Sells & Rentfrow.

EGGS FOR SALE.—Barrad Plymouth Rock, Silver Laced Wyandotte, Partridge Cochins, Black Langshan and Rose Comb Brown Leghorn eggs, at from \$1.00 to \$2.00 for 13. Apply at this office.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES. SUNDAY MORNING. Every ex-soldier and sailor is cordially invited to meet at the G. A. R. hall, on Sunday morning, May 28, at 10 o'clock, for the purpose of attending memorial service at the M. E. church at 10:45. Rev. Thomas Lidzy will preach the memorial sermon.

TUESDAY, MAY 30. All ex-soldiers and sailors and sons of veterans are requested to meet at G. A. R. hall, at 1 o'clock, p. m., and march to the Court-house.

AT THE COURT-HOUSE. 1:30, p. m.—Prayer by the Rev. W. C. Somers. Song—"America." Oration—Hon. A. W. Smith, of McPherson. Song—"Battle Hymn of the Republic." Benediction. After the close of the exercises at the Court-house, the procession will form on Broadway, the right resting on Friend street, in the following order: Drum Corps. Ex-Soldiers, Sailors and Sons of Veterans. Knights of Pythias. Other fraternal societies. Citizens in vehicles.

THE PROCESSION WILL MOVE TO THE cemetery, where the graves of the deceased soldiers and Knights of Pythias will be decorated by a committee appointed for that purpose, by and under the following ladies, who will constitute the Floral Decoration Committee: Mrs. J. M. Tuttle, Chairman. Mrs. Joe Gray, Mrs. M. J. Rockwood, Mrs. J. W. Williams, Mrs. T. M. Gravel, Mrs. A. Klane, Mrs. W. H. Holsinger, Mrs. Aaron Jones, Mrs. Geo. Holsinger, Mrs. David Griffith, Mrs. Fred Scribner, Mrs. C. L. Conway, Mrs. M. J. Harman, Mrs. E. D. Repligsky, Mrs. J. H. Mercer, Mrs. Clar. Baldwin, Mrs. F. P. Cochran, Mrs. G. H. Finley, Mrs. Lee Swope, Mrs. John Johnson, Mrs. A. A. Mason, Mrs. W. B. Gibson, Mrs. J. M. Rose, Miss Sadie Foreney, Miss Rose Ferlet, Emma Kilgore, Mrs. Eva Cochran, B. C. Robinson.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. This order has adopted the custom of decorating the graves of its revered dead, and the lodges have accepted the invitation to join with the G. A. R. on this occasion. The above committee, whose duty it is to procure the flowers and prepare the floral decorations, will meet at G. A. R. hall, on Tuesday morning, at 9:30 o'clock. Every lady who feels an interest in the memorial custom is invited to assist the committee in procuring flowers, and preparing the floral decorations at the above time and place.

SPECIAL NOTICE. The lateness of the season will necessitate an extra effort upon the part of all to secure a sufficient quantity of flowers, and all who desire to contribute to the annual offering are requested to bring as liberal supply of flowers as possible to the G. A. R. hall, on Tuesday morning, as early as 10 o'clock if possible. Many wild flowers are as beautiful as the cultivated ones. There are 20 soldiers and 2 Knights of Pythias buried in our cemetery. FLORAL COMMITTEE.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION. The Burlington has recently established in a convenient quarter of its elegant and commodious passenger station, at Chicago, an office designed to afford travelers information on the thousand-and-one things they need to know, with regard to routes, rates, connections and accommodations. It has been placed in charge of an experienced man, supplied with all railway guides, maps and time tables, and is known as the "Bureau of Information." It is a place to which all travelers may apply and receive full and correct answer. This is the only office of the kind west of the sea-board cities, and it cannot but prove a help and convenience to the traveling public. All trains of the "Burlington" enter and depart from this station, and the intelligent and valuable services the Bureau may be enjoyed by all patrons of this line. A special pamphlet will be issued by the "Burlington" in the near future, giving accurate information as to what to get to the World's Fair grounds; "How to secure rooms and board at the various hotels, boarding and lodging houses." Trustworthy agents will be at the C., B. & Q. depot, in Chicago, to give information to visitors. Arrangements will probably be made by which some trains will be run direct to the World's Fair grounds without change or delay.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT. The following resolutions were passed by John W. Geary Post, No. 15, some time ago, but were mislaid, hence the delay in publishing. WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Commander of the universe to call from our midst Comrade John Shote, late a private in Company C, 14th Iowa Volunteer Infantry, therefore be it

Resolved, By John W. Geary Post, No. 15, G. A. R., that in the death of Comrade Shote the G. A. R. has lost a worthy member, the comrades a royal friend and the State a worthy citizen.

2. That we hereby express our sorrow and extend our sympathy to the family of Comrade Shote in their sad bereavement, and as an evidence thereof it is ordered that a copy of these resolutions, properly engrossed, shall be furnished to the widow of our deceased comrade, and also be published in the county papers.

SUMMER BIBLE SCHOOL. Again at beautiful Bismarck Grove, with its abundant shade, accommodations for convenience and comfort, and ease of access from different parts of the State, is to be held from June 13th to 23d, the annual Summer Bible School and missionary gathering of the Kansas Gospel Union. Reduced railroad rates expected from all points in Kansas and St. Joe and Kansas City, Mo. Agents and friends will be furnished free, and board for the entire ten days will cost but \$4. Full information will be given on application to B. W. Crichton, State Secretary, Abilene, Kan.

STAR OF THE SOUTH. Go to Velasco for health, sea air and comfort; where ships too deep for all other Texas ports sail in and out with ease; where fruit is open and ripe, and pay better than in California; where the soil is a natural hot-bed. Fresh vegetables all winter. Coldest day in three years 25 degrees above zero. Warmest day 92 degrees. Velasco offers the best investment in the South. Write the Commercial Club, Velasco, Texas.

FOR SALE. A blacksmith shop—stone building, 22x32 feet, two fires with tools, also residence with three lots, good well, stone barn on premises, about 250 grape vines, will be sold cheap, on account of bad health of owner. Apply at this office or to W. C. GIESE, Cottonwood Falls, Kan.

TO BEGIN WITH. You have been wondering how much it would cost to go to the World's Fair. The price of a ticket from Cottonwood Falls to Chicago and return, via Santa Fe Route, is \$26.40. Tickets on sale April 26th to October 31st, inclusive, with final return limit of November 15th, 1893. Call on J. J. Comer, local agent at Cottonwood Falls, and ask for free illustrated folder, describing World's Fair buildings and how see the sights to best advantage.

NOTICE TO THE FARMERS OF CHASE COUNTY. If you get your horses in good shape, well broke and fat, I will sell all of them you may wish me to. J. G. ATKINSON. BAZAAR TOWNSHIP BOARD. A called meeting of the Bazaar Township Board will be held on Monday, May 29, 1893, at 9 o'clock, a. m., at the place where Al. Brandy lives. A. BRANDLEY, Trustee. LECHORNS AND LANGSHANS. The handsomest and hardiest fowls on earth. Eggs from prize winners, \$1. James Burton, Jamestown, Kas. FOR SALE. An IXL Wind-Mill, as good as new, at one-third cost. Call at the Eureka House, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

John Frisbey has sold his confectionery stock and restaurant to Bud Richards, of Strong City.

What has become of the Matfield cave?—Reveille. It has been run into the ground and broken off.

The sons of the late W. T. Foreman are having a handsome monument erected over his grave.

S. E. Yeoman, of Elmdale, represented his Lodge, at the K. of P. convention, at Salina, last week.

M. B. Riggs, of Florence, was at Matfield Green, last week visiting his daughter Mrs. H. S. Lincoln.

Charles Barker, of Florence, one of the leading Democrats of Marion county, was in town, Tuesday.

John B. Leonard, of El Dorado, was in town, last Saturday, gathering more cattle to pasture this summer.

C. S. Doney, of Matfield Green, was in town the latter part of last week and the fore part of this week.

Mrs. F. B. Stotts, of Elmdale, and Miss Edith Phillips, of Elk, were shopping in Emporia Saturday.

Wes Shellenbarger has gone to Oregon. Before starting he spent a few days in town, with Aaron Jones.

The Co-operative Company desires the farmers to leave their orders for Cultivators before being needed.

Spring and summer hats, at B. F. Talkington & Son's, Matfield Green. Get one before they are all gone.

Mrs. Catherine Fritze, of Strong City, has erected a neat fence around her beautiful cottage, in that city.

Miss Anna K. Rockwood left, yesterday, for a summer's visit in Minnesota, and to attend the World's Fair.

Judge G. W. Kilgore, while fishing a few days ago, sprained one of his ankles, and is now confined to his home.

B. F. Beach, of Buck creek, is enjoying a visit from his aged mother, who arrived here, this week, from Denver.

Miss Nellie Perry and Miss Toy, of Council Grove, visited the Misses Goudie and Winters, of Strong City, last week.

While trying to learn to ride a bicycle, the other day, Mrs. J. J. Comer, fell off the wheel and sprained one of her ankles.

For Sale—A mare and horse, six years old, broke to wagon, weight between 1,100 and 1,200 pounds. Apply at this office. Nov 24-14

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The best Coal Oil and Gasoline in the market, delivered at your door. Price, ten cents per gallon. Oil and Gasoline Merchant.

The stone crusher of B. Lantry & Sons, west of Strong City, will start up in a few days, which will give several men employment.

Ray Blackshere, of Elmdale, who is attending the Presbyterian College, at Emporia, went home, last Thursday, on a visit over Sunday.

Mrs. Sarah Mayville, of Lawrence who was visiting her son, J. H. Mayville, the popular yardmaster at Strong City, has returned home.

Joe Biggam, of San Antonio, Tex., but formerly of Strong City, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Biggam, of the latter place.

Mrs. Dr. T. M. Zane and daughter, Miss Nellie Zane, of Osage City, arrived here, Thursday afternoon, on a visit to relatives and friends.

Miss Jennie Upton, of Buck creek, who is attending the Emporia Normal School, came home, Friday, and remained till Monday morning.

"Happy and contented is a home with 'The Rochester,' a lamp with the light of the morning. For Catalogues, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

Don't wait until all the bargains are gone at Hickman's closing out sale before giving him a call. You should hurry up, or you may be too late.

Chas. J. Lantry, of Strong City, has gone to Arizona, to look after the interests of B. Lantry & Sons in their big railroad contract in that State.

Prof. C. S. Fowler, who was Principal of the Strong City Schools, has been elected Principal of the Burlingame schools, for the ensuing year.

B. F. Talkington & Son, of Matfield, have just received a new lot of Ladies' and Gents' fine shoes which they are selling at the lowest possible figures.

Bring your eggs to Tuttle's or Mercer's store and get the cash for them. Wm. Blosser.

The last will and testament of John Patton, deceased, of Clemens, has been probated, with Dr. W. M. Rich, of the same place, as executor thereof.

Sells & Rentfrow's Big Show will soon be with us. The small boy is saving his pennies, and will be impatient for circus day to come around.

Mine Host A. Ferlet, of Union Hotel, went to Hamilton, Greenwood county, Saturday, on a visit to his son, Edward R. Ferlet, and returned home, Monday.

M. W. Heald and family have moved from this city to the farm of A. Z. Scribner, near Bazaar, where they will board the hands of Mr. Scribner.

There will be preaching in the Strong City Baptist church, Sabbath morning, June 4th, at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 8, and each Sabbath thereafter.

Mr. and Mrs. Sid Stolz, of Wichita county, cousins of Arthur Johnson, arrived here, Monday, on their way to visit relatives at Matfield Green, where they may locate.

S. F. Jones, of Strong City, was down to Kansas City, last week, looking after the interests, as President, of the Kansas City Live Stock Commission Company.

It might pay a person a great deal better to advertise a stray one week in four papers than to advertise it four weeks in one paper. Likewise with other advertising.

Every farmer who finds chinch bugs in his grain, should catch a lot of them and send them to Prof. Snow, at Lawrence, who will send diseased bugs in exchange, when requested.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howard returned, yesterday, from their wedding trip, and have gone to house-keeping on the Howard farm, formerly occupied by Quincy Child's, east of town.

Mrs. J. F. Perkins, with her little boy and girl, accompanied her brother back to Emporia, Wednesday, where she will visit her parents and relatives for a few days.—Matfield Mirror

Farm Loans Wanted now. No delay. Money ready. I mean what I say. May 25, 1893. J. W. WILLIAMS.

Barney Lantry, a Santa Fe employe, who has been laid up at the Emporia hotel with rheumatism, has become so much worse that he was taken to the hospital for treatment.—Emporia Gazette.

While Sam Willey and Dave Switzer were breaking a colt to ride, last Sunday, the former rode up too close behind the colt, and it kicked him, bruising and cutting his left ankle very badly.

Kinsley Stedman died at the residence of his brother, on Denn creek, on May 9, 1893, of paralysis of the brain, aged 68 years and 6 months, leaving a mother and five brothers to mourn his death.

Mr. John Thomas Mailen and Miss Nora N. Stewart, both of Chase county, were united in marriage at the office of probate judge this afternoon, Judge Peyton officiating.—Emporia Gazette, May 24, 1893.

The Cottonwood Falls High School Library will be open to pupils of District No. 6, every two weeks, on Saturday afternoon, from 3 to 4 o'clock, beginning with Saturday, May 20. LIBRARIAN.

G. H. Lee, of London, England, who arrived here, a short time ago, on a visit at the Lee ranch, on South Fork, has gone to Topeka, on a visit to his sons living in that city. He will return here before going back to England.

The Council Grove New Era, a new, neatly printed and well edited, 6-column folio, People's party paper, with Messrs. Ed. C. and Wm. H. Corning, as editors and proprietors, now comes to this office regularly. It is a middle of the road paper.

Col. Irwin Thompson took passage on the Matfield mail coach, last Saturday, for Leavenworth, where he goes to have his eyes doctored. He will go from there to St. Louis, if he does not meet with the desired results at Leavenworth.—Matfield Mirror.

Mr. Sergeant Moore, of Kansas City, has been associated with the Strong City Derrick, as assistant local editor and business manager. Mr. Moore is a first-class printer and a genial gentleman, and we are pleased to welcome him to the journalistic field of Chase county.

The SOLDIER'S MOTHER



Of heroes who went forth to victory,
Of those great battles fought long years ago,
I tell them: "Mamma was a tiny girl,
When news of Sumter fired on filled the land."
With stories learned in history at school,
I try to interest my little band.
But as today I think of other years,
A vision of those other mothers comes—
Those mothers who with breaking hearts and tears
Sent out best-loved ones from ancestral homes.
Aye! they could tell—if any yet there be—
Those white-haired mothers—they could tell a tale—
They know the depths of war's dire misery,
They know when tears have been of none avail!
Of none avail to bring their dear ones back,
Father and son upon the fatal field—
Think you they have forgotten it? Alack!
Or else grow space—joys lighter harvests yield!
Many will pass with careless look to-day
The soldier's grave, ever a sacred spot—
Unnumbered heroes, long since passed away;
This younger generation knew them not!
I see a white-haired woman kneeling low
Beside a mound marked with no costly stone;
A flag floats o'er it: by this sign we know
It is a soldier's grave—she weeps alone!
Some one has placed a chaplet of bright bloom
Upon the grave, the mother's tears fall fast—
"O, Jamie, Jamie! Canst thou not make room
For mother? She has come to you at last."
"So many years I've sought and found you not—
So many years—and 'neath this southern sun,
At last I find your grave, a humble spot,
Marked with my Jamie's name—the very one!"
"Now, God be praised! I'll go back to my home,
I am too old to come to thee again;
But I have learned to wait—soon death will come
And kindly bear me from my toil and pain!
"I cannot think but that the Father just
Will let me find my soldier boy once more,
He gave his life for freedom, and he must
Be safe and happy on that peaceful shore!"
Her hair is white, her form is old and bent;
She has no other sons to give away.
Alone, she waits with look and heart intent—
The soldier's mother waits for him to-day!
—Dora D. Keeney, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Glad robins singing in the boughs,
Low murmur of the bees,
A hill-side waving ground closed round
With wilding oaks and trees,
The snowy flowers drift softly down
Upon the quiet graves,
And in the south wind over one,
A small flag gently waves.
These floating colors make for me
That grassy mound a shrine,
What though the one who sleeps beneath
Knew naught of me or mine?
Yet that brave life quenched long ago,
Seems of my own a part;
For he who dies for freedom, lives
In every freeman's heart.
—Marian Douglas, in Harper's Bazar.

AN OZARK Memorial Day

(Original)
THE tide of western immigration that carried so many families across the Mississippi and on to the spreading prairies during the decade and a half following the war had many a side eddy and even occasional backward sweep. It was one of the former that, leading to the white-topped wagon of the Brakes from the main-traveled road, guided it to a resting place among the picturesque Ozark mountains of Missouri.
"There's timber there an' hills," said Mr. Brake, when his wife and daughter petitioned for a "claim" on the level plains nearer the feet of the Rockies, "an' I've lived among trees an' hills too much of my life back in Virginia to get along without 'em."
So they lived among the hills as before, and Lois Brake took up the duties of a life which seemed likely to go on to the end with little change. She taught the mountain school and looked with disfavor upon the advances of the swains of the neighborhood. She was paid grudgingly for the first and punished for the second by being referred to as an "old maid."
To be sure she was approaching middle life, but her heart cherished as tender a love as warmed the cheeks of the belles of the community. It was an ideal of which she never spoke; for, when Harold Brooks donned the union colors and went to battle, Mr. Brake, whose sympathies were with the gray, declared that his name should never be spoken in the house again. He could enforce his wishes in this respect, but he could not deprive his daughter of recollection, nor did he chide her grief when word came after a great conflict that her lover had been killed and his form huddled into a grave of unknown dead, unidentified and unmarked.
On a late spring day, which was really early spring up among the sheltered ravines and valleys of the hills, Lois slowly threaded her way among the spreading walnuts and oaks, returning home from school.
She was despondent, wearied with the grind of daily labors, and was thankful for the solitude of the narrow mountain path. Suddenly voices sounded just ahead and she listened.

"He's spyin' out something, you can jest depend," said a harsh speaker whom she recognized by the tone as Ferril, the blacksmith. "You know what happened ter a feller over on th' Smoky hill, last summer, don't you?" he continued.
"No; what was it?" queried McGrath, the school trustee.
"Kidd him on a rail," triumphantly. "Served him right. Might hev been worse an' not hurt nothin'."
"This is a free country," spoke a cool, sarcastic voice which Lois could not identify.
"Yes, but it ain't free enough fer strangers ter come pryin' round our farms, like as not trumpin' up a charge that'll get us into trouble."
"Have you talked with this 'bogie' you seem so much afraid of?"
"No, but my Cal seen him close by as he come over Faze mountain night before last. The feller was sittin' on a log, thinkin' hard, an' Cal went close to him without bein' seen. He's got blue soldier clothes on an' is probably an officer lookin' for somebody, an' I'm in favor of givin' him—"
What it was Ferril was in favor of Lois did not find out, for the voices sounded nearer, as though the men had started in her direction, and she fled through the underbrush to escape detection.
She gave but little thought to the conversation she had accidentally overheard, only in a vague way hoping that no one would get hurt. These mountaineers were so savage sometimes in their actions. It came to her, however, the next day in her schoolroom as she kept the tow-headed scholars in order.
It was hard work to teach school that day. She knew that in two days it would be June, and that as she heard the lessons droned out in solemn monotone processions by the thousands were wending their way to the graves of the gallant dead and flowers were be-

She thought for a moment over the threats of the day before. Of all that she had heard one phrase stood out most clearly and emphatically in her recollection: "He's got blue soldier clothes on." Blue soldier clothes called up sweet memories just now, and she looked down at the package in her arms with the flower stems showing at the end of the brown paper.
A comrade of her lover, perhaps! Did she not owe him something? It was growing late. The sun had dropped beyond the hills and she could already see the blue of night creeping up the eastern sky. But she had counted on being out late.
She knew from the men's talk and the direction they were taking where the stranger must be—a cabin perched on the other side of Faze mountain, that had often sheltered hunting parties, and was once the home for months of a couple seeking health among the hills. The road around the mountain would give the horsemen a long journey.
She turned short off from the path and climbed up the hillside, brushing recklessly through the vines and brambles and pushing sturdily aside low hanging limbs and awaying vines.
Faster and more eagerly she pushed on, regardless of torn skirts and bleeding hands. The thin shoes she wore gave little protection as she stumbled on sharp-pointed rocks, but she did not heed, and almost before she was aware the summit was gained. In vain she tried to distinguish the riders. Dark shadows held the valleys, and a white mist lay like a river in the lowest depths.
Downward she plunged on a course that she knew would bring her out near the cabin, taking long heedless strides that would have been impossible in a less impassioned hour. Her climb seemed to have taken so long—would she be in time?
In a shorter time than had seemed

stranger to his cabin and laid him on the bed of pine boughs that the place afforded.
McGrath was sent on the swiftest horse in the lot for a physician and the others remained to watch with the sufferer.
The man had picked up the bundle dropped beside him by Lois when she found him. The cover had come off and the contents were clasped close to his breast.
Lois noticed the action, as by the light of a flickering candle she arranged the few household appliances of the room. Then she took the light and turned to the stranger to see if he needed any thing that she could prepare for him.
Ferril did not notice it, the men did not notice it, but a pallor crept over the woman's face that left it like marble. She gasped a little for breath, then withdrew to a shadow and watched the face of the stranger so peculiarly brought into her life.
When the doctor arrived he found that he had a pretty sick patient, exposure in the damp ravine having had a bad effect on the wound.
"You've got a siege of it," he remarked, "and I wish you could be moved to more comfortable quarters."
"I agree with you," replied the other. "I would like to be down where these flowers come from, myself," he added, caressing the bundle which Lois had carried. The fragrant roses hung closely to the pale cheek and enhanced the strength of the fair but manly face.
"Where is that?"
"Down in old Virginia, where I grew to manhood—oh, I know these well."
Lois had crept closer and closer until her eager face was at the side of the rude bed. Here, lighted by a strange longing, seemed to burn into those of the speaker.
She forgot maidenly modesty in the intensity of her feelings and remembered only the personality of the one before her.
When she spoke it was hoarsely: "You lived in Virginia—and your name is—what?"
"Harold Brooks," was the calm reply. A twinge of pain prevented his looking directly at her.
"And you do not know me?"
"Why, you are the woman who found me in the ravine. You have been my very kind and—" Then as his eyes sought the face so close before his own: "I know you—yes, Lois! Dotard, that I did not realize your presence before."
It was perhaps a little embarrassing to the roomful of men to see Lois hide her face on the shoulder of the patient while two strong arms enfolded her waist. They were not used to witnessing reunions of lovers.
Brooks realized it, and, putting the woman from him, remarked: "Gentlemen, we two were boy and girl lovers back among the hills of Virginia. I went into the union army, her father sided with the other forces, and I have not seen her for sixteen years."
"Why didn't you come back?" asked Lois. This first question that came to her mind opened the whole story.
"Come back? I did, but it was after many years. Wounded and left on the field of battle, I lay there until the armies had passed on. Then some kind hand lifted me, and for weeks I was looked after by a thoughtful family of the neighborhood. When I had recovered, I reentered the service, went on south, my strength gave out and again I was dependent on the bounty of the warm-hearted people for life. When long after the close of the war I was myself again I made my way north and searched for you, but you had gone west—nobody knew where. I became a prospector and wanderer, and here I am."
He reached out his arm and drew Lois down beside him. "These flowers first told me I had found a friend," he went on, huskily. "Gentlemen, I hope I haven't wearied you by this story."
"No, not exactly," spoke up a cool, hard, sarcastic voice, which Lois remembered having heard over on the mountain, "only we came to give you a horsewhippin' or something, and as it's getting rather late we'd ought to be about it."
He looked at Ferril, who blushed and sheepishly remarked something about "not makin' fools of themselves."
In the meantime Brooks had been consulting with the doctor and Lois.
"Boys," he spoke up, "before I left home I was engaged to this lady. This is the first time I have had a chance to see her and I do not want to lose her again. The doctor here is a justice of the peace and is going to marry us. You can stay to the wedding—that will offset your disappointment in not being able to punish me just now."
There was a surprised laugh at this, but hats came off and heads were bowed. Soon the magic words were said.
"Harold," whispered Lois, as she knelt beside the sufferer when the party had filed out into the night, "do you know what I was doing with those flowers?"
"No. Carrying them for luck?"
"Giving them to you. To-day is Memorial Day, and I intended putting them on a grave of the 'unknown dead,' in recollection of you. But," she added, resting her womanly head against the faded blue coat, "I'd rather give them to you in person."
Time must have softened the feelings of Lois' father, for he was heard to say a few weeks after, when his son-in-law had been ensconced in the best room of the Brake residence to complete his recovery: "Brooks is a mighty good feller after all, an' by-gones might as well be by-gones. Besides, I reckon Lois earned him an' had a right ter him if she felt that way."
CHARLES MOREAU HARGRE.



"WELL, IF IT AIN'T A WOMAN!"

ing scattered over the low mounds. She had attended Memorial day service once herself, and had felt a keen heart pain as blossoms were laid on the mound dedicated to the "unknown dead." She felt as though it were her dead that was honored.
In her dinner basket that day there was a package done up in brown paper and carefully shielded from all observation. When none of the scholars was looking she had poured a cupful of water over it, and at night, after an early dismissal, she carefully took out the bundle and started with it down the mountain path.
"Where's teacher goin'?" asked one of the children of the others.
"Down to th' village, I guess," was the reply.
"Too far," spoke up one of the larger boys. "It's a good five mile, an' she ain't goin' to take no such tramp as that."
But she was. Far through the blue haze that deepened to a bluish in the shadowed ravines she could discern the church spire and the courthouse tower of the town. A mile this side, at the base of Faze mountain's projecting foothills, lay the cemetery. She knew that there had been such services there that day as she had once seen in the east. She knew they were held there every year, but she never attended them. Father would not like it. Nevertheless, not a Memorial day had passed but what the close observer coming to the cemetery on the following morning might have seen an extra decoration on the mound to the "unknown dead"—not hotheouse blossoms, not the windflowers or mountain daisies, but a great bunch of nodding, handsome golden roses, such as would have made him, if a Virginian, feel a longing for the boyhood home. And Mrs. Brake as regularly missed the brightest flowers from the vine beside the door, the vine they had brought west with them in the white-covered wagon.
Horses' hoofs sounded a quick tattoo on the road a hundred yards below the teacher. She peered down into the valley and a most unwonted sight met her eyes.
Twenty men were cantering along on horseback. The cavalcade was in close ranks and suspicious-looking packages were rigged to the saddles or dangled from the shoulders of the riders. At the head of the company rode Ferril, and behind him was McGrath, while the others were nearly all known to her by sight.
For a moment she wondered what they were doing—then like a flash came the remembrance of the conversation she had overheard. Breathlessly she ran on until she had reached a bold outlook at a turn in the path.
Yes, they took the road that led around Faze mountain. Ferril's demand for vengeance had been successful and they were bent on a visit to the stranger.

possible the cabin's dark form loomed up before her. She listened in the deepening night for sound of an inmate. Had the cavalcade of horsemen been there and departed with their victim?
A sound came to her ears from the edge of a bluff to the right of the cabin where a steep slope reached down to a bubbling brook. It was a groan. She hurried in that direction. Some one was suffering below. It was not difficult to get down the declivity, and in a moment she was approaching a man who lay by the edge of the water, holding one of his legs with his hands in agony.
"I fell down the bluff," he began, "this morning and broke my leg. I couldn't make anyone hear me." He groaned again.
It was very dusk by this time, but Lois could see the flash of brass buttons on the stranger's coat and the determination to assist him was stronger than ever.
"Lie here a little," she ordered, "and I will bring you help."
She made him as comfortable as she could; then climbed the hill to the house and waited.
At last they came. Clattering hoofs on the mountain road drew nearer and nearer until she could catch glimpses of moving forms spreading out to surround the premises.
She waited until the arrangements were nearly complete and then walked from her place straight towards the line of men.
Something inspired her to mislead the visitors for a moment, and assuming a frightened air she stepped back and to one side.
"There he goes," shouted Ferril, and the horsemen plied spur and whip urging their steeds forward.
On ran the woman, skillfully leading the way over the roughest of the mountain side. Plunging, leaping and stumbling, the riders and horses followed. At length, bracing herself against a shagbarked spruce, she halted and faced them. As the little cavalcade drew nearer and recognized her clothing in the semi darkness, Ferril cried out: "Well, if it ain't a woman!"
"Yes," spoke the pursued, "and a fine lot of cavaliers you are to chase her in this way. Do you know me?"
"Is it th' teacher?" suggested Ferril, meekly.
"Yes. I saw you starting on this trip and come across Faze mountain to stop you. What do you want here?"
"Why—why, we're lookin' fer a stranger," hesitatingly began Ferril, overcome by the sternness of her tone.
"You'll find him at the bottom of that slope," replied Lois, "where he has suffered all day with a broken leg. Any vengeance you want you can probably get."
"Come on now," she ordered, when the men had indicated their surprise.
They followed her and by the light of a hastily improvised torch carried the

of wealth consists in possessing "nonillions of dollars," and her imaginary calculations never fall below this considerable amount. "Auntie," she said, one day, "do you know what I would do first thing if I had millions of dollars?" Auntie confessed her inability to guess. "Well," said Ethel, "I would hire somebody to listen to grandpa's old stories."
—Ten-year-old Ethel's expansive idea of wealth consists in possessing "nonillions of dollars," and her imaginary calculations never fall below this considerable amount. "Auntie," she said, one day, "do you know what I would do first thing if I had millions of dollars?" Auntie confessed her inability to guess. "Well," said Ethel, "I would hire somebody to listen to grandpa's old stories."

FARM AND GARDEN.

ONE WAY OF PRUNING.

Cut Off Branches Just Beyond the Enlargement Next the Trunk.
S. J. Bromley, Cogswell, N. D., writes to the Orange Judd Farmer: "The enlargement at the base of limbs on trees is nature's work; it serves as a brace to the branches while growing and has a great amount of healing property stored up in it to cover the wounds where limbs are broken or cut off. My rule for pruning trees is to cut off the branches nearly straight across, just beyond this enlargement. By so doing the wounds will not be half as large as when cut close to the tree and they will heal much quicker. Trees trimmed in this way do not look as neat as when the branches are cut off close, but I consider it safer and better. I



ONE METHOD OF PRUNING.

Upper part, small branch, properly pruned. Lower, wound, one inch in diameter, healed in one season.
have known of young apple trees being killed by pruning them close to the main stem, where three or four limbs grew out close together. The trees were nearly girdled and the hot sun dried up what little live bark was left between the cuts. I have had excellent success trimming in March. It is not advisable to prune during the spring flow of sap. I consider June the best month. I cut off limbs one inch in diameter last spring which healed amply over last summer. A practical way for anyone to decide this matter is to take two trees of the same size, trim one as I have directed and the other by cutting the branches close to the trunk of the tree and watch results. During the past forty years I have planted and cared for thousands of fruit, forest and evergreen trees successfully. I have seventeen acres of forest trees of my own planting growing on my farm and have started timber belts on two other farms since I came to Dakota. From what little experience I have had here with apple and crab trees I am satisfied we can raise the hardy kinds. Several of mine commenced bearing last year, also currants, raspberries and gooseberries in abundance."

SHARING THE BURDEN.

Farmers Should Not Be Asked to Pay for All Road Improvements.
The following lately appeared in a Peoria paper:
"The Peoria Bicycle club has undertaken to assist in educating the people of central Illinois to the necessity of good roads. At their own expense they have contracted for a large quantity of road literature, including the periodical Good Roads, and propose to keep up a running fire against the farmers, road supervisors, civil engineers, etc.
Against which a farmer in the County Gentleman enters a just and manly protest, saying: "There is altogether too much preaching on the part of the wheelmen. They want roads put in thorough repair, but they take care not to incur any share of the expense of doing the work. They propose to keep up a running fire against the farmers, etc." Now, would it not be very much better to start and keep up a "running fire" against our federal and state lawmakers, and have our leading thoroughfares put in thorough repair and kept so by our state and national government? It has got so that our most traveled turnpikes are patronized chiefly by carriage riders, wheelmen and others who come out of the cities and wear out roads made by or at the expense of hard working farmers and market gardeners. I have in mind a stretch of turnpike which it will cost \$40,000 to macadamize. This will be paid for by small farmers, who only drive over the road occasionally, while the road is in almost constant use by bicycle riders and carriage riders from one of our large cities. Some way should be devised to compel the dwellers in our cities to bear a portion of the expenses of suburban drives. The most equitable way would seem to be for the state to do a large share of the work of building leading thoroughfares into suburban districts. In the meantime it would be well for wheelmen to change the direction of their running fire; farmers, etc., already have their hands about full. It is always easier to advocate the expenditure of other people's money than it is to put our hands into our own pockets."

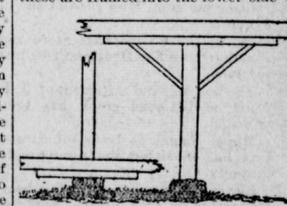
A LABOR OF LOVE.



Tattersall—'Wot yer doin' now, Wraggery?
Wraggery—Gettin' names to a petition.
Tattersall—'Wot fur?
Wraggery—For de legislatur' ter pass a bill fur road improvement.—Puck.
Bones for Plants.
It isn't worth while to let the odds and ends of bones go to waste, nor yet let them be gathered by the scavengers who infest the country and make a good living by getting them together and selling them, while taking anything else about the place that comes in their way. Barrels of bones could be saved yearly by even a small family, and it only requires a few hours' boiling in strong lye to soften them so that they may be crushed with the back of the spade. Properly composted, they make an excellent feed for plants of all kinds, their stimulating influence being felt throughout the season.

FOR BUTTER-MAKERS.

How to Obtain the Best Results with the Least Labor.
Long keeping of butter is not advisable. If you can find the right market, butter packed through the summer months may be sold at somewhat advanced price, but it is kept at a risk. Butter merchants east and west, in response to the inquiry as to the age of butter they dispose of at best and most satisfactory price, agree in saying: "Butter made yesterday put up in attractive form, and of fine, granular quality."
To keep butter, I know of no better method than to pack in gallon jars, or half-gallon, if so small a quantity is made at a time; tie up closely with cloth and sink each jar, as made, in brine. The large jars used to keep beef or pork are preferable to barrels for this purpose. Use all the salt the water will hold in solution; let there be undissolved salt at the bottom of the vessel in which the brine is prepared. To each gallon of water add a level teaspoonful of pulverized saltpeter, and half a pound of granulated sugar. Scald and skim thoroughly and strain through quite thick cloth. Put the jars bottom side up in this brine, and keep the top of the large jar closely covered, to keep out light and dust. Set the jar up from the bottom of the cellar.
No invariable rule can be given for salting butter, as tastes differ. Some of our best butter-makers use a teaspoonful of salt and a half a teaspoon of sugar to six pounds of butter; others use an ounce of salt to a pound. Salt added to cream retards acidity, and it yields butter more readily. The quantity is not very essential if allowance is made when butter is salted. Three tablespoonfuls to a gallon of cream will not make the butter unlikable to salt to use.
Saltpeter is also a preservative, and its use in cream gives a firmer texture to butter. I think it is conceded that bitter cream results from the process of fermentation, although an entirely different one from acidity, and the results more to be feared. Half a teaspoonful of pulverized saltpeter added to each gallon of cream at the first skimming in winter will, with reasonable care as to time of churning, prevent bitter cream. The salt should also be added to the first cream.
I have been experimenting in a small way this winter. The results will be given for what they are worth. Milk has been kept at as low a temperature as possible above freezing. Until the very cold weather of January and since the window of the milk room was open night and day. Milk has never yielded such thick, heavy cream and the cows are not receiving quite as good feed as usual in the winter. At thirty-six hours old the milk is skimmed, then brought to a warm room and again skimmed in twelve or twenty-four hours. The last skimming is perfectly sweet and has been used for the table. I was greatly surprised at the amount of cream thrown up by bringing the milk from a cold temperature to a warm one. One dairy authority says this is not cream and will not make butter. Who knows? We know that it makes good coffee and good short-cakes.
Many have supposed that sugar was added to butter to impart a pleasant flavor, but James A. Whitney, in Johnson's cyclopaedia, on the industrial uses of salt, says: "The preservative action of salt is increased by the presence of sugar." Hence an additional advantage is derived from its use in butter.—S. E. Wilcox, in Ohio Farmer.
BARN BASEMENTS.
Half Sills and the Proper Manner of Applying Them.
In the construction of barn basements, walls of stone are dispensed with, only in places where the building is located on a steep side hill, and the discarding of a wall necessitates the use of many strong basement posts. If these are framed into the lower side of



MANNER OF APPLYING HALF-SILLS.

sills in the usual manner, they are greatly weakened by the cutting away of so much timber. By the use of the false or half sill, shown in the engraving, from a sketch by L. D. Snook, the main sill is actually strengthened. This short sill may be of sawed stuff, and for a common barn should not be less than 4x12 inches. The ends may be spiked. If the whole building is raised when empty, and a false sill placed below, the structure will be made more firm and durable.—American Agriculturist.
Grass for Dairy Cows.
Grass that will produce an excellent quality of milk and butter must be good for the production of an excellent quality of meat, for milk and butter quickly reflect the character of the feed and are much more susceptible to taint from improper food. Milk is intended by nature for the nourishment and growth of the offspring, and the food which will produce the best milk must also produce the best growth of the animal. Grass is the natural food for the production of milk, and it is the natural food for the growth and strength of our domestic animals. Hence, when we improve the quantity and quality of our grasses for pasturage and hay, we also necessarily improve the quality of our animals and the quantity and quality of the milk and meat we get from them.—Rural World.
If there is any place where gingerbread and fancy work is expensive it is about a hen-house. Square corners and straight, plain walls give less rooming for vermin and less work in keeping clean than does "artistic" display. The houses may be neat without and clean within if they lack some of the architectural embellishments of a villa.

STORY OF A CEMETERY.

Its Decay a Sure Sign of Washington's Progress.

Ann Casanave's Request to the Archbishop of Baltimore—Why Cardinal Gibbons Is Anxious to Dispose of the Old Burial Ground.

(Special Washington Letter.)

Although no human being was in sight I seemed to hear a voice proclaiming: "Take off thy shoes, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." All around me were tombstones, a few of them remaining where they had been erected by the friends of the departed, but scores of them scattered about lying flat upon the ground, all of them ancient, many broken and defaced. Quite a number of graves had been opened and the remains taken away, but many of them remained undisturbed with little mounds above them.

A new street had been cut through the place. Upon the border of what will soon be a pavement the ground had been spaded away and there were exposed the empty halves of graves which were once occupied by the bodies of men and women. Only two decades ago the section was regarded as almost beyond the city limits. And yet within three blocks of it the cable cars have been running with noisy sound and jangling bells for nearly three years past.

You know that all the streets in this city are numbered in one direction and lettered in another direction. When Grover Cleveland was president before R street was unused and unknown east of Fifth street. Last year it was extended for more than a mile, and in walking out the newly-extended and concreted street I came upon this graveyard. Although I had lived many years in Washington the existence of this cemetery had been unknown to me, and upon inquiry among friends who have long resided in this city, nobody seemed to enlighten me as to the name of it, when it was consecrated, or give any information concerning it whatever. But to-day its history appeared in an evening paper.

James, Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, has filed a bill against J. H. Young and eighteen others, heirs of Ann Casanave, suing as the holder of certain real estate in the District of Columbia, to be authorized to be able to dispose of the same free from any cloud or trust thereon. This bill alleges that in 1808 Ann Casanave conveyed the land to John Carroll, archbishop of the diocese of Baltimore, for the use of the Roman Catholics of Washington as a graveyard, to be used by the two congregations of Roman Catholics then existing in Washington, that the land has since been occupied as a graveyard, though no interments have for a long time been made therein, and that by conveyance the land has become invested in the present archbishop of Baltimore.

It is further laid out in this bill that the district commissioners have extended R street through the cemetery, and that all the bodies on the line of the street have been removed to Mount Olivet cemetery; that \$3,500 land damages have been awarded by the city for the land taken, whereon the Casanave heirs have claimed the \$3,500 and tied it up in the hands of the district commissioner, who have filed an interpleader in order that they may be informed by the court to whom they should pay the money. In this bill Cardinal Gibbons submits to the court that he has no personal interest in the premises, and that if he cannot lawfully or validly take bodies from the cemetery, he is to continue its inclosure as far as possible and to maintain it as a graveyard, as it now is; but



CARDINAL GIBBONS.

deeming it to be for the interest of the public and all persons concerned that in order to give effect to the intended purpose for which the land was conveyed to Bishop Carroll, another tract of land should be procured, the bodies removed thereto, the old graveyard sold and the proceeds of the sale applied to the cost of procuring such other tract and expense of removal, the cardinal seeks the aid of the court to enable him to effect the same free from the claims of the defendant and to sell the tract of land free from any trust upon the same.

The answer of the Casanave heirs has also been filed in the court, claiming that if the land or any part thereof is devoted to or used for a different purpose than specified in the conveyance of Ann Casanave to Archbishop Carroll, the same immediately reverts to the Casanave heirs for their sole use. They deny that Cardinal Gibbons can dispose of the same.

And thus the history of the cemetery comes to light in the daily press. Eighty-five years ago Ann Casanave gave this plot of ground to the archbishop of Baltimore for the use of the Roman Catholics of this city as a cemetery. Who she was or what she was no man to-day can tell. Manifestly she was a woman of property, and of a devout religious turn of mind. The land was accepted by the archbishop and it was consecrated as all Roman Catholic cemeteries are. Therefore it is no wonder that the words of the Scripture came to my mind, when I stood upon the ground last fall and seemed to hear the words: "Take off

thy shoes, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." The ancient and dismantled cemetery is only one mile from the capitol, but when it was given to the church it was regarded as way beyond the city limits, where the encroachments of trade and commerce could never disturb it. To-day this city has grown around and beyond it, and this afternoon I drove a mile north of the place and inspected property which is selling for \$1.00 per square foot. The ground upon which the cemetery is located is to-day worth \$2.50 per square foot. All around it and close to the fences which still inclose it there are magnificent residences, builded, not one of which could be purchased for less than \$7,000. And yet that place is holy ground in which repose the bodies of a number of the elect and the cardinal archbishop is obliged to go to the secular courts in order to secure absolute possession of the ground.

The broken and scattered tombstones bear many marks of age. Their faces are seamed and furrowed with the tracks made by rain, snow, sleet and hail. The inscriptions made "in memory of" the loved and lost by hands and hearts bereaved are well-nigh gone forever. Even the letters which once stood forth to tell the future generations the names of those who were consigned to mother earth are nearly all obliterated. And so all memory of fathers, mothers, husbands and wives



ON HOLY GROUND.

and prattling babes has faded away and disappeared like the feng-forgotten tears which fell upon the cold clouds around the graves when the priests said: "Earth to earth," and the sexton old his mournful task performed.

Old Tiber creek flowed once along the border of the quiet and beautiful city of the sacred dead. To-day, it is arched over and become a portion of the sewerage system of a great city. The little hills and dales which once were within the inclosure of the cemetery which Ann Casanave gave unto the church, have all been leveled by the hand of man. The trees through whose spreading branches the rains fell, slowly pattering and weeping with the mourners who came to that spot to bemoan their losses, have all disappeared from the surrounding country; but, within what remains of the former silent city stately oaks, beautiful willows, evergreens and hemlocks have their homes. They too, living now so uncared for and so aimlessly, will soon fall before the relentless ax of progress.

The long, unpared thoroughfare, the country road along which the funeral processions used to drive, is now Seventh street, the principal scene of traffic between the arsenal and the heights north of the city. Adjoining the sacred place, stretching away for half a mile, is a place called Le Droit park, which was purchased some twelve years ago by Ohio's distinguished senator, John Sherman. Even so recently it was properly named a park; but to-day that is a misnomer. The statesman-financier and business man, through an agent, laid it off into town lots, and now it is a village which has become a recognized portion of the city proper. To the south and east of the cemetery we can see electric cars rushing along with overhead trolleys. They have brought into the city that tract of land now known as Eckington, recently a portion of the estate of Kate Chase Sprague. Howard university, established directly north of the ancient burying ground, a school for colored people, has formed the nucleus of a village called Howardtown, and thus the graveyard is surrounded by growth and thrift.

There may be no doubt that after life's fitful fever the loved and lost sleep well, even in that spot so circumscribed by human energies and ambitions. Whether or not by litigation the cardinal may have permission to remove them remains to be seen. But the graveyard, its past and present constitute sufficient food for thought upon the mutability of affairs, the deep impression of the reflection: "How soon we are forgotten when we are gone." SMITH D. FRY.

The Patient Mule.
An English traveler passed through this city recently on his way to London. He spent three months in the United States seeing things. A friend asked what was the most interesting thing he saw in the country, and he answered without hesitation that it was a mule. Then he explained that he had visited certain mines, where mules were used to haul the trams, and their wonderful patience and intelligence had made on him a deep impression. Some of the tunnels were so low that the animals had to hold their heads down and partly stoop to get through, but there never was any trouble. He pointed out a characteristic of the mule that makes him unlike a horse. Many Americans have noticed it. If a horse touches his ears in going under a low bridge or through a tunnel, he will invariably throw his head up and receive a hard knock. When a mule's ears touch anything his head goes down. In some parts of this country it is a high compliment to a man to say that he has as much sense as a mule. —N. Y. Tribune.

IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.

—It is now claimed that there is such a thing as electric sunstroke. The workers around electrical furnaces in which metal aluminum is produced suffer from them. The intense light causes painful congestions, which can not be wholly prevented by wearing deep colored glasses.

—The New York and New Jersey Telephone Co. is said to be issuing a neat advertisement in the shape of handsomely engraved passes which entitle the bearer to conversation over the lines in the territory covered by the company, at any time between 6 o'clock p. m. and midnight.

—They are experimenting with an electric cab in Berlin by having it run races with the ordinary horse cabs. The reports to date seem to show the superiority of the vehicle propelled by electricity. A distance of six English miles was covered by it in twenty minutes, or at the rate of about three minutes a mile.

—With the introduction of the arc lights in the south, it is said that numerous bugs of more or less dangerous species are attracted to the cities. One of these is termed the light electric. It is about an inch and a half long and from a sixteenth to a quarter in thickness, and seems to consist wholly of legs and wings. These have hitherto been considered harmless, but now it is believed that they will bite or sting with direful results. The Electrical Review tells of a case of poisoning occurring by the bite of one of these creatures, which produced great suffering.

—The value of ozone as a purifier, and its manufacture by an electrical process, has been very thoroughly gone into in England. Experiments have been carried on for over a year and a half in one of the large laboratories, which have embraced testing ozone as an exterminator of every conceivable sort of insect, germ and bacteria, as well as determining the exact cost of manufacturing it electrically on a large scale. The results as given out are, on the whole, said to be very satisfactory, and seem to show that by the use of electricity ozone will shortly become a comparatively cheap commercial product.

—Ohio evidently appreciates the trolley better than any other state in the union, for, according to the Electrical Review, there are more lines of electric railway representing a greater amount of capital invested in that state than in any other portion of the country. These roads, it appears, are used for freight and passenger traffic, as United States mail routes, and for carrying people from cities and towns to summer and pleasure resorts. Roads are now contemplated and in course of construction in Ohio, it is said, by which connections can be made so that one may travel from the eastern to the western boundaries of the state.

—The electrical process for the manufacture of diamonds, by which some perfect though minute stones have been made, is thus described: About 200 grammes of a mixture of cast iron and carbonized sugar is placed in a crucible of carbon, resting in a bed of magnesia, the whole being placed in a specially-designed furnace, heated by an electric arc to about 3,000 deg. Centigrade. After five or six minutes' subjection to this intense heat the crucible and its contents are plunged very quickly into cold water. The interior is thus subjected to high pressure, which solidifies the carbon. On dissolving the metal with acid a number of very small diamonds are found.

—A useful form of telephone has been invented, whereby one instrument can be used by persons in different parts of a building, so that communications may be received in and sent from a room in which no telephone is located. Speaking tubes are placed throughout a building, running from a central office. A circuit wire is placed in connection with each tube, and in a guest room, if in a hotel, or office, is a telephone receiver, which, when not in use, hangs from a peg. If this apparatus is used in a hotel, and a call comes to the office telephone for a guest, the clerk calls through the speaking tube to the guest's room that his attention is required. The guest has only to take the receiver from the peg in his room and carry on a conversation the same as if he were directly at the telephone, proper connection having previously been made in the office.

Circumstances Alter Cases.
Farmer's Wife—Well, what do you want?
Tramp (with club)—Wot do I want, eh? I want—
Farmer (appearing unexpectedly)—What are you coming around people's houses for with a big club like that?
Tramp (meekly)—I jus' picked this up to chew on, sir, an' I dropped in to see if th' lady wouldn't give me a little salt to flavor it.—N. Y. Weekly.

Delicate Flattery.
Guest (who is entirely bald)—Here, waiter, take this soup away. Don't you see there is a hair in it?
Waiter—Pardon me, sir, but isn't it possible that that is one of your own hairs?
Guest (aside)—What an admirable flatterer! Really he deserves a pour-boire.—Fliegende Blaetter.

An Authority.
Bessie—I am told that Flora Van Pelt is the sweetest, prettiest, most graceful and accomplished girl in the city.
Kitty—Who says so?
Bessie—She does.—Truth.

Evidence.
"I think Jagger's family knew he was no saint."
"Why?"
"When he died they buried him in a fire-proof casket and put a fan in his hand."—Judge.

Bimetallism.
At San Francisco.—"I had a good idea of bimetallism to-day," said Ikecy Wile to Mosey Jacobs.
"What was it?"
"I saw Solomon Silverstein at the Golden Gate."—Judge.

Be on your Guard.

If some grocers urge another baking powder upon you in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit upon it. This of itself is evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

To insure the finest cake, the most wholesome food, be sure that no substitute for Royal Baking Powder is accepted by you.

Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

ART PATRON.—"Only three hundred francs for a genuine Rembrandt, and so well preserved, too, that it is really very cheap. What does the picture represent?" Broker—"Can't you see! The battle of Sedan, per Bacco!"—Mondo Umrlost.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A PERSON may be completely carried away by a balloon and yet not really enjoy it.—Interior Ocean.

Fortune Seeking Emigrants.
Many a poor family that seeks the western wilds in the hope of winning a fortune, is preserved from that insidious foe of the emigrant and frontiersman—chills and fever—by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. So effectively does it incomparable medicinal defense fortify the system against the combined influence of a malarious atmosphere and miasmata-tainted water, that protected by it the pioneer, the miner or the tourist provided with it, may safely encounter the danger.

HALF the time when a man is considered bad at heart it is his liver instead.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, May 22

CATTLE—Best beefs	4 51 @ 5 35
Sticks	2 91 @ 4 05
Native cows	2 21 @ 4 15
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	6 70 @ 7 37 1/2
WHEAT—No 2 red	80 @ 67
No 2 hard	51 @ 53 1/2
CORN—No 2 mixed	35 @ 33 1/2
OATS—No 2 mixed	23 1/2 @ 23 1/2
RYE—No 2	61 @ 61
FLOUR—Patent, per sack	1 75 @ 2 10
Choice family	91 @ 93
RAY—Choice timothy	8 51 @ 9 00
Fancy prairie	7 00 @ 8 50
BRAN	63 @ 66
BUTTER—Creamery	22 @ 23
CHEESE—Full cream	15 @ 15 1/2
EGGS—Choice	10 @ 10 1/2
POTATOES	75 @ 85

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Natives and shipping	3 50 @ 4 50
Texas	3 75 @ 4 40
HOGS—Heavy	6 00 @ 6 49
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00 @ 5 25
FLOUR—Choice	2 50 @ 3 40
WHEAT—No 2 red	68 @ 69 1/2
CORN—No 2 mixed	34 @ 39 1/2
OATS—No 2 mixed	31 @ 32 1/2
RYE—No 2	19 @ 60
BUTTER—Creamery	22 @ 23
LARD—Western steam	10 25 @ 10 30
PORK	20 91 @ 21 25

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Common to prime	5 00 @ 5 50
HOGS—Packing and shipping	6 51 @ 7 00
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 91 @ 5 25
FLOUR—Winter wheat	3 25 @ 3 80
WHEAT—No 2 red	71 @ 71 1/2
CORN—No 2	41 1/2 @ 42
OATS—No 2	29 1/2 @ 29 1/2
RYE	29 @ 30
BUTTER—Creamery	21 @ 22
LARD	10 70 @ 10 72 1/2
PORK	20 97 @ 21 02 1/2

NEW YORK.

CATTLE—Native steers	3 81 @ 5 50
HOGS—Good to choice	6 50 @ 8 10
FLOUR—Good to choice	3 00 @ 4 45
WHEAT—No 2 red	70 1/2 @ 78 1/2
OATS—Western mixed	30 @ 31 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery	20 @ 20 1/2
PORK—Mess	17 50 @ 22 00

JUST A LITTLE

pain neglected, may become

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO.

Just a little **SPRAIN** may make a cripple.
Just a little **BRUISE** may make serious inflammation.
Just a little **BURN** may make an ugly scar.
Just a little **COST** will get a bottle of **ST. JACOBS OIL,** A PROMPT AND PERMANENT CURE Years of Comfort against Years of Pain for **JUST A LITTLE.**

A copy of the "Official Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition," descriptive of Buildings and grounds, beautifully illustrated in water color effects, will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10c. in postage stamps by THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

RISE SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

With Paste, Kramels, and Prints which stain the hands, follow the Iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

THE BANNER ROUTE

TO THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

All Homes Need

for all home uses

a carton of Home Nails all sizes, a carton of Home Tacks all sizes

All Dealers Sell

for all home uses

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

Beware of Imitations

NOTICE: AUTOCOLOR OF THE GENUINE

Stewart & Hartshorn

Garfield Tea

Overcomes results of bad eating, biliousness, indigestion, constipation, etc.

Cures Sick Headache, Nervous Constipation, Bile, Bilis, Bloating, etc.

Garfield Tea Co., 319 W. 45th St., N.Y.

Cures Constipation

"I thought Tompkins had given up using tobacco!" "He has; he only smokes the cigars his wife gave him for his birthday."

FAT REDUCED

From 15 to 25 lbs. in a month. Harmless treatment by prescription.

O. W. F. SNYDER, M. D., Mail Dept. 24, McVicker's Theater, Chicago, Ill.

DON'T FORGET

That thousands of Tiffin, Ohio, make first-class Machinery and Tools for Boring and DRILLING WELLS.

NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

OPIUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.

DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

PISSA'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Pissa's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. Beware of cheap imitations.

A. N. K.—D 1449

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WHEN YOU BUY A Piece of CHEWING TOBACCO CALL FOR Horse Shoe Plug NO BETTER TOBACCO MADE.

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Directly opposite entrance to World's Fair Grounds Within 300 feet of the 60th St. Depot I. C. R. R. One-half block from Street Cars

OUR EXPOSITION MAP AND PAMPHLET SENT FREE

Fireproof

Built of Steel Beams and Fire-proof Tile. Only three stories high Absolute security against fire

800 Rooms

Each room completely furnished Light, airy. Comfortable rest assured. European Plan Restaurant attached

\$2.00 per Day

For each person, two persons in a room. No Hotel Extortion Rooms may now be secured by mail or telegraph

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THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED SAPOLIO

GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS. SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.

WHO PAYS THE FREIGHT?

All Interest Must Finally Be Paid by Labor, the Creator of All Wealth.

During the last few weeks all the old clap-trap party organs in the country have been loud in bewailing the fact that gold has been slowly and surely slipping over to Europe. Austria recently surrendered to the money power by issuing bonds for \$125,000,000 of gold, which is to be locked up in the treasury. About \$200,000,000 of this sum is being drained from the United States. Some \$5,000,000 in interest will have to be squeezed from Austrian workmen annually to pay for the privilege of pointing to the treasury and saying: "Behold, we are a rich country; see the pile of gold we have!" The first year or two Austria will experience good times; then the reaction sets in. The Snylocks of the money centers will clip their gold interest-bearing coupons and receive their pounds of flesh; their organs will blame the increasing destitution to the tariff and throw dust in the eyes of the people by shouting patriotism, and sham battles on the tariff question will be fought yearly with ballots; the money kings will smile approvingly, contribute to campaign expenses, and the subsidized press will continue its lying, all of which the party idiots will swallow and work, work, work on. And strikes and riots and boycotts and starvation and all the devil's own miseries will soon be multiplied. In ten or twelve years the laborers of Austria, their homes and the largest part of their earnings will be controlled by the holders of gold by law—unless the social revolution shall have taken place, which the foremost thinkers of Europe predict is imminent.

"Issue more bonds," howl the prostituted organs of the money centers, "and keep gold in the country!" Is this a question that should receive the attention of every member of organized labor, be he politically a democrat, republican or a people's party man? Is it worth while throwing prejudice aside and looking at the facts fairly? What does the issuance of more bonds mean? The president of the United States favors the idea, and it is right that the working people, whose labor must pay all taxes, all interest and all debts of every kind, should know what is going on. Sixty-five billion dollars' worth of wealth was created by labor in the year 1892 in this country, or about \$10 per day for every man who worked. Average wages received by labor was barely one-tenth that sum, according to government statistics. So it would seem that this is a matter of importance to labor, and should be considered at union meetings and outside of union meetings, more so than a question of a five or ten per cent. raise or reduction. And the man who would decry a discussion of this great problem would be better outside of a union, for he is an enemy to himself, to his family, to labor, and on par with a scab. An intelligent, universal understanding of this matter would mean a ninety per cent. increase of wages, and that is what labor reformers are working for, and that is what no democrat or republican workingman would refuse to accept.

To the point: How is labor deprived of nine-tenths of the wealth it creates? One word covers the question: Debt. Debt, public and private! A child is born from debt, but as soon as it grows old enough to work it commences to pay debts and continues doing so until it reaches the grave. Interest or rent is debt. At the present rate of interest the principal loaned doubles in ten or twelve years or less. Ninety per cent. of the business of the country is done on paper—debt. Labor pays the bill. Why, the gamblers and speculators even build debts upon wheat and corn and other cereals while yet in the ground, upon pork and beef before they reach a market, upon the products of the shop and factory before they are finished. Trusts and combines force prices up on the one hand and wages down on the other, thus crowding labor closer to the wall. Interest, as stated, doubling the principal every ten years, extorts from labor that amount, for it can come from no other source. Every new debt created, either public or private, means another burden for labor's broad back. If no more debts were created, and we figure on the wages received now, considering the expense of government and for sustaining life, it would take over 250 years to pay the debts of this country. Common sense and reason should teach us that it is foolhardy to try to stem this tide of extortion by industrial strikes and boycotts as it would be to expect the law of gravitation to make water run up a hill. This question is deeper; it lies under the surface; it must be treated politically.—Cleveland Citizen.

LABOR BEARS THE BURDEN.

Demote the Precious Metals and Give Us Paper Money that No Other Nation Wants.

With a steady flow of gold to foreign marts to liquidate the balance of trade, the natural tendency is toward a stringent market and a panicky feeling among manufacturers. Capital, in sympathy with a short gold supply, makes a necessity out of an opportunity and takes occasion to drive what it calls a "safety screw" a turn or two deeper into a firm holding place, and demands of employers of labor a higher rate of interest and an increased margin of security for loans advanced.

To protect profit margins manufacturers and other employes scale down wages, or shorten hours of labor at less pay, so labor bears the whole burden of increased compensation to capital and reduced compensation for time and skill. What the country needs is a greater consumption of homemade goods, and a decreased importation of foreign goods produced by under-paid laborers and mechanics.—Des Moines Artisan.

To Amalgamate.

Steps are being taken to amalgamate the international association of machinists, the international brotherhood of boiler-makers and the international blacksmiths' union. The matter will come up at the convention at Indianapolis early next month.

LET US HAVE A CHANGE.

Why Not Labor Call a Halt and Refuse to Work Any Longer for a Bare Subsistence?

The first day of May, 1900, should be fixed upon as the time for changing the present industrial system. Affairs between capital and labor are rushing rapidly to a destructive crisis, and some definite national policy must be quickly decided upon, toward which all scattered and otherwise dangerous energies can be massed.

This policy is for the working classes to determine that on the first of May, 1900, all owning managers of industry shall be changed into managing partners with the workers, the workers becoming joint owners with the managers and the managers becoming merely their representatives.

There are seven years in which to prepare for this change. The owners and managers should be invited to meet with the workers to organize the details of the new system. Many would immediately and gladly respond, and these in conference with the working people would frame plans to which other managers would consent upon undertaking them. The best of the managers would not wait until the year 1900 before establishing the partnership, and when the movement began many would be converted to it whom paper plans could not convince. In less than seven years more than half the industries of the country might be partnership industries.

Only one thing is necessary for this result—the working people must firmly resolve that after April, 1900, they will not work under the present organization of industry. If they are by that time united in this purpose selfish capitalists who have not voluntarily accepted the partnership plan, will be constrained to yield. If they cannot get men to work for them their plant will spoil.

The first step to this end is to form a society embracing as many citizens, men and women, of this country as wish to secure the inevitable industrial revolution accomplished peacefully. Every working man and woman will be of this number. They wish their fair share of the product of their industry; they also wish to obtain it without the shedding of blood. They will, therefore, join in the support of this peaceful method. All intelligent people of every class will join it, for they are coming to see that society must be reorganized from its base to satisfy the modern sense of justice or even to survive.

Society must be saved from chaos by a strong, sufficient effort. Therefore let meetings be held to organize this movement, let societies be everywhere founded with this clear aim in view, to make the working people partners in all industries in the year 1900.

Other and further developments of the industrial revolution can be accomplished afterwards or at the same time. This will be a tangible beginning, broad enough not only for all progressive forces thus far organized to unite upon, but broad enough for those unorganized up to this time; sufficiently evolutionary and sufficiently revolutionary for the next seven years. While working for their own specific ends, as before, reformers can co-operate for this common end.

This plan has little machinery. Social leaders can establish societies where they are, over the whole country, and these can afterward be federated with some central direction.

To hold the object clearly in mind is all that is necessary for this organization. But as many circumstances are driving labor to frenzy, the time for immediate and universal action has come.—Morrison I. Swift, in Cleveland Citizen.

Commenting upon the above the Citizen says, editorially:

"We call the attention of our readers to an article in this number by Mr. Morrison I. Swift on the question of making workingmen partners in all industries on May 1, 1900. We are not sanguine that all industries will become co-operative on the date mentioned, but Mr. Morrison's plan has the merit of being definite and a beginning in the right direction. If the workingmen of America quit work on April 30, 1900, and refused to work the next day, unless they are made partners in the concerns in which they are employed, the movement would very likely be successful; and it is possible that such a movement, if undertaken in an earnest and vigorous spirit by organized labor, can be consummated in seven years. The one great need of the labor organizations of the country is something definite to struggle for. Half their energies are wasted in struggling for something that is rather obscure even to themselves. Of course they are united in demanding increased wages or resisting a reduction. But their aims and objects should be broader than this; they should attempt something that promises to settle the social problem, or leads in that direction, instead of hacking away at the branches of the social evil. We, therefore, hope that our readers will give Mr. Morrison's article careful perusal and discuss it earnestly in their unions."

Concessions Made.

Carpenters at New Orleans, Providence, R. I.; Cincinnati, Chillicothe, Fostoria and Lockland, O.; Wheeling and Charlesburg, W. Va.; Santa Cruz and Pasadena, Cal.; Chicago, Ottawa and Venice, Ill.; Easton, Pa.; Rockland, Me.; and Manchester, N. H., recently secured concessions, such as shorter hours, more wages or employment of union men only. Seven new unions were organized during the last month.

Favoring Reforms.

Supreme council of Patrons of Industry met at Detroit and resolved in favor of all the reforms advocated by organized labor relating to land, finance and transportation. Also want rigid alien control of liquor, the single tax system, and other minor reforms.

Labor in Switzerland.

The national brotherhood of labor in Switzerland represents 130,000 members. It held an eight-hour demonstration a few days ago.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

If Contempt Were Ipeaca the Judges Are Supplying Enough to Vomit the World.

Judge Billings, of the United States court for the eastern district of Louisiana, recently fulminated a decision against the workmen's amalgamated council of New Orleans, of special and vital importance to workmen throughout the country.

The case with which the eminent Billings wrestled grew out of a disagreement as to wages and hours of labor between warehousemen of New Orleans and the principal drymen and their subordinates. The facts showed that the wages were degradingly low and the hours of work shamefully excessive, and that the employers resisted every peaceable effort on the part of the men to establish justice and fair dealing. Having exhausted all the means at their command to adjust the trouble and failed, they concluded to strike. The cause being just, the workmen of New Orleans sympathized with them and therefore the amalgamated council of New Orleans issued a call to all union men to stop work and assist with their presence and open support, the purpose being to impress upon all concerned the fact that all the labor unions in New Orleans were united. This call on the part of the amalgamated council alarmed merchants and business men, for they saw it would have a serious effect on business—in a word, that it would put a stop to business—but, instead of agreeing to pay fair wages and require a less number of hours for a day's work, they fly to the courts where they find a judge ready and willing to do their bidding, and the judge immediately finds some sort of a law in the interest of capital and opposed to labor, and in this case the act of congress upon which the judge based his decision was declared "to protect trade and commerce from unlawful restraint and monopolies," being the anti-trust act.

The persons who appealed to the judge made a grand flourish of alarming statements. They "alleged in substance that there was a gigantic and widespread combination of the members of a multitude of separate organizations for the purpose of restraining the commerce among the several states and with foreign nations, and that in consequence thereof the whole business of the city of New Orleans was paralyzed."

In such statements the alarmed merchants and business men, declare, unwittingly perhaps, a fact of tremendous significance, that it is labor and only labor that carries forward the business enterprises of the country; and yet, when labor, impoverished and oppressed, seeks, by the only means at its command, to secure justice, the courts are called upon to strike it down in the hour of victory and return it to its old conditions of toil and degradation. Such appeals and such decisions are full of danger. They unite workmen closer in the bonds of union, as does tyranny always and everywhere, while it intensifies their hostility and hatred of despotism; and when the day comes, and it seems to be coming, that workmen must hold their council in secret places to deliberate upon their rights and the wrongs to which exerts or catiffs of any rank subject them, the time will have come to write the epitaph of the public. Judge Billings doubtless chuckled over his decision and employers took delight in seeing their employees intimidated and crushed; but should the time come when an amalgamated council, not of New Orleans but of the country, calls out union men to assist with their "open support" these wronged fellow-workmen, Judge Billings and all other judges will find their orders detroning the rights of workmen of as little avail as would be a tin whistle in drowning the roar of Niagara, or a straw in staying the gulf stream.

Counsel for the workmen presented to Judge Billings numerous and cogent reasons why his restraining orders should not issue, all of which the judge brushed aside, deciding that the provisions of the anti-trust act supplied him with all the law he wanted. He said:

"I think the congressional debates show that the statute had its origin in the evils of massed capital, but when the congress came to formulate the prohibition, which is the yardstick for measuring the complainant's right to the injunction, it expressed it in these words: 'Every contract or combination in the form of trust or otherwise in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states or with foreign nations is hereby declared to be illegal.' The subject has been broadened in the hands of the legislators that the source of the evil was not regarded as material, and the evil in its entirety is dealt with. They made the interdiction include combinations of labor as well as of capital; in fact all combinations in restraint of commerce without reference to the character of the persons who entered into them. It is true this statute has not been much expounded by judges, but it seems to me to mean as far as relates to the sort of combinations to which it is to apply is manifest, and that it includes combinations which are composed of laborers acting in the interest of laborers."

Here, then, a labor organization becomes a trust within the meaning of the law, and is, therefore, unlawful, and workmen are capitalists within the meaning of the law, and in combining their capital become law breakers. It is no wonder that judges are sensitive about "contempt" since by all the gods, if contempt were ipeaca, the judges are supplying enough to vomit the world.—Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

Not Dead.

"The eight-hour movement is dead at Cleveland?"—Many Exchanges. That's a blanketed falsehood "blasted" by the nincompoop editor of the labor column of the New York Press from the associated press sources traceable to the rattle of the Cleveland Leader, a paper sired by monopoly and damned by old Ben Wade and every union man in the state of Ohio.—Cleveland Citizen.

Fighting Labor's Demands.

It is understood that the Ohio mine operators have signed an agreement to resist any demand made for an advance in wages, and the Pittsburgh Labor Tribune wants to know whether this is "conspiracy, treason, disorderly conduct, or what?" It is neither; only business—that's all.

FATAL FLEETS.

Ten Men Perish in Attempting to Escape from Forest Fires in Michigan—A Farmer's Family Burned.

LAKESIDE, Mich., May 22.—A forest fire destroyed Louis Sands' lumber camp near here. Out of a total crew of sixty men forty-nine escaped uninjured. One, Edward Sullivan, was seriously injured and ten are dead. Of these eight took refuge in a well and were cremated there by the timber and curbing falling in on them and burning. Two tried to run the gauntlet and were burned to a crisp. The dead are:

Michael G. Pagen, Charles G. Taylor, James Hugh, Edward Roobach, married; Samuel Campbell, foreman of camp; John Hill, Fred Sager, Hans Jacobson, married; Frank Sangren, Mike Mulholland.

The property loss consisted of sixteen horses, forty hogs, camp tools, etc., also eleven cars loaded with hogs owned by the Thayer Lumber Co. The men were assembled at dinner and the forest fire, which was burning all around, entirely cut off all escape. When the men, realizing their danger, rushed out of the building in which they had been sitting, the smoke so blinded them they became bewildered. They ran hither and thither, unable to find a means of escape, and their horses stampeded, owing to the confusion. Eight of the men jumped into a well to escape the flames and there died of suffocation. Their bodies were brought to the surface today. Others of the men rushed to the woods and some of them thus escaped, but the bodies of two of them were afterward found burned to a crisp. One man reached Lake City terribly burned and there died in fearful agony. Eight teams of horses were cremated. The bodies of the burned have been brought to this city, where they await burial. Most of the unfortunate were strangers here and the bodies will be shipped to friends, where known. The fire in the timber near the camp of Blodgett, Cummer & Diggins is under control and no further damage is feared there.

Fire broke out near Tustin, and ran two and a half miles in eight minutes. The farm-house of a man named Anderson was destroyed. Mrs. Anderson and her two children perished in the house. The saw-mill boarding house belonging to Edgar Morgareidge, on the Toledo & Ann Arbor siding, four miles from here, was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$4,000; no insurance.

PERISHED.

Sad Fate of a Party of Prospectors in Mexico—Suffering in a Desert.

MANUELLO, Mexico, May 22.—Francis Banada, a prominent rancher who lives north of here near San Juan Sabinas, has arrived at Manuello and brings the first news of the terrible fate of a party of five mining prospectors, who left here four weeks ago for the Sierra San Vicente mountains in the northwestern part of this state near the Texas boundary. There have been many reports circulated in this part of Mexico for several months past of the famous mineral wealth to be found in those mountains, and a party of young men, consisting of C. H. Lorian, B. W. Knapp, both Americans, Cecilia Martinez, Eustacio Lojada and Jesus Guerrero organized themselves into a band to try their luck in the reported Eldorado.

The course of their journey lay through a desert for 150 miles and on the third day after leaving Santa Rosa their water supply gave out and their team of horses was left behind to its fate. For six days the men lived on the juice of the maguey plant. On the seventh day two of the Mexicans were driven crazy by the heat and thirst, broke away from their companions and soon became lost in the desert. Other members of the party gradually lost their strength and were left behind to die. The only man that came out of the terrible ordeal alive was Mr. Knapp, who on the tenth day reached the San Jose Piedras ranch, where he received water and kind treatment. On regaining his strength he was escorted to San Juan Sabinas by a different route than the one which had proved fatal to his companions. He is now resting at the ranch of Mr. Banada and will soon take his departure for his old home in the United States.

Mishap to Women.

CHICAGO, May 21.—The close of the great congress of women was marred by a sad mishap in which eight women were seriously and many others slightly hurt. A section of floor, 20x30 feet in extent, forming an entrance to Washington hall in the Art Institute suddenly gave way under the crush of women anxious to listen to the addresses on the ethics of dress, and fell to the ground, a distance of 12 feet, and seventy-five panic-stricken women went with it. The cries of thousands of women already assembled contributed to the excitement that followed as cries of pain and terror arose from the collapsed section. After the nearly four score of women had been extricated it was found that about eight women had been seriously injured, but none of them fatally.

Steamships Warned Off.

PANAMA, May 22.—The government of Nicaragua notified the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. that their vessels must not stop at San Juan while that port is in the hands of the revolutionists, but it may land passengers, mail and freight at Corinto. No movements of importance are being attempted by the revolutionists, as they are waiting for more arms and ammunition.

Watching the Chinamen.

PIEDRAS NEGRAS, Mex., May 22.—A party of Chinese, numbering 250, arrived here last night from the interior of Mexico, and this morning they divided into squads and left for points up and down the river. It is believed that it is their intention to smuggle themselves into the United States, and that they were brought here by an agent for that purpose. The United States authorities will keep a close guard of the river, and while a few of the Chinese may be successful in getting into the United States, the majority of them will be captured if they attempt it.

SAGINAW SCORCHED.

Destructive Fire at Saginaw, Mich.—Panics Among the People.

SAGINAW, Mich., May 22.—The fire Saturday night started in Sample & Camp's mill plant, thence communicated to the eastern end of the Bristol street bridge, thence northeast from the corner of Tilden and Bristol streets for a distance of a mile in length and four or five blocks in width. The scene was one of indescribable excitement, people becoming frenzied in their desire to remove their household effects from the devouring element, which rushed madly on its journey of destruction, burning everything in its path. Drays, delivery, wood, ice and coal wagons, buggies, hand carts, cabs and everything in the shape of a vehicle were pressed into service to move household goods beyond the reach of the fire. Vehicles loaded with household goods drawn by horses on a frantic run were rushing in all directions to places beyond the reach of the levastating flames, and vacant lots were soon occupied by household goods. In many instances these precautions were unavailing, as property after being removed to places of safety was found by the fire and destroyed.

All the hacks in the city were pressed into the service to remove the invalids, old people, ladies and children to places of safety, and the scene was one which will be long remembered by those who witnessed it. Many people became frightened without cause and removed their furniture, only to have the trouble of moving it back when all danger had passed. The body of the man supposed to be John Clark, who perished, was identified as Robert Turner, aged 89 years. He was feeble and resided with his daughter, Mrs. Charles Holland. Clark is still unaccounted for.

Prominent citizens met at the club house last evening at which a plan was formulated for the people of Saginaw to take care of the needy ones and no appeal will be made for outside aid. A committee placed the number of buildings destroyed at 275, and the total loss sustained \$900,000. Two of the agents of insurance companies holding risks have not yet made out losses of individual companies, and it is impossible as yet to give a correct list of the companies represented. The total insurance will aggregate about \$600,000.

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

The New York World Claims That It Will Not Be Antagonistic to Democrats.

NEW YORK, May 22.—The World, in its editorial page, prints the following in double-leaded type from its Washington correspondent:

The president's civil service policy has not changed since it was announced in the World on Saturday, May 13. A malicious report to the contrary was invented by a newspaper openly hostile to Mr. Cleveland and really antagonistic to the democratic party. Mr. Cleveland has no intention of refusing to make appointments for political reasons. He will not make appointments for political reasons, unless offensive partisanship is charged and proved. He will make and countenance, however, a good many removals and every vacancy created will be filled by a democrat.

Mr. Cleveland in his last administration experienced great trouble from the partisanship of bureau and division chiefs. Men whom he had retained in office did their utmost to embarrass his administration. They were willing to risk their places for the purpose of discrediting the democratic administration. They were not civil service reformers. They were politicians, appointed for partisan reasons under the spoils system. They hoped for preferment and promotion by aiding the return of a republican president. Some of these men were in office when Mr. Cleveland returned to Washington. A few of them have been dismissed and others will be. There is to be a great reform of this kind in the service. It is based on sound business principles. The president and the members of his cabinet are determined to have subordinates on whom they can rely in confidential positions.

Mr. Cleveland has not yet considered any changes in the civil service rules. That may come later, but no such intention has been attributed to Mr. Cleveland, of putting all minor appointments under a commission and establishing a permanent tenure is entertained by him. He authorizes the statement that he will not be the New York Sun says of his intentions can be accurate.

NO SUNDAY OPENING.

The Government Prepared to Interfere if Necessary.

WASHINGTON, May 21.—To John Willis Baer, of Boston, secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, who called upon Attorney-General Olney in regard to points in law and the government's relation to the Columbian exposition, the attorney-general said that as all appropriations made for the world's fair were made upon the condition that the exposition should not be open to the public on Sunday, it would be the duty of the world's Columbian commission, created by congress April 25, 1890, to make such rules and modifications of the rules of the Columbian exposition as should require the closing of the exposition on Sunday. Fifteen days ago, having been led to think by the press dispatches and other reports that the district attorney at Chicago might be waiting for some word from him, he informed that official that he expected him to act in the matter of restraining the managers from opening Sunday by enforcing the law, if their attitude at any time should require such action. The district attorney replied at once that he had expected to act promptly and in accordance with instructions and would advise the attorney-general of any move on the part of the exposition managers that would make such a step necessary. Nothing had been received from the district attorney since that time, nor had any further word gone from the attorney-general to Chicago in relation to the matter.

Killed by a Burglar.

ST. LOUIS, May 22.—At Woodstock, a suburb of this city, just before dawn this morning, Benjamin McCullough, paying teller of the State bank of St. Louis, was shot and killed by a burglar. He had heard the burglar arising to protect his property, secured a shotgun. The burglar followed him to the yard, where a scuffle followed, in which the length of the shotgun prevented its use, while the burglar's revolver came into play and a bullet was sent crashing into McCullough's brain. The murderer escaped, but the police are on his trail and hope to capture him.

SALE RATIFIED.

Conclusion of the Sale of the Cherokee Strip—The Papers Signed.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—A distinct step forward toward the opening of the Cherokee strip to settlement was taken yesterday afternoon, when Secretary Hoke Smith, on the part of the United States, and Chief Harris and the other delegates, on the part of the Cherokee nation, affixed their signatures to the contract which ratifies the cession of the strip to the United States. The exact number of acres ceded is 6,022,754.

Secretary Smith said that he hoped, by expediting in every possible way the preparation for the opening of the strip, to have everything in readiness for the president's proclamation on September 15, but there are few who have given the situation careful study who think the strip can be opened that soon and indeed there are not wanting those who fully believe that the tactics of delay being used so successfully by the schemers who are looking for a chance to line their pockets in the deal will prevent the opening until next spring.

It was 4 o'clock when Chief Harris, Treasurer Starr, Maj. Lipe and J. T. Cunningham met by appointment at the office of Secretary Smith, and with little delay the contract was signed.

All the legislative proceedings with relation to the opening of the strip are set out at length. It is agreed that the 1895 payment of \$1,600,000, shall be withheld to wait the adjudication of the claims of Delaware and Shawnee Indians and freedmen. The Cherokee nation is to issue bonds for the remaining four annual payments in the same sum and the United States to guarantee the payment of principal and interest at 4 per cent.

PATENT OFFICE SCANDALS.

Formal Charges Preferred Against the Ex-Commissioner.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—The rumors which have been in circulation in the interior department during the last several weeks seriously questioning the official integrity of W. E. Symonds, the late commissioner of patents, took tangible form to-day by the filing of formal charges against Mr. Symonds and Foster and Freeman, the attorneys in this city for the Bell Telephone Co., alleging improper inspection of the secret files in the celebrated Drawbaugh telephone cases and the unlawful taking of copies thereof for the private use of Mr. Symonds and of the Bell Telephone Co.

Inclusion in this matter, which also involves the official conduct of Chief Clerk Bennett of the patent office, is charged and the commissioner is requested to issue a rule upon Symonds and Foster and Freeman to show cause why they should not be disbursed from practicing before the patent office.

The petitioners are Messrs. Church & Church, who stand high among the patent lawyers of this city. One month ago they sent a communication to Commissioner Seymour embodying these allegations in a general way, without, however, specifying names, and asked that an investigation be had. Up to this time no reply as to the commissioner's findings had been received.

FATAL EXPLOSION.

Six Persons Killed and Another Fatally Scalded.

GENEVA, Ill., May 18.—C. I. Pope's gluecase factory was the scene of a most disastrous explosion by which six persons lost their lives and one man was fatally scalded.

The killed are: Victor Anderson, Louis Schultz, Fred Storm, F. Lund, Alfred Anderson, J. Danielson. Fatally injured: J. Kalberg. Seriously hurt: William Pratt.

The factory was a large four story structure and there were eighty employees in the building at the time, most of whom escaped with only slight injuries.

The explosion occurred in a generator and scattered things right and left. The shock was a terrific one and was felt throughout a radius of three miles. That more lives were not lost borders on the miraculous.

CHECK RAISING.

Swindlers Defted Two St. Louis Banks in the Same Way They Did Banks at Kansas City.

ST. LOUIS, May 18.—Both the Fourth National and the Laclede National banks are out \$1,485 each by raised drafts cashed by them the past week. The method employed is the same as that by which the Kansas City banks were beaten out of \$5,000.

The St. Louis banks were victimized through their Springfield, Mo., correspondents. On April 19 the Springfield bank gave a draft on the Fourth National for \$15 and one on the Laclede National for the same amount, made payable to bearer. The drafts, it is claimed by banking people, were sight drafts and turned up in St. Louis through the clearing house a few days ago, and upon being checked up were found to have been raised to \$1,500 each and the date changed to April 28.

A Cup Defender Launched.

Bristol, R. I., May 18.—The cup defender Colonia, was launched successfully at 7 o'clock last night. The event was witnessed by many prominent yachting people. There was no christening. The launching of this boat is important from the fact that she will be the first of the cup defenders to go abroad. She greatly resembles the lines of the Navahoe. She is a keel boat, fifty tons of lead being bolted on the keel.

Will Be Enforced.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—Congressman Caminetti, of California, had a short conference with the president yesterday morning and left the White house feeling assured that it was the intention of the president to see that the Chinese restriction act was enforced. Mr. Caminetti denied that it would take anything like the sum of money that has been mentioned to enforce the act, for the reason that those Chinese entitled to remain would have to secure their certificates at their own expense, and that those against whom the law is really aimed will be frightened out of the country.