

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

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

VOL. XVII.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1891.

NUMBER 34.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

Summary of the Daily News.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

MAJ. P. H. DOWNING, collector of San Pedro, Cal., died recently. He is the fourth collector under this administration to die just when entering upon the duties of his office.

The Italian consul at New Orleans, Signor Corte, has been notified to return home in order to furnish the Italian government with an exact account of the events which have taken place since the murder of Chief of Police Hennessy.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY SPAULDING has informed an Ohio firm that in the opinion of the treasury department the term "horses" as used in paragraph 247 of the act of October 1, 1890, includes Shetland ponies.

The last of the troops gathered at the time of the Sioux outbreak have been ordered to return to their former posts.

SECRETARY FOSTER has decided to reduce the forces employed in collecting the customs so as to avoid a deficiency. Boston will first feel the cut.

The United States government will keep a considerable naval force in Chilean waters during the present troubles.

STATE department officials deny that there has been any suggestion of arbitration between the United States and Italy. The matter has not gone that far as yet.

R. C. DUNCAN, of Washington, aged 27, was recently detected in the act of murdering his wife on Mount Snowden, in Wales. The woman was unconscious, her head being badly fractured. Duncan was said to be well connected in Washington.

GREEN B. RAUM, Jr., has resigned his position in the pension bureau.

SECRETARY FOSTER has notified the collector of customs at Philadelphia to dispense with ten of his weighers and has also directed the appraiser to reduce his force.

The president returned to Washington exactly on schedule time from his southern and western trip on the 15th. He had made 130 speeches since he left the capital April 14 and took an opportunity to make an even 140 as he reached home.

JUSTICE BREWER, of the United States supreme court, has allowed a writ of error to issue in the case of the contested governorship of Nebraska.

THE EAST.

The Lumber Trade association has commenced the lockout and boycott which, its members assert, will cause a total cessation of building operations in New York before long.

The fifteenth annual convention of the millers' national association began in New York on the 11th with a large attendance.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND addressed the democracy at Buffalo, N. Y., on the night of the 12th, denouncing the alleged extravagance of the last congress as a menace to the nation.

FIFTY of the leading millers of America have sailed from New York for a two month business trip in Europe.

ALL the cigarmakers of New Hampshire have struck or are preparing to strike for increased wages.

At Albany, N. Y., while laying a carpet, William J. Murphy had his mouth full of tacks. Something caused him to laugh and several went into his lungs. His death was almost certain.

GEN. LEMUEL TODD, a noted lawyer and a pioneer republican of Carlisle, Pa., is dead.

LEVY BROS. & Co., one of the largest wholesale clothing firms on lower Broadway, New York, closed their doors on the 12th, owing more than \$800,000.

The strike of machinists at the National tube works, Pittsburgh, Pa., after fifteen weeks ended in favor of the men.

PHILADELPHIANS have completed all the arrangements for a bourse on the European plan. It will be housed in an eleven story building to cost \$2,000,000.

The Belmont oil works, Philadelphia, have been destroyed by fire.

A DISPATCH from Punxsutawney, Pa., says that sixty miles of forest land were on fire.

SIX men were severely burned by an explosion of gas in a sewer in New York City.

THE WEST.

The Belden Motor & Manufacturing Co. of Chicago has assigned with \$175,000 liabilities and unscheduled assets. Cause, two bad fires.

The strike on the Midland railroad in Indiana is extending. A passenger train was stopped at New Bross and service is now completely blocked.

E. M. WILSON, an old miner and prospector of New Mexico, was shot dead by assassins at Las Placitas, N. M.

The world's fair labor committee has decided to take prompt action to compel the fair directors to agree to fix a minimum rate of wages.

ALL the carpenters of Duluth and other lake cities of Minnesota have decided to strike June 1, unless granted a nine hour day.

The opera house, four warehouses and two dwellings in Plano, Ill., were burned the other day.

ALL the section hands between Stevens' Point and Chippewa Falls, Wis., are on a strike for ten cents a day more.

EIGHT more soldiers have been arrested by the military authorities for complicity in the lynching of Hunt at Walla Walla, Wash. This makes sixteen in custody.

The National Brotherhood of Boiler Makers, in session in Indianapolis, has adopted a system of apprenticeship.

FRANK and Harris Burns, convicts in the penitentiary at Jeffersonville, Ind., sawed their way from their cells and escaped.

Two men were killed near Florissant, Col., by being struck by a train while riding on a hand car.

The grand jury of Meade county, S. D., has returned five indictments for murder against the assailants of Few Tails, a friendly Indian, and his band, killed last winter by cowboys when on a hunting expedition.

The Iowa coal mine strikers are estimated to number 10,750.

THE SOUTH.

MRS. BELL, a young woman, has been whipped to death by whitecaps at Ducktown, Tenn. Three of the Bell boys, who were fired on, will die of their wounds. Much excitement existed over the affair.

THREE men and a boy were killed by a boiler explosion at Wilson's sawmill near Germania, W. Va.

REV. J. P. MORTON, of the Methodist Episcopal church at Lake Charles, La., was run over and killed on the Kansas City & Watkins railroad. He was lately from Michigan.

The 100th anniversary of the first meeting of the legislature of South Carolina, at Columbia, began on the 13th.

KINGMAN won the Kentucky derby at Louisville on the 13th.

SENATOR ARTHUR P. M. GORMAN, Maryland's senior representative in the upper house of congress, has been presented with a superb silver service of sixty pieces in honor of his efforts in the defeat of the elections bill.

ALL the drivers and handlers of the Adams Co. at Louisville, Ky., have struck. This was the result of the recent order requesting their employees to furnish bond. The strike was likely to spread over the country.

JOHN YOUNG BROWN, ex-congressman, has been nominated by the Kentucky democrats for governor.

REV. THOMAS F. GAYLOR, chancellor of the University of the South, has been elected Episcopal bishop of Georgia.

RUFUS MOORE was publicly hanged before 5,000 people at Trenton, Ga., for the murder of a rival in love.

ONE school boy was fatally injured and four badly hurt in Birmingham, Ala., by the fall of a lot of bricks from a building next to the school.

GENERAL.

FINANCIAL matters were reported more quiet at Lisbon.

GREEKS in the island of Corfu continue excesses against the Jews.

JEWISH refugees in Austria showed no sign of grief on hearing of the czar-witch's misfortune in Japan.

THERE was an unconfirmed report on the 13th that the Charleston had met and sunk the Itata.

A GOVERNMENT magazine in County Down, Ireland, was exploded by dynamite recently. The authorities were looking for a suspected Dutchman.

A REVOLT is reported in Dutch Guiana. An anti-European riot occurred at Woo Hoo, China. The Catholic mission and several houses were burned.

The Belgian government has threatened to expel Gen. Boulanger from the country unless he is silent on political matters.

The South Wales miners' conference, by a vote 57 to 27, has resolved to continue the agitation for a working day of eight hours.

A GENERAL strike of ironworkers has been ordered throughout Belgium.

PRESIDENT HIPPOLYTE of Hayti, while in company with a few officers was fired upon by concealed assassins near Jaemel. Two of his companions were killed, but the president escaped. So did the assassins.

The Prince of Wales is suffering from influenza.

The National Press, of Dublin, says that Lord Wolsley sees no danger in home rule.

The British ship Mentena was sunk during a dense fog off the coast of France the other day. No lives were lost.

It is reported that a great syndicate has been formed in England and France to control the California brandy trade.

DESPITE all the efforts of the government to stamp out the disease, trichinosis continues to exist in some parts of Germany. Six persons have recently died from the malady in Meiningen and fourteen more are suffering from its attacks.

It is learned that two more Jews have been murdered at Corfu and that bodies of several Jews who died at that place from starvation lie unburied. It is also learned that the troops continue to keep a cordon about the Ghetto, or Hebrew quarter.

The switchmen on the Chicago & Northwestern were paid off and suddenly discharged on the morning of the 14th. The company had been preparing for a step of the kind for some time. Announcement was made that discrimination would be made in re-engagement.

The United States legation in London officially states that there are in the Bank of England no large sums of money awaiting claimants. The total amount in chancery belonging to unknown persons is less than \$5,000,000.

W. J. BENDALL, governor of the colony of Barbadoes, has addressed a letter to Lord Knutsford, secretary of state for the colonies, in London, in which he urges the establishment of a reciprocity treaty between Barbadoes and the United States.

It was owing to misapprehension that the work of expelling the Jews from Moscow was suspended. They are again being driven out daily, although less force is applied.

It is said the assassins of Minister Bellicheff, of Bulgaria, have been captured in Roumania.

As a result of the investigation made into the anti-Hebrew troubles at Corfu, the governor of that island and the mayor of Corfu, its capital, have been dismissed. Greek warships having infantry on board have been sent to Corfu.

WHILE the kaiser was driving to Potsdam in the carriage presented to him by the czar, the horses balked and the carriage collided with a tree. The kaiser was falling out when his adjutant caught him in his arms and saved him from injury.

GEN. WELLS LEGGET, the noted patent lawyer and once president of the Brush Electric Light Co., is dead.

A TOBACCO smuggler near the frontier at Gibraltar was shot dead by the guards. The inhabitants of the neighboring villages, who are in sympathy with the smugglers, attacked the guards, wounding two of them. The officials returned the fire, killing two villagers and wounding many others. The guards were in the employ of the tobacco company.

SEVERAL lively battles between workmen and police occurred in Brussels. Many men were arrested.

BULGARIA denies that any peaceful Russians have been expelled.

EIGHTY-FOUR members of the British parliament are suffering from la grippe.

VARNISHING day in the Paris salon on the Champ de Mars was a brilliant success. The crowd was enormous.

On the Dnieper river in Russia a flat boat containing a number of workmen collided with a steamer bound up the stream and sank almost immediately, drowning nineteen of its occupants. The captain of the steamer is blamed for the accident.

BUSINESS failures (Dun's report) for the seven days ended May 14 numbered 337, compared with 242 the previous week and 312 the corresponding week of last year.

By an explosion in the Moss colliery at Ashton-under-Lyne, England, one workman was killed and a number seriously injured.

The Fanfulla of Rome violently denounces the Louisiana authorities and condemns the New Orleans grand jury's reply to Consul Corte's letter.

The influenza epidemic is seriously increased in the south of Russia. In Russian Poland the disease has decimated the population of many villages.

BALMACEDA's troops have been defeated again by the congress forces in Chili and the commander put to death.

The combine has decided to restrict the production of anthracite coal and advance prices \$1 a ton October 1.

The mikado's physician reports that the czar-witch's wound is trifling.

ALGERIA is again devastated by locusts. A caravan from Morocco traversed through swarms of locusts for thirty-two days.

THE LATEST.

The president has commuted to imprisonment for life at hard labor the three Navassa rioters sentenced by the circuit court of Maryland to be hanged.

President Harrison said: "I have examined with care the papers submitted in these cases and am not willing that the death sentence should be executed."

The forcible expulsion of ex-Queen Natalie from Serbia was prevented by students, who took her from the grounds fired upon the ex-queen's supporters, killing two and wounding many.

The Italian government has taken steps to prevent the emigration of young persons.

A FEARFUL tail end collision occurred on the Louisville & Nashville road on the 18th near Pheasant station, fifty-two miles north of Birmingham, Ala., between two freights. Engineer D. Edmunds and Fireman Lester Brown were scalded to death and brakeman J. L. Costello killed and burned up. The cars were loaded with oil and merchandise and were burned.

The long expected encyclical from the Pope on labor questions was issued on the 18th.

The Dalton gang of bandits, who robbed the Santa Fe recently in the Indian territory, was reported located at a deserted ranch twelve miles from the Sac and Fox agency.

FRANK WEBER and Lewis O. Lanshire, young men of the town of Milford, were drowned in the sound at New Haven, Conn., by the capsizing of their boat.

COL. L. M. DAYTON, recording secretary of the Army of the Tennessee, died of pneumonia at Cincinnati recently. He was perhaps closer to Gen. Sherman than was any other member of the illustrious leader's military family.

ITALIAN newspapers ask ironically whether the United States government will demand satisfaction should Italy refuse to remove Signor Corte, the consul at New Orleans.

A FRENCH scientist is reported to have been devoured by insects in Africa.

SWARMS of locusts have appeared in upper Egypt.

A POWDER magazine near Dallas, Tex., containing five tons of explosives, was struck by lightning. The explosion wrecked several houses, but no one was hurt.

FRANK AULCATE, 19 years old, and Edward Martin, aged 17, were drowned in the mill pond at Freehold, N. J. They were in a racing shell, when the boat overturned.

BRAVE STUDENTS.

They Rally to Ex-Queen Natalie's Rescue.

RUFFIAN ABDUCTORS PUT TO FLIGHT.

The Lady Returned to Her Palace—The Serbian Cabinet in a Bad Dilemma and Worse Odor—Conflict and Loss of Life.

BELGRADE, May 19.—The prefect of this city, who was chartered by the regents with the duty of expelling ex-Queen Natalie from Serbian territory, went to the latter's residence yesterday and in spite of her earnest protests, compelled her to enter a carriage which drove toward the quay on the Danube, where the royal yacht was moored.

The news that the ex-queen was really to be expelled from Serbia had, in the meantime, spread throughout Belgrade and had reached the students' quarters. The latter promptly turned out in force, and as the carriage containing the unhappy lady was being driven toward the Danube, it was surrounded by a crowd of students, who seized the horses' heads, brought the vehicle to a standstill and loudly cheered the royal prisoner.

The students then detached the horses from the carriage and dragged the vehicle back to the ex-queen's residence, cheering loudly as they passed through the streets.

The prefect, assisted by a force of gendarmes, tried in vain to regain possession of the ex-queen and several collisions took place between the gendarmes and the students.

The regents are anxiously discussing the next step to take, as it is evident that a serious popular disturbance may be caused by any hasty action on their part, now that it is evident that the ex-queen is not so friendless as some people supposed.

Aware of the strong sympathy felt for Natalie by the opposition party in Belgrade and by the public in general, the government had the streets in the vicinity of Natalie's residence cordoned early in the morning and the public was excluded from them.

After Natalie had been taken back to her residence by the students the cabinet assembled immediately and at 9 o'clock last night the ministers were still in session.

The citizens and merchants generally sided with the ex-queen and the residence of Natalie is defended by students. Intense excitement prevails.

A conflict occurred yesterday afternoon, troops firing upon the queen's supporters, killing two and wounding many others. The premier received a deputation of citizens who asked him to intervene in the ex-queen's behalf.

WILSON, OF GREAT BEND.

Arrest of the Defaulting Ex-Mayor at Seattle, Wash.

SEATTLE, Wash., May 19.—S. B. Wilson, ex-mayor of Great Bend, Kan., who is wanted there on the charge of embezzlement of \$40,000, was arrested here yesterday.

Wilson arrived here last Tuesday and had been shadowed for several days. He will be taken to Kansas as soon as requisition papers are received.

Wilson was seen by a former acquaintance loitering in the door of the Seattle national bank. The gentleman in question walked up to Wilson and, calling him by name, asked him when he left Great Bend. Wilson appeared greatly embarrassed and declared the gentleman in question was mistaken; that his name was not Wilson. He then turned and walked away. Later in the day the party who first met Wilson hunted up a friend from his section of the country and who likewise recognized Wilson as the ex-mayor of Great Bend.

RESULTANT DEPRESSION.

A Bout of Hard Drinking Followed by a Shocking Tragedy.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., May 19.—John D. Morrison, a lawyer of ability and well known all over southwest Texas, killed his wife and himself at their residence in this city Sunday while the rest of the family were attending church services and there were no witnesses.

It is believed the wife was killed accidentally while trying to thwart her husband's efforts upon himself. But two empty shells were in the pistol. Morrison had two wounds, one a grazing shot. This is believed to have killed his wife.

Morrison was from Greenville Ala., 50 years old. He served with distinction in the confederacy and came to Texas about fifteen years ago. He had held responsible offices. He was a peevish, irascible man and his successful attempt upon his life which also resulted in his wife's death is believed to have resulted from depression consequent upon a debauch. Two daughters survive.

Mr. Cleveland's Summer Home.

BUZZARDS BAY, Mass., May 19.—Ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland will make Tudor Haven their principal place of residence during the coming summer much to the disappointment of Marion residents, who have been hoping that they would again spend the season there.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

High Court of Impeachment.

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon on the 11th before a quorum of senators appeared in the Botkin trial. Witnesses for the defense were examined, all of whom testified that Judge Botkin was a sober and temperate man.

The usual dullness characterized the proceedings of the court of impeachment on the 12th. Many witnesses testified in favor of the respondent. One witness who had attended twenty-two out of twenty-eight courts held by Judge Botkin testified that the respondent had always been sober and his treatment of lawyers, litigants, jurors and clients was always fair and kind. He had, however, seen Judge Botkin drink.

THE Botkin trial was very tame in the court of impeachment on the 13th. Scores of witnesses were on hand for the defense and many testified in behalf of respondent.

The defense closed its examination of witnesses in the Botkin impeachment trial on the 14th and the prosecution introduced but one witness in rebuttal. All witnesses were then discharged and the court adjourned until 4 o'clock Tuesday, when arguments commence, each side to be limited to seven and a half hours.

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. Winn, of Coronado, was recently killed by the accidental discharge of a gun while returning with a party from a pleasure trip in the mountains of Colorado.

Fred H. Thwing, president of the American national bank, who was arrested recently at Arkansas City for fraudulent transactions in buying a patent of John H. Munson, of Chicago, has been acquitted.

The old Planter's house stable at Leavenworth was entirely destroyed by fire early the other morning, four horses perishing in the flames and all the carriages and buggies were destroyed, some of them the property of private parties.

Mrs. S. A. Smith, an elderly woman, recently assaulted George Groves, a young attorney, upon the streets of Atchison, and beat him with an umbrella, because Groves made uncompromising remarks about her while arguing a case in court.

In his recent report Prof. Snow, of the university, said that cold rains would kill out the young chinch bugs that were appearing in the wheat fields. According to the dispatches the cold rain fell very freely on the night of the 10th. The chinch bug must go.

Not less than 1,000 Sunday school workers attended the late state Sunday school convention at Emporia. The convention passed a resolution commending our state department for the effort made to enlarge our beer trade in Mexico, Central America and South America.

The other evening Mrs. John Koph and her daughter were held up by two negro footpads on the streets of Leavenworth and robbed of a satchel containing four dollars. The same evening Mrs. Luther Chapin was held up and robbed of her satchel containing two dollars.

Carbondale was considerably excited recently over the attempt of a young negro named Frey to criminally assault Mrs. Mitchell, a widow living alone near the town. The negro was arrested and nothing but the utmost vigilance on the part of the authorities saved him from being lynched.

A special agent of the American Insurance Co. of Philadelphia was recently arrested at Leavenworth on a warrant sworn out by James G. Graham, an insurance agent of that city, for a violation of a state law approved March 9, 1889, prohibiting the existence of trusts, and more especially boards of underwriters.

The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Kansas medical association, recently held at Wichita, elected officers as follows: Dr. J. E. Oldham, Wichita, president; Dr. A. H. Corder, McPherson, first vice-president; Dr. John T. Axtell, Newton, second vice-president; Dr. L. A. Buck, Penobscot, treasurer, and Dr. W. S. Lindsey, Topeka, secretary.

A deputy United States marshal left Topeka recently for Grand to arrest a post office thief. The officer went with pistols and hand-cuffs, prepared to counter a desperado, but what was his surprise to discover that the supposed desperate criminal was a barefoot boy of only 11 years. His name is Harry Raymond and he stands accused of robbing the post office of \$76.

The other morning Miss Bertha Kopf, of Leavenworth, arose from her bed while under a spell of somnambulism, went to the well, which is sixty feet deep, and let herself down by the chain. On reaching the water the chill aroused her so that she screamed in a manner to wake her parents and bring them to her aid. Holding tightly to the well chain she was drawn to land, when she fell in a fainting fit. She had been suffering from an attack of la grippe.

The Kansas Knights Templar, lately in annual convocation at Parsons, elected the following officers: Right eminent grand commander, Winfield S. Corbett, of Wichita; very eminent grand commander, Edward S. Culp, of Salina; eminent grand generalissimo, Clark Gray, of Larned; eminent grand captain general, Alexander G. Robb, of McPherson; eminent grand prelate, T. C. Tupper, of Leavenworth; eminent grand treasurer, Christian Beck, of Leavenworth; eminent grand recorder, John H. Brown, of Kansas City; eminent grand senior warden, Robert E. Lorrington, of Wichita; eminent grand junior warden, W. C. Holmes, of Parsons; eminent grand standard bearer, George C. Kenyon, of Abilene; eminent grand sword bearer, Daniel W. Nellis, of Topeka; eminent grand warden, Ed Hayes, of Wellington. Newton was chosen as the place for the next annual convocation.

SHAKESPEAREAN READING.

The Mayor of New Orleans Requests the Recall of the Italian Consul—The Latter Has Outlined His Usefulness.

NEW ORLEANS, May 18.—Mayor Shakespear has addressed the following letter to Gov. Nichols:

To His Excellency, Francis T. Nichols, Governor of Louisiana:

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS, CITY HALL, May 18, 1891.—Governor: Under date of May 8, 1891, the consul of Italy at this port, Mr. F. Corte, saw fit to address to W. H. Chaffee, foreman of the grand jury, then in session, a very remarkable letter. The evening of the day on which it was written the consul sent copies of the letter by the hands of his secretary to the daily press for publication. I inclose a printed copy of that letter.

Your excellency, being a resident in New Orleans, is fully aware of the fact that ever since the assassination of Superintendent of Police Hennessy on October 16, 1890, the papers have teemed with all manner of vapors from Mr. F. Corte in the shape of interviews, etc. For these reported sayings he could not properly hold as an official responsible, and since he was scarcely credited with one statement before another was made, either exactly opposite or largely qualifying the first, his vagaries and blarneyings were regarded by all but his own people as either laughable or contemptible.

This letter of May 8 was by the foreman of the grand jury very properly returned by that body to the writer as being impertinent. Besides being impertinent, the letter contains statements absolutely false and beyond question known to be false by Mr. Corte.

If, as Italian consul, Mr. Corte has ever had any usefulness here he has outlived it and has become, through his own acts, not only an unacceptable person, but an element of danger to this community in that by his utterances he incites his inflammable people to riot or open opposition to the laws and customs of the country they have sought as an asylum. Being the depository, as he confessed himself to be, of criminal secrets relating to the individuals of his race resident among us, he refuses to give to the department of police and justice the information he has and thereby increases the danger to the community from these criminals.

For these reasons I have the honor to request that you ask of the honorable secretary of state at Washington the recall of Consul Corte, ex-qua non, by the president. This application would have been made to you sooner but for the reason that I desire to place in your hands, to accompany your note to the secretary of state, a report made to the mayor and council by the committee of fifty. I inclose a copy and beg leave to call your excellency's attention to that part of it relating to Mr. Corte. I have the honor to be your obedient servant.

JOS. A. SHAKESPEAR,
Mayor of New Orleans.

LOST IN THE SAND HILLS.

Two Children Miss Their Way—The Elder Sister Found Dead After a Week's Search.

OMAHA, Neb., May 18.—Last Sunday week the two little daughters of John Hammond, who lived near Theford, Thomas county, one 8 and the other 4 years of age, went to visit their sister, who lived about six miles north of that town, and between 4 and 5 o'clock they started home. The road led through the sand hills and the children lost their way and never reached home.

Their parents and the immediate neighbors searched the hills all night in vain. Monday morning a general alarm was given and the citizens of Theford and the surrounding country turned out and soon found where the children had wandered from the path to gather flowers. The search was continued all Monday until dark and the searchers camped on the trail.

Tuesday the searchers again went over the dismal stretch of barren sands and all day Wednesday the search went on, and Thursday it was renewed, when the party came to a place where the younger child had lost one shoe and could see where the older one had carried her little sister a short distance.

Thursday at noon the youngest child was found at the foot of a high hill half covered in the sand, where she had fallen, completely exhausted. The little one was unconscious and her tongue was swollen so that it protruded from her mouth. She was soon restored, however, and when asked where her sister was she said, "Sister went home." The little one was nearly fifteen miles from the point where they left the road to pick flowers.

Then the search went on until yesterday afternoon, when the searchers found the dead body of the older child ten miles north of Dunning, Blaine county, fully seventy-five miles from the place where the children lost their way.

MUSKOGON'S GREAT SMOKE.

The Disappearance of \$500,000 Easily Seen—Fortunately No Accidents.

MUSKOGON, Mich., May 18.—Light from the smouldering ruins of Saturday's fire illuminated the heavens for miles around until the early hours of yesterday morning. Firemen continued to battle with the flames till daylight, when they were practically extinguished. All day men, women and children continued to search in the ruins of their homes for what might have escaped fire and water. People whose homes were saved stood in their doors and welcomed the rich and poor alike, providing quarters until others could be secured. Nearly all the homeless were provided with shelter.

The

HOW MUCH IS HE WORTH?

How much is he worth? Let them reckon who care.
A five-and-twenty fold millionaire,
A money king is he,
With glitter and splendor on every hand,
With miles of houses and leagues of land,
And gold as the innumerable sand,
On the boundless shores of the sea.

But how much is he worth? Let them tell us,
Who can,
Not the sum of his gold, but the worth of the man,
To the world of living men.
For worth is not in the things possessed,
'Tis the wealth of the mind, 'Tis the heart in the breast,
'Tis the goodness that blesses and is blest,
A millionaire! What then?

How much is he worth? Let Death declare,
For Death has come for the millionaire,
And naked and poor lies he.
The gold has dropped from his cold, dead hand,
He holds no title to house or land,
But his narrow house, and his bed in the sand
Out under the graveyard tree.

How much is he worth? Let them answer who dare.
What, none to speak for the millionaire
In the millions of living men?
A worthless life, by the world forgo!
A worthless carcass, to mold and rot!
A worthless soul, to the weighing trough,
In the scales of God! And then?

How much is he worth? Let them reckon who care.
A larder scant, and a coat threadbare,
And a shilling or two has he,
A cot, and a little roof of land,
A sweating brow, and a toiling hand,
Yet he counts his riches more than the sand
On the shores of the boundless sea.

How much is he worth? Let them tell us, who can,
There's less in the purse, but there's more in the man,
To count in the world of men,
For he holds the most precious of things possessed,
His wealth in his mind; he's a heart in his breast,
And the love of the hearts that his love has blessed,
Humble and poor! What then?

How much is he worth? Let Death declare,
With his touch of peace on the brow of care,
And the kind heart hushed to sleep,
There's rest at last for the toiling hand,
But the seed it dropped in the fruitful land
Hath harvests measureless as the sand
On the shores of the infinite deep.

How much is he worth? Let the angels declare
The worth to heaven of his chosen heir,
To God of His saintly men,
A life with fragrant memories fraught;
A soul resplendent with good deeds wrought;
A victor and king to the crowning brought
In the palace of God! And then?
—Prof. George Huntington, in Interior.

TEDDIE'S "SNAP."

The Happy Results of a Small Boy's Whistling.

"Now don't be whistling," said Mrs. McDougall, as she brought her flat-iron down with a bang on the table. Then she turned the article she was ironing over with much energy, to renew her smoothing tactics on its other side. Mrs. McDougall's smoothing tactics were all accomplished with her flat-iron, her powers of speech not being of the smoothing order; they were not even brightening.

"You poor creature! If it wasn't for the twist in yer leg yez might sell papers, or do somethin' or other fur to help. But yez can kape quiet, and leas'twise not be piping nadsless like a burrud."

Teddie was sitting in the sunshine, which got round to the back room where his mother helped the family by washing soiled linen, in private, at this time in the forenoon. He liked to get in a chair and see the sunshine light up the backyard, and steal in and illuminate his mother's washtub. The cheerful influence of the sunshine on the cool fall day had made Teddie forgetful of domestic shadows, and in the lightness of his heart he had begun to whistle.

He liked whistling; it was Teddie's safety-valve. And he must have inherited this accomplishment from the late Mr. McDougall, who was a builder's assistant; he assisted the builder by carrying brick to the places where they were to be used. Mrs. McDougall, the relict of this worthy handler of brick, had no taste for music. It more than affected her negatively, it irritated her; and when an organ grinder struck up in the street, that good creature ironed with indignant vigor, which was her way of expressing her feeling of distaste. And when Teddie, poor boy! forgot himself and whistled from sheer stress of feeling, it vexed her more than anything, because it was borne in upon her that Teddie was not only lame and useless, but apparently was light-hearted under it, and thoughtless of her sensitive soul.

He was a small-faced, large-eyed little boy with somewhat of a weakened look as if he were underfed. He used a wooden crutch on the side where his leg swung three or four inches from the ground, and hopped along like a contented sparrow. He was not talkative. It was only when Mary came home from the milliner's shop that Teddie really showed any conversational powers. Mary told him such amusing things about the shop and the shoppers, the grand ladies who rode up in carriages and thought nothing of ordering a forty dollar bonnet. Teddie had his opinion of ladies who could do that, and it must be confessed that it was a very elevated one bordering on admiration.

He had got used to his mother's reminding him of his incapacity. Children get used to a sort of misfit in the matter of parents. But it was a little hard on him not to be allowed to whistle when he felt like it. He felt like it now. He had so few pleasures.

He sat very quietly after his mother had chided him into silence, watching the sunlight in the yard and the black cat who had lain down in it warming her thin sides. Then she slipped down from the chair, fitted his unpainted

crutch under his arm, and hopped out. He would go up and see George.

George was a young man who made violins, sold violins and played on a violin in the orchestra of a theater in the evening. Naturally George did not object to Teddie's whistle, because there was real music in it. It was the one thing the little fellow could do well. But there was no money in it. He could whistle his little contracted lungs out and it brought in nothing.

George was a great comfort to Teddie. When the young whistler was overwhelmed, so to speak, by a sense of mother he used to click, click, click up the stairs to the sunny room where George made violins. George was a tall strapping German, thirty years old. The floor of the room where he lived, and violined, to coin a phrase, was as innocent of carpet and rugs as Mrs. McDougall's. But it always seemed cheerful and cozy.

The violins in different stages of development hung on the wall, and some, which were finished, had quite a decorative effect with their lustrous chestnut brown or rich browning yellow.

When Teddie opened the door and hopped in on his crutch—which he always did without knocking, he was so sure of a welcome—he saw George Szag sitting on a wooden chair in the middle of the room with sunshine all about him; drawing the most delicious tones out of the violin which he held.

Teddie knew that violin. It was the Nicholas Amati of 1623. George had told him all about it. Teddie used to wonder how such a thin shell of wood could have stood over two hundred and fifty years of existence and be so polished and sound.

The young Leipzig man looked over his shoulder at Teddie and nodded, without interrupting his playing from the manuscript piece of music before him. Teddie knew what that music was, too. He had heard it frequently the past three weeks, and his quick ear had caught up all the airs. It was a new comic opera which had never been produced at all yet, but was going to be given in a week now at George's theater.

Teddie hopped softly over to a chair and climbed up on it. He could get around very quickly with his poor crutch, he was so accustomed to it, and though it looked as if walking was painful for him, it really wasn't.

As George struck into a lively military air—for the opera had something to do with soldiers—Teddie broke in with his whistle, and kept perfect time. He delighted in this duet with George, and George liked it, too, for the whistle was very soft and flexible and melodious. Teddie could go through all the changes and variations of the air and not flat or strike a wrong note once.

He had whistled that air through and then a second one and was midway in the third, trilling out the long high notes like a little wren, when a man opened the door. The concert stopped at once.

"It's good, isn't it, Szag?" said the man. "It sounded first-rate as I came up the stairs. I tell you, it will be a go—a big go. It's so catchy. Go ahead and play some more."

The man was quite resplendent, Teddie thought. He wore a blue coat with fur on the collar and cuffs, and the finest of tall hats, just as glossy as the back of the violin over there on the wall. Then he had a ring on his finger which spat out fire when he turned his hand in the sunlight and made Teddie blink. Teddie, in fact, was abashed by his splendor into silence for a few minutes. Then the man spoke up.

"Who was that whistling? This kid?" looking at Teddie. "Why, are you lame, sonny? That's too bad! But you go ahead and whistle with him. I like it."

So Teddie, who was not bashful, but simply retiring, whistled away while George wrung the bright music from the strings. When the piece had been played through, the man said to George, suddenly:

"Look here! I've got an idea. That little chap whistles immense; it's a pleasure to listen to him. How would you like to make a few dollars by whistling, sonny?"

"I'd like it," said Teddie, wondering if he would be engaged to whistle with George at the theater. If he could make any money by his whistling, his mother wouldn't be so hard on it, Teddie thought. She had reproached him so often for not being able to do anything for the family, and he really felt it himself. He sat up straight in the chair, his small blue eyes widely opened.

"What's the matter with that boy going round to some places and whistling the most taking airs from the opera after it's brought out? Does he know them by heart?"

"Effery wone," said George, gravely, with quite a German accent.

"Then look here, sonny," said the man. "For a week after this opera is brought out you go round to some places that I will tell you and just whistle three or four of the airs. It will get the people familiar with them, don't you see? Isn't that a good idea, Szag?"

"Ja. Des ist gut," said George, gravely. Then George said he could go around with him the first night to three places that Mr. Ganzer mentioned, and see that he didn't get run over.

"All right. Will his folks let him do it? I'll give you three dollars a week and pay your car fare. That's pretty good for a little chap like you to get for simply whistling. I wouldn't want you to do it for more than a fortnight."

George said, in his slow way, that he thought Mrs. McDougall would be perfectly willing, and explained that there was no Mr. McDougall in the family, so opposition need not be looked for in that quarter. Mary, Teddie's sister, might not like it, but George fancied she wouldn't care if he went along with the boy. If the truth were told, it occurred to George, who was quicker with his thoughts than his words, that looking after her little brother might commend him somewhat to Mary, whom he regarded as a very pretty, sweet sort of girl—a very sweet girl.

Mrs. McDougall was breathless with wonder when she learned that someone

wanted to pay the boy for "whistling like a burrud." She recovered promptly, however, and gave her august sanction to the scheme.

So it came to pass that people crossing Broadway and Twenty-third street, and around three or four of the principal hotels, heard a small, lame boy, who leaned on a crutch, whistling the principal airs from the new comic opera for a fortnight after it was produced. A tall German was in the neighborhood of the little chap; and when the pair went home to their lodging in the East side, Mary was very kind to her brother's protector, and stood on the landing talking with him much longer than was absolutely necessary.

When Teddie brought his mother six dollars as the result of his engagement by the impressario, she tied it up in an old stocking which she kept in the top drawer of the bureau, and did not say anything about his whistling for a fortnight.

George Szag learned English rapidly enough to say several very nice things to Mary in it, and to one nice little sentence which was put as an interrogation she said: "Yes." Then she added:

"I've always liked you, George, since you were so good to Teddie when he got that 'snap' with his whistling."

And then something took place immediately on the landing which looked as if George thought he had a "snap," too. He thought so much more after Mary married him, and Teddie lived with them and whistled all he wanted to.—John J. A'Becket, in N. Y. Independent.

THE DAKOTA INDIANS.

A People Originally Possessed of Heroic Traits of Character.

To the missionaries and teachers of the far northwest—ranging in denomination from Catholic to Unitarian, but all animated by the same high purpose—is due, more even than to the soldier, the pacification of the vanquished nation of the Dakotas.

In the prosecution of their work what did these self-sacrificing men find? They found, once they had gained the Indian's confidence, that he was not all vicious, violent and bloodthirsty.

They found that, unlike his white brother, he never swore. He never took in vain the name of the Great Spirit, nor even the names of any of the numerous, subordinate deities to whom he believed that the supreme God delegated supernatural powers.

If he disliked a thing, he simply called it bad; if it pleased him, it was good. To him whisky, the curse of his kind, was minicisa, bad water—only that and nothing more.

The missionaries found also that the Dakota in general was a good husband, a loving father and a faithful friend. Save as a stratagem of war, he scorned and abhorred a lie.

He combined the attributes of a hero with the follies, extravagance and follies of an overgrown boy. He was impudent, careless, inconsistent.

With the toothache he could shed tears of anguish. Place him in the hands of his foes, let him be staked to the ground and a fire kindled on his breast and the same man would die without a moan, chanting his death song defiantly to the last breath.

The Dakota was likewise found to be a communist, in the literal sense of the word. Whatever he had, belonged, and was cheerfully given, to any other member of the tribe.

"Shall my brothers starve while I have abundance?" replied a successful hunter to a white friend who suggested that he save his surplus meat against the severity of winter, instead of dividing it among his fellows.

His liberality extended even to a foe. If an enemy entered his teepee, and so much as parook of a draught of water, his life was safe; for the Dakota laws of hospitality were sacred and inviolate.

In religion, the teachings of Christ came to the red man as a beautiful explanation of his own vague but often sublime conceptions, and under the mild guidance of the wise and good, he is adapting himself, slowly, it may be, to the spirit of the age, and accepting the restraints by which he is environed with less of resistiveness and friction, because the force which impels him forward toward civilization is that of the soldier of the Cross instead of the soldier of the sword.—Youth's Companion.

SPORTSMEN ARE HEALTHY.

They Encounter Bad Weather and Fatigue Without Danger.

As a rule a sportsman may take great liberties with himself without being much the worse. No man was ever harmed by wet feet on a moor, though if he comes home and contemplates them for an hour over a gunroom fire he may be reminded of the indiscretion. A deerstalker has to put up with great exposure and temporary discomfort, but he is rarely the worse for it. He may have to run at the top of his speed for two or three miles along a rough hillside to cut off a stag he has wounded or started, or in some way made a mistake with, and he arrives at his post as hot as a young man can be.

The deer are not in sight, and have to be waited for in the best position for the shot, not for the comfort of the shooter. The place is high up—two thousand feet up, perhaps, among lichens and rocks and great patches of snow; it is October, and an east wind blows upon the little company of three which seems to cut into their very hearts; finally a snow shower comes on, as it were a winding sheet. We have spent a couple of hours or more in such a position, teeth chattering, body shaking, fingers numbened. If the stag judiciously wait for an hour he is probably missed; the above three phenomena do not promote good rifle shooting. Very likely the stag never comes at all; he was suspicious and uneasy, and preferred to take an unusual pass, and so disappointment is added to the other discomforts. But such a wait has never made us ill, nor have we ever seen a stalker who was the worse for it.—Macmillan's Magazine.

"I've had nothing more to say," said she, as he started home after the rejection. "I am glad," said he. "I wish you had said less."—Harper's Bazar.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

HOW TO HIVE SWARMS.

When swarming time is at hand it is very important to have everything ready, says the Ohio Farmer. Many swarms are lost every year, and in most cases on account of carelessness on the part of the beekeeper. To be successful we must not be caught "napping," but "be up and dressed," and when a swarm issues be prepared to hive it immediately. Hives and frames should be in readiness, and at least one fixed on the stand where you want the new swarm placed, and carry the swarm to the hive. Many times bees light high, or on fruit or ornamental trees that we do not wish to injure by cutting the limb off. In such a case, some kind of a swarming apparatus is very convenient. I use one like the cut. To make it, get a long forked stick; bend the forks together in the shape of a hoop, and just large enough to go in a large coffee sack (or other open material that will not



smother the bees); then fasten it in the mouth of the sack. Bend the stick near the fork. For convenience, cut the stick in two near the fork, and fasten the two parts together again, so they can be easily taken apart. This makes a very good swarming arrangement. It is very cheap, light and convenient.

Shake the bees from the limb into the sack, turn it over, and no bees can escape; carry them to the hive; take the cover off and gently lay the sack on top of the frames, so the bees can crawl out of the sack down into the hive.

Sometimes a swarm will leave their new home. To make a sure thing of their staying, give them a comb containing brood and honey from the parent hive. I have never had a swarm to leave when thus treated.

FEEDING FOR MEAT.

It is cheaper to produce meat that contains a large proportion of lean with the fat than to fatten a hog to such a condition as to fit it only for the production of lard, and it is a fact that feeding for lean meat a greater weight of carcass is secured, and at no more expense than in producing an excess of fat. This is explained by reason of the fact that when an animal is given food containing the elements of growth of bone and muscle as well as of fat, the condition of the animal is sustained in a manner to permit more perfect digestion and assimilation, and a greater proportion for the support of the system of the nutritious elements that are required, and which are more evenly distributed through the body instead of the semi-diseased condition produced when corn is given as an exclusive diet.

Hence the farmer who diminishes the ration of maize, allowing but a portion only, substituting therefor bran, middlings, milk and clover—cut fine and scalded—will have his hogs larger, heavier, healthier and of better quality of flesh than from corn. While giving the advantages of a systematic method of feeding for the best results in producing the heaviest pork, the fact that prime lard brings a price that makes it desirable on the part of the farmer to have his hogs fat, it must be admitted that it is a serious obstacle in the way when lean meat is advocated, but the lean is simply interspersed with the fat, and the greater increase from the variety of food does not diminish the supply of lard. The farmer will find that on those portions of the carcass from which the lard is produced, but little difference will be observed, and the hog will be much more valuable as a whole.—Philadelphia Record.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

It is sometimes necessary to assist ducks out of the shells, but rarely if ever chickens.

Size and condition count for more in market than any particular shade or color, especially with young poultry.

Old ducks, if kept in a good condition, rarely, if ever, get lousy; the oily nature of their feathers preventing this.

If the young growing turkeys show signs of leg weakness mixing a little bone meal with their food will be found an advantage.

The best breed of geese for feathers is the Embder. They are entirely white, and white geese feathers bring the best prices.

Ducks intended for market should be hatched out early and be crowded from the start; those intended for breeding can be hatched later.

Ducks do not have the cholera, croup or gapes, and hawks do not bother them; they will lay more eggs and the eggs will hatch better than hen eggs.

While old hens usually lay larger eggs than pullets the shape of the egg has little or nothing to do with the life germ, and if the broad end is smooth and the egg is properly fertilized it will hatch.

The advantage of hatching guineas under common hens is, that properly managed, they are usually more gentle than if the guinea hens are allowed to hatch them out and raise them.—St. Louis Republic.

REGARDING BARK LICE.

How the Destructive Parasites Are Scattered Over the Country.

Thrifty young apple trees were badly damaged by bark lice some thirty years ago in Wisconsin, and I presume they follow up all newly settled countries where the apple and some other fruits are cultivated. It seems very strange how an insect, having the appearance of a flaxseed glued fast to a tree during most of the year of their visible existence, can migrate or travel from one tree or orchard to another, and spread themselves so rapidly. It will be found that when the thermometer goes up to seventy degrees, and it remains about that temperature for three or four days, myriads of little mites emanate from under these flaxseed-shaped shells, and have a living, active existence for some ten days, during which time they propagate their species. No doubt, some stick to the feet of birds, and are thus winged away to other trees and commence a new colony, while the great portion of the newly hatched lice locate on the newly growing twigs, and soon become glued fast and draw substance and growth from the life of the tree, which greatly impairs the vitality of the tree, when preyed upon by such vast numbers. When these apparent shells or lice are matured I have never found beneath the shell anything but twenty to one hundred eggs, which have an interesting appearance when magnified. When the lice are first hatched from those minute eggs and have an active existence, they are discernible only to good eyes by close and steady looking. At this stage of their existence they are tender and more easily destroyed than at any other stage, which can be done by the application of soft soap, or some alkaline wash, or probably with some application of kerosene. Formerly the difficulty lay in the means of the application; now we have many spraying appliances that make such application quite an easy task.

After some years of study and endeavor to destroy this pest, we found the eggs we have described had been apparently "sucked" or destroyed, and in their stead had been deposited a round and much larger egg, after which time the bark louse ceased to be of consequential notice. We have no doubt they were destroyed or decimated by some overpowering insect.—F. C. Curtis, in Prairie Farmer.

LIME AS FERTILIZER.

How to Prepare It for Composting and Manuring Purposes.

An Illinois reader writes: "What is the best method for slacking lime to be used for fertilizing or decomposing purposes?"

"What should be used for spreading it? I intend to use it on low, loamy, prairie soil."

When used for decomposing (composting) purposes the process is as follows: The various materials, some wet and some dry, are placed in layers of several inches thick and roughly mixed together. The lime is mixed in layers through the mass; or the mixture is more properly made and the heap built up compactly and well trodden into a square, flat pile, having the top somewhat shallow to catch and retain the rain or if under cover the water that is thrown upon to moisten.

Fermentation soon begins and spreads through the mass. When the heat has spread through the whole mass, the heap is turned and mixed again by beginning at one end and forking or shoveling it over and forming a new heap similar to the original one.

The exposure to the air and the fresh mingling of the substances soon produce a new fermentation and heat by which the mass is still more decomposed. In a few months—and sooner in the summer—the compost becomes a homogeneous mass. It is now manure and, in proportion to the character of the material used, it is equal to or better in quality than ordinary farm manure.

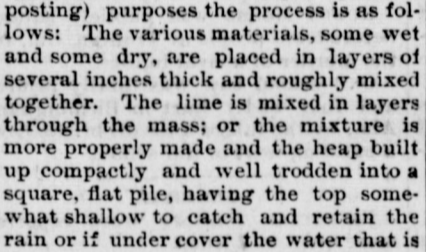
Lime when used as a manure is spread over the land at the rate of twenty to fifty bushels per acre. It is prepared for use by leaving the fresh lime in heaps in the field exposed to the air and rain, until it is slacked, then spread evenly over the land with a long-handled shovel. If the dust annoys, tie a moist sponge over the mouth in such a way as to protect the nose also.

A very convenient way is to drop the lime in heaps of a bushel each, at a distance of two rods apart. This gives forty bushels to the acre.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

HOME-MADE HAY KNIFE.

It is Made of an Old Sickle and Does Work Well.

A subscriber sends to the Orange Judd Farmer the sketch shown herewith and writes: It is made of an old sickle. Four sections are taken off next the eye and the bar bent sideways so the stack will not interfere with your hands when cutting. Place a handle in the eye. Take three or



HOME-MADE HAY KNIFE.

four sections from the outer end of the sickle and sharpen the bar. Then bend as shown. If too long, cut the sickle off to about four feet in length. The sections should have rough edges, like those used in cutting grain.

Rules for Young Turkeys.

Keep them dry, as dampness is fatal to them. Look for lice every day. One large louse on the head of a young turkey will kill it. Feed on stale bread dipped in milk, curds, finely-chopped boiled egg, chopped onions, and place a little wheat and cracked corn where they can pick it as well as some fine gravel. Feed every two hours at first, but do not feed enough to waste. Give clean water, but be careful that it is so given that the turkeys will not get wet in any way. Keep the coops very clean.—Farm and Fireside.

HOME-MADE HAY KNIFE.

If corn ground is rolled either before or after planting, the harrow should follow close after the roller.

SYRUP OF FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon, who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BRIALS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

BILE BEANS

STAND ALONE AS BILE MOVERS.

They dispel poisonous bile from the system, thereby curing bilious attacks, constipation, headache, neuralgia, indigestion, and all stomach and liver disorders.

Two sizes, one price.

BILE BEANS, 20 in each bottle. One a dose.

BILE BEANS SMALL, 40 in each bottle. 2 to 4 a dose.

Sugar Coated. Pleasant as candy. Sold by Druggists. 25 cents per bottle.

J. F. SMITH & CO.,
235 & 237 Greenwich Street,
New York City.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

One of the most important organs of the human body is the LIVER. When it fails to properly perform its functions the entire system becomes deranged. THE BRAIN, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS, all refuse to perform their work. DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY DISEASE, etc., are the results, unless something is done to assist Nature in throwing off the impurities caused by the inaction of a TORPID LIVER. This assistance so necessary will be found in

Prickly Ash Bitters!

It acts directly on the LIVER, STOMACH and KIDNEYS, and by its mild and cathartic effect and general tonic qualities restores these organs to a sound, healthy condition, and cures all diseases arising from these causes. IT PURIFIES THE BLOOD, tones up the system, and restores perfect health. If your druggist does not keep it ask him to order it for you. Send 2c stamp for copy of "THE HORSE TRAINER," published by us.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO.,
Sole Proprietors, ST. LOUIS, MO.

HAY FEVER CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address: F. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy and Railroad Agent's Business here and secure good situations. Write J. D. BRUNN, N. Soda, Ala. 2c stamp this paper every time you write.

THE SONG AT THE OPEN DOOR.

My neighbor sits in her open door,
Under the leaves of the locust tree;
And the joy of life grows more and more
For the song she sings to me.
The song she sings is a song with wings;
And the blasts may beat and the floods may
pour,
But the skies are blue in the song she sings
As she sits in her open door.
My neighbor's cottage across the way
Is cozily built of straws and strings,
Of sticks and feathers and love and clay
And the beautiful song she sings;
But never a nest, though ever so blest,
Could hold her heart's divine outpour,
And Heaven bends down to the low brown nest
As she sings in her open door.

I wonder oft as I hear her sing:
"My little neighbor, have you no care?"
A cherry ripe and a moth a-wing
Are all her dainty fare.
Fain would I do some service true
For the song that has blest me o'er and o'er,
But Heaven does all that love can do
For the bird at the open door.
—Ida Whipple Benham, in N. Y. Independent.

LITTLE PRINCE DUSTY.

By Kirk Munroe.

[COPYRIGHT, 1890.]

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

Then Brace Barlow bought several cooking utensils, a few dishes and a small supply of provisions, to which he added potatoes and a dozen eggs from his own little farm.
When all this had been accomplished the two men surveyed their work with great satisfaction, and nothing but his duty to his mother prevented Brace Barlow from joining the party and making the voyage down the river with them.

From information furnished by Uncle Phin the young man gained an idea that the greater part of their journey was to be performed by water, and that Dalecourt was somewhere in West Virginia, within a few miles of the point to which the ark could be navigated.

This was also Uncle Phin's idea when he learned that the river on which his craft was launched flowed into the Ohio, which in turn washed one of the borders of West Virginia. This new name meant



A SMALL FLAT-BOTTOMED SCOW ON WHICH WAS BUILT A SMALL HOUSE.

nothing to him. There had been but one Virginia when he left it, and even of its extent he had not the slightest conception. He imagined that, once within the borders of the State, it would be a simple matter to discover and reach his old home. All he knew of traveling and distances was, that when he followed his young mistress to New York, the journey occupied less than two days, and that the one from New York to the oil country had been accomplished in about the same space of time. So now, while he was well aware that a boat, drifting with the current, would not travel quite as fast as a train of cars, he did not for a moment doubt that two or three weeks, or a month at the very most, would see them safely established between the stately magnolias of Dalecourt.

Had he known that between the place where they must leave their boat and their destination, there stretched a weary distance of nearly five hundred miles, much of which was across rugged mountain ranges, it is probable that even his stout heart would have shrunk from so great an undertaking. But he had no knowledge of this; and, as happily ignorant of what was before them as was his beloved "lil marse," now sleeping so peacefully on his bed of straw, the old man floated contentedly over the gleaming waters, and recalled bright pictures of the dear old home he hoped so soon to see.

The night was far advanced, he was worn out with the fatiguing labor of the preceding two days, there was no sound to disturb him, and so, after awhile, his head sunk low over the steering oar, and ere long he, too, was fast asleep.

Thus, with no wakeful eye to determine her course, the ark drifted on through the night; now in deep shadows of great hills or dark forests; then across long stretches of silvery moonlight; here caught by an eddy and turned slowly round and round; there held for a moment on the point of some glistening sandbar, from which she would slowly swing off and again move ahead.

While the occupants of the boat still slept the moonlight paled before the rosy dawn of a new day, and at last a mischievous beam from the round, red sun, just peeping over the Eastern hills, found its way into the little cabin, and shone full across Arthur's eyes. In a moment the boy was wide-awake and gazing upon his strange surroundings with the utmost bewilderment. He heard no sound, perceived no motion, and had not the faintest idea that he was on a boat. He only wondered whose this strange house was, where it was, and what had become of Uncle Phin, of whom he could see no sign.

He almost expected to hear his Aunt Nancy's harsh voice calling him. Then the events of the preceding night came slowly back to him; and, with a thrill of joy, he remembered that he was far from her dreaded presence and had actually started on a journey toward his own dear mother's beautiful home.

But he must get up and find out

where he was, and what had become of Brace Barlow and Uncle Phin. At the very moment he stepped from his straw-filled bunk, there came a crash, and a shock that flung him to the floor. At the same instant he heard a frightened cry and a loud splash. Regaining his feet he sprang to one of the little doors, and looking out saw nobody. Then he ran to the other with the same result. He was evidently alone on some sort of a boat, which at that moment was drifting beneath a great iron bridge.

**CHAPTER V.
UNCLE PHIN'S DANGER.**

For a moment poor Arthur, who knew nothing of boats, and had never been on one before, unless it was a New York ferry boat, stood irresolute and frightened without the slightest idea of what had happened or what he ought to do. The cry that he heard had not sounded a bit like Uncle Phin's voice, and if it was his, what had become of him? He was not on the boat, nor, so far as Arthur could discover, was he in the water. Upon seeing the bridge overhead the boy readily comprehended that the shock that had flung him to the floor was caused by the boat drifting against one of its great stone piers; but this did not explain Uncle Phin's disappearance.

In his fear and distress of mind he began to call wildly: "Uncle Phin! Oh dear Uncle Phin! where are you?" "Hyar I is, honey," came a feeble voice from the other end of the boat, and Arthur sprang joyfully in that direction.

As the boat had swung around on striking the bridge pier, its after end now pointed down stream, and Arthur had been standing at the bow, gazing back on the place where he was afraid Uncle Phin had been left. Now, as he reached the other end of the boat, he saw the old man's white head and black face, just on the surface of the water but a short distance from where he stood. He seemed to be sitting astride of some object, to which he clung desperately. Every now and then it would disappear completely, only to reappear a moment later, sputtering, choking and exhibiting every sign of the utmost terror.

For a moment Arthur did not in the least comprehend the situation, and could not imagine what it was to which Uncle Phin was clinging. When it suddenly occurred to him that it was the long steering sweep, the other end of which projected above his head up over the roof of the cabin, his first impulse, and the one on which he acted, was to spring to this inboard end, and throw his weight upon it, with the idea of lifting the old negro clear of the water. As the steering sweep was a very nicely balanced see-saw, and as Uncle Phin's body, in the water, weighed less than Arthur's out of it, the boy's effort was crowned with complete success, though its result was not exactly what he had anticipated.

To be sure, as Arthur flung himself upon one end of the long pole, the old man astride the bit of plank fastened to its other end was lifted into the air. It was, however, so suddenly and unexpectedly that he lost his balance, toppled over and again disappeared, head foremost, beneath the water. At the same time the boy, at the inner end of the see-saw, was bumped down on the cabin roof. Then Uncle Phin's end again descended into the water, just in time for the old man to grasp it as he came to the surface.

With great difficulty he struggled into his former position, and, turning a reproachful gaze on Arthur, said: "Don't you do it agin, honey. I's no doubt you means all right, but anudder fling like dat ar would drown de ole man, shuah."

"I didn't mean to, Uncle Phin! Indeed I didn't!" cried poor Arthur, in great distress. "I only meant to try and help you and lift you from the water."

"Well, you done it, honey, shuah nuff, but I wouldn't try no more sich experiments. If you'll for me de end ob de rope what's lyin' jes inside de end, and tie de odder end to dat ar post, I reckon I can pull myself up outen de water."

Arthur quickly did as directed, and in a few minutes more had the satisfaction of seeing his dear old friend rescued from his perilous position, and seated safely on the deck. As the water-soaked man sat there, recovering from his exhaustion, and grateful for the warmth of the hot morning sun, he shook his head and said:

"I allus heerd tell dat sailarin' was a resky bizness, an' dat dem what goes down into de sea in ships sees wonderful tings; but I never speeted ole Phin Dale ebbber sperience it all fer his own self."

After his strength was somewhat restored, Uncle Phin instructed Arthur to keep a sharp lookout for any more bridges, and went into the cabin to light a fire and prepare breakfast. A good supply of dry wood and a box of matches having been provided, he quickly had a cheerful blaze crackling in his rude hearth. While it was burning down to a bed of red coals he mixed the meal, salt and water that he intended should be transformed into a corn pone, set the coffee water on to boil and cut two slices of bacon. The smoke of the fire found its way out of the cabin through a square hatch that Brace Barlow had cut in the roof directly above it.

In less than an hour the bed of coals had done its duty. The corn pone had been baked on a flat stone previously rubbed with a bacon rind, and set up at a sharp angle in the hottest corner of the fire-place. The slices of bacon were done to a turn and four fresh eggs had been fried with them. The coffee was hot and strong, and there was maple sugar to sweeten it. Taken altogether, it was a breakfast that would have pleased a much more fastidious person than hungry little Arthur Dale Dustin, and he enjoyed it as, it seemed to him, he never had enjoyed a meal before.

Uncle Phin's delight at seeing his "lil marse" eat so heartily was unbounded, and they both found so much pleasure in their novel house-keeping that the misdeed of an hour before was forgotten and they would willingly

have agreed to drift along in this happy way for the rest of their lives.

After every scrap of food had been eaten and only grounds remained in the coffee-pot, Uncle Phin began to clear the table, which was an empty packing-box, shake the table-cloth, which was a newspaper, and wash the dishes, while Arthur set to work to tidy up the cabin. He made the beds, which only took about one minute each, placed his precious book carefully on one of the shelves and then looked about for a broom with which to sweep the floor. There was none.

"Why, Uncle Phin!" exclaimed the boy. "If we haven't come off and forgotten the broom!"

"So we has, honey! so we has!" replied the old man, pausing in his work and assuming an expression of mock dismay. "I rickollee' now, when de furnichure man putten in dem elegant brack walnut bedsteds he say: 'Misto Phin Dale, doan' you fertigt somedim?' An' I say: 'No, Misto' Furnichure Man, I reckon not.' Now, he mus' er been meanin' de broom all de time, an' now we is come off an left it behin'."

"You are making fun of me, you know you are," laughed Arthur; "but really, I do need a broom very much, for I can't make this place look tidy without one."

"You must have one, of cose," said Uncle Phin, "an' we'll jes' run inter de sho', and fin' some white birch trees, an' Uncle Phin make you a twig broom jes de fness' you ebbber soon."

They were both glad of an excuse to stop and make a landing, for they were enjoying their voyage so much, that they feared it might come to an end more quickly than they wished it to. So they went on deck, and watched for a good opportunity to run ashore. At last they drifted close in to a grassy bank, above which were a number of huge oil tanks, a brick building, and a neat white cottage. It was a pumping station on one of the great pipe lines through which crude petroleum is conveyed from the wells of the oil region to the distant seaboard refineries. At that time it was thought necessary to have relay stations of tanks, and pumps to force the oil along from one to another every five or six miles. Of late years, however, the pumps have grown larger and stronger, until, on a recently-constructed pipe line leading into Chicago, one immense pumping engine forces the oil along the entire distance of two hundred and fifty miles.

As the ark drifted slowly along in front of this pleasant-looking place, Uncle Phin, directing Arthur how to steer, loosened the side sweep that was furthest from shore, and by rowing with it, headed their craft in toward the bank. In a minute more she was so close to it that active little Arthur could spring to the narrow beach, carrying with him the end of a rope that he made fast to a tree.

When the boat was properly secured, Uncle Phin, leaving Arthur to look out for it, shouldered his axe and went in search of a birch tree. Within half an hour he returned, bringing a great bundle of twigs and the interesting information that there was a little boy and a little girl up in the bushes picking blackberries.

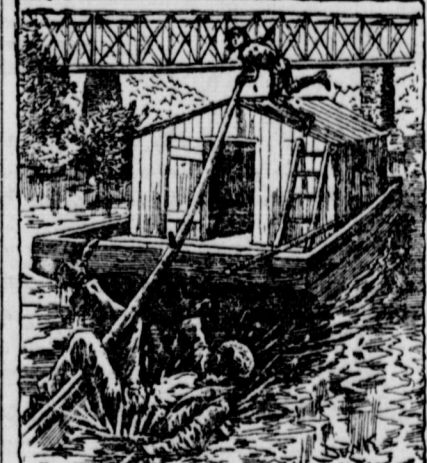
"Oh! can't I go up there and pick some, too?" asked Arthur. "They would be so good for dinner, and if I got enough you might make a pie, you know." He was fully in earnest, for he had such firm faith in Uncle Phin's culinary skill that he believed he could make any thing good to eat that anybody else could.

The old man only laughed at this; but said he might go if he wanted to, and the boy, taking a tin cup in which to hold the berries, ran off, happily enough, to find the children. When he discovered them, they were both standing still, bashfully looking at him, the little girl, in a pink sunbonnet that reminded him of Cynthia's, half hidden behind her brother and evidently just ready to run away.

The new comer at once opened conversation by saying: "How do you do? I am very glad to see you, because I haven't many friends. My name is Arthur Dale Dustin. What is yours?"

The boy said his was Bert and his sister's was Sue, and that both their names were Chapman. He added that their father was engineer of the pumping station, and that nobody else lived anywhere near there.

Within five minutes they were thoroughly well acquainted, and were all busily picking the luscious berries that abounded in that vicinity. Arthur said it reminded him of a fairy story, and little Sue Chapman said she loved fairy tales, only she had not heard



HE LOST HIS BALANCE; TOPPLED OVER.

very many. So Arthur began to tell them the story of the "Mermaid," which was one that he had read to Cynthia; but he could not remember it very well, and said if they would go down with him to where he lived, he would read it to them out of his book.

They readily agreed to this, and were so perfectly delighted with the little house-boat and all that they saw in it, that it was some time before they were ready to listen to the story of the mermaid. When it was finished they said they must go home now; but invited Arthur to come up to the house and see them after dinner.

That afternoon he met Mr. Chapman and Mrs. Chapman, and saw the great

pumping-engine at work, and was allowed to climb up and look into one of the huge tanks that held thousands of barrels of oil, and had altogether a most interesting and happy time. The best of all, though, was playing with the dogs, of which there were three, a mother and two half-grown pups, all thoroughbred bull-terriers.

The boy enjoyed these so much, and was so fascinated with their playfulness and intelligence, and Mr. Chapman took such a fancy to him that he told Bert and Sue they might make their new friend a present of one of the pups if they wished.

As Arthur had never owned a real live pet in his life, this seemed a most generous offer, and he thanked the Chap-



THE NEXT INSTANT THE WHOLE SKY WAS LIGHTED UP BY A VAST COLUMN OF FLAME.

mans warmly. They gave him his choice of the two pups, and each showed so many good points that it was a long time before he could make up his mind which to take. At length he chose one that was brindled and had a white tip to his tail. His name was "Russet," but as the little Chapmans called him "Rusty," Arthur decided that he would call him so too.

He carried the pup in his arms down to the boat, but all the way it cried piteously at being taken from its home, and struggled hard to get free. Arthur made a bed for it at the foot of his own bunk and tried to feed it, but the pup refused to accept his kindness, and only cried and whined and begged to be let out at one of the closed doors. Finally even good-natured Uncle Phin lost his patience, and said the pup needed a good whipping to make him keep quiet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRIMITIVE MIRRORS.

How Fijian Women Dress Their Hair Without the Aid of Looking-Glasses.

The glory of a Fijian woman is in her hair, and, striking as her toilet is, her *coiffure* is in shape and colors the most conspicuous item. The hair is stiff, wiry, abundant and of a considerable length, growing bushy in a natural state. The Fijian woman, like her modern prototype, thinks that nature is to be improved by art, and lavishes all the resources of an undoubtedly artistic temperament on her hair. As with us, fashion is omnipotent, and the social fetich decrees that every hair shall be trained to stand stiffly and boldly out at right angles to the head, modified or changed into various forms as the wearer may desire. The wives of the chiefs all have a professional hair-dresser, and the lower orders dress one another's, as the elaborate designs frequently require daily attention, or even more often, before perfection is achieved. The best *coiffures* have a surprising accuracy of outline and seem to be carved out of some solid substance variously colored, jet-black, blue-black, white and various shades of red, the latter being mostly affected by young girls. Some designs are a spherical mass of black hair with a white roll in front, as broad as the band; others have the hair in a cord of twisted coils, ending in tassels arranged at the back of the head. Some designs are very ludicrous, one being a ball of fiery red in a bed of white, and another having the head shaved in patches, and the remaining hair stiffened and twisted up until it resembles some paint-brushes of various colors. The most striking arrangement is to draw the hair back over the head, run a curiously-devised plait from ear to ear, and arrange the ends of the hair into rolls of various colors, hanging perpendicularly from the plait, and forming a thick curtain round the neck. The women are continually looking at their hair to see if it is all right, and as glass mirrors are scarce, they have a unique one of their own. In the villages and in the woods surrounding them for quite a distance, every sleeping tree-trunk will have several deep hollows cut in its upper side, and around these are arranged large leaves of the tree, so that the water from the foliage drops into them and keeps them full. The water forms the mirror, and at the same time keeps the leaves from wilting. No woman passes one without arranging any stray hairs by means of the rude comb, made of thorns, which is always carried over the right ear.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Declaration.

Fond Mother (at a ball, aside to her daughter)—Has Sig. Arturo, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions?

"Yes, mamma."

"Thank goodness! And what did he say?"

"He declared that he would never get married!"—Salo Quotidiano.

A Sensitive Soul.

"Open your eyes, George. What's the matter with you?" said the occupant of a corner seat in a crowded car.

"Mind your business. I'm going to keep 'em shut. I hate to see women stand in horse-cars," replied George, settling down in his own seat.—Puck.

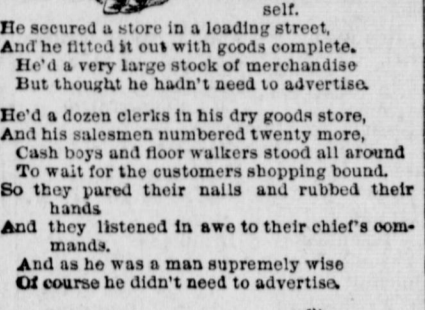
On Board the Nautilus.

Brown—Well, I declare, Jones, you look years older than you did last week!

Jones (on his first voyage)—No wonder; I've had three consecutive berths days since you saw me last.—Life.



HERE once was a man who was rich and great,
Who lived in a city of New York state.
He had always been very fond of puff,
So he started in business for himself.
He secured a store in a leading street,
And he fitted it out with goods complete,
He'd a very large stock of merchandise
But thought he hadn't need to advertise.
He'd a dozen clerks in his dry goods store,
And his salesmen numbered twenty more,
Cash boys and floor walkers stood all around
To wait for the customers shopping bound.
So they pared their nails and rubbed their hands
And they listened in awe to their chief's commands.
And where he was a man supremely wise
Of course he didn't need to advertise.



The windows were all decked out very gay
To catch people's eyes as they passed that way.
And the doors so big were swung open wide
Multitudes of buyers to invite inside.
But the crowd went past in a surging throng
Though it looked in the store, it didn't look long.
And the merchant stared in blank surprise
But he didn't think he needed to advertise.
From the daily press soliciters came
And offered to spread his dry goods fame,
And they argued long and they argued late
But they couldn't induce him to speculate.
Said he: "Some lunatics try that trick
But fools and their money are parted quick.
I am not so silly as you surmise
And I haven't any need to advertise!"

So the days went on and the weeks as well
And the stock somehow didn't seem to sell,
Though the salesmen stood by the counters wide,
Each one with his hands down by his side.
The dust settled over the piled up shelves,
While the cash boys whistled to please themselves.
And the goods in the store were marked with files
But the owner didn't need to advertise.

When I passed that way just a week ago
A neighbor related a tale of woe.
The shutters were up in the dry goods store
And the sheriff had put his seal on the door.
The clerks and the salesmen had gone else where,
And the cash boys whistle in the country air.
In a premature grave the merchant lies—
So he hasn't any need to advertise!
—The Kings' Jester.

Utility of the Toadstool.

Toadstools make excellent dressing for certain kinds of wounds, are highly valued by surgeons, and are in big demand in hospitals. Germans use toadstools exclusively as pipelights also. The dried fungus makes perfect tinder. It is cut in long strips and these in turn are clipped at the edge in a sort of fringe and tipped with phosphorus and sulphur just like match-heads. By rubbing the fringe against any rough surface it ignites just like a match, and burns like punk. If you thrust a bit into the bowl of your pipe you can light the tobacco with ease in the highest wind. In fact, the harder it blows the better your pipe will light. Hunters and fishermen find this sort of match much preferable to any other. A dried toadstool makes a curiosity, too, for it is astonishing how few people know what it is when they see it.—N. Y. Sun.

Expense No Consideration.

Old Pneuritch—Dr. Gammon, sir, I am told that you are convinced that the grip microbe business is a fad.

Dr. Gammon—It is a most astounding fad.

Old Pneuritch—Then I suppose I must have a microbe or two whatever the expense. Make your own terms. Mrs. P. is resolved to get into the four hundred if it takes a railroad to do the business.—Chicago Times.

Back in Kansas.

Lumberman—Brown, you must be tired living in a dugout. Come around and let me sell you a bill of lumber.

Settler—I don't need any lumber now; I have the finest buildings on my claim outside of Garden City.

Lumberman—How's that?

Settler—Last night we had a cyclone, and this morning I found a \$10,000 house on my claim all ready to move into.—West Shore.

Stuck.

Great Author's Wife—What are you writing, Charles?

Great Author—An essay on the importance of a thorough knowledge of the English language.

Great Author's Wife—You don't seem to be getting on very fast with it.

Great Author—No, I'm stuck. I can't remember how to spell "embarrass."—Jury.

Aqueous Already.

Skinner—Have you watered the stock of your New Jersey Improvement Company yet?

Grabber—No, we didn't need to; two thirds of the property is under water already.—Mumsey's Weekly.

A Stirring Drama.

First Theater-Goer—How was the new play last night?

Second Theater-Goer (enthusiastical)—Grand! They had a big tank of real water, and one of the staves got wned.—N. Y. Weekly.

GRANDMA'S LITTLE STORY.

She Tells Kiddy How Her Papa Went to the Head of the Class.

"O, Kiddy!" said her mamma, in a grave tone, as Kiddy came into the sitting-room one morning, with her dress all awry, "what an untidy little girl you are! Just see; your shoe is unbuttoned, your apron is torn, your face is dirty and you have lost your hair-ribbon. When will you learn to be neat, and to play without getting yourself into such a state?"

Kiddy did not look very well pleased. "It's an awful lot of trouble, mamma," she said, almost crossly; then, with a sudden change of tone, she asked:

"Grandma, what are you laughing and shaking your head for?"

"I was only thinking of something," answered grandma.

"What was it?" asked Kiddy; "please tell me, grandma!"

"O, dear, no!" said grandma; "I never could tell a story to an untidy little girl!"

"Could you to a tidy one?" asked Kiddy.

"I think I might be persuaded to," answered grandma, smiling.

That was enough. Kiddy fairly flew out of the room. In ten minutes she was back again, actually shining. Shoes buttoned, a clean apron, nicely brushed hair and cheeks glowing from the hard rubbing they had undergone.

"Jane rubbed dreadful hard," she explained to grandma, "but I did not say a word; now tell me, please," and Kiddy curled herself into a little ball on the rug.

"Well," began grandma, "I was thinking of a little boy who was rewarded once for being tidy."

"Was papa always tidy?" asked Kiddy, in a tone which implied that she hoped that he was not.

"Yes, I think he was," answered grandma.

Kiddy sighed deeply. "From the time that he was a little boy, he seemed to love to be clean and neat," grandma went on, "and when he began to go to school, he was very particular that his boots should shine, and that his hands were washed the last thing before leaving home."

"I don't think that he was very clean when he poured molasses all over his self," murmured Kiddy.

Grandma coughed a little bit behind her hand, and then went on with her story:

"He did not know that he was more tidy than the other little boys—I do not think that he thought about it at all, or he would not have been so much surprised when it was noticed. He went to school to a very disagreeable and unjust Quaker, who seemed always glad when he could find fault with any of the boys, and the boys said that he enjoyed punishing them. He had a very disagreeable habit of looking over the



KIDDY'S PAPA IS HIDDEN TO GO TO THE HEAD.

class, and suddenly selecting one boy to scold."

"I shouldn't think you'd have let my papa go to school to such a cross man!" said Kiddy, indignantly.

"We did not allow him to after we found what a very unjust man he was; but that was not until some time later. One day he called up the arithmetic class; and when the boys were all standing up before him, instead of going on with the lesson, he began to look at them, one after another."

"O, dear!" thought the poor little fellows, "wonder who's done what, now?" and there they stood, really trembling. After what seemed to them a long time, the old Quaker let his eyes rest on Henry; he gave him one long look, and then said: "Henry, thee may go to the head of thy class; thy boots are the cleanest!"

"You may be sure, Kiddy, that your papa was very much relieved, and though it was an unjust thing for the teacher to send him above the rest for having clean boots, still it may perhaps have taught the other boys what a good thing it was to be tidy."

"Humph!" remarked Kiddy, rocking herself back and forth; then, a moment later, she said:

"I think, grandma, that perhaps I like the stories about papa when he was naughty, better than this kind."—Annie L. Hannah, in Our Little Men and Women.

He Loved Sausages.

A correspondent sends from Michigan a true story of a farmer's dog who has been found guilty of obtaining goods under false pretences. He is extremely fond of sausage, and has been taught by his owner to go after them for himself, carrying a written order in his mouth. Day after day he appeared at the butcher's shop, bringing his master's order, and by and by the butcher became careless about reading the document. Finally, when settlement day came, the farmer complained that he was charged with more sausages than he had ordered. The butcher was surprised, and the next time Lion came in, with a slip of paper between his teeth, he took the trouble to look at it. The paper was blank, and further investigations showed that whenever the dog felt a craving for sausage he looked around for a piece of paper, and trotted off to the butcher's. The farmer is something out of pocket, but squarres the account by boasting of his dog's intelligence.—Youth's Companion.

Reciprocity is another name for business.—Republican Exchange.

Then, if reciprocity means free trade, why is free trade not another name for business.

Bulletin No. 17, experiment station Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, treats of crossed varieties of corn—second and third years.

Now, while the Euphoria Republican is a great friend of the country newspapers hereabout, and contains much valuable information that we can clip, of interest to our readers, and with profit to ourselves, we must most modestly decline its request to copy its 15-column report of the Kansas State Sunday-school convention which took place in that city last week.

If each of the subscribers who are in arrears for this paper would pay a small per cent. of their arrearage, it would help us out several hundred dollars. Look at the date by your name, on your paper or the wrapper, and you can tell how far you are in arrears.

DECORATION AT EMERALD. At a regular meeting of U. S. Grant Post, the last Saturday in April, it was resolved that, now and hereafter, the matter of decoration, on the 30th of May, of the graves of the soldiers dead, be a public affair.

PERSONAL NOTES BY EDITOR. We have traveled a few miles in our lifetime, and know what it is to be uncomfortably housed in a poorly upholstered car and rudely tossed up and down on old iron rails that are laid on a dirt road bed.

BUSINESS BRIEVITIES. I want farm loans badly. Come and see me at once. I will give you good rates, and privilege to pay part or all. No delays. J. W. McWILLIAMS.

DIED FROM LA GRIPPE. Under the foregoing head and the sub-head "A Well Known Manchester Lady Passes Away, at Chicago," the Manchester (Mass.) Union tells of the death of a most estimable lady who recently, with her husband, moved from this city to Chicago.

LETTER LIST. Letters remaining in the postoffice at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, May 21st, 1891.

CAN YOU REMEMBER DATES? Date Memory and an Abbreviated Arithmetic, will learn you how. For circulars, address, Bert P. Mill, Schaller, Iowa.

PROGRAMME OF THE FIFTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF THE COTTONWOOD FALLS HIGH SCHOOL.

Saturday evening, May 23d, 1891, the Commencement exercises of the High School will take place in Music Hall, beginning at 8 o'clock. The following is the programme:

Invocation, by Rev. W. C. Somers. "The March," by Male Quartette.—E. D. Roplogle, E. F. Holmes, Geo. W. Somers and J. H. Mercer.

INCEROLL ON CALIFORNIA. In a recent magazine article, Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, the noted writer, says: "The climate of southern California in winter closely resembles that of Egypt."

PERSONAL NOTES BY EDITOR. We have traveled a few miles in our lifetime, and know what it is to be uncomfortably housed in a poorly upholstered car and rudely tossed up and down on old iron rails that are laid on a dirt road bed.

BUSINESS BRIEVITIES. I want farm loans badly. Come and see me at once. I will give you good rates, and privilege to pay part or all. No delays. J. W. McWILLIAMS.

DIED FROM LA GRIPPE. Under the foregoing head and the sub-head "A Well Known Manchester Lady Passes Away, at Chicago," the Manchester (Mass.) Union tells of the death of a most estimable lady who recently, with her husband, moved from this city to Chicago.

LETTER LIST. Letters remaining in the postoffice at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, May 21st, 1891.

CAN YOU REMEMBER DATES? Date Memory and an Abbreviated Arithmetic, will learn you how. For circulars, address, Bert P. Mill, Schaller, Iowa.

IMPORTANT CHANGES IN EQUIPMENT AND SERVICES.

The following changes have been made in the equipment and through service of trains on the Santa Fe route:

Train No. 113 carries Pullman palace sleeper for Galveston and intermediate Texas points, as far as Newton, where it is picked up by No. 463.

CLOSING OUT SALE. Fine Poultry at one-half Price; Rosa & Single Comb Black Leghorns, Silver Laced Wyandottes;

ALL OF FIRST-CLASS STOCK; Warranted Pure Red; Eggs—One sitting, 75 cents; two sittings or more, 50 cents per sitting.

LEVI JARVIS, INWOOD, IOWA. Ritner's Commercial College, SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE AND ENGLISH TRAINING SCHOOL.

G. H. SEDGWICK, Manufacturer and Dealer in Printers' Supplies, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

PAPER JOGGERS. BLOOMFIELD, N. J. Send for Catalogue or Price List.

SINCLAIR PATENT. A Scientific American Agency for the sale of Sinclair's Patent.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER. For Brain-workers and Sedentary People: Gentlemen, Ladies, Youngsters: Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia and the Newspaper Agency, 117 N. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

B. U. SCHLAUDECKER, ROLAND ROBERTS. ERIE MEAT MARKET.

SCHLAUDECKER & ROBERTS Proprietors. Dealers in All Kinds of FRESH MEAT. Cash paid for HIDES.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

J. A. GOUDIE, DEALER IN

FURNITURE, PICTURE FRAMES, ETC., ETC. STRONG CITY, KANSAS.

MAKES A SPECIALTY OF REPAIRING.

JOHNSON & FIELD CO. RACINE, WISCONSIN.

Manufacturers of "THE RACINE" FARM AND WAREHOUSE FANNING MILLS DUSTLESS GRAIN SEPARATORS AND LAND ROLLERS.



These Mills and Separators have long been used by the Farmers, prominent Millers, Grain and Seed Dealers throughout the United States.

PORTABLE SODA FOUNTAINS. Complete Ready For Use. \$35 to \$80. FOR THE LATEST STORE.



Over 26 Years in Use all Over the World. No generators or extras. Operated by a child. Will stand by any \$4000 Gas Fountain and sell five glasses to its own.

YEARS OF VARIED EXPERIENCE. In the Use of CURA. We Alone own for all Dis- TIVE METHODS, that and Control, orders of

HOPE FOR YOU AND YOURS. Don't brood over your condition, nor give up in despair! Thousands of the Worst Cases have yielded to our HOME TREATMENT.

\$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to build up any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously.

ELECTRICITY as supplied by FULLER'S ELECTRIC BELT will cure more diseases than any other agent.

SUCCESS!

The success of the Lawrenceburg Land and Mineral Company is a ready assured.

Within the past eight (8) weeks we have located a celloge, (read a good one, too), a roller process flouring mill, stave and barrel factory (with a pay roll of \$3,000 per week or state with), a planing mill and another woodwork shop.

Seven brick stores are in process of erection on the public square, because the trade of the town absolutely demanded them.

We still want a saw, door and blind factory, and there is not another such place in America for one to succeed in.

It would be a splendid place for a cigar and tobacco factory, as Lawrence County raises good tobacco.

Spread investments can be made in timber and mineral lands, about Lawrenceburg. You know a lick of good timber is as scarce as gold.

As summer is coming on many are looking for a suitable residence, combining healthfulness, good water; cool nights, good society and quiet (with, perhaps, a little fishing and outing).

EVERY PURCHASER GETS A SHOCK IN THE COMPANY, so that it is very easy to demonstrate that ten (10) purchasers will get their money back in dividends and have their lots free and greatly enhanced in value.

THE LAWRENCEBURG HEIGHTS COMPANY has 619 beautiful lots on 3.00 acre, a 29, mostly covered with lawn trees, and very beautiful, which it proposes to make into an elegant and exclusive resort.

THE LAWRENCEBURG LAND AND MINERAL COMPANY has no offer of any of its lots for sale, but will place a few on the market June 1st, at \$5.00 per front foot, for residence lots, in good locations.

THE LAWRENCEBURG LAND AND MINERAL COMPANY, Offices: Room 63, 185 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., or Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

WOVEN WIRE FENCING

BEST STEEL WIRE. WIRE ROPE SELVAGE. ACKNOWLEDGED THE BEST for Lawns, Gardens, Farms, Ranches and Railroads.

THE KANSAS CITY STAR. DAILY AND WEEKLY.

The Leading Newspaper OF THE WEST.

DAILY CIRCULATION. OVER 43,000 WEEKLY CIRCULATION. OVER 70,000

The Kansas City Star is an eight-page, evening paper, and is the most complete and most comprehensive, interesting and instructive newspaper published in the west.

The Star contains all the important news of the world up to 5 o'clock p. m. of the day published, giving its patrons the freshest news from twelve to twenty hours in advance of morning contemporaries.

It publishes the Produce Markets and Commercial Reports of the trade centers of the world, and the full and complete Live Stock and Grain Markets, including the closing reports from New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City.

The Star is not controlled by any set of politicians and is devoted to enlightening and publishing all the news of the day in the most resting shape and with the greatest possible promptness, accuracy and impartiality.

It will enjoy your confidence if you appreciate an honest, fearless and bold newspaper.

THE STAR, KANSAS CITY, MO. Notice to Taxpayers.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.
THE WESTERN FARMER AND THE SINGLE TAX.

HARTFORD, Minn., March 16.—I have been for years an ardent believer in the single tax, but have never before addressed a letter to The Standard, except to send in my yearly subscription. I am located in a backwoods district, and being usually driven with work all the year round I have had no opportunity to do any missionary work, except to keep up a desultory correspondence in a few papers. I should not write now if it were not for the fact that I can see that the single tax is getting before the people of my community in some mysterious manner, just as epidemics spread, without any apparent cause. The late political cyclone made me representative of my county in the Minnesota legislature, and, being known as a believer in the single tax, my correspondence shows unmistakably that the outlines of the case are becoming visible to many. A resolution expressing the sentiments of a local farmers' club was placed in my hands recently, which disapproved of a state bureau to encourage immigration, "as all the benefits of immigration accrue to land speculators." I do not know that any of these farmers are single tax men, but there is no doubt they soon will be. Numerous petitions are being signed by farmers, urging the enactment of a law that will compel railroad companies to pay taxes on their lands, acquired under land grant acts that exempted them from taxation, "for," say these farmers, "the settlers who have improved the country have given these railroad lands all their value and enabled the owners to exact a higher price from the purchasers who want to settle on them and improve them." These farmers are learning their A. B. C. and will get on in time. A widow, who has taken up a homestead claim in Dakota, passed through our neighborhood last week, asking aid to keep her family from starvation until she could get another crop from her land. The authorities had done all they could for her and others in similar circumstances, but all they could give them was some corn meal, and her youngest child was suffering from lack of nourishment, the coarse food disagreeing with its young and delicate organization. She was only one of many living on the free lands of Dakota who have lost three crops from drought, but having no where else to go they cling desperately to the only land they can call their own. One more season of drought and failure of crops will depopulate portions of Dakota. There are thousands of families living out there on the bleak plains clothed in rags and subsisting on the most meagre diet, praying Heaven to give them rain, so that they can make enough money to build themselves homes, while millions of acres of fine agricultural lands in Minnesota, Iowa and other states situated in the region of ample rainfall are lying vacant in the grip of the land speculator.

I believe the present session of the Minnesota legislature will result in strengthening the cause of single tax. It is composed largely of farmers who are earnestly seeking a remedy for existing industrial wrongs, and are especially desirous of formulating a platform upon which the farming class and the so-called wage workers can occupy as a common ground. Single tax men will know where they will finally land if they persist in an honest search for a remedy that will emancipate all industry. Within the past year I endeavored to get the single tax discussed in the county and local farmers' alliance organizations in my county, but failed to get a hearing. Recently I have received notices from two different localities requesting me to be present on dates named, to participate in a discussion of the single tax. I think we can make these meetings so interesting that the people will want more of the same kind.—J. H. Sheets, in The Standard.

English Land Tax.

Commenting on the debate on land taxation in the house of commons, Michael Davitt's paper, the Labor World, after showing how the landlord parliament of England had reduced the land tax which formerly constituted the bulk of revenues of the English government, to a merely nominal proportion of the total amount raised by taxation, says:

The total rent-revenue derived by landlordism from the land each year, including ground rents and royalties, is difficult if not impossible, to ascertain accurately. But it is generally computed at land, £200,000,000 to £250,000,000. This vast sum is not the result of land from lord energy, intelligence, or outlay. It is the earning, the creation of the industrial community. If every landlord in Great Britain emigrated to the antipodes and remained there forever, the economic value of the land would go on producing the wealth which the landed aristocracy is now appropriating as its property. The influence which they, as a class, exercise upon the production of this wealth is about equal to that which they exercise upon the growth of the bodies of the human units of our population. The labor of the masses, the social necessities of the community, the daily wants of the people and the general progress of the arts and sciences as applied to the organism of society, are alone responsible for the wealth which, in the name of rent, a small and a useless class are taking year by year from the nation.

Instead of five millions, the entire taxation, local and general, should be levied upon land values. These are the products of the combined energies of the whole population. They are, therefore, the one legitimate subject for national revenue. They grow from the inalienable patrimony of the state. Every citizen contributes to their development. No man's house, or food, or clothing, or earnings would suffer from the appropriation of land values for fiscal purposes. On the contrary, every tax now levied upon the necessities of life could be abolished if the land of the country was again made the

source from whence the state should derive the means with which to carry on the duties of government. It would be an act of restitution, and not of revolution. The people would be only taking that which they and they alone, create, and the nation would only be enjoying again the right of which it was deprived by a privileged class in making the "economic earning" of the soil defray the cost of administering the affairs of the commonwealth. To the cry of "confiscation," which this demand would call forth from landlords, the people can answer "restoration." The "confiscation" has been the work of the landlords. To levy taxes for the needs of the state is legal and constitutional. Land reformers, who demand the land for the people, seek only a constitutional reform by legal means.

"Cozy" Murphy, the Landlord.

There lived in Dublin, some years ago, a gentleman named Murphy—"Cozy" Murphy, they called him, for short, and because he was a very comfortable sort of a Murphy. Cozy Murphy owned land in Tipperary; but as he had an agent in Tipperary to collect his rents and evict his tenants when they did not pay, he himself lived in Dublin, as being the more comfortable place. And he concluded, at length, that the most comfortable place in Dublin, in fact the most comfortable place in the whole world, was—in bed. So he went to bed and stayed there for nearly eight years; not because he was at all ill, but because he liked it. He ate his dinners, and drank his wine, and smoked his cigars, and read, and played cards, and received visitors, and verified his agent's accounts, and drew checks—all in bed. After eight years' lying in bed, he grew tired of it, got up, dressed himself, and for some years went around like other people, and then died. But his family were just as well off as though he had never gone to bed—in fact, they were better off, for while his income was not a whit diminished by his going to bed, his expenses were.

This was a typical landowner—a landowner pure and simple. Now let the working farmer consider what would become of himself and family if he and his boys were to go to bed and stay there, and he will realize how much his interests as a laborer exceed his interests as a landowner.

How to Tax Mines.

The Detroit Tribune had, in a recent issue, a remark to the effect that "The democratic scheme to tax the northern Michigan mines out of existence won't win." Commenting on this the Detroit News says:

The democratic nor any other party could "tax the northern Michigan mines out of existence," if it had the most intense desire to do so. The mines were in northern Michigan before there were any democrats, and they will be there when all the democrats are dead and forgotten.

Why the Farmer Should Favor the Single Tax.

So far from the effect of placing all taxes upon the value of land being to the advantage of the towns at the expense of the agricultural districts, the very reverse of this is obviously true. The great increase of land values is in the cities, and with the present tendencies of growth this must continue to be the case. To place all taxes on the value of land would be to reduce the taxation of agricultural districts relatively to the taxation of towns and cities. And this would be only just; for it is not alone the presence of their own populations which gives value to the lands of towns and cities, but the presence of the more scattered agricultural population, for whom they constitute industrial, commercial and financial centers.

The land holders of Detroit are bursting with indignation. The city assessors have been assessing the land of that city at a higher rate than ever before, and have thus added several millions to the taxable values. The Detroit Journal thinks that "the ideas of Henry George have not been without influence on the assessors, for there has been a more systematic effort to get at land values than ever before." The assessors have struck their heaviest blow at "acreage property," and the holders of this property—"the men," says the Journal, "who are holding for an increase of land value"—will be pinched terribly, "many of them to the point at which they will be forced to sell to those who will improve, or else improve themselves." Good.

TRACING out the cause of unequal distribution of wealth which appears in all civilized countries, with a constant tendency to greater and greater inequality as material progress goes on, we have found it in the fact that, as civilization advances, the ownership of land, now in private hands, gives a greater and greater power of appropriating the wealth produced by labor and capital.—Progress and Poverty.

If I have worked harder and built myself a good house while you have been content to live in a hovel, the tax-gatherer now comes annually to make me pay a penalty for my energy and industry, by taxing me more than you.—Progress and Poverty.

BLAINE'S "FRIENDS."

The Clique That Engineers the Affairs of the Nation.

The sealskin scandal recalls public attention to the fact that the men who are closest to Mr. Blaine politically constitute a clique which embraces some of the most daring speculators in America. Its existence first became notorious during the period of the star route scandal. Prior to that time Mr. Blaine, as is well known, had taken a very considerable financial interest in the affairs of Arkansas in connection with Little Rock railroad securities and with casting anchors to windward in the formation of national banks. In this connection he made close friends of some of the most notorious carpet-bag politicians of Arkansas, and from Arkansas operations were extended to New Mexico, where his friends raided the public lands in much the same style as one of their number—District Attorney Clayton—made his debut in Oklahoma under this administration.

This clique, bound together by common affiliation with Mr. Blaine and having headquarters both in Wall street and Washington, has operated through resident members in West Virginia, in New Mexico, in Arkansas, in Montana, in Oklahoma, and wherever else there was an opportunity to turn a penny through politics, as is now being done through Mr. Blaine's sealskin diplomacy.

In its personnel the connection is made between those engaged in Mr. Blaine's deals with Fisher, in his grand diplomacy, and in the star route contracts. Prior to the nomination of Mr. Benjamin Harrison, his son, Mr. Russell B. Harrison, was taken into full fellowship and into open partnership with Elkins in the Montana operations of the syndicate which in Montana was active in land schemes and in politics. Young Harrison, who went to Montana to hold a minor federal office, had no capital of his own, and when he was taken into the clique there is little or no doubt that the deal for the nomination of his father had already been made. In pursuance of this deal Mr. Morton, the American representative of the French syndicate engaged in the grand deal, was made vice president through the same influence which made Mr. Harrison president—the influence of Stephen B. Elkins as the political familiar of Mr. Blaine.

The history of the Harrison administration shows how the deal has been carried out. We need not go beyond Arkansas and Missouri to find a sufficient illustration of how all-powerful has been the influence of these speculators over Mr. Harrison. They have been the power behind the throne of the second of the Harrison dynasty. They have dictated appointments; he has merely assented. The patronage of the administration has been under their control, and they have used it to promote their private ends, regardless of party as of public welfare.

Such notorious facts make it a very serious question how far Messrs. Blaine and Harrison are free agents in connection with the extensive political and speculative operations of these men. The weight of the evidence tends to show that Mr. Blaine acts under compulsion. He seems to be literally "in the hands of his friends," of the men whom in the past he has used for his own purposes; whom now, when the end of his career is in sight, when he has opportunities to make an honorable record in closing it, he might gladly shake off if he could. But it is inevitable that when a public man of national reputation makes such alliances he becomes the slave of those he expected to use only as tools. Desperate men, with no regard for public opinion, caring nothing for what is said of them, bent on getting the largest possible amount of unearned money in the shortest possible time, they are not to be trifled with, as Mr. Blaine well knows after his experience with Fisher. Having once "got a cinch" on him they use it either to control him or ruin him—to control him regardless of whether it rains him or not. His humiliations under such circumstances must be extreme. He is the victim of these men and of the deal they made in his name in nominating Mr. Harrison.

On Mr. Harrison the hold they have established prior to this deal, and it has been strengthened since through the speculative operations in which Russell B. Harrison is used with what is clearly studied ostentation, leaving no doubt that he is played as a stool pigeon by experienced operators whose designs he is not capable of understanding.

Whatever the bitterness privately felt towards each other by members of such combinations, it cannot manifest itself in open rupture. The same influences which nominated Mr. Harrison bind him and Mr. Blaine together. No matter how much they may distrust and dislike each other, they cannot separate. Mr. Blaine will not desert Mr. Harrison nor will Stev Elkins desert Mr. Blaine.

The operations of Mr. Elkins and his associates in Behring's sea show how ruthlessly Mr. Blaine is used. The governing idea of these speculators is to make all they can while the Harrison administration lasts, and they are utilizing every opportunity, regardless of the scandal created when it becomes no longer possible to conceal the fact that the machinery of the government of a great people is prostituted to the private ends of a band of financial freebooters.—St. Louis Republic.

A SHIFTING POLICY.

Financial Blunders of Republican Surplus-Spenders.

To the mind of the average republican editor there is nothing quite so perfect as the financial policy of his party. It is to this the orator turns when needing a rounded period to excite applause that shall afford him rest for his next flight. It is to this the great editor looks when he would entirely demolish his democratic contemporary. But the time has come to check these volatile ranters. They have as little knowledge of financial questions as the woodchuck of Arabia. They have seen their party straddle every financial debate and cheered all ways for the wise statesmanship of

their partisans. If it were asked that the crowd should shout over the platform of 1868 then did the welkin ring in behalf of a policy that was disowned before it had been telegraphed across the country. Was there rejoicing because of the issuance of the trade dollar? It was equaled when the party had succeeded in foisting over thirty million dollars on the small dealers and plain people of the country for the direct benefit of a patriotic firm of tea exporters in New York, and then reduced their value while in the hands of the poorer classes. Let these shouters be told that no financial act of the republican party will stand fair investigation.

And if the people would appreciate the tergiversation of an average republican financier let them turn to the outwings of the present secretary of the treasury, who is extolled as a statesman because he has the happy faculty of money-getting through the sale of cottons. Mr. Foster indorses the statement of a subofficial regarding the condition of the national finances. He agrees there need be no difficulty in carrying on the operations of the government because of the expenditures of the billion-dollar congress. It is only necessary to note one of the means to be adopted by this sagacious financier to understand how fully he meets the requirements of republican policy. He says:

As to the \$100,000,000 of gold reserve, it is held against the \$200,000,000 greenbacks. But these notes are legal tender, and the government can and would use this gold reserve if it needed to on a pinch. It should, therefore, appear in the debt statement as available cash.

No flatist need ask better indorsement of his absurd claims than is presented here by the republican secretary of the treasury. In this declaration from the head of the treasury department is found full warrant for the assertion by the flatists that the so-called reserve would never be of value to the holders of the greenbacks should occasion require its use by the government. These extremists will find in the position of Mr. Foster incitement to further attempts to unsettle the financial condition of the country by demanding the withdrawal of the gold reserve for the payment of the interest-bearing securities of the government. If they succeed in placing power in the hands of ignorant demagogues by this exhibition of financial policy, then will the republicans controlling affairs under this administration find it difficult to satisfy the people that they have erred through mere ignorance. There is a blunder that trenches closely on crime. If it were needless to maintain the coin reserve, then have the people been taxed unnecessarily for the last twenty years. If it were necessary, then must the sum be held sacred for the uses of the people when wanted.—Chicago Times.

A HUMILIATING SITUATION.

Disastrous Consequences of Republican "Business" Legislation.

The whole situation is a most humiliating one, for the government is for the moment in the plight of a poor power which has just been defeated in a bloody war. That the secretary of the treasury should be receiving suggestions from all parts of the country as to the best mode of meeting the ordinary and foreseen expenses of the government, in order to avoid a confession of national bankruptcy, is, in fact, one of the most curious incidents of recent history. But it is also a most impressive and imposing spectacle. It brings home to the public, as nothing else could, the danger of "business" congresses, which do not deliberate. There is no doubt now that Reed's house of representatives was a "business" body, for no parliamentary body has ever done as much business in the same length of time. In one winter it emptied the richest treasury in the world, and compelled the finance minister of the richest country in the world to borrow for his daily needs, for borrowing is apparently what he will have to come to. What he is considering now is at what rate and in what way he can best borrow. Mr. Reed ought not to be in Europe at this juncture. He ought to be here giving more advice to the country and explaining the McKinley bill.—N. Y. Post.

NEW POLITICAL NOTES.

—President Harrison's farmer's wagon scheme does not seem to be enthusiastically taken up by the all-ances.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—The administration is vigorously scrapping up the half-dollars, quarters and dimes and spending them. They are all that is left in the treasury, and when they are exhausted Mr. Foster will inform Mr. Harrison that the pinch has come.—St. Louis Republic.

—Republican organs are quarreling over the question whether Blaine or Harrison should be given the doubtful honor of originating the limited reciprocity scheme. As a matter of fact neither of them should have it. If it goes to whom belongs it will be given to the necessity of the high taxes.—Chicago Times.

—The democrats went out of power in 1868 leaving in the treasury one hundred million dollars' surplus of the people's money. At the end of two years of republican misrule the administration organs are only able to say that "Uncle Sam will worry through" by raking together his small change and securing an extension of maturing obligations.—Buffalo Times.

—While a republican congress has been piling up the burdens of the nation to an extent unprecedented in history, squandering a surplus of nearly two hundred million dollars, accumulated under President Cleveland, and rendering a suspension of the process of paying off the national debt indispensable in order to save the treasury from a deficit, the democratic party entrusted with the government of the empire state has practically extinguished the debt of the state, diminished the general expenditure, transferred the cost of government from the back of labor to the shoulders of wealth and accomplished a reduction of the tax rate to the lowest point reached since the year 1855.—Brooklyn Citizen.

WHAT IS SHODDY?

How Shoddy is Made, Spun and Woven—How to Detect Shoddy—Making Cheap Tariff Clothes for the People.

The word "shoddy," as ordinarily used in the past, meant all sorts of wool waste made from wool which has once gone through the various processes of manufacture, such as scouring, carding or combing, spinning and weaving.

Now, however, since so many substitutes for new and clear wool have been brought into use, the broad term shoddy has been narrowed down to include only a clearly defined wool substitute, and the other substitutes formerly included under it have been given new names. Thus, therefore, we have in the category of wool substitutes the following: (1) new shoddy; (2) old shoddy; (3) extracts; (4) fleeces; (5) cow hair; (6) common goat and other animal hair.

New and old shoddies are made in the same way, the former from pieces and strips of new cloth resulting as a waste in the making up of woollen fabrics into articles of wearing apparel, and the latter made from old and wornout garments, woollen rags, in fact every piece of woollen material, however small, which have found their way into the rag pickers' and peddlers' bags.

These rags, new and old, are first run through a machine called the picker, which tears the yarns to pieces, after which the product is mixed with clear and new wool, and carded or combed and spun. The quantity of new wool necessary to make the spinning of the shoddy possible depends upon the length and strength of the shoddy fiber.

Shoddy yarns made in this way were formerly used in the west only, but of late manufacturers have come to use more and more of them in the warp. The great difficulty standing in the way of their use in the warp is their great liability to break.

Extracts are, like shoddies, made from woollen rags, but they differ from shoddies in this respect that they are made from rags which contain an admixture of woollen and cotton yarns. Before such rags can be put through the picker, which breaks up the yarns into fibers, the cotton yarns must be separated from the woollen yarns. This is accomplished by soaking the rags in an acid which, so to speak, eats out the cotton fibers but leaves those of wool intact. After the rags have gone through this extracting process they go through the picker and are treated in the same way and are used for similar purposes as shoddies. Extracts, however, are not worth as much in the markets as shoddies, since the acid used in taking out the cotton injures the wool fibers.

Fleeces are entirely different in nature and in the uses to which they are put, from extracts and shoddies. The greater part of the fleeces made result from the finishing of cloth once woven. In this process the cloth is run over sharp knives which cut off the projecting fibers. Fleeces are therefore too short to admit of carding or spinning—too short even to be mixed with wool. They are used, however, to increase the weight of woollen and mixed fabrics. This is accomplished by literally blowing them into the woven cloth.

The other substitutes for wool, such as cow, goat, and other coarse animal hair, find their chief use in the manufacture of carpets and so great is the demand for them for these purposes that the price of hair for use in mixing plaster for houses has gone up considerably of late years.

It is a difficult task for a layman to detect shoddies or extracts in the garments which he is about to purchase, for they are very ingeniously concealed and made to look like raw wool. When he has worn his coat for awhile the wool fibers making up the yarn used in the warp, nearly worn out as they already are before they are manufactured, soon break, and their new owner soon finds his garment shrinking and threadbare.

Fleeces are so ingeniously blown into the fabric from which our heavy coats are made that their presence can be detected only after the garment has been worn for awhile, when they accumulate in the corners and together with the broken shoddy and extract fibers make quite a large bunch.

It is not alone in the manufacture of cloths and carpets that shoddies and extracts are used. To such an extent have the wool hat manufacturers been forced in their competition with fur hats by the high wool duties, that as early as 1880 40 per cent of the materials used by them was shoddy and other substitutes, and to-day many wool hats (they should be called shoddy hats) are sold which contain less than 30 per cent clear new wool.

MCKINLEY HELPS SHODDY.

The Shoddy Business on a Boom—The Wool Duties Please the Shoddy Men—How Shoddy Prices Have Advanced—Why Shoddy Men Are Republicans.

Nothing will show better the real effect of the high duties upon wool imposed by the McKinley tariff and the great boom which it has given to the shoddy industry than a comparison of the markets for wool and shoddies before and after that measure was passed. Just as the textile manufacturers who use wool only in their products are tireless in the movement for free wool, so the shoddy manufacturers have always strenuously opposed putting wool upon the free list, knowing, as they do, that free wool will be the death of shoddy. During the whole time that the McKinley bill was being discussed in congress the shoddy men again and again predicted that it would be a grand thing for their business.

The course of the shoddy market from week to week is very carefully reviewed in the shoddy department of the American Wool Reporter. The following is from its report of September 4, 1890: "According to the reports from the various markets this week there seem to be good prospects, and dealers feel quite sure that in a short time they will do a better business. They say the only obstacle in their way at the present time is the delay in the tariff bill, and state that if it is not passed business will not assume any better condition than at present, but they are in hopeful anticipation of its being passed, and if so they say the rag and shoddy business will boom."

September 11 "the shoddy trade continues to show promising prospects." September 25 the trade in rags, shoddies, waste, extracts, etc., shows a continued improvement, the demand for the different lines of stock is better in nearly every case and larger sales are reported by nearly every dealer." October 2, the day after the McKinley tariff went into effect, we find that "the markets for rags, shoddies, waste and extracts are, almost without exception, more active and of a firmer tone than when last reviewed. The transactions have been of a gratifying character and the outlook is considerably very encouraging." October 9, one week later, "we note a continued improvement in the markets. Prices are very firm, with something of a tendency to rise, while all classes of stock are much easier to sell than for some time past. The sense of comparative security from changes in the tariff for a number of years hence tends to a greater freedom in transactions and a greater firmness and positiveness than has been hitherto possible." "The improvement noted last week in the market has continued," according to the report of October 16. "Prices are somewhat advanced and all classes of stock sell more easily. As the tariff is now settled, dealers feel positive that a better business will be done in the near future, and since its passage they report that large orders are coming in rapidly."

How the great boom predicted by the shoddy men as the result of the McKinley tariff, and realized, as shown in the above quoted market reports, continued to grow is shown by the later reports in March and April. On March 13 the report declares that "the good, though quiet demand for nearly all classes of stock which we have noted for several weeks, continues, and dealers find little difficulty in moving their stocks at quoted prices. In extracts and shoddies the outlook for both is especially good, and in both old and new woollen rags there are indications of a continuation of the present fairly strong inquiry, if not a positive, general improvement over existing conditions." And a month later, on April 9, "we note a continuation of the very good demand for those lines of stock which have been moving more or less freely of late, and there seem to be no indications of any tendency to weaken prevailing prices."

A comparison of the prices which prevailed before the passage of the McKinley tariff assured to the shoddy manufacturers a boom in their trade, and the latest quotations show how great the boom really has been.

Articles.	Prices.		
	Aug. 7, 1890.	May 7, 1891.	1891.
New clips			
Fine merino tailors	11 @ 14	18 @ 15	
Good mixed	10 @ 12	11 @ 14	
Fine dark	10 @ 12	11 @ 14	
Good light clips	11 @ 12	11 @ 14	
Choice light clips	17 @ 15	18 @ 20	
Fine blue	17 @ 19	19 @ 20	
Black merinos, un-			
seamed	10 @ 11	14 @ 15	
Clear hoods	9 1/2 @ 10 1/2	10 @ 12 1/2	
Cut cloth, dark	3 1/2 @ 4	4 @ 4 1/2	
Cut cloth, blue	7 1/2 @ 8	9 1/2 @ 10	
New Pure Judges			
Blue shoddy	28 @ 30	30 @ 31	
New black shoddy, extra fine	23 @ 24	23 @ 26	
Light yarn shoddy, extra fine	31 @ 33	35 @ 37	
Extracts			
Medium light	16 @ 18	18 @ 20	
Light	24 @ 26	25 @ 28	
Fine light merinos	25 @ 26	28 @ 29	
Fine black merinos	23 @ 25	24 @ 28	
Ordinary mixed	13 @ 16	16 @ 20	

In view of the above facts, is there any wonder that the shoddy dealers and manufacturers, who are thus enabled to make clothing for the farmers to wear without buying or using his wool, issued their great circular in 1888 declaring "there is only one way to avoid this loss to ourselves, (by the Mills tariff bill which put wool on the free list) and that is by the defeat of the candidate of the free trade party, Grover Cleveland. We have determined in the coming election to support the candidates of the protection party, Harrison and Morton. Their election we consider to be indispensable to the maintenance of our business."

Well did they know that the high wool duties imposed by the McKinley tariff would compel woollen manufacturers to use more shoddy and less wool. Free wool would be the death of shoddy and the farmer's coat would be made of woollen cloth a yard wide and not of shoddy and extracts made from the rag peddlers' rags.

MCKINLEY HURTS WOOL.

American Woollen Lower Under McKinley's Tariff—No Bright Outlook for the Wool Grower.

Just as the McKinley tariff boomed the shoddy trade and raised the price of rags, shoddies and extracts, it has resulted at the same time in a fall in the price of wool, as the following quotations show:

O. & P. XX & above.	Cents.	
	Aug. 7, 1890.	May 7, 1891.
Ohio No. 1	32 @ 31	30 @ 31
Ohio No. 2	37 @ 35 1/2	35 @ 37
Michigan No. 1	28 @ 26 1/2	28 @ 27 1/2
Michigan No. 2	36 @ 34 1/2	35 @ 36
unmercantable	22 @ 23	21 @ 22

In commenting on the situation of the woollen industry and the wool trade in an editorial May 7, 1891, the editor of the American Wool Reporter shows how gloomy is the situation. "In view of the protective condition of things, it seems to us decidedly unwise and impolitic for growers and holders of wool to persist in any attempt to secure inflated prices. If the condition of woollen manufacturing was such that manufacturers could afford to pay more for their wool, the case would be different." The high tariff imposed by the McKinley law upon wool is showing its effects. How long will the farmers and wool growers prefer the interests of the rag pickers and shoddy manufacturers to their own and the interests of the legitimate woollen manufacturers?

The protectionists are rashly promising that tin plates are going to be made here cheaper than in Wales. Perhaps but Welsh plates are made in New York cheaper than sheet iron. Surely the tin and the tinning will cost something!

A BATTLE.

I saw a battle yesterday. And would you have me tell The story of this fearful fray. And how it all befell?

Against the mists the sun made war; The foggy mists, you know, That in the morn by sea and shore Their ghostly forces show.

The sun shot down his shafts of light And pierced their ranks, and made Them scatter in to shreds of white And flying bits of shade.

It was an utter rout, I ween; The mists were vanquished foes, No bugle called, no blood was seen, I heard no clash of blows.

Yet in an hour the day was clear, The sky triumphant shone; While, from a bush that boded near, The wind a flower had blown.

Till at my very feet he lay, All white within the sun; It was a flag of truce, to say The fight was fought and won.

—Richard E. Burton, in St. Nicholas.

SPAIN'S BABY KING.

How His Majesty Celebrated the Second Anniversary of His Birth.

Alfonso, the little king of Spain, was two years old in May, 1888. His queen-mamma said he must have a birthday party.



SPAIN'S BOY KING.

He clapped his chubby hands and crowded with delight; for, although he did not know what a birthday party was, he was sure it would be great fun.

His small bound to have as good a time as other little boys who are not kings at all.

It was a grand festival, for all the school-children of Madrid were invited. They paraded before him, dressed in their Sunday clothes, and each carrying a bright flag.

He thought it all a splendid joke. He laughed and kept time with the music with his saucy, royal heels.

He kicked as hard as he could against the legs of his high chair, which is the kind of throne he has now.

Every child was given a pretty silver medal with a portrait of the tiny sovereign stamped upon it.

Such a feast as the young folk had! Fourteen thousand meat pies, twice as many cakes and oranges, and two thousand pounds of candy were ordered and disposed of.



His majesty, the host, grabbed for the oranges and cried for the sugar plums just as any other wee fellow would have done.

IF THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN talked better, he would have said that when he grew up, and could do as he pleased, he would have a party every day in the week.

I wish I could show a photograph of the queen and her children. Just such a sweet picture may be seen any day in their own homes.

The mamma is pouring tea at table; Alfonso is in his high chair at her side, and the two small princesses are in their places, smiling and dainty, in their plain white dresses.

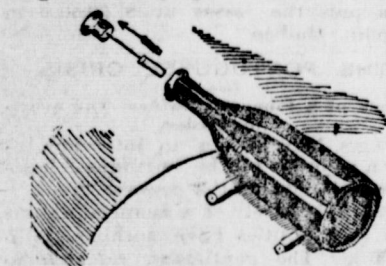
I hope all the little people who read this story have a dear papa to sit opposite mamma; but there is none in this photograph. The royal papa is dead, and that is the way it happens that Spain has a baby king.—Mary C. Crowley, in Our Little Ones.

INDOOR ARTILLERY.

A Clever Trick Which Enhances the Value of Empty Bottles.

If you are asked: "Would you hear the report of a cannon, with the loud noise which frightens nervous people, see the shell start with the rapidity of lightning, and at last assist at the phenomenon of the recoil of a piece of artillery?" you may bravely answer: "Yes!" for the experiment which I offer here is of the most innocent description, as you may judge for yourself.

Take a thick glass bottle; fill it three-quarters full of water, dissolve in that water about a dessertspoonful of bicarbonate of soda. Make a cylinder of a large card; stop up one end of it with a



piece of crumpled tissue paper, and put into this cylinder a dessertspoonful of tartaric acid. Fasten the cartridge thus manufactured by a pin and thread to the cork of the bottle, which is placed upright on the table. Let the opening of the cartridge be at the top, and regulate the length so that it does not touch the water. Then cork the bottle tightly.

Now our cannon is loaded, all that remains to be done is to fire it off; for this purpose, place the bottle carefully in a horizontal position on two pencils laid parallel on the table, to form a gun carriage. The water penetrating the tube or cartridge will dissolve the tartaric acid and the carbonic acid gas which will be the result will force the cork out of the bottle with a violent explosion. By the effect of this reaction the bottle will roll back, imitating the recoil of a piece of artillery.—Churchman.

A Needed Reform.

Good Minister (during Sunday service)—My dear brethren, I have noticed that on rainy Sundays the congregation always rushes out pell-mell the instant the benediction is pronounced. This looks very unseemly, and I have instructed the sexton to stand in the vestibule on rainy Sundays hereafter and give checks for the umbrellas.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Horrible Death.

Judge Pankley, a leading member of the New York bar, who is somewhat intemperate in his habits, was obliged to consult a physician. The latter examined the invalid's nose and breath, and then said: "You must take one drink less every day."

"One drink less every day! Holy Moses! If I take one drink less every day, in about six months I'll not take any more at all. Why, that is killing me by inches."—Texas Siftings.

She Was "On to Him."

Mrs. Schaumburg—Mister Schaumburg, dot vas my birthday, and yet you comes home to me mit empty hands, mit no presents, votever. How ish dem dot?

Mose Schaumburg (reproachfully)—Vy do I come home mit empty hands, Repecca, ven it was not dot I can bress you more readily my throbbing pussion to?

Rebecca—Moses, you vas a fakir vrom away pack.—Texas Siftings.

It Drove Him from the Pulpit.

"Why did Rev. Mr. Thumper leave the ministry?" "His congregation was at him all the time to pray for rain and he wouldn't do it."

"Didn't he believe in the efficacy of prayer?" "Yes; that's the trouble. He always had a terrible attack of rheumatism when it rained."—Judge.

The Best Worst.

Tired Traveler (alighting from train)—Which do you consider the best hotel here?

Drummer—You see that building over there? That is the worst.

Tired Traveler—But I don't want the worst. I want the best.

Drummer—Then I don't know what you're going to do. There is only one.—Judge.

The Downward Path.

Mrs. Mulligan—Mrs. O'Hooligan, I'm jist after comin' from 'er perlice station, an' they have your son Molk there, shunk as a lord. He was arristed this evening.

Mrs. O'Hooligan—Moy! Moy! Dhruink, ish he? An' it isn't a wake, Mrs. Mulligan, since he promised me he'd kapp out o' pollyticks.—N. Y. Weekly.

Afraid He Would Miss Him.

There was a pistol duel between Smith and Jones. Jones fired and missed Smith, whereupon Smith raised his weapon to take aim and said pleasantly to his opponent:

"Jones, would you be so kind as to step a little nearer, as I am short-sighted, and I don't want to miss you if I can help it."—Texas Siftings.

Mutual Warmth Advisable.

Mrs. Van Letter—Laura, my child, be careful; that man isn't a lord, I'm sure. He's just a cockney.

Laura—Why, mamma? Mrs. Van Letter—Didn't you notice how he pronounced the Thames river? He drops his h's.—Judge.

Safe from Drowning.

Winter Visitor (in Florida)—I should love dearly to go sailing, but it looks very dangerous. Do not people often get drowned in the bay?

Waterman—No, indeed, mum. The sharks never let anybody drown.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Great Success.

Jones—I see that ten thousand copies of Miss Maud Estee's book have been sold within a month. You met her once, didn't you?

Adams—Yes. Why, I never supposed that she would write an immoral story.—Judge.

A LITTLE TOO MILITARY.

"Don't you think she's stylish?" "To tell the truth she's a leetle too military to suit me."—Life.

Locating the Responsibility.

"I take a good deal of credit to myself," said the father, "for the way Johnny has got on in the world. I have supervised his studies, looked after his amusements, assisted him in his choice of a profession, and given him financial help whenever he has been in a tight place. Whatever success he has in life he owes to me."

"He is not very robust, is he?" inquired the friend.

"No; he is puny, little, insignificant looking, and not at all strong. I have done my duty by that boy," said the father, majestically, "but physically"—and he spoke with much severity as he located the responsibility for the young man's bodily infirmities—"physically, sir, he is just as the Lord made him."—Chicago Tribune.

Had Found a Bargain.

A Washington man who is noted for his appreciation of a nickel's full value, rather than for religious devotion, was seen in one of the prominent churches.

"I don't understand it," remarked a man who is acquainted with him. "I never knew him to attend divine service before."

"Probably," was the reply, "he has just discovered that salvation is free."—Washington Post.

Coming in a Little Too Fine.

Madison Squeers—It has got so now that you can't ask a policeman a question without you have a permit.

Upon Downes—What kind of a permit?

Madison Squeers—A permit to live!—Puck.

The Tyrant Maceath.

Was laid out cold by Maceath. Those tyrants, biliousness, constipation and dyspepsia, are defeated with no less certainty and completeness by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. That conqueror of disease also speedily overcomes malaria, rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles, nausea and nervousness.

When a woman wants to drive anything out of the house she "shooes" it. A man usually boots it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Summer Tourists.

Take the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, the popular route to all points of interest in the scenic Northwest and the Puget Sound region. Connects with trans-continental trains for all resorts dear to the hearts of pleasure seekers. F. H. Loun, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Phoenix Building, Chicago, Ill.

The only thing that a miser ever loses is his appetite—the cost of a meal scares it away.—Texas Siftings.

There is one remedy that has saved many a debilitated, blood-poisoned mortal to a life of happy usefulness and robust health. It will save you if you will give it a trial. It is Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla. Any medicine dealer will supply you. You do yourself injustice if you fail to use it.

"To the victor belongs the spoils," said the gallery god who was heaving eggs at the tragedian.—Washington Post.

Gts. A. DuBois, a well known resident of St. Louis, says: "I have used several bottles of Prickly Ash Bitters for biliousness and malarial troubles, so prevalent in this climate, and heartily recommend it to all afflicted in a like manner. It is the best remedy I ever used."

The most polite man we know of is one who never permits himself to look over his own shoulder.—Boston Transcript.

Harsh purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

The holder of a straight flush generally "carries things with a high hand."—Boston Courier.

No remedy has saved so many sickly children's lives as Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers. They never fail and children like them too.

People borrow trouble because it is easy to get, and need not be paid back.—N. O. Picayune.

For any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, relief is sure in Carter's Little Liver Pills.

In the matter of "laying out" the undertaker isn't "in it" with the tramp.—Boston Courier.

Ladies who possess the finest complexion are patrons of Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

Vigorous to the Zoo should not attempt to make light of the tapir.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Boid everywhere. 25c.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like CATTLE, HOGS, WHEAT, CORN, etc. in Kansas City, May 18.

Table with market prices for various goods like CATTLE, HOGS, WHEAT, CORN, etc. in St. Louis.

Table with market prices for various goods like CATTLE, HOGS, WHEAT, CORN, etc. in New York.

There's a patent medicine which is not a patent medicine—paradoxical as that may sound. It's a discovery! the golden discovery of medical science! It's the medicine for you—tired, run-down, exhausted, nerve-wasted men and women; for you sufferers from diseases of skin or scalp, liver or lungs—it's chance is with every one, it's season always, because it aims to purify the fountain of life—the blood—upon which all such diseases depend.

The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The makers of it have enough confidence in it to sell it on trial.

That is—you can get it from your druggist, and if it doesn't do what it's claimed to do, you can get your money back, every cent of it.

That's what its makers call taking the risk of their words.

Tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, are what Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are. The best Liver Pills ever invented; active, yet mild in operation; cure sick and bilious headaches. One a dose.

Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil, featuring an illustration of a man and text: "St. Jacobs Oil PROMPT CURE CURES PERMANENTLY Rheumatism SCIATICA Back Aches all Aches NEURALGIA IT HAS NO EQUAL. IT IS THE BEST."

Advertisement for G.W. Simmons & Co. Flags, featuring text: "The Best U.S. BUNTING FLAGS ARE SOLD BY G. W. SIMMONS & CO., BOSTON, MASS. MILITARY GOODS."

Advertisement for Beecham's Pills, featuring text: "THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY, BEECHAM'S PILLS For Bilious and Nervous Disorders. 'Worth a Guinea a Box' but sold for 25 CENTS, BY ALL DRUGGISTS."

Advertisement for The Kansas City Medical & Surgical Sanitarium, featuring an illustration of the building and text: "THE KANSAS CITY MEDICAL & SURGICAL SANITARIUM For the Treatment of all Chronic and Surgical Diseases."

Advertisement for Pisos Remedy for Catarrh, featuring text: "PISOS REMEDY FOR CATARRH—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal."

Advertisement for Fish Brand Slicker, featuring an illustration of a man in a raincoat and text: "Throwing a Switch... Fish Brand Slicker... It is tough work in stormy weather, and the slicker is not to be well protected, if he wishes to preserve his health."

Advertisement for Tutt's Pills, featuring text: "Dyspepsia is the bane of the present generation. It is for its cure that its attendant, Sick Headache, Constipation and Piles, that have become so famous. They act speedily and gently on the digestive organs, giving them tone and vigor to assimilate food. No griping or nausea. Sold everywhere. Office, 44 Murray St., New York."

Advertisement for Hartshorn's Self-Acting Shade Rollers, featuring text: "HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS. Beware of imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAF AND LABEL THE GENUINE HARTSHORN'S."

Advertisement for Do You Breed Fine Animals, featuring text: "DO YOU Breed Fine Animals, Cattle, Sheep, Poultry? Then you WANT a cut or two illustrating your fine stock, whether a HORSE or any other animal. A HORSE Address: A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO., 401 Wyandotte street, Kansas City, Mo."

Advertisement for Cancer, featuring text: "CANCER and Tumors Cured no knife, book Free. Drs. GREATIGN & DEK. 103 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. A. N. K.—D. 1344. WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper."

Advertisement for The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox, featuring text: "The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox."

Advertisement for Stop Walking, Ride a Bicycle, featuring an illustration of a bicycle and text: "STOP WALKING! RIDE A BICYCLE. Kansas City Bicycle Co., 1225 Main St., Kansas City, Mo."

Advertisement for Buy a Baby, featuring an illustration of a baby carriage and text: "BUY A BABY. DELIVERED FREIGHT FREE. K. C. Baby Carriage Co., 1225 Main St., Kansas City, Mo."

Advertisement for Free Northern Pacific R.R. Lands, featuring text: "FREE NORTHERN PACIFIC R.R. LANDS. Best Agricultural Land. Write for Catalogue of Baby Cakes, Bicycles, Toys and Children's Goods. K. C. Baby Carriage Co., 1225 Main St., Kansas City, Mo."

Advertisement for Golden Memories, featuring text: "GOLDEN MEMORIES. Containing Hundreds of Illustrations of the most interesting and the choicest writings of the best Authors. Write for terms to Hunt & Eaton, 1206 G St., N. Y. NAME THIS PAPER every time you write."

Large advertisement for The Ladies' Home Journal, featuring illustrations of two women in elaborate dresses and text: "The Ladies' Home Journal Mailed to any address from now TO Jan. 1, '92 (BALANCE OF THIS YEAR) On Receipt of only 50 Cents. A FEW of the leading features embrace Mrs. Beecher's Reminiscences of HENRY WARD BEECHER Sketching their entire home-life. Society Women as Housekeepers. 'How to Make and Save Money,' by HENRY CLEWS, the eminent New York Banker. Musical Helps, by CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, ANNIE LOUISE CARY, CHRISTINE NILSSON, SIMS REEVES, and others. 'How to Keep City Boarders,' by KATE URSON CLARK—and hundreds of other good things for the autumn and winter numbers. CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa."

CLEVELAND TALKS.

The Ex-President Makes Two Speeches at His Old Home.

Speech to the Germans—Address to a Democratic Club—Public Extravagance Denounced and Sweeping Reforms Demanded—Duty of Democrats.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 13.—The German young men's association of Buffalo celebrated its fiftieth anniversary here last night in Music hall. A remarkable circumstance was the presence of G. A. George and Dr. John Hausenstein, who were respectively president and vice-president of the association half a century ago and hold the same offices to-day.

The principal event of the festival was the presence and speech of ex-President Cleveland. It was his first public appearance here in almost eight years. He received an ovation when he appeared on the platform and the enthusiasm of the great audience was plainly pleasing to him.

"I understand," said the ex-president in the course of his speech, "that among the prominent purposes of the German young men's association are the propagation of a knowledge of the best elements of German character. So far as the first of these objects is concerned, I hope I may be permitted to say that while the efforts of the association in the direction mentioned are most praiseworthy and patriotic, such an undertaking can by no means be monopolized by any association. The value and importance of German literature is too keenly appreciated to be neglected in any part of the world. It is not too much to say that all nations which make claim to high civilization encourage the study of German literature; and that the extent to which this study is pursued by a people furnishes a standard of their enlightenment. On behalf of the American people, I am inclined also to claim tonight that the German character which the association undertakes to cultivate, is so interwoven with all the growth and progress of our country that we have a right to include it among the factors which make up a sturdy and thrifty Americanism. With our early settlers came the Germans. They suited themselves to every condition of our new world. Many of them fought for American independence, and many who in the trade of war came to fight against us afterward settled on our soil and contributed greatly to the hardihood and stubborn endurance which our young nation so much needed.

"As years were added to the new republic, the tide of German immigration increased in volume. Those who thus came to us brought with them a love of liberty which readily assimilated them to our institutions and their natural love of order made them good citizens. By their love of music and social enjoyments they shed a bright light upon the solemn and constant routine of American work, while at the same time they abundantly proved that reasonable recreation was entirely consistent with wholesome and conservative accumulation. They were found in every part of our land. Among the pioneers of the far west they struggled against discouragements and hardships—countering privation by frugality, and never for a moment losing sight of the better day promised by the future to undaunted courage and persistent industry. Everywhere they illustrated the value and the sure reward of economy and steady work.

"I cannot resist the temptation to introduce here the thought that no such association can exist and escape a responsibility to our people and our government. Wherever our countrymen are gathered together with the professed purpose of mutual improvement or in furtherance of any useful object, they ought to do something for their country. Its welfare and progress depend so clearly upon what the people are taught and what they think that patriotism should pervade their every endeavor in the direction of mental or social improvement."

Public Extravagance Denounced. BUFFALO, N. Y., May 13.—The Cleveland democracy formally opened its new club house last evening and dedicated it to the propagation of democratic principles. The building was ablaze and redolent with the perfume of flowers and plants which abounded in profusion. There were 1,600 members present.

Herbert P. Bissell, president of the club, introduced Ex-President Cleveland, the speaker of the evening. After alluding encouragingly to democratic prospects, Mr. Cleveland spoke as follows:

I believe the most threatening figure which to-day stands in the way of the safety of our government and the happiness of our people is reckless and wicked extravagance in our public expenditures. It is the most fatal of all the deadly brood born of governmental perversion. It hides beneath its wings the betrayal of the people's trust and holds powerless in its fascinating glance the people's will and conscience. It brazenly exhibits to-day a billion dollar congress. But lately a large surplus remained in the people's public treasury after meeting all expenditures there by no means economical. This condition was presented to the American people as positive proof that their burden of taxation was unjust because unnecessary; and yet while the popular protest is still heard, the harpy of public extravagance devours the surplus and impudently calls upon its staggering victims to bring still larger supplies within the reach of its insatiable appetite.

A few short years ago a pension roll amounting to \$3,000,000 was willingly maintained by our patriotic citizens. To-day public extravagance decrees that three times that sum shall be drawn from the people, upon the pretext that its expenditure represents the popular love of the soldier. Not many years ago a river and harbor bill appropriating \$11,000,000 gave rise to a loud popular protest. Now public extravagance commands an appropriation of \$22,000,000 for the same purposes, and the people are silent. To-day millions are paid for bare-faced subsidy, and this is approved or condoned at the behest of public extravagance, and thus a new marauder is turned loose, which, in company with its vicious tariff partner, bears pillaged benefit to the households of favored selfish interests. We need not prolong the details. Turn where we will we see the advance of this devouring and destructive creature.

Our democratic faith teaches us that the species' exaction of money from the people

upon the false pretext of public necessity is the worst of all governmental perversions, and involves the greatest of all dangers to our guarantee of "justice and equity." We need not unlearn this lesson to apprehend the fact that behind such exaction and as its source of existence is found public extravagance. The ax will not be laid at the root of the unwholesome tariff trade, with its vicious inequality and injustice, until we reach and destroy its parent and support. But the growth of public extravagance in these latter days and its unconcealed and dreadful manifestations, force us to the contemplation of other crimes, of which it is undoubtedly guilty, besides unjust exactions from the people.

Our government is so ordained that its life blood flows from the virtue and patriotism of our people and its health and strength depend upon the integrity and faithfulness of its public servants. If these are destroyed our government, if it endures, will endure only in name, falling to pieces for whom it was created and falling in its mission as an example to mankind. Public extravagance in its relation to inequitable tariff laws, not only lays an unjust tribute upon the people, but is responsible for unfair advantages bestowed upon special and favored interests as the price of partisan support. Thus the exercise of the popular will for the benefit of the country at large is replaced by sordid and selfish motives directed to personal advantage, while the encouragement of such motives in public place for party ends deadens the official conscience.

Public extravagance directly distributes gifts and gratuities among the people, whose toleration of waste is thus secured or whose past party services are thus compensated, or who are thus bribed to future party support. This makes the continuance of partisan power a stronger motive among public servants than the faithful discharge of the people's trust, and sows the seeds of contagious corruption in the body politic.

A HOLY MYSTERY.

Feeling Religious Belief of the Ansairae of Arabia.

One of the most curious features of the Ansairae faith is their belief in a Trinity: Ali, the Father; Mohammed, the Son, and Salman el Farsi, the Holy Ghost. Ali, the Father, became man through his veil or representative Mohammed, and Mohammed appointed Salman to superintend the affairs of this world after his return to his Father's kingdom. This mystery of a Trinity is the second item in the Ansairae religion, and is universally believed in by all the four sects; it is called "the mystery of the A. M. S.," from the initial letters of the three individuals of their Trinity. An Ansairae—or Nasari, as their sect is more commonly called in the north—when taking an oath will always swear by his "faith in the mystery of the Ain, Min, Sin," and one of the most common forms of prayer among them is to say the words: "Ain, Min, Sin" five hundred times in succession.

Concerning the third person of their Trinity, Salman, the Persian—or as he is more commonly abbreviated, Sin—the Ansairae have many curious legends. They call him "the communicator," the medium by which Ali makes his will known to man; he is supposed to have superintended the creation of the world, and to govern the atmospheric conditions of our globe.

The mystery of the covenant of the Ain, Min, Sin may be said to be the one point which joins all Ansairae together, be they inhabitants of the Mediterranean shores or the mountains of Northern Persia. There is something of Freemasonry about it, and a body of omens are said to know their fellows by a certain shake of the hands and the oath. "I adjure thee by the faith of the covenant of Ali, the Prince of Believers, and by the covenant of the Ain, Min, Sin, after taking which oath an Ansairae dare not lie.

It is also admitted by all the sects of the Ansairae that the old man, Nasare, born at the village of Nasaria, in Arabia, was the discoverer of this holy mystery, but he is somewhat cast into the shade by another divine, called Al Khusalbi, who perfected their religion, to whom most of the prayers they have now in use are attributed, and who taught that all great men and prophets, in all ages, are incarnations of Ali. In his list of incarnations Al Khusalbi includes Plato, Socrates, Alexander the Great, Jesus Christ and Mohammed, the founder of Islamism—in fact, all the great leaders of various ages; whereas celebrated women, and the wives of these great men, are supposed to be incarnations of Salman Al Farsi, with the curious exceptions of the wives of Noah and Lot.—Cornhill Magazine.

Hats and Heads. It has been noticed by Mr. Henry Heath, who sends hats all over the world from Calcutta to Peru, that different nationalities possess heads of distinctive sizes and shapes. For instance, Germans have very round heads, a peculiarity shared by our own royal family. The average English head is what hatters call a good shape—that is, rather long. The Scotch, one is not surprised to learn, are very long headed. Canadians are distinguished by exceptionally large heads, South Americans by very small ones, Australians, again, have rather small heads. The subject is an interesting one and worth pursuing further if space allowed. The heads of individuals also vary a good deal from time to time, shrinking during illness or mental worry, and generally becoming smaller with advancing years. As to shape, there is such a thing as fashion, but it only affects fashion; men stick to much the same shape year after year.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Financial Item. Visiting Stranger—I want to invest some money in stocks on Wall street. How can I find out which ones are no good?

New Yorker—By buying them.—Texas Siftings.

"I have such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll. "Yes, so George says," responded Mrs. Spiteful. "Sometimes indulges too much, doesn't he?"—Exchange.

PASSING OF THE LYMPH.

The Hope of Consumptives in Its Efficacy Fading Away.

PHILADELPHIA, May 16.—In all the hospitals of the city the use of the Koch lymph has been practically discontinued. Where there is no absolute discontinuance of the toxic agent, it is only being experimented with in a few selected cases. Even in these special cases the treatment of the lymph is becoming narrower and narrower in scope. Resident physicians of the hospital say the fluid has proved to be of such small value that, together with the great danger attached to experimentation, there is no reasonable escape from abandoning it. At the hospital for consumptives, at Chestnut Hill, and also at the male branch of that institution, 411 Spruce street, the Koch lymph has been superseded by a new treatment. Dr. William M. Angney, visiting physician of both institutions, says that the lymph has failed utterly, save in a single case. The cure of that patient is so uncertain, however, that no good has come from the experiments. The new treatment that Dr. Angney has instituted is one advocated by two Detroit physicians. It consists of inhalation of chlorine and hypodermic medication with chloride of gold and soda and a solution of iodine. The value of this new treatment has not yet been determined.

At the Jefferson hospital experiments with the celebrated German physician's fluid have been brought to a close. It is known that Dr. Da Costa considered the remedy too dangerous for experiment, because there was no certain knowledge as to its best use. Dr. J. William White says the fluid is being used at the University hospital in selected cases. The experiments, he added, were being confined to narrower fields steadily. The same statement is given by the physicians at the German hospital. In the rest of the hospital, where there have been but a few experiments, the lymph has almost become a stranger. It has leaked out that the tuberculosis commission of the veterinary department of the university of Pennsylvania has abandoned its experiments with Koch lymph, and a majority of the members of the commission are of the opinion that both as a curative and diagnostic agent the fluid is valueless.

GOLD IMPORTS.

The Demand for Gold Attracting the Attention of Foreign Bankers—Russia Not Yet Ready for War.

BERLIN, May 16.—The heavy imports of American gold in Europe in general and Germany in particular have drawn the attention of financiers in Germany to the matter. Herr Bleichroder, the well known banker who shares the Rothschild's financial power on the continent of Europe, in an interview on the subject to-day said: "All the gold coming here from England and from France is shipped to Russia, which country has been draining heavily from Berlin and still heavier from London. In order to protect the Bank of England and so as not to decline its reserves American gold was called for, but this was an unprofitable transaction. The gold was bought at a loss, it is true, but we are willing to sacrifice something. Had the Russian demand been met by the withdrawal of gold from London and Berlin the rate of discount in banks of these cities must have risen 6 or 7 per cent. Under the present state of affairs this would simply mean ruin to thousands. We avoided it by buying American gold."

When asked what Russia wanted with all this gold, and in reply to the question, "Is she preparing for war?" Herr Bleichroder said: "You can state with absolute certainty that for three years Russia will not think of war. I have received daily positive information that Russia is upon the point of changing her armament. She has adopted a new rifle and it will take three years to arm her troops with the new weapons, and Russia dare not go to war in the midst of such an important change."

THE WEEK'S TRADE.

Dun's Report Makes a More Favorable Showing Notwithstanding the Foreign Demand for Gold. NEW YORK, May 16.—R. G. Dun's Weekly Review of Trade says: In every respect the outlook is more favorable excepting the large exports of gold and the advance in the Bank of England rate to five per cent, obviously for the purpose of drawing more gold from this country. The receipts for customs duties in New York are largely in silver certificates and new treasury notes—no less than 64 1/2 per cent. for the first ten days of May—but it is proper to remember that the new treasury notes being redeemable "in gold or silver coin," with a provision of the law empowering the secretary to maintain the parity of gold and silver paper and coin are in practice redeemable in gold and in value equal to greenbacks.

It is a most favorable symptom that the continued exports of gold cause no panic in this market. It is a significant fact that the exports in April were about double last year's in value as to cotton, and showed an increase in oil and provisions but a decrease in cattle and breadstuffs. Yet in breadstuffs the decrease was wholly in corn, and the surplus of wheat available for export May 1 was about 39,000,000 bushels. The exports of wheat from Atlantic ports have been much smaller than a year ago until last week, when an increase of 10 per cent. appeared. In corn the decrease is heavy, of course.

Mr. Binder's Downfall.

NEW YORK, May 16.—The Herald says that ex-Assemblyman Charles A. Binder, of this city, has fled, and is an absconder of trust funds to the amount of \$20,000. The flight of the embezzler occurred on May 4, the day preceding that set apart for him to make an accounting of the estate of Barbara Houseman, which he had administered since 1880. Nothing has been heard of him since his disappearance, and his family fears that he may have committed suicide. Excessive dissipation and over indulgence in gambling is the cause of Mr. Binder's downfall.

THE WAR IN CHILL.

The Government Troops Defeated—Barbarity of the Victor.

PANAMA, May 16.—The recent engagements in Chili are thus described by the Nation and others of the Chilian government organs: "The Robles, Gana and Arrat divisions effected a juncture and after eating and tearing up a portion of the Pisagua railway, took up a position on the Sebastopol hill, which commands the nitrate works, the water and the railway. Canto, with his army, took up a position at Mollé station, Iquique. After some reconnoitering on both sides Robles abandoned his advantageous position on Sebastopol hill and posted his army on the plain at Pozo Almonte, first of all tearing up the railway in his rear. The damage was, however, promptly repaired by Canto's army, and he followed up Robles and gave him battle on the 7th inst., and after a stubborn and sanguinary encounter of five hours' duration the government forces were completely defeated and routed.

"Col. Robles was wounded in a foot early in the fight, but after the injured limb had been dressed by Dr. Middleton he remounted his horse and resumed command. Toward the close of the fight he was shot in the side, but he continued to cheer and lead his men in repeated desperate charges until, faint from loss of blood, he fell from his horse and was carried to the ambulance. Here he was again attended to by Dr. Middleton.

"By that time the defeat of the government troops was complete, and a major compelled Dr. Middleton to withdraw from the ambulance and ordered his men to shoot Col. Robles. After receiving eleven bullets, they inflicted upon him numerous bayonet wounds, the hands of the unfortunate man being cut to pieces in the efforts he made to protect his body from the thrusts. All other officers in the ambulance were killed. Col. Mendez of the Fifth of the line was killed toward the close of the fight, as were also Col. Jarpa and Maj. Rumot. The sailors from the fleet did terrible execution with their gatlings."

BEGGARY IN EUROPE.

Hundreds of Starving Families—and Distress From Strikes and Other Causes.

LONDON, May 16.—A Berlin dispatch says that the workmen dismissed from employment at Bielitz, Silesia, for leaving work without permission on May day assembled yesterday to the number of several thousand and demanded to be put back to work. This the employers refused, whereupon many of the working people became demonstrative and a riot being apprehended the garrison was called out. The people, however, dispersed without doing any violence.

Vienna advises state that at Pesth, Hungary, hundreds of families of workmen are without shelter, having been turned on the street for non-payment of rent.

The land owners in Hungary are forming combinations with a pledge not to employ nor to allow their tenants to employ any laborers who take part in labor agitations. As a consequence many of the laboring classes are preparing to emigrate.

Rome advises state that the misery among the working classes is very great. Owing to the decline in values and the stagnation of building interests, thousands are out of employment who have usually enough work at this time of the year. All who can are emigrating, mostly to North and South America, but the very poor who cannot obtain money to emigrate remain and infest the city everywhere. The multitude of beggars has never been so great and they are more than usually importunate. King Humbert gives away large sums from his personal income in charity, but that does not affect to any appreciable degree the amount of squalor and misery.

ON SCHEDULE TIME.

The President and Party Complete a Successfully Arranged Tour of Over a Month.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—The president and party arrived in Washington at 5:30 o'clock last evening exactly on schedule time. When the train was nearing the national capital and the journey was almost at an end the president summoned to the observation car every person who had accompanied him on the trip, including the ladies and all the employes of the railroad and the Pullman Car Co., and made them a short address. He said he found that he had made just 139 speeches since they left Washington on the 14th of April last, and he thought this a good occasion to make the number a round 140.

He then referred to the unprecedented excellence and perfection of the railroad service throughout the entire trip, and said that fact that they had been able to travel over 10,000 miles of territory in a splendidly equipped train without an accident or mishap of any kind and without one minute's variation from the pre-arranged schedule must always be regarded as a most remarkable achievement. He said that Mr. George W. Boyd, of the Pennsylvania road was entitled to great credit for his excellent management of the trip, and he added that it was a superb exhibition of what training, energy and intelligence resulted for a man. He then returned his thanks individually to the conductors, the engineer and firemen, the chef and his assistants, the brakemen, the waiters and porters, and in fact every person who had rendered service to the party on the trip.

A Fated Spot.

LONDON, May 16.—At 11 o'clock last night, off Europa point Gibraltar, near the spot where on March 10 last the ill-fated steamer Utopia sank, the British steamship Buccanear, bound for the Mediterranean for an English port, collided with the Italian steamship Sturia, Captain Valls, bound from various Mediterranean ports for New York. The Sturia had on board a large number of emigrants for the United States. A panic ensued, but the officers finally succeeded in restoring order. Neither boats were badly damaged, and no one was injured.

THE FOREST FIRES.

Further Particulars of the Destruction By Forest Fires in Michigan, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania.

DETROIT, Mich., May 15.—The forest fires in the upper peninsula are still burning from Manistow to Huron. The loss from these conflagrations is already estimated at \$2,000,000 or more with a probability that it will be doubled unless checked by rain.

Over 100 homeless, houseless women and children are at Baldwin, sheltered and fed by charity, while the men have returned to their late homes whence they were driven by the fires to see if anything remains worth saving.

THE WISCONSIN FIRES.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 15.—Railroad dispatches from the districts of Wisconsin affected by forest fires show that the situation, while not at present threatening to railroad companies, is most grave.

The distress among settlers along the lines of the railroads is great. Although many families stayed by their homesteads until the flames were at their back doors it is thought that no lives have been lost. Duluth, Ashland and Superior are full of people driven out of the woods.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FIRES.

PUNTSUTAWNKY, Pa., May 15.—A great fire is raging along the mountains between Pottsville and Hellwood on the line of the Pennsylvania & Northwestern. It is sixty miles in length. Many people have been made homeless.

Officials of the Pennsylvania & Northwestern have repeatedly called out their force of men to protect their property. A daily and nightly vigil is kept along the line in order to protect, if possible, property that must otherwise suffer the ravages of the flames.

SWITCHMEN FIRED.

The Chicago & Northwestern Road Discharges 48 Switchmen—No Fight Against the Union Yet Against Misconduct.

CHICAGO, May 15.—At 7 o'clock yesterday morning every switchman in the employ of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Co.—300 in this city and 300 employed at points along the line—was discharged and paid off. The company chose this hour as the most convenient to notify both the day and night men that their services would no longer be required. General Manager Whitman of the road reports at this hour (11 o'clock) that so far there has been no trouble or disturbance occasioned by the lockout.

The road has been preparing for this action during the past two months and for every man discharged this morning there was another ready to take his place. Yardmaster Frank McInerney, whose discharge the switchmen demanded and enforced by a tie up during General Manager Whitman's illness six weeks ago, has been reinstated this morning and took charge of the new men. The company says that McInerney was never really discharged. His name has never been taken off the pay rolls of the company, but his position has remained vacant as he has remained away from his work pending the trouble started on his account. Mr. Whitman said this morning that he no longer could put up with the state of things that has existed during the past three years and this action is a practical demonstration of the company's intentions to run its own business. On account of the men being always ready to strike on the slightest provocation the train service has been unsatisfactory to the public and to the company itself and now he proposes to put a stop to it.

The President at Springfield, Ill.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 15.—The echo of cheers seemed to follow the presidential train through the night as it went eastward from Omaha over the Wabash system. At many stations in Missouri, where the train passed through in the "wee sma' hours," large crowds assembled and sent shouts after it as it disappeared in the darkness. The president rose at 5 o'clock this morning to witness the grand demonstration in his honor at Hannibal, Mo., which point was reached at 5:30 o'clock. Despite the early hour more than 5,000 people were assembled and the president was given a warm welcome.

Thousands of visitors from neighboring towns helped the people of Springfield to welcome the president to this city this morning. Perfect weather and plenty of enthusiasm made the short visit of the distinguished guest a pleasant one, and excellent arrangements caused the reception to take place without a hitch.

Federal Courts Will Not Interfere.

DES MOINES, Ia., May 15.—Nine injunctions for violations of the prohibitory law, ten indictments for nuisance and one contempt case for the violation of an injunction in Mahaska county were appealed to the federal court upon the ground that the Iowa law was in violation of the federal statute. The counsel for defendants contended that when the government issued a license to an individual to sell liquor the license carried with it the protection of the federal government from interference of the state in the transaction of the business for which the holder of the license paid, and that the Iowa law which prohibited traffic in intoxicating liquors was therefore void.

Judge Shiras ordered the cases remanded to the state courts, saying that the court would not interfere in the enforcement of state laws of this character which were merely a police regulation.

An Arkansas Assignment.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 15.—The largest individual failure that ever occurred in this state was announced yesterday. It was the assignment of Maj. John D. Adams, for the benefit of his creditors, principally in Little Rock and Memphis. Frederick Cramer was appointed receiver and gave bond in the sum of \$200,000. Maj. Adams' assets are \$400,000 and the liabilities about \$300,000. The property assigned includes four valuable cotton plantations, real estate in Arkansas City, Pulaski, Prairie and Cleburne counties, and stock in many enterprises.

IN NEBRASKA.

Lincoln and Omaha Cordially Greet the President and Party.

OMAHA, Neb., May 14.—A great crowd hailed the arrival of the presidential train at Lincoln. At 9:15 the train pulled into the station amid the deafening cheers of the throng, the blowing of whistles, the booming of cannons and the ringing of bells. The stay there was only for three-quarters of an hour, but the Lincoln people made it lively for the party. Flowers and flags made the dingy railroad station and a reception committee welcomed the chief executive.

Gov. Thayer welcomed the president. There was some attempt by local politicians to cause trouble by insisting that Boyd should perform that duty, or if not, that the city authorities should ignore the presidential visit. To prevent this Mr. Boyd issued a card asking his friends to show every respect for the president.

Omaha had her spring finery on an early hour. The city had been trimmed in the national colors in honor of the coming of the presidential party. The arrangement committee succeeded in having the business blocks and residences along the route of the procession decorated quite profusely.

As the president stepped from the train to enter his carriage a mighty shout went up from the multitude collected at the station. Quick time was made by the carriages from the station to Farnam and Seventeenth streets, where the procession was forming. In the carriage with the president were Senator Manderson, Major Sanger and Mayor Cushing. Gov. Thayer rode with Mrs. Harrison in the second carriage. The cheering from the crowds of people massed along the sidewalks and grown in volume as the president approached the courthouse, where formal ceremonies took place. Mayor Cushing welcomed the president and the latter in response made an address which was frequently interrupted by cheering. At the conclusion of the reception the presidential party and its escort entered the carriages for a drive about the city.

TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION.

The Michigan Forest Fires Cause Great Destruction of Property—Flames in Wisconsin.

DETROIT, Mich., May 14.—Clinton, Clare county, and Walkerville, Oceana county, towns of 100 inhabitants each, are added to the list of those surrounded by forest fires. In each case the destruction of the homes of the inhabitants was accompanied by heavy loss to the lumber firms having sawmills at the places named. The loss to these firms on buildings and machinery amounts to over \$100,000. In addition to this an amount not easily to be reckoned has been lost in the destruction of the forests.

At present there is little hope that the fire can soon be stayed, and the entire lumber district of four or five counties lies at its mercy. There has been little rain this season, and the country is in the same condition it was in when it was devastated in 1871.

At Boyer station a tract six miles long and three miles wide has been burned over, destroying everything. Four farm houses and barns were burned.

FLAMES IN WISCONSIN.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., May 14.—Fires have mowed a pathway from the St. Louis river to the south shore of Lake Superior, extending over a territory from two to twenty miles in width. The damage to property can not be estimated at this time, but the bulk of the loss will rest in standing pine destroyed and logs already cut and ready for the saw.

At present the greatest damage is reported from along the line of the Omaha railroad, on both sides of which and extending to Lake Superior on the north the fire is still raging ferociously.

Last night a report reached the city that S. M. Stocking's camps near the Brule river and 2,000,000 feet of logs had been burned. Mr. Stocking says that from all he can learn the damage in the timbered districts east of Superior has been very heavy.

Word came from the south shore that the fire was rapidly reaching out in the direction of several million feet of logs belonging to the Peyton, Kimball & Dardry Lumber Co. Over 1000 square miles of virgin forest has been utterly destroyed and the head of one logging firm puts the losses at \$1,500,000 in standing timber.

THE PORTUGUESE CRISIS.

Foreign of a Financial Nature—The Situation Easier.

PARIS, May 14.—In an interview to-day a member of the Portuguese legislature declared that the present crisis in Portugal is purely of a financial nature and that politics have nothing to do with it. The gentleman referred to added that the republicans in Portugal are losing ground, owing to the disastrous effects of the establishment of the republic in Brazil and that they have not a single man capable of directing a revolution.

Senor Belanero Montenegro, a member of the Spanish chamber of deputies, has been interviewed in regard to the Portuguese crisis. He said that upon the first attempt to establish a republic in Portugal Senor Carvosa del Castillo, the Spanish prime minister, would interpose and assist the monarchy to resist such movement.

The financial situation in Portugal is easier to-day and the country is perfectly tranquil.

The Dalton Desperadoes.

WICHITA, Kan., May 14.—Fred J. Dodge, chief of the Wells-Fargo Express Co.'s detectives in Texas, came up from Wharton, I. T., to investigate a report that Bob Dalton, one of the brothers who held up the Santa Fe train near Wharton Saturday, had been seen here. The man who made the assertion that he had spoken to Bob Dalton here insists that he knows the outlaw well, but no trace of him can be found now. George Whipple, a brother-in-law of Bob Dalton, was arrested at Guthrie and was put in jail here on a charge of obstructing the officers by warnings to the Daltons.