

# Chase County Courier.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

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

VOLUME XIII.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1886.

NUMBER 2.

## THE WORLD AT LARGE.

### Summary of the Daily News.

#### WASHINGTON NOTES.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND received about 200 callers at his reception on the 4th.

The report of Sedgwick in the Cutting case has been received at the State Department. It will not be acted upon until the return of the Secretary of State. The report is said to be a mere lawyer's statement of the situation without argument, and consists mainly of a succinct summary of the facts, together with copies of the documents in the case and the proceedings in court.

ORDERS have been telegraphed from Washington to San Francisco to pass Prince Napoleon's baggage free on his arrival in that city and to pay him special courtesies.

REAR ADMIRAL LUCE, commanding the North Atlantic station, and Commodore Chandler, commanding the New York navy yard, have been directed to consult with General Schofield relative to the participation of the navy in the ceremonies attending the completion of the Bartholdi statue on the 25th of October. The United States ship Tennessee, flagship of the North Atlantic squadron, will take part if available.

MRS. CLEVELAND and Mrs. Folsom returned to Washington on the morning of the 6th.

#### THE EAST.

The nomination of Henry George for Mayor of New York was formally made and accepted on the 5th at Cooper Institute.

RETURNS from 100 towns in Connecticut give the Republicans 54, the Democrats 31 and divided 15.

The brakemen on the Youngstown division of the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railway have struck for increased wages and extra pay for overtime. One hundred and ten men are out.

EDGEMONT, the nurse on trial in Brooklyn for causing the death of a patient in the Flat Bush Insane Asylum by scalding him in a bath, was acquitted.

New York stock jobbers pledge themselves to support J. Edward Simmons for mayor, in opposition to Henry George.

The trustees of the Peabody Educational fund held their annual meeting in New York on the 6th. They were afterwards banqueted.

The Republicans of the Ninth Massachusetts congressional district have nominated Hon. Frederick D. Ely, of Dedham.

GOVERNOR PATTON, of Pennsylvania, says all infected cattle coming from Chicago will be destroyed and a quarantine ordered.

The miners of the Philadelphia & Reading Peerless Colliery struck recently on account of scarcity of cars. The breaker could not supply coal steadily, and several miners demanded that time should be allowed them which was thus lost. The request was refused.

The waterworks at Sheepshead Bay collapsed the other day with a terrific crash. The tower went down.

FIRE in New York recently destroyed the Harlem beach bath and other property, worth \$55,000 in all.

The Philadelphia Common Council has postponed action on Mayor Smith's impeachment for the present.

A CHARTER for an underground railway through Philadelphia has been granted by the Pennsylvania Secretary of State.

PHILADELPHIA is to have an underground railway fifteen miles in length.

MISS KATE TAYLOR, aged twenty-five, was blown to pieces by an explosion of fulminate of mercury, at the Winchester arms factory, New Haven, Conn., recently. The young lady was an inspector of the "explosive."

DAN DUNCAN, ex-leader of the Whyo gang of New York city, has been sentenced to be hanged December 3, for the murder of his mistress.

The ex-Town Treasurer of Pittsfield, Mass., Josiah Carter, is reported \$80,000 behind in his accounts.

AUSTIN F. PIKE, United States Senator for New Hampshire, died suddenly at Franklin Falls, Mass., October 8. He was born October 16, 1816.

The United States court sitting in Philadelphia has granted a decree of foreclosure of the Reading railway under the general mortgage bond.

D. COWAN & Co., woolen manufacturers of Lewiston, Me., have failed for \$50,000. Their assets are said to be ample.

#### THE WEST.

A LATE Fort Keogh dispatch says: A strange cattle disease has broken out near Benton. Eleven out of twenty-four head belonging to G. M. Robbins have died. Several of the animals have been examined by the local veterinary surgeon without discovering the nature of the disease.

The triennial convention of the Episcopal Church opened in St. James, Chicago, on the 4th. Dr. Dix was elected to preside.

TWENTY-SIX lives were lost by the explosion of the boilers of La Mascotte on the 5th near Cape Girardeau, Mo.

A St. Louis special of the 5th said that the steamer La Mascotte, bound from Grand Tower, Ill., to Cape Girardeau, Mo., exploded her boilers opposite Neley's landing, burned to the water's edge and floated a mile below Willard's landing, where she lodged on the shore. The total loss of life was placed at eighteen or over.

NICOLAS S. HAVELAND, confidential clerk for the W. W. Kimball Organ Company, of Chicago, was arrested recently on the charge of embezzling \$1,600 by means of forged orders for organs.

The steamship Ancon, plying between Alaskan ports and San Francisco, is two weeks over due and fears are felt for her.

The National Undertakers' Association met in Cleveland, O., on the 6th.

The main boiler in Jordan Buckwell's saw mill, seven miles northwest of Warsaw, Ind., exploded the other day, fatally injuring George Powell and Thomas Auglin.

FOUR men were killed the other day by the explosion of giant powder in the Callonian mine near Deadwood, Dak.

A PASSENGER train on the Midland at Arcola, Ill., was derailed recently and Mrs. Hobson was seriously injured.

The Colorado Democratic State convention adjourned on the 6th after nominating Hon. Alva Adams Governor; H. B. Gillespie, Lieutenant Governor; Jerry Mabone, Secretary of State; James F. Benedict, Treasurer; Casimiro Barnea, Auditor; Colonel Shirkman, Attorney General, and Rev. Myron Reid for Congress.

WILLIAM GALLAGHER was held in \$12,000 bail at Chicago on seven warrants, charging forgery and conspiracy.

The Republicans of the Fourth Wisconsin district have nominated T. H. Brown, of Milwaukee.

The Union Furniture Company's factory at Grand Rapids, Mich., was destroyed by fire the other day. Loss, \$300,000.

The grand jury at Evansville, Ind., ignored the charges brought against the city officials by the Cumberland Telephone Company.

Two children were burned to death in a recent fire at 152 Warren street, Chicago.

JUDGE GARY refused a new trial to the Chicago anarchists on the 7th and sentenced the prisoners to death with the exception of Neebe, who was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment.

PRairie fires are raging fiercely in the vicinity of Moorehead, Minn. Large amounts of grain and many buildings have already been destroyed, causing heavy loss. The Red river is dry and the continued drought is causing much suffering.

The San Francisco sheriff took possession of Burn & Co.'s effects recently. Liabilities, \$1,000,000.

Mrs. PZETTER, an adherent of the deposed Polish priest at Detroit, died recently, and the body was refused burial in the Catholic cemetery, and a riot almost ensued.

H. L. LEAVITT, Fred Munchrath, Jr., Henry Sherman and John Arendsonff were arrested recently for connection with the Haddock assassination at Sioux City, Iowa.

PLEURISY-PNEUMONIA was reported worse in Chicago on the 7th. It was expected the sale of distillery milk would be prohibited.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR's epistle, read at the Mormon general conference at Coville, U. T., was a very violent defense of the peculiar institution.

The United Labor party met in convention in St. Louis on the 7th and nominated a full city, Congressional and Legislative ticket.

EX-MANAGER LEAVITT, of the Standard theater, Sioux City, arrested in Chicago for being concerned in the assassination of Rev. Haddock, has made a confession. He claims the assassination was not premeditated, but that it was intended to give the rev. gentleman a whipping.

An unknown thief threw a handful of red pepper into the eyes of Tom Donnelly, a diamond broker, at 118 Dearborn street, Chicago, the other night, and then robbed the place of a tray of diamonds valued at between \$100 and \$500. It was while the streets were crowded that the thief entered the place.

In consequence of a notice posted in the Chicago packing houses on the 5th of a return to the ten-hour system, the employees went on a strike.

#### THE SOUTH.

F. L. HARRIS and a man named Buckley were found at Quincy, Fla., hanging from the limb of a tree. Harris was a farmer and owned a grist mill. Buckley was his miller. A few nights ago the new mill of J. T. Howard, a few miles from Harris', was burned by an incendiary and suspicion turned towards the two men whose corpses were found. This suspicion was undoubtedly the cause of the lynching.

THREE colored children were burned to death in a fire at the residence of Leah Gaines, Augusta, Ga., recently.

The Democratic convention of the Sixth Kentucky district renominated Speaker Carlisle for Congress by acclamation.

The Georgia election passed off quietly. The Democrats made a clean sweep. There was practically no opposition to the election of General Gordon.

ALBERT BELMONT, Jr., has been elected a Louisville & Nashville director, but no other change has been made in the board.

The Pittsburgh steamer Dick Furlong, one of the largest tow-boats on the Ohio river, was snagged at Grave Creek, twelve miles below Wheeling, W. Va., the other night and sank in ten feet of water.

In Chester County, South Carolina, Charles White, colored, shot his wife for misconduct and then shot himself.

PROF. E. E. BARNARD, of Nashville, Tenn., has discovered a comet about fifteen degrees south of the bright star Regulus.

No shocks were felt on the 6th at Charleston and every thing was quiet. The city is full of scaffolds and workmen are busy as beavers. The situation is improving steadily.

The Peabody fund trustees increased the allotment to South Carolina.

By the breaking of a rail on the road between Louisville & Nashville, the other day, a construction train was derailed and several persons injured, none fatally.

#### GENERAL.

A DISPATCH from Melbourne says: The recent earthquake destroyed every village on the island of Niapu. The inhabitants escaped. The island is covered twenty feet deep with volcanic dust, and at one place a new hill 200 feet high has been formed.

Two shocks of earthquake were felt in one of the Shetland islands on the night of the 4th.

A duel in Thuringia recently between a military officer and a student, the latter was killed.

The budget was laid before the Lower House of Parliament, at Copenhagen, and shows a deficit of \$2,539,303. A bill was introduced proposing to cover the deficit by drafts on the Treasurer for the balance.

HUNDREDS of people are reported to be dying in Corea daily from cholera.

A MOB at Vienna, led by the socialist Baudin, attempted to prevent the re-opening of workshops after a strike. Gen. d'armes intervened and arrested Baudin and several others.

The Sofia Russian agency officially denies that General Kaulbars has been recalled by the Czar. The agency says direct telegraphic communication is maintained between the Czar and Kaulbars.

The Canadian mounted police will cooperate with United States customs officials to stop smuggling on the border.

The Serb, the Russian military organ, referring to the reports current in Hungary concerning the alleged existence of a secret anti-Russian alliance between Serbia and Bulgaria, advises Russia to avoid harsh measures toward Bulgaria. "It is better," says the Serb, "to abandon Bulgaria to its fate than to drive it into the arms of Russia's foes."

The bureau of parties supporting the Bulgarian Government has issued an appeal to the people and to the army to refuse to allow General Kaulbars to deceive or bribe them. The appeal says: "Rather uphold the honor of the country and army and show yourselves worthy of independence."

The guides who were with Lawton when Geronimo was captured say that there were no stipulations in the surrender.

ADVICES from Winnipeg, Manitoba, say that destructive prairie fires are raging in Northwest and Southwest Manitoba. Many farmers have suffered heavy losses of stock and grain.

The Inniskillen Fusiliers, at Aldershot, Eng., raised a row on the 7th on receiving orders for service in Africa. Forty-one of the rioters were arrested.

The Queen of Spain has signed a decree freeing the slaves in Cuba from the remainder of their terms of servitude.

The Spanish Cabinet has decided to resign, and it is believed the Queen will ask Sagasta to form a new ministry.

De Bensande, Violet Cameron's husband, has brought suit against Lord Londale for \$100,000, for alienating his wife's affections.

RAFAEL PINALE, a Mexican officer, who fired across the river and killed a deserter seven years ago, has been arrested. He claims no jurisdiction.

SOLICITOR BLAKE, of Galway, prosecutor of Father Fahey, is being boycotted.

The death of the well known Prince Salunala, of Germany, is announced. He was born in 1814 and was a member of the upper house.

The failures for the seven days ended October 7, numbered: For the United States 167, and for Canada 23, about the average for the previous six weeks.

LAWRENCE's cotton mill and four houses at Chorley, Lancashire, Eng., have been destroyed by fire. Loss, \$1,000,000.

KING CHARLES has presided over a series of councils of war in Bucharest during the past few days. Several Rumanian Generals favored an alliance between Rumania and Russia.

The Bulgarian General, Schwaroff, has been arrested on suspicion of having clandestine relations with the Russian General, Kaulbars.

#### THE LATEST.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—The non-arrival of the over-due Anchor line steamer, Anchoria, is becoming serious. Up to noon to-day no news of the vessel's whereabouts had been received at the office of the agents, Henderson Bros. A distressed looking throng continued to congregate about Bowling Green, expressing the greatest anxiety for the fate of friends and relatives on board.

The employees of the company did all in their power yesterday to quiet the apprehensions, but this morning gave up the attempt. The agents still believe that the steamer has met with slight derangement of her machinery and will be heard from shortly. There was a rumor about the Maritime Exchange that a telegram had been received from Halifax to the effect that a bark-rigged steamer was seen on Sunday last 200 miles off shore in tow of another steamer, brigantine rigged. Diligent inquiry failed to discover the origin of the report. The maritime telegraphers at Halifax state that no report of that description has been forwarded from that city, and they place little faith in its genuineness.

There were no trans-Atlantic arrivals at quarantine this morning. Several are due: The Barcelona, from Shields; the Richmond Hill, from London; the State of Nevada, from Glasgow; the Belgenland, from Antwerp; and the Holland, from London. It is thought that some one of these will bring news of the Anchoria.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—The Acting Secretary of the Treasury has asked the Attorney General for an opinion as to whether the oleomargarine law imposes a tax on the different ingredients used in the manufacture of oleomargarine, and also a tax on the article when finished and placed upon the market, or whether the law contemplates a tax only upon the finished article. The question has been raised by the opponents of the measure and its determination will make a considerable difference one way or the other to persons dealing in oleomargarine. Commissioner Miller has received proofs of the new oleomargarine stamps and says that the stamps will be ready for shipment to the collectors about the 15th inst.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—Cincinnati City, 2; Washington, 2; seven innings. On the eighth inning the Cowboys scored three, but the umpire called the game on account of darkness and the score reverted to the seventh inning.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 9.—Detroit, 11; Philadelphia, 9.

BOSTON, Oct. 9.—Boston, 7; Chicago, 0.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—New York, 4; St. Louis, 1.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 9.—Cincinnati, 14; Baltimore, 8.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 9.—Brooklyn, 11; St. Louis, 7.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 9.—Pittsburgh, 7; Metropolitans, 0.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 9.—Athletics, 11; Louisville, 8.

## KANSAS STATE NEWS.

### A DEADLY DEATH.

A DEADLY DEATH by the name of Frank Willard got a franchise from the City Council of Winfield to put in an electric light plant and then induced citizens of that town to buy his franchise. He stood off his board bill, borrowed a watch and pawned it, and finally "skipped by the light of the moon," leaving his wife and children in destitute circumstances.

At the buildings commenced at the Soldiers' Home in Leavenworth are complete, and are admirable and successful structures. Healthful homes are what the Government aimed to give its survivors, and it has succeeded. The barracks are heated entirely by the use of the latest improved appliances. On each floor are bath tubs, closets and a sufficient supply of hot and cold water. The ventilation is perfect.

A DISPUTE over an admission ticket at the Topeka fair between Dr. Huntoon, county treasurer of Shawnee County, and Thomas Durham, gate keeper, led to blows which resulted quite seriously to Dr. Huntoon, his physician stating that one of his arms was paralyzed, a leg partially paralyzed, and it was feared his brain had been affected.

The reunion of Kansas veterans commenced at Emporia on the 6th and fully 10,000 strangers were in the city. On Thursday night, the 7th, a grand reception was given at Masonic Hall, which was attended by all the prominent citizens of the city as well as many from various parts of the State. Governor Martin, Senator Ingalls and others addressed the veterans Wednesday afternoon. The Woman's Relief Corps was largely represented.

At the late meeting of the Woman's Suffrage convention in Leavenworth Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Colby and Dr. Ruth M. Wood delivered stirring addresses.

A PENITENT has been granted to R. S. Turner, of Bolger, and an increase to D. L. Chandler, of Junction City.

TOPEKA livery stables are of late in hard luck. A few days after the burning of Hank Lindsay's stables, the barns of James Wier, adjoining the Grand Opera House, were burned. There were twenty horses and numerous buggies and several sets of harness in the barn. Every thing but some harness was saved. Loss, \$2,000; insurance, \$400.

WINFIELD has let the contract for a \$40,000 opera house.

PENITENTS lately granted to Kansas: Herman Graham, of Mulvane; John Slater, of Pleasant Plains; Daniel Allen, of Washington; the minors of Stephen V. Birch, of Fort Scott; the minors of John George, of Jewell City; Henry R. Saxman, of Warden; W. H. H. Price, of Elk City; Thomas Nolan, of Terra Cotta; William A. Gee, of Jetmore; George Hawley, of Bavaria, and Charles A. Elliott, of Larned.

A HUNTER near Garden City recently killed a wild cat which measured four feet and nine inches in length.

DUG HILL, a young man about twenty-five years of age, was arrested at Milton Vane's ranches, near San Antonio, Tex., recently, charged with the murder of the city marshal, of Parsons, Kan., about two years ago. The arrest was effected on a requisition from the Governor of Kansas and approved by Governor Ireland.

RECENTLY a Mr. and Mrs. Stump were returning from a visit to a neighbor, near Norton, their youngest child was bitten by a rattlesnake and died in four hours. The little one, only eighteen months old, was "toddling" on ahead of its parents when it stumbled, fell and screamed. Its mother ran and picked the child up. She saw the snake but did not dream of the child being bitten until she got to the house.

In its September report of the condition of crops, the Kansas Farmer says: The general condition is good. September was dry in most parts of the State, and wheat seeding was delayed on that account; still there is a large acreage of wheat sown, and most of it is now up and growing well. Corn is short, not more than sixty per cent of a full crop, perhaps, yet there is a good deal of as good corn as was ever raised anywhere, and there is some old corn on hand. An unusually large quantity of feed has been saved, so that there is plenty to carry the farmers with all their stock through the winter. Stock is healthy and in good condition. Apples are about half a crop. All in all, the State is in very good condition.

In his annual report State Librarian Dennis says that for the two years ended June 30, 1882, the accession of books to the library from all sources was 1,162 volumes; for the two years ended June 30, 1884, 2,363 volumes, and for the two years ended June 30, 1885, 2,757 volumes. The number of volumes received by donation for the two years ended June 30, 1884, was 273, and for the past two years 405.

LATE post-office changes in Kansas: Established, Faulkner, Cherokee County, Jefferson D. McFarland, postmaster. Postmasters appointed, Bond, Douglas County, Daniel P. Waybright; Garrison, Pottawatomie County, Elissa F. Marks; Gorham, Russell County, Veneman Martin; Iola, Allen County, John E. Ireland; Maize, Sedgwick County, J. C. Major; Ninnesch, Kingman County, Isaac A. Albreiten; Waterloo, Kingman County, John H. Bromley; Wheatland, McPherson County, R. H. McBride.

The Arkansas City Knights of Labor Co-operation Association has filed a charter with the Secretary of State. The association is organized entirely for mercantile purposes.

A POST-OFFICE has been established at Sherwin City, Cherokee County, with Charles S. Huffman as postmaster.

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars at its late session in Topeka elected the following officers: James Grimes, G. W. C. T.; E. B. Crow, G. C.; Miss Annetta Doud, G. V. T.; Miss Ada Peck, G. S.; A. T. Georgia, G. T.; Rev. R. E. McBride, G. Chap.; George E. Dougherty, G. M. Mrs. N. E. Williford, of Galena, was elected superintendent of juvenile temples. Ada H. Peck and James Grimes were chosen delegates to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge at Saratoga. The alternates were James A. Troutman and E. B. Crow.

## FEARFUL EXPLOSION.

### The Boilers of the Steamer La Mascotte Explode—About Twenty Victims—The Steamer Burned.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 8.—Shortly after noon yesterday the steamer La Mascotte, bound from Grand Tower, Ill., to Cape Girardeau, Mo., exploded her boilers opposite Neley's landing, burned to the water's edge and floated a mile below Willard's landing, where she lodged on the shore. Reports of the accident are very meager, and a full list of the killed and wounded can not be obtained. The towboat Eagle was in sight of La Mascotte when the explosion took place, and rendered valuable assistance, rescuing all who were alive.

### LATER.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, Mo., Oct. 7.—The wreck of La Mascotte Tuesday evening resulted from the collapse of one of the boiler flues. The explosion spent its force directly backward into the engine room and only the crew and roustabouts suffered from being scalded by the escaping steam. Eleven of the latter were so horribly burned that huge scales of flesh peeled from their bodies and six of them died. Their names are George Heywood, Mexico, Ky.; William Marshall, Hoden, Walnut Hills, Tenn.; Jack Fineman, St. Louis; Thomas Lacy, St. Louis; William Jones, St. Louis; J. Henry Gordon, Evansville, Ind. The following deck hands were so severely burned that their lives are despaired of: William Davis, Midway, Ky.; Albert Rice, Cape Girardeau; Levi Chatham, Paducah, Ky.; William Spartzell, Evansville, Ind.; Dallas Webster, Evansville, Ind. Other persons known to have been drowned are: Mrs. William Wheeling and her two young daughters, of Cape Girardeau; Judge William Hagar, of Cape Girardeau; a young man, name unknown; Miss Amelia Krueger, of Cape Girardeau; J. Roy Perkins, first clerk of the La Mascotte; Miss Julia Robesch, of Cape Girardeau; the head engineer of La Mascotte; Mac Shearer, a deck hand; two chambermaids; Lew D. Adams, the second mate; a lady and two children, supposed to be Mrs. James and her daughters, of Cape Girardeau; D. S. Davidson, who was so badly burned around the face and throat that he will probably die.

As far as can be learned the list of passengers on the Mascotte were as follows: Judge Hager and wife, Cape Girardeau, missing; Fred Lind, missing; Mrs. W. C. D. D. Davidson, who was so badly burned around the face and throat that he will probably die.

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W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

ROTONWOOD FALLS - KANSAS

BESSIE.

The sun he'er shone on fairer face,
Nae queen had mair o' royal grace...

Clouds we'er for bang hung in the air
Bessie's name when she was there...

A loedin' chiel cam' tae the glen,
An' oh! sic steer an' bustie then...

But my pair lassie—aye the same—
Car'd na' for a jiddy's gran name...

The days gae, I counted a'
Till I ken'd the blow wad fa'...

They set her up beca' she ha'
An' bak'd her in the steeple braw...

When the cauld snaws o' winter fell
I socht her grave, a' about the well...

WATERMELON LAND.

All About the Happy Negro's
Ripe, Red Lovs.

The Good Example Which the Deaky
Father Places Before His Children—
How He Gets His Prize
From the River Captain.

As the 'possum is the negro's favorite
bird, so is the watermelon his favorite
vegetable. He claps it to his heart of
hearts—or, to be more precise, stomach
of stomachs—with a soulful devotion that
rarely permits even the seeds to escape.

It is to him the Mecca of epicurean philo-
sophy and he returns to it each year
with undimmed rapture. Its glossy
green holds his eye captive and its car-
mine intestines and black studs magnetize
not only the obese lips that are his
glory, but carry in their victor train
cupid, biceps, molar and incisor.

The cry of "watermelon! watermelon!"
can arouse him from the deepest
slumber. Yes, even though his feet
tarry on the brink of the dark waters
fanned by the angel Azrael, he would
plunge carelessly in if the sun threw the
image of a melon in the glancing waters
before him.

fallen luxury. "You blank, blank pot-
tenger nigger. I've a good mind to
knack your head. Now, git. You kin
take that melon and don't let me catch
you around here agin." Negro and
melon disappear behind a pile of
shingles. Now Sambo would not ex-
change with the king on his throne.
He cuts off great long slices and runs
them through his lips as if he were play-
ing upon a mouth-organ. He heaps his
tongue with huge morsels gouged out
of the very heart and flirts them back
to the eager palate. He stops not for
seeds; life is too short for that. A little
while suffices. It is all gone. He gazes
regretfully at the almost transparent
rind that is left, and then flings it into
the dark recesses of the river. Then he
stretches out upon a plank, puts his cap
over his eyes, and is lost in a pleasant
reverie. The sun beams down upon
him with scorching force, but he heeds
it not. The lapping of the waves
against the docks is like Aeolian music
in his ears. A vagrant dog sniffs at
him curiously; he merely remarks:
"G'way f'em dar," but does not move.
His eyes gradually close and soon a
well-authenticated snoring tells that he
is in the land of dreams.

The melon of his heart is not the
boughten melon, however, nor yet the
one that is given to him. It is the
melon that has not yet been plucked
from the vine. The air is free, so is the
dew and the rain, so should the melon
be, he argues, as it has grown through
these agencies, combined with an inci-
dental occupation of some one's rich
and cultivated soil. So he proceeds to
gather his share of it in. He loves to
reap it in the dark of the moon, when
he can not be told from the shadows
that lurk in the field, for he has a well-
rooted objection to giving entertainment
in his sooty person to a well-directed
load of bird-shot. He selects about ten
or eleven p. m. as the time and gener-
ally goes alone. In such an enterprise
more than one is an unwieldy crowd.
He cautiously skirts the field first to see
if any one is on the skirmish line. Find-
ing no pickets out in the shape of spec-
imens of the canine race, he lightly
climbers over the fence and is in the
garden of Eden. The negro is an ex-
pert in melons. He rarely makes a
mistake. He can tell the ripe from the
unripe with an almost certainty of
touch. If he does make a mistake he
cares nothing for it. There is nothing
small about Sambo, and to obtain one
perfect one he will break twenty others
without a pang. This, too, is of prac-
tical benefit to the farmer, for it saves
him the labor of breaking them up for
his swine and cattle. There has always
been a doubt in my mind, however,
whether he fully appreciates it. Sambo
rarely eats the melon in the field where
he obtains it. He generally
retires and devours it along the road-
side, "to hab de law on his side," as he
sagely remarks. If his appetite is not
satisfied he climbs back again and helps
himself to another, and so on ad na-
scum. He rarely takes a stolen melon
home. "Cause why? He ain't 'gwine
ter 'ou'age de chillen in stealin'." He
is very thoughtful in his paternal and
family relations. As he very truly re-
marks: "Ef de ole 'oman want one, she
know whar ter git hit."

Somewhere in the white sand by the
solemn sea there grows a melon called
the pine melon. It is harder than the
way of the transgressor, and unfit for
any purpose that I know of. But it in
outward appearance is the perfect pat-
tern of a splendid watermelon, and
many there be that have been fooled
thereby. A friend of mine, who keeps
a place where the worm that never
dieth is given a local habitation and a
name, had one given unto him and he
placed it at his front door. It was
about a month before the most venturesome
melon could possibly hope to get
ripe. Of course, it attracted an im-
mense crowd, with Africans largely in
the majority. Big and little, of all
shapes and sizes, all colors, from mud
to molasses and from clay to ink, the
negroes gathered around it. They
gazed at it with respectful awe, mingled
with wistful adoration. They patted it
on the back and petted it with trem-
bling hands. They talked to it and to
each other. "What you doin' dar,
each one? Don't you know tain't 'er dar
yet?" "Wan' me of dat's real mill-
lions, Mariah?" "Bless my soul! Don't
I wish I had 'im!" At nightfall, when
my friend went to take it in, it was
gone. Some coon, slyer and bolder
than the rest, had gathered it in as a
hen gathereth her chickens, and it was
known of that place no more. What a
tableau it must have been when the
captor put knife to his prize.—Hamil-
ton Jay, in Chicago Herald.

Discovery of Old Coin.

Recently a farmer found in his garden
at Berndshausen, in the district of Kun-
zelsau, Wurtemberg, one hundred and
forty-six gold florins, in excellent pre-
servation. They bear the dates of the
early part of the fifteenth century, and
were found arranged in the form of
rolls, not enclosed in a purse or vessel
of any description. Some ruins of a
house that had evidently been destroyed
by fire were discovered three feet nat-
ural from the place, so that it may nat-
urally be supposed that this treasure was
buried prior to some war, the owner no
doubt hoping to recover the money after
the event was over. Many of the coins
bear the date of the Emperor Sigismund;
some an earlier. The towns of Narnburg,
Frankfort, Nordingen, Basil,
Gablentz and Bonn are mentioned as the
places where the money was coined.—
N. F. Post.

A South Norwalk (Conn.) woman
who took gas the other day while she
had teeth drawn, instead of regaining
consciousness after the operation, re-
mained insensible and began to bloat
rapidly. Her face, body and limbs
swelled alarmingly; but when a doctor
was called, who ripped off her tight
clothing and relieved the pressure, she
soon recovered. Dentists say the case
is a very rare one.—Hartford Post.

Mary S. Martin, of Philadelphia, a
member of the Society of Friends, saw
William C. E. Thatcher lending his
horse. She remonstrated, and he swore
at her. She had him arrested, and the
justice looked over the statutes until he
found an old law against swearing, and
he then imposed the fine provided there-
for. The fine was 67 1/2 cents.—Philadel-
phia Press.

DEMOCRATIC AUTHORITIES.

What Has Been Held by the Lights of the
Democracy Regarding Civil-Service Re-
form.

The opposition of the New York Sun
to Civil-Service reform leads it into
forgetfulness of certain pledges made
by the Democratic party in reference
to principles. It designates Presi-
dent Cleveland's adherence to this re-
form as an attempted reversal of the
Democratic system of politics, and per-
tinently asks: "Where does he find
the authority for under-
taking it?" The answer to this is
very simple. In the Democratic plat-
form on which he was elected. "But,"
argues our luminous contemporary,
"turning to the National Democratic
platform, we find the sum of the Dem-
ocratic declaration regarding the re-
form of the civil service to be for 'an
honest Civil-Service reform.' If the
Democracy had intended, upon assum-
ing the control of the Government, as
in 1884 they hoped to do, to make the
civil service non-partisan, as Mr. Cleve-
land had proposed, and to establish a
permanent tenure of office, the inevi-
table result of such a system, it can not
be supposed that they would have
failed to record their intention." The
Democracy, in that platform, offered
to the venerable statesman, whose
memory is dear to his party, and also
to the New York Sun, "the pledge of
our devotion to the principles and
cause now inseparable in the history
of this Republic from the labor and
the name of Samuel J. Tilden." Eight
years before, that illustrious states-
man was nominated and elected on
a Democratic platform which said:
"Experience proves that efficient, eco-
nomic conduct of the Governmental
business is not possible if its civil ser-
vice be subject to change at every elec-
tion, be a prize fought for at the ball-
ot-box, be a brief reward of party zeal,
instead of posts of honor assigned for
proved competency, and held for fideli-
ty in the public employ; that the dis-
pensing of patronage should neither be
a tax upon the time of all our public
men, nor the instrument of their ambi-
tion."

This, the Sun will acknowledge, is
explicit enough and sound Democratic
doctrine. On this Mr. Tilden was
elected, and on this the Democracy,
in 1884, devoted to him the pledge
of their devotion to the principles
and the cause they fought for in 1876.
On the 26th of June, 1882, Senator Pen-
dleton, whom the Sun must acknowl-
edge to be very excellent Democratic
authority, closed one of his most bril-
liant speeches in favor of Civil-Service
reform with the words: "To-day, the
Democratic party is putting itself at
the head of that return; Civil-Service
reform is written on its escutcheon and
emblazoned on its banner. By its
strength, and, in order to perfect it,
the Democratic party will, sooner or
later, come into power. When that
time does come, when we take posses-
sion of this Government, when we shall
put in the high places of power our
worthiest and best, the President of
the United States, the Chief of the State,
under the people, the source and foun-
tain of honor and power in the country,
will be able to say to all Van Artelew
said, in response to Vanclaire, who was
thanking him for his promotion:
"Supremacy of merit, the sole means
of broad highway to power.
The merit of the meritoriously adminis-
tered.
While all its instruments, from first to last,
are chosen for their aptness to those
which virtue meditates."

If this is not sufficient to convince
the Sun that Civil-Service reform is a
Democratic institution to which the
party is pledged, perhaps our esteemed
contemporary will hearken to the
words of our grandest statesman. In
Mr. Tilden's letter accepting the nomi-
nation, in 1876, written in this city,
on the 31st of July of that year, he
says: "The convention justly affirms
that reform is necessary in the civil
service, necessary to its unification,
necessary to its economy and efficiency,
necessary in order that the ordinary
employment of public business may
not be a prize fought for at the ballot
box, a brief reward of party zeal,
instead of posts of honor assigned
for proved competency and held for
fidelity in the public employ. Two
evils infest the official service of the
Federal Government. One is the
prevalent and demoralizing notion
that public service exists not for
the business and benefit of the whole
people, but for the interest of the office-
holders, who are, in truth, but the
servants of the people. The other evil
is the organization of the official class
into a body of political mercenaries,
governing the caucuses and dictating
the nominations of their own party."
Further on, Mr. Tilden recommends
"the patient, careful organization of
a better civil service system under the
tests, wherever practicable, of proved
competency and fidelity." Is it fair,
then, for the Sun to characterize Mr.
Cleveland's Civil-Service reform policy
as belonging rather to the Republican
platform than to the Democratic? The
Sun's hatred of the President should
not lead it to the extreme of falsifying
the records of the Democratic party.—
Albany Argus.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

It is said that Hon. William E.
Chandler is among the New Hamp-
shire politicians who think Mr. Blaine
should be laid on the shelf.—Boston
Transcript.

The people are with Grover
Cleveland because he is just, fearless
and mindful of the obligations of his
office, and because he has risen above
the level of a mere politician.—Wash-
ington Post.

Political assessments are a
wrong to the individual. It is unjust
to compel a public servant to sur-
render a percentage of his salary
under the same sort of moral com-
pulsion that is employed by a high-
wayman. They are a wrong to the
public. If the salaries of officeholders are
large enough to warrant a ten per
cent deduction for party expenses
they should be reduced and the whole
body of taxpayers be given the benefit
of the saving. It is unjust to the
people, for whose equal service the
offices are maintained and who con-
tribute equally for their support, to
have titles of the money which they
pay employed to keep any party in
power.—N. Y. World.

POST-OFFICE MANAGEMENT.

A Department Whose Republicans Said
Could Not Be Managed Properly Ex-
cept by Themselves.

The Republican newspapers at this
time are watching closely the Dem-
ocratic postmasters, and taking every
opportunity, and making many of
them, to find fault with the manage-
ment by Democrats of the post-offices
of the country. In many cities and
towns it is very noticeable. When
members of their own party were
postmasters, these Republican news-
papers had very little if any fault to
find, and were generally ready with
excuses for any actual faults of error
or negligence, but now they watch
closely and eagerly seize upon the
least error, and magnify it. This may
be human, or rather Republican party
nature, but at the same time it is
neither fair nor just. While there
may be more or less friction caused
by the changes made in postmasters
all over the country, the fact remains
that the first eighteen months of this Dem-
ocratic Administration shows a general
advance all along the line in the effi-
ciency of the mail service, while at the
same time there has been a large sav-
ing in expenses. The official figures
show these facts.

Another matter has had much to do
with the efficiency of the service. This
was the election of President Cleveland.
Before his election many Republican
postmasters regarded themselves as
perfectly independent of the people
and the patrons of their office. So long
as they were all right with the Republi-
can Senators or their own member of
Congress, too many of them regarded
that they had a sure thing on the office
they held, no matter how careless or in-
efficient may have been their manage-
ment of it. The moment the election
of Cleveland was assured there was a
decided change. Postmasters paid
much stricter attention to the business
of their offices, and were much more
accommodating and considerate in
their treatment of the people. Their
Democratic successor have performed
their whole duty, and have taken pride
in the promptness and efficacy of the
service, and their assistants and clerks
have for various reasons been spurred
on to increased zeal and energy in their
work.

While the changes in postmasters
and their assistants and clerks have
not been as general as is generally sup-
posed—thousands of Republican post-
masters, clerks, etc., yet remaining in
the service—it is a matter of congratulation
and honest pride that Democrats
all over the country have shown them-
selves capable of taking hold of the
mail service and running it without a
jar or break and with increased effi-
ciency. At the commencement of this
Administration many foolish Republi-
cans sneered and proclaimed that
Democrats were not capable of managing
the intricate affairs of the Post-office
Department. That matter has now been
fully tested. The mail service is better
to-day than it was when the Democrats
took hold of it.—Des Moines Leader.

An Anti-Blaine Combination.

The overwhelming success achieved
by Senator Edmunds in the election
of a Legislature made up almost unani-
mously of that gentleman's friends,
and, therefore, assuring his re-election
to the Senate of the United States for
another term of years, has already had
the effect of crystallizing certain ele-
ments opposed to a renomination of
Blaine in 1888. The fight against Ed-
munds in Vermont rallied all the oppos-
ing strength which could be mustered.
After such an indorsement as Mr.
Edmunds received he will take an open
and advanced stand against the Maine
candidate. Between Edmunds and
Conkling there exist the closest political
and personal relations. In the contest
over the formation of the Elector-
al tribunal to count Hayes into the
Presidential office, Edmunds exerted
every effort to make Conkling a mem-
ber of that body. Conkling had aroused
the distrust of his party by his apathy
after the doubtful result of the contest
became established, and increased that
feeling later by the announcement that
one of the Oregon electors belonged to
Tilden. The support of Mr. Conkling
on that occasion by Mr. Edmunds
for a time was regarded as an essential
part of the structure. Indeed, to ex-
press an expression which has now
passed into ancient history, we might
call them the very "mud-sills" of the
Republican political edifice. We refer
to the "negro resolution," and the
"view with alarm" plank, which have
heretofore played such a prominent
part in the compilation of principles
when "our friends, the enemy," were
wont to air their political faith. It
would seem from these omissions that
the Northern Republicans are no longer
in such awful dread of the bold, bad
Confederate brigadiers, to whom they
ascribe the full purpose of being many
of the things to the Government and
the country, when the Democrats
gained the political ascendancy.—
Baltimore (N. C.) News.

The Washington Capital says
Blaine owns a tenth of the "Small
Hopes" silver mine in Colorado, which
is paying one million dollars a year.
The tattooed man was let in on the
ground floor by Kerens, the St. Louis
star route contractor, along with Steve
Elkins and Plumb, the model Senator
from Kansas. There was nothing
floating about in Washington while
Blaine was there that he did not secure
a piece of it, no matter what the cost
was to his character. This is pretty
well understood by those who saw him
enter Washington in the early days of
the war with scarcely a dollar in his
pocket and leave the capital in twenty
years after a millionaire, although his
business was that of office-holder at
not to exceed \$5,000 a year.—Buffalo
Times.

LOST ALL AMBITION.

Why One of Andrew Smythe's Admirers
Has Gotten Calling on Her.

I had been "waiting on" the Widow
Smythe for some time, and thought
my prospects in that direction tolera-
bly bright, when one sunny afternoon
I presented myself at her residence
with my horse and buggy, and invited
her to go driving with me in the park.
But the widow had a severe headache
and couldn't go.

"Can't I go, mar?" bawled her
eight-year-old son, Tommy.

"Of course not, Tommy. Keep quiet,
do."

Now I hated Tommy, but I was
bound to make myself agreeable at any
sacrifice, and so, with a reckless disre-
gard of the truth, I said:

"I should be delighted to have
Tommy go, if you have no objection,
my dear Mrs. Smythe."

"You are so good, so thoughtful,
Mr. Bulger," said the widow, with an
eloquent look. "Very well, then, he
shall go. Hurry and get ready, dar-
ling."

Tommy's preparations consisted of
filling his pockets with peppermint
lozenges—a confection I detest with a
detestation that knows no bound—
and putting on his hat. Then, after
many admonitions to me to be very
careful of dear Tommy, and to dear
Tommy to be a good boy, we started.

"I hope you will both have a deligh-
tful drive," were the widow's last words.
Did we have a delightful drive? Well,
that drive was not one of those experi-
ences calculated to give a cynical and
world-weary man a renewed confidence
in humanity in general, to strengthen
and reinvigorate him for the battle of
life. Not exactly.

"Are you fond of driving, my little
man?" I asked, as we started, screwing
my features into what was intended
for an agreeable smile.

"Becherlife," was the quick response.
"Thank your horse?"

"Yes, Tommy," I replied, "that is
my horse."

"Where'd you get him?"

"Bought him."

"Of course. Didn't think you stole
him. But where?"

"Oh, down town."

"Whereabouts, down town?"

"On Twenty-third street."

"From whom?"

"A man named Brown, Tommy."

"When?"

"About two months ago."

"I don't think he's much good."

"Why not, Tommy?"

"Oh, 'cause. You oughter see the
horse that Captain Jowler has when he
takes mar out ridin'. Jummy, ain't he
a goer!"

"Oh, Captain Jowler takes your ma
out riding, does he, Tommy?"

"Yes, an' he brings me pound boxes
o' mixed candy. Say, how fast can
your horse go?"

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Herodotus attributed the activity and
healthiness of the Persian race to the
variety of fruits and vegetables consumed
by them.

A farmer in Groton, Conn., had a
horse that refused to eat, and nearly
starved to death. Finally a careful ex-
amination of its mouth revealed a
needle two inches and a half long in its
tongue.

The London Agricultural Journal
says: "There never was a time when so
many minds were at work, or so many
efforts made in various directions to
advance the practice and science of agri-
culture."

Apple Float:—Prepare twelve tart
apples as for sauce. When cold, add
two whites of eggs, beaten; then beat
the whole till quite stiff. Have made
previously a soft custard with the yolks.
Put the apple in the custard. Serve
with cream or good milk.—Christian
Union.

A physician says: "When a tea-
spoonful of warm honey is taken every
fifteen, twenty or thirty minutes, it has
a surprising effect on catarrh. Every
family should have a glass of pure
honey in the house, in order at once,
after catching cold, to be able to use
some.—Boston Budget.

It is not all in rushing from day-
light until after dark, but as much or
more depends upon the proper fore-
thought and laying out of the work—
that is, putting thought as well as
muscle into the management of the
farm.—Field and Farm.

The best cider apple is the old, well-
known crab apple. It still holds its
place as the best for that purpose and
for preserving. It finds a ready sale
when marketed, and is being more ex-
tensively grown. It is not a very sour
apple, as many suppose, but it is rather
tart, though well flavored.—Try Times.

It is a matter of surprise that so
many should be contented to have so
few tools with which to work, and know
so little of their use. Occasionally one
does find a farmer who possesses a good
chest of tools and a well-arranged work-
shop; how much oftener does he find
one whose kit of tools consist only of a
dull hand-saw, a hammer, and a few
rusty nails.—Rural New Yorker.

The soundness of lumber may be
ascertained by placing the ear close to
one end of the log, while another per-
son delivers a succession of smart blows
with a hammer or mallet upon the op-
posite end, when a continuance of the
vibrations will indicate to an experi-
enced ear even the degree of sound-
ness. If only a dull thud meets the ear
the listener may be certain that un-
soundness exists.—N. Y. Post.

Carried Eggs: Fry two onions in
butter with a tablespoonful of curry
powder and a pint of good broth. Let
it all stew till tender; then mix in a cup
of cream (or milk thickened with arrow-
root and a dust of sugar). Simmer a
few minutes; then lay in six or eight
hard boiled eggs, cut in half or quar-
ters, and heat them through, but do not
let it boil. If procurable, use coccaunt
milk instead of cream. Serve with rice.—
N. Y. Herald.

You should keep a disused coal oil
barrel half full of the strongest lye, into
which to drop every bone that comes
from your table, or else pack them in
alternate layers with unslacked lime.
They will become so brittle that you
may have them broken fine and spread
broadcast; and the lye, if you have
used that, can be diluted with many
times its bulk of water, and be applied
wherever rotish wood would be serviceable.
This liquid, or soapsuds, is the surest
possible dressing for cauliflower and
cabbage.—Chicago Journal.

Large Hats and Bonnets to Be All the Rage
in Fall and Early Winter.

A large brown felt has its brim fin-
ished with a puff of velvet in a shade of
green that can neither be called cresson
nor olive, and yet it offers a suggestion
of both. In front are loops of golden-
brown grosgrain ribbon with a button-
hole edge, and peeping out from among
them are velvet leaves of the green tint.
A veil of brown net envelops this hat
and is wrapped around the throat and
tied in a bow and short end slightly to
one side.

Another large hat is of dark-green
velvet; the crown is smoothly covered,
and the brim, artistically raised at one
side, is one mass of puffing. The gar-
niture consists of small, full ostrich tips
that are bunched together against the
crown, forming a soft spot of burning
scarlet. This hat can only be worn by
the exceptional woman, inasmuch as it
looks heavy and is very large, requiring
that its wearer be possessed of a tall
and rather majestic figure. Small wo-
men frequently look picture-book in large
hats, but they never should assume one
without seeking advice from a mirror
that will give them a full-length repre-
sentation of themselves; with only a
partial presentment the entire effect
can not be judged.

The large beaver hats are in black
and zinc, and in every instance long
plumes are the decoration. Although
handsome, and, it may be added, usually
quite costly, the smooth beaver chapeaux
are trying, and in only a few cases are
they thoroughly becoming. If only one
hat is to be gotten the choice of beaver
is not advised; let the selection be a
small hat of a capote.

Bonnets, to speak in stock-brokers'
parlance, are not "firm." In many in-
stances, because of their high decora-
tions, they are decidedly unsteady on
the heads they adorn, but in other
ways also they seem to waver. La
Mode has not quite concluded whether
she will ordain the retaining of the
pretty capote, with its many possibili-
ties in outline and decoration, or
whether something bizarre in the way
of a high, pointed bonnet shall not be
considered smartest. The capote with
a puffed crown and slightly rolling brim
is assured of its position, for women
who can not wear turbans find this
shape too convenient to allow it to be
displaced. It is the favorite way to
develop suit material in a bonnet, and
certainly after the dainty effects achieved
last it season is not to be believed that
the general woman will allow this fash-
ion to be relegated into the Lethe of
once-popular chapeaux.—Butterick's
Delicater.

AUTUMN MILLINERY.

Temporarily Postponed.

A Cincinnati youth, fourteen years
of age, called upon a lawyer a few
days ago and asked him what sort of
an offense it would be if a boy kept
six hundred dollars which a firm gave
him to put in the bank.

"My son," replied the lawyer, "let
me give you some advice gratis this
time. Wait four or five years, and
then cabbage at least ten thousand dol-
lars and come to me for guidance."

The boy went off whistling and
banked the money.—Wall Street News.

In a Warmer Climate.

"You're not getting much better,
Mr. Bascomb?"

"No, Mr. Ellis. Perhaps I ought to
go to a warmer climate."

"That might help you, no doubt.
Who is your physician?"

"Dr. Blake."

"Ah! And you follow his direc-
tions?"

"Implicitly."

"Well, keep on doing so and you'll
find yourself in a warmer climate soon
enough."—Philadelphia Call.

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If
you take off the first letter it does
change "a bit." If you take off another
you have a "bit" left. If you take
off another the whole of "it" remains.
If you remove another it is not "it"
totally used up. All of which goes to
show that if you wish to be rid of a bad
habit you must throw it off altogether.—
San Marcos (Tex.) Free Press.



# Chase County Courant

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.  
CANTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS

## THE OLD STORY.

O yes! I am a married man,  
I have a wife, and when I sought her  
Some years ago for mine, and brought her  
Home as a bride, life first began  
To be worth living. I just thought her  
An Angel, and thanked Heaven I'd caught  
her.  
And do so still—and yet, and yet,  
There is another—one who's wrought her  
Shy witchcraft o'er me till there's naught  
her  
Fair face may not make me forget?  
And to this day I've never thought her  
Soft away, although you say I "oughter,"  
I know you think it's not quite right,  
But she loves me, too, O, I've taught her  
The old, sweet lesson; and I bought her  
My first love-gift, but yesterday  
'Twas a trifle—most a quarter—  
It was a dolly—she's my daughter.

## THE WICHITA COUNTRY.

A Trip on a Mississippi River  
Steamer, Years Ago.

Luke West, the Minstrel, Performs on the  
Boat—An Eden-Like Plantation and an  
Arcadian Village—A Bear Adventure.

Solomon says: "Man hath sought out  
many inventions," but among all his  
devices for personal locomotion he has  
never hit on anything to surpass—for  
the man of leisure—the Western steamer,  
as it existed in the anti-railroad days,  
thirty or forty years ago. The "float-  
ing palaces," as some of the finer ones  
were designated, were then the only  
means of travel on long journeys, and  
there are numerous citizens of St. Louis  
who can remember when our levee was  
lined with them three or four abreast,  
from one end to the other. The ocean  
steamer is more commodious, stately  
and grand; but for solid comfort the  
more humble Western boat, discounted  
it by very large odds. On such a craft  
one could be as much at home as in his  
own house, and for a semi-invalid or  
one who from any cause was indolent  
and wanted to kill time pleasantly,  
there was no better euthanasia for old  
chronons than a trip on a first-class  
Western steamer. I was suffering from  
the restlessness incident to a tedious  
convalescence after a long illness, and  
uncertain where to seek relief, I be-  
thought me of a long cherished desire to  
see New Orleans and other Southern points,  
and having concluded to make the trip,  
considered myself lucky when I found  
my old friend, Captain Dickinson, with  
his small but elegantly-fitted steamer,  
the Princeton, just ready to start out.  
The boat was built by Captain Dickin-  
son, Darrach & Pomroy and the venerable  
Captain Clark, who was recently  
harbor master at St. Louis, and was  
especially designed for the navigation  
of the Southern rivers. On this—her  
first trip—there were just enough pas-  
sengers to fill her comfortably and one  
could scarcely wish for a pleasanter set  
of people for fellow-passengers. Many  
of them were ladies, and among them  
were several musicians, both vocal and  
instrumental. There was a good piano  
in the ladies' cabin, and several of the  
gentlemen had flutes, violins or guitars,  
so there was plenty of good music to  
cheer the passengers.

On the first night out the sky was  
dark and lowering, with indications of  
a storm. Long before it was sundown  
it was so dark in the cabin that the  
lamps had to be lighted. The passen-  
gers huddled together, most of them  
looking anxious, and some of them  
frightened. Afloat in a storm would  
have been a new experience to nearly  
all of them. Just at this juncture a  
startling effect was produced by a num-  
ber of hands filling in and proceeding to  
remove the furniture, take down the  
chandeliers and put up side lights. Every  
one thought it was a preparation for  
danger and for a moment a panic  
seemed imminent. It was soon learned,  
however, that the captain was only  
having the cabin cleared for a dance.  
A good string band had been provided  
for the occasion and soon the pleasant  
motion of the dance to the merry music  
banished all thought of the threatened  
storm, which, in fact, failed to material-  
ize. Among the gentlemen was one  
who called himself Kelly. He was a  
remarkably fine violinist, and as he was  
handsome and of peculiarly agreeable  
manners, he immediately became a  
general favorite. As the night grew on  
and the dancing began to flag, Captain  
D. came into the cabin, announced that  
there was an old negro on board, who  
was somewhat noted for his ability as a  
vocalist and dancer, and that, although  
he was a little uncouth, he would prob-  
ably afford some amusement for the  
company, and if they cared to hear him  
he would bring him in. The proposal  
was eagerly embraced, and the cap-  
tain introduced what appeared to be an  
old and decrepit negro, bending under  
the weight of sixty or seventy years.  
The ancient-looking colored brother  
proceeded to regale the passengers  
with "Old Black Joe," "The Log Cabin  
in the Lane," "My Old Kentucky  
Home" and several other negro melo-  
dies, with dancing interludes, fairly  
surprising the company with the rare  
excellence of his performances, no one  
doubting that he was what he purported  
to be. When he had concluded, it was  
proposed to take up a collection for  
him, but he said: "No, thankee gemen  
and ladies. Dis old nigger neber  
sings nor dances for money; he he a  
little tater and watermelon patch down  
Souf, and his ole woman raises a few  
chickens and ducks, and dey gets all de  
money dey needs dat way." During  
this performance, every one had not-  
iced the absence of Mr. Kelly, and it  
was supposed he had retired to his  
stateroom; but soon after his conclusion  
he reappeared and his numerous friends  
conducted with him on his not having  
witnessed it. He replied that he did  
not regret it at all, as he had seen so much  
of that sort of thing that it wearied  
him. The fact was that the performer  
was Kelly himself, who was sailing un-  
der a pseudonym to conceal the fact

that he was the noted burnt-cork min-  
strel, Luke West.  
Next day the weather was as beauti-  
ful as the most fastidious could desire,  
and it continued so during the remain-  
der of the trip. The delight of breath-  
ing the balmy air, freshened by passing  
over the water, and of sitting on the  
guards or promenading on the hurricane  
deck, viewing the beautiful scenery on  
each side of the river, is something to  
be remembered. Four or five days thus  
drifted pleasantly away, with but few  
incidents to disturb the even tenor of  
the way. Of course the mischievous  
boy was on board, and like all of his  
kind was always doing something dan-  
gerous to himself or others. Having  
observed the deckhands drawing water  
from the river in a bucket attached to a  
rope, he watched a chance to try his  
hand at the feat. Not understanding  
the trick, he was very suddenly jerked  
overboard as soon as the bucket caught  
in the water. Then there was a great  
to-do. The steamer was stopped and a  
boat sent out for his rescue, but he was  
nowhere to be found. After the search  
was abandoned, the boatmen saw the  
bucket drifting some distance off and  
thought they might as well save that  
anyhow, and on attempting to pull it in,  
very much to their surprise, found the  
boy clinging to the bail. The bucket  
had caught some air in turning over,  
making it sufficiently buoyant to keep  
the boy's nose above water. He ap-  
peared to be less disturbed by the ad-  
venture than any of the passengers,  
and when he was drawn out, the first  
words he uttered were: "Didn't I hold  
on like a good fellow?" There seems  
to be a special providence watching over  
the mischievous boy, and he is certainly  
the favorite of fortune, for when he  
comes to be a man, nearly all the big  
things of the world are done by him.

At Baton Rouge a singular incident  
occurred. The boat was tied up to the  
bank for some purpose just above the  
city, and some article was accidentally  
dropped overboard, which the mate  
thought he could recover with a rope  
and hook. Whilst he was fishing for it  
his hook got entangled in something at  
the bottom, and being unable to pull  
it loose himself, he called several deck-  
hands to his assistance. As they gave  
"a long pull, a strong pull and a haul  
together," something broke loose and  
they all tumbled over backwards in a  
heap.  
When the rope was hauled in there  
was found caught in the hook a piece of  
heavy gold chain about five feet long.  
It was about the size of an ordinary dog-  
chain, and was very roughly and clumsily  
made, as if by an ordinary black-  
smith. The fragment weighed over  
three pounds, and what its use was no  
one could tell. It was suggested as  
probable that a large gold cross was at-  
tached to the end left in the river, but  
as the boat remained only a few minutes  
at the landing, there was no time to  
make investigations.  
I had always heard that the river at  
New Orleans was higher than the city,  
and as we neared that famous Southern  
port I looked with some interest to see  
such a curious sight, and was quite dis-  
appointed at being unable to discern  
anything of the kind. I afterwards dis-  
covered that it was only when looking  
towards it from the city that the river  
is readily seen to be the higher.

After discharging his passengers and  
cargo at New Orleans, Captain D. con-  
cluded to make a trip up the Wachita  
river, for the navigation of which his  
boat was peculiarly fitted, and as I was  
bound for no place in particular, I con-  
cluded to go along. The Wachita  
empties into Red river a few miles above  
the confluence of the latter with the  
Mississippi, and its source is in the  
northern part of Arkansas. It is one of  
the most remarkable of rivers, and on a  
first view it seems strange that it should  
be called a river at all. It has much  
more the appearance of an artificial  
canal. The country it runs through is  
for the greater part almost on a dead  
level, and the stream is so narrow that  
at almost any part of it one might jump  
ashore from either guard of the boat.  
It is always "bank full," and the grass  
on the margin hangs over into the  
water. There are but occasional points  
where boats can pass each other. Sig-  
nals are always given there with the  
whistle, and if responded to the boat  
hugs the shore closely and waits for the  
other boat to pass. The water moves so  
slowly as to appear still, and it is hard  
to conceive that such a narrow, sluggish  
stream can have any depth, but it has,  
and a novice is surprised to find a plun-  
met reaching down twenty or thirty  
feet. In some places the stream is so  
narrow that the limbs of trees on the  
opposite banks interlock, and for this  
reason the boats' chimneys are always  
constructed with hinges and appliances  
by which they can be laid upon the hur-  
ricane roof at short notice. From this  
peculiarity a very remarkable incident  
occurred, in which one of our passen-  
gers made a narrow escape from sudden  
death. He was seated in a barber-chair  
being shaved, and the barber was just  
approaching the climax of one of his  
best stories when crash came a dead limb  
through the wheelhouse, tearing away  
it and the barber shop and passing di-  
rectly through the arms of the chair in  
which the passenger was seated. When  
the boat passed from under the chair,  
with the man still in it, was left dang-  
ling from the dead limb.  
He was so overcome by fright that  
when he was being extricated he was  
unable to afford the least cooperation,  
and had to be handled like a dead man.

The water of the Wachita is unfit for  
drinking, and good water is scarce all  
along its course. To make up for this  
deficiency boats trading up that stream  
usually carry numerous casks of a cheap  
kind of claret wine, which is free to the  
passengers in moderation. The deck-  
hands and roustabouts, who are not  
included in the claret ring, hanker  
after it, only, perhaps, because they  
are excluded from it, and would  
probably grumble if compelled to drink  
it. But they were determined to have  
it, and "where there is a will there is a  
way." It is an old saying, and they hit on  
a most ingenious device for tapping the  
claret casks. These were stored in a  
little room on the upper deck near the  
pantry, immediately over some of the  
bulkheads of the deckhands, and the device  
was a small, thin gun-barrel with the  
breach-pin taken out and the muzzle  
filed into saw-teeth, like a surgeon's  
trephine. In the still hours of the  
night they bored in the flooring under

one of the casks, the gun-barrel was in-  
serted and the cask trepanned, the wine  
running through the gun-barrel into a  
bucket held beneath. Two casks had  
been emptied in this way before the  
trick was discovered, and Captain D.  
was so much amused at the ingenuity of  
it that he forbore making any inquiries  
after the perpetrators.  
After ascending the Wachita some  
distance, a very singular feature of the  
river is reached, it doubling back and  
forth on itself six or seven times, form-  
ing what is known as the "Thirteen  
Points." The turns of the bends are so  
sudden that no boat beyond a certain  
length, and that a short one, can pass  
the shore at both stern and bow all the  
way around at every turn. The dis-  
tance around these points must be about  
forty or fifty miles, and after the last  
one the river makes a final double until  
it comes within a quarter of a mile,  
overland, of the first one. Midway be-  
tween these two points was a house of  
entertainment where passengers usually  
got off and spent the time playing bill-  
iards and nine-pins until the boat  
made its tedious trip around, which is a  
number of hours. Enclosed in these  
coils of the river were many fine planta-  
tions, each of which had its landing,  
and that is said to have been the reason  
for not cutting a canal across the nar-  
row isthmus, and thus shortening the  
passage.

Just below the Thirteen points was a  
plantation that would be noted any-  
where as a thing of beauty. It was de-  
signed by the late Judge By, and was  
the favorite residence of himself and  
family for many years. Every thing  
that could charm the eye in architecture  
and horticulture seemed to be there,  
and it was the nearest approach to an  
earthly paradise of any place I ever be-  
held, either in this country or Europe.  
It appeared almost like a desecration  
for such an Eden to be inhabited by  
ordinary human beings. Why it should  
have been located in such an out-of-the-  
way place, and amid such surroundings,  
is one of the mysteries of past divinity.  
There was no life or activity anywhere  
near it, and except the passengers of an  
occasional boat, no one outside the  
family and friends to see it. There were  
little villages occasionally along the  
banks, but collections of a half dozen or  
so small houses could be called such.  
The scene all much after the same  
fashion. We had some freight to deliv-  
er at one of them, but found no one  
authorized to receive it. One man was  
seen standing listlessly on the landing,  
and he said every one else had gone  
on a bear hunt. From a conversation with  
him it appeared that this was no unusual  
thing; that the stores were all left open,  
and if a customer wanted anything he  
helped himself and entered it on a slate  
left upon the counter for that purpose.  
In answer to a question he said that  
theft was of very rare occurrence, and  
when any fellow was caught at such  
deviltry, quick work was made with  
him; the citizens held a meeting and  
took it out of his hide with hickories. I  
had often heard of Arcadian simplicity,  
but this little town furnished the only  
instance of it that ever fell under my  
notice.

Arkadelphia is situated about seventy  
miles above Camden, which is the usual  
head of navigation on the Wachita. It  
can be reached by boats semi-occasion-  
ally; that is to say, when there are con-  
siderable freshets. It was one of these  
occasions now, and Captain D. took his  
boat up there to get a lot of cotton that  
was awaiting cheap transportation. The  
land opposite the town was quite high,  
nearly on a level with the tops of the  
steamer's chimneys, and between it and  
the river bank was a sloping beach  
about fifty feet wide. The high land is  
level and was covered with a dense  
growth of small cane as far as the eye  
could see. A canebrake is an object of  
singular interest to a spectator who sees  
one for the first time, creating an im-  
pression of profound solitude. A por-  
tion of the cane had been cleared from  
the edge of the land, and several tiers  
of cotton were piled up there. To en-  
able this to be loaded onto the boat a  
staging had to be constructed over sixty  
feet long. It was made of scantling  
and boards, supplemented at the end  
next the land by the regular boat-stag-  
ing. In hauling up the foremost one of  
these stagings one of the rope-eyes  
broke, forming a rugged hook that had  
a very threatening aspect to the un-  
wary. The loading on of the cotton ex-  
tended far into the night, and it became  
necessary to build fires all along the  
banks to light the men at their work,  
and the passengers found it very pleas-  
ant to ramble about in the edge of the  
canebrake by the dim light of the fires.  
Of course they soon began to talk  
about what they would do if they should  
see a bear, and every one was going to  
do something very brave and daring.  
One big, burly fellow said if he should come across a bear,  
he would catch it by the ears  
and kick its bowels out. Among the  
hands on the boat was an Italian, who  
acted as porter, eking out his meager  
wages by means of certain entertaining  
tricks for the performance, of which he  
received small donations from the pas-  
sengers. He had been an attaché of  
various side shows, and was a tolerable  
juggler in a small way, and a pretty  
good ventriloquist in a snaller way.  
That is, he could imitate the snarling  
and muzzling of a dog at a man's heels,  
or the caterwauling of a cat in some  
one's hat, and various small tricks of  
that kind. Hearing the boasts of the  
passengers as to what they would do if  
they saw a bear, he concluded to have  
a little sport at their expense, even at  
the risk of getting a chance shot from a  
revolver. Donning a buffalo robe he  
slidly made a detour from the boat to  
the rear of where the cotton was being  
handled, and as he drew near com-  
menced making jumps, simulating as  
nearly as possible the loping of a bear  
through the brake. The passengers as  
well as the boat hands soon got a  
glimpse of him, and then such a scam-  
pering took place as has seldom been  
seen, every one seeming to forget the  
brave things he had promised to do.  
The man who was going to take the bear  
by the ears was the worst scared of any,  
and in his haste to get on the staging  
missed his footing, and would have  
gone down the bank but that his cloth-  
ing caught in the jagged hook before  
mentioned and there he hung suspended,  
uttering the most fearful shrieks.  
The hook had torn his flesh a little and

he thought himself in the grasp of the  
bear. While he was still hanging there  
the porter came stalking on board with  
the big buffalo robe wrapped around  
him, a la big injun, and appeared to be  
quite curious to learn what the row was  
about. He had some trouble to make  
his peace with his irate victims, but suc-  
ceeded in persuading them that it was  
entirely unintentional on his part and  
that he had not the least idea of being  
mistaken for a bear.  
The return passage being without  
stoppage, was made much quicker and  
when we reached New Orleans I felt  
that I had been amply repaid for my  
trip up the Wachita. I had seen a  
strange river and a strange country,  
unlike anything to be seen elsewhere,  
as well as a strange type of people, pec-  
uliar to the river and the country.  
Such a trip is well worth making by  
any one who has the leisure and is  
willing to go slow.—St. Louis Republic-  
an.

### STRANDED ON SEA-WEED.

Curious Adventure of a Ship While Round-  
ing Cape Horn.

"It was back some years ago, and we  
was making the voyage from Liverpool  
to China around the Horn," said a sailor  
to a reporter. "We'd had a heap of  
trouble with the men; they all got down  
on the old man and left at Rio and we  
got in a lot of greenhorn Portagueses  
there what didn't know the hobyday  
from the gig's tiller-ropes. Howsom-  
ever, it was take 'em or stay, so we took  
the chances and went, and what with  
their mistakin' ropes in the day-time  
and never bein' able to find 'em at all at  
night, it made it mighty lively for the  
three Americans aboard. But by special  
visitation o' Providence, luck I  
calls it, we got round the Cape, and  
every thing went snug until one night.  
I was at the helm; there was a fair  
breeze a-blowin' an' not a cloud over-  
head. There had been a little sea in,  
but about six bells it kind of fell off and  
let up all to once, and the ship kind of  
refused to answer the helm. I reported  
it to the skipper, and up he comes on  
deck. Every sail was full and drawin',  
even to the topgallant stun sails, and  
she was keeled over as a ship is what is  
under a six-knot breeze; but, so help  
me, I don't believe she was movin' at  
all. The old man tumbled to it, too,  
and says he to me: 'There's something  
kind o' curious about this; but don't  
let on to them niggers for 'ard.'"  
He hadn't more than got the words  
out of his mouth when the yellow devils  
came a-bow and began to jabber  
away, pointin' up to the sails full, and  
then to the water, makin' the sign of  
the cross and goin' on at a rate what  
was enough to set you crazy. They  
were just scared to death; they see  
the ship under full sail, and they'd found  
out she wasn't movin'; that was the  
amount of it.

"The skipper was a man of few  
words, and he grabbed up a marline-  
spike and went for 'em and they got  
back for 'ard. Then the old man ordered  
down the dingy. I'd had the helm  
down all the time, and by slackin' the  
head sails and brailin' up the foretop-  
sail had got the ship up into the wind,  
and when the dingy was lowered I  
went down in her, and soon as I struck  
water I saw what the matter was. I  
was stuck in a bed of sea-weed what  
was about as solid as any thing you ever  
saw. I sent an oar down into it, and  
couldn't reach bottom, and then, takin'  
a bunch into the dingy, I gave the  
word and was hauled up to the davit  
again, and d'ye know it didn't help  
things at all. The Portagueses were  
scared mor'n ever, and said we'd  
never get out, and one of 'em spun a  
long yarn about a schooner on the At-  
lantic coast of South America what run  
into a bed, and all hands starved to death  
and were found there by a steamer. I  
knew that we were all right as long as  
we had any kind of wind, but it took  
us an hour to git her under way  
again, and by morning the wind had  
all gone down, and there we lay just  
as if we'd been dry-docked; as far as  
you could see from the topmasthead  
there was nothing but a spread of sea-  
weed, just as if you sunk a ship up to  
the water-line in a swamp, just flooded  
so that the grass just showed above the  
water; that's the way it looked for all  
the world, and I'm tellin' you the facts  
when I say it wasn't no cheerful out-  
look. If there hadn't come a wind we'd  
have been there yet; as it was, we lay  
there for twelve hours waitin' for a  
breeze, but none came, and then the  
skipper ordered out boats and we took  
grapplin' irons and hauled the weed  
away from the front of the ship, and  
then got a hawser and towed her ahead.  
We did that for twelve hours and made  
four ship lengths, and then the men  
said we was to git it up, and be-  
tween you and me I didn't blame 'em.  
So the skipper, after cussin' and swear-  
in', and blowin' things up hill and  
down dale, ordered the ship swung  
'round. That took about four hours,  
and then we lay for six more, when, as  
luck would have it, it began to blow.  
We crammed every thing on her, and  
in about five hours more we struck blue  
water—glad enough, too; but it's a fact,  
we had to go out of our way a matter  
of two hundred miles in leavin' round  
the patch.

"How thick do you think it was?"  
asked the old sailor. "Well, in the  
place we hauled it away I dropped a  
lead down, and I reckoned that the mass  
was twenty foot deep, and by this time  
that ere floatin' island is solid land.  
Well, that was a curious experience, so  
to speak, but about six months after I  
found myself down by the Falkland  
Islands. It came on to blow, and the  
skipper ran in under the lee of one of  
the islands, and I gave the order to git  
out the anchor, but the old man sings  
out to be lay. 'Git out a grapplin' iron'  
says he; so I got one out, all hands laid  
on, and in about ten minutes we had a  
vine of sea-weed on deck as big as a  
man's leg, and Heaven only knows how  
long. D'ye know, we lashed it to the  
cat-heads, and the ship swung to it for a  
mooring, and by it we laid out the  
line. We were in fifty fathoms at the  
time, so that sea-weed rope was three  
hundred feet long. If you kin beat that  
for sea-weeds, I want to know where."  
—San Francisco Call.

—An Eastern paper speaks of a streak  
of insanity having struck its town. In  
the next column it boasts of seventeen  
new subscribers.—Omaha Herald.

### ABOUT ONION SEED.

How Much Should be Sown per Acre to Ob-  
tain the Best Results?

This question is often asked, and the  
answers vary all the way from three  
pounds to ten pounds per acre.  
On our own farm we sow with a seed  
drill and use a hole two sizes larger  
than that marked "Onion." When the  
onions come up thick we can hoe and  
weed with less care than when they are  
thin. We hoe close to the row, even at  
the risk of cutting up a few plants, and  
in weeding where the crop is thick, if  
in pulling up a weed we pull an onion  
with it, no harm is done.  
Onions will bear crowding. If the  
land is rich and the crop is at all times  
kept free from weeds, the onions, if  
thick enough, will push out on each side  
of the row and even ride on top of each  
other, the long roots holding on to  
the soil between two or more other  
onions.  
Of course, if the land is not very rich  
or if weeds are abundant, the onions,  
when very thick, will be comparatively  
small. But good onion growers take  
great pains to make their land rich and  
to keep it clean, and in such a case it is  
not often that the crop is seriously in-  
jured by being too rich.  
Onion seed varies considerably in  
size, but we shall not be far wrong in  
estimating 120,000 seeds in a pound. If  
100,000 of these seeds would grow, and  
if the rows were one foot apart and we  
sow five pounds of seed per acre, we  
would have plants a little over one inch  
apart in the row. This is thick enough,  
probably a little too thick, provided  
none are lost in hoeing and weeding.  
But shall we get one hundred thou-  
sand plants from a pound of seed?  
A seedsman will be very likely to tell  
the seed grower that unless his seed  
tests ninety per cent. he must dock him!  
But if the seedsman finds that his own  
onion seed tests sixty per cent. he will  
think it first-class! It is unquestionably  
true that the average onion seed sold  
everywhere by our best and most reliable  
seedsman will not test fifty per cent.  
And not unfrequently the better the  
seed really is, the lower will be the per-  
centage of germination. Onion seed  
grown from incipient scullions will test  
higher than seed grown from the very  
best and most perfect bulbs.  
An onion grower should always test  
his onion seed before sowing. If the  
seed tests low he need not on that ac-  
count reject it. He should sow thicker.  
If it tests fifty per cent. and he wants  
the plants to come up one inch apart  
in the row with the rows one foot  
apart, he should sow ten pounds per  
acre. If the rows are fifteen inches  
apart, sow eight pounds.  
A large and experienced onion grow-  
er, writes us: "I sowed 5 acres of  
onions this spring, sowing from 6 to 8  
pounds of seed per acre. An average  
crop is from 250 to 360 barrels per acre.  
Two years ago, I sowed 94 pounds of  
seed per acre and gathered 370 barrels  
of onions per acre."—Joseph Harris, in  
American Garden.

### GRANULATED HONEY.

Interesting Reading for Those Who Have  
Become Discouraged with Bee  
keeping.

One of the chief causes that make  
extracted honey unsalable is the fact that  
it granulates or candies—as it is termed,  
and thus its "good looks" are injured.  
This does not injure the honey at all,  
either in flavor or appearance, when  
again liquified by heat, unless too much  
heat is applied.  
Granulation is test of purity, as adu-  
lerated honey will not candy while  
pure honey always will when exposed  
to light and air. Many experiments  
have been made to prevent granulation;  
only one of which has been found suc-  
cessful. Exposure to light will cause  
granulation, even when air is excluded,  
for this reason it is found that liquid  
honey must not be kept any length of  
time in glass vessels.  
Tests made by myself as well as  
others show that when well-ripened ex-  
tracted honey is put up and sealed in  
tin cans in the same manner as corn,  
fruits of all kinds, meats, etc., in fact  
any kind of perishable articles of food,  
that it will preserve its liquid state for  
any length of time. I have found it  
keeps perfectly for three years, how  
much longer it will keep so I do not  
know, but see no reason why it should  
not indefinitely.  
For the information of those who may  
not understand the modus operandi of  
canning fruits, etc., in tin, I will state  
that for honey cans holding from one to  
three pounds are the best sizes; the  
honey when well ripened, and immedi-  
ately after it has been extracted should  
be put in these cans and the covers should  
be soldered on; a small hole should be  
pierced in the top of each can with a  
medium sized bradawl, and the cans  
then put into boiling water till the honey  
is heated sufficiently to expel the air,  
then a drop of solder should be flowed  
on to the small hole and the job is done.  
The cans can then be labeled for mar-  
ket, or as designed for home use the  
label can be omitted.  
It may seem strange that the above  
fact is of recent ascertaining, but the  
reason therefor is that experiments were  
devoted to glass almost entirely, and  
only recently was the granulative ac-  
tion of light fully ascertained. As it  
is far easier to raise a crop of extracted  
than comb honey, the above fact in re-  
gard to keeping the same will probably  
be of interest and advantage to many  
who have become partially discouraged  
with bee-keeping.—J. E. Pond, Jr., in  
Colman's Rural World.

—A Turk from Jerusalem had a  
strange request to make of the sheriff of  
Brooklyn the other day. The man's  
cousin was serving a sentence of one  
hundred days in the penitentiary for  
peddling without a license, and the ap-  
plicant begged that the prison barber  
might spare the mustache of his kins-  
man, for in his country "only bad men  
had their mustaches shaved." He got  
a letter of introduction to the warden  
and went to the prison to repeat his per-  
formance of shaving his head and breast  
with his fists, striking the wall with his  
head, and waving his arms wildly as he  
made his appeal.—Brooklyn Union.

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of short or long standing. He refers to the  
entire Western and Southern country to bear  
him testimony to the truth of the assertion  
that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if  
the directions are strictly followed and carried  
out. In a great many cases a single dose will  
be sufficient for a cure, and whole families  
have been cured by a single bottle, with a per-  
fect restoration of the general health. If it is,  
however, prudent, and in every case more cer-  
tain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller  
doses for a week or two after the disease has  
been checked, more especially in difficult and  
long-standing cases. Usually this medicine  
will not require any aid to keep the bowels in  
good order. Should the patient, however, re-  
quire a cathartic medicine, after having taken  
three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose  
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to sell all states.

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contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agents—  
MEYER BROS. & CO., St. Louis, Mo.











## YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

### DON'T FORGET TO MEND, BOYS.

Don't forget to mend, boys;  
It is a handy thing;  
And a little patching up  
Often comfort brings.

Drive the nail of purpose  
Deeply here and there;  
Hammer with your might and main,  
If you but repair.

Don't forget to mend, boys,  
As you go along;  
If you find your will is weak,  
Try to make it strong.

Mend your manners daily;  
Try to be polite;  
Rudeness in a growing lad  
Is a painful sight.

Roughness is becoming  
In a school boy;  
But the making of a man  
Needs some daily care.

Don't forget to mend, boys,  
You are doubtful ways;  
As so many you climb  
Up to mischief stairs.

As you go on building,  
Let your labor bright;  
Character will be a shining  
If you stop to mend.

—Mrs. M. A. Kellor, in N. Y. Ledger.

### SHE HELPED HERSELF.

Nan Was a Girl Who Did Not Sit Down  
and Cry, But Went to Work and Earned  
a Good Time.

"I am sorry to deny you, my  
daughter, but I can't possibly afford it.  
Business is very dull just now, and it  
is hard to get hold of any ready  
money."

"Never mind, father," answered  
Nan cheerily, as she saw a look of  
care resting on her father's brow.  
"I'll set my wits to work and see if I  
can't find some way to earn the money  
myself, and if I can't, well, it won't  
break my heart not to go."

"Thank you for being so brave about  
it, dear," answered her father, giving  
a loving pressure to the little gloved  
hand that rested on his desk, and Nan  
bade him good-by as brightly as if tears  
were not very near her eyes.

She did want to earn the dollars so  
badly. The graduating class at the  
academy had planned to have a camp-  
ing party in the mountains, and as the  
expense was to be shared by several, it  
was comparatively light.

Nan knew her father was very in-  
dulgent, and that it was a real pain to  
him to have to deny his only daughter  
anything, so she did not let him guess  
how keen her disappointment was, but  
bore it bravely.

It was a sore disappointment,  
though, for all that, and her pretty  
eyebrows met in a straight line as she  
frowned, a habit she had when she was  
thinking deeply. If there was only  
some way in which she could earn the  
money, but what could she do? She  
pondered the question as she walked  
down to the post-office. The mail was  
not quite ready for distribution, and  
she waited for it, gazing abstractedly  
at the jars of state candy in the win-  
dow, that she sometimes thought had  
been there since the beginning of the  
store. The mail took longer to dis-  
tribute than it used to, for the hotel  
was full of summer boarders.

"Have you got any caramels?" Nan  
heard a young lady ask of the post-  
man, who was standing as well.  
"Isn't there any fresh candy to be  
bought in this place?"

"If you would like to try a little of  
this," began Mr. Weldon, going to-  
ward the candy jars, "we have no caramels  
on hand just now."

"No, I don't want any of that,"  
was the decided answer, as the young  
lady swept out.

"I shouldn't think she would,"  
thought Nan disdainfully. "I could  
make better than that myself."

Nan was quite renowned for her skill  
in candy-making among her acquaint-  
ances, and this was no vain boast.

Perhaps some subtle connection be-  
tween the young lady's demand for  
caramels, and the consciousness of par-  
ticular skill in making that special  
confection, brought the next idea into  
Nan's head.

"Her face grew radiant."  
"Eureka!" she cried. "I have it. I  
see the trip rising before me. I smell  
the pine forest, for I am sure now that  
I can go."

The next morning Nan arrayed her-  
self in a huge gingham apron that  
threatened to engulf her trim figure  
and went into the kitchen. She spent  
the warm morning in hard work, and  
the result of her labors was seen that  
afternoon when she took a large box of  
delicious caramels of several varieties  
down to Mr. Weldon's before mail time.

"Mr. Weldon, I have come to make  
a business arrangement with you if I  
can," began Nan, bravely, though she  
was conscious of a little shyness.

"Well, what can I do for you, Miss  
Nannie?" he inquired, encouragingly.

"I want to make candy to sell, be-  
cause I want to earn a little money for  
a particular purpose," began Nan,  
blushing, "and I want to know if you  
would be willing to sell it at forty cents a  
pound, and keep ten cents a pound to  
pay yourself for the trouble."

"Well, I would do that with pleas-  
ure, only, Miss Nannie, though I don't  
doubt your candies are excellent, you see,  
home-made candies are hard to  
sell, because they are never as attrac-  
tive in appearance as the regular con-  
fectioners make, even though the latter  
may be inferior."

"Do these look home-made?"

"With conscious pride Nan opened  
her box.

"Bless me, did you make these your-  
self?" exclaimed Mr. Weldon, in en-  
thusiastic admiration. "Why, these are  
very shipshape. You leave them, and  
we'll see what success we have this  
afternoon."

The five-pound box was empty when  
Nan returned to see the result, and  
everybody had been enthusiastic over  
them, Mr. Weldon declared. He was  
very well contented with his share of  
the profits, so Nan went into the busi-  
ness in a wholesale manner. It was  
weary work and trying work some-  
times, but she kept to it faithfully,  
thinking of the accumulating funds in  
a little box in her bureau drawer. The  
trip had been planned in September,  
and she had two months in which to  
earn the money, and she had no fear  
that she would fall short of the desired  
amount. There was more likelihood

that there would be a little surplus,  
which would be very acceptable.

"Don't say that girls can't be inde-  
pendent," exclaimed Nan, gleefully,  
as she finished her last box of candy  
and dispatched it to Mr. Weldon's.  
"And you mustn't be sorry that you  
didn't have it to give me, father, for I  
shall enjoy my trip all the more be-  
cause I have really earned it all my-  
self."

And she did. I don't think any one  
enjoyed every day and every hour of  
the trip more than Nan; and her  
pleasure was heightened by the con-  
sciousness that she had earned it.—  
*Christian at Work.*

### THE TREASURY BUILDING.

A Great Structure Where Hundreds of  
Millions of Bonds, Bank Notes and Gold  
Are Kept—A Hard Day's Work.

At New York we took the Baltimore  
& Ohio railroad, and so one night  
found ourselves in the depot at Wash-  
ington, the capital of our country.  
While the baggage was being attended to,  
we took time to look at the room  
where President Garfield was shot.  
There is a gilt star in the marble floor,  
and above it an eagle, with the state-  
ment that the President stood there  
when he was shot. But by this time  
our carriage is ready, and we get into  
I am sure we are very glad to get into  
more comfortable beds than the rail-  
road furnishes, and sleep soundly till  
morning.

As we have but a short time to stay,  
our chief business must be sightseeing.  
There is the Capitol, the White House,  
the Treasury, the War and Navy De-  
partments, the place where paper  
money and stamps are printed, Wash-  
ington monument and many other  
things. But this morning we will go  
to the treasury, where all the United  
States money and bonds are kept.

"My! what a great building it is!"  
you say. And indeed it looks pretty  
large and strong, with its stone walls,  
and great pillars, and heavy doors.  
Fortunately for us, we have a friend  
who will introduce us to one of the  
officers of the building, and he will  
give us a pass that will admit us to  
many interesting places.

The first thing we notice is the im-  
possibility of the building burning—iron  
and stone walls and floors. How many  
clerks there are! Women running  
their fingers through bills as fast as  
you could draw a stick along a picket  
fence. Suppose one of those women  
should make even a little mistake in  
counting while she is going so fast?

She would lose her position, and her  
salary, I am afraid. They have to be  
very careful, with so much money to  
attend to. Here is a little room no  
bigger than a good-sized clothespress,  
and with just as many shelves. They  
are filled with papers—United States  
bonds.

"How many dollars' worth are there  
here?" you ask of the man who is show-  
ing us through.

"About a hundred million," he says.  
Now don't open your eyes too wide,  
or you will hurt them. It is a great  
amount for such a small place, isn't  
it? Don't you wish you had as much  
in your clothespress?

Now we will go into another clothes-  
press, or money-press, as we might  
say, where instead of bonds, there are  
real bills, with figures on them show-  
ing the amount they are worth. These  
are done up in packages of half a mil-  
lion dollars apiece, and as the gentle-  
man who was showing us through put  
two of these packages into my arms, I  
have been a millionaire, for about fif-  
teen seconds, and have experienced  
great losses. In this room there are  
many millions of dollars, too. But we  
must go to the next. Here there are  
bags on the floor tied up and labeled.  
It is where the gold is kept. Here is a  
bag marked ten thousand dollars, and  
I am going to try to lift it, but it  
weighs too much. I am inclined to  
think no thief would carry off one of  
those bags, if he got a chance.

Now we are in a long hall, and on  
either side the walls are of heavy iron.  
These are safes, and have, many of  
them, "time-locks," which will open  
only so many hours after they are set.  
Once one of these locks was set a good  
way ahead, and they were anxious to  
open it, so they got a man to drill  
through the iron, and it is so thick that  
it took him considerably over a day to get  
through, doing his best. So even if a  
thief had the right tools, could not get  
through in a night.—*Fanny.*

### Girls Should Be Neat.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl,  
and if she does not learn it when she  
is young, she never will. It takes a  
great deal more neatness to make a  
girl look well than it does to make a  
boy look passable. Not because a boy,  
to start with, is better looking than a  
girl, but his clothes are of a different  
sort, not so many colors in their de-  
tail, and people don't expect a boy to look  
so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not  
neatly dressed is called a slob, and  
no one likes to look at her. Her face  
may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but  
if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek,  
and her fingers' ends are black with  
ink, and her shoes are not laced or  
buttoned up, and her apron is dirty,  
and her collar is not buttoned, and her  
skirt is torn, she can not be liked. I  
went into a little girl's room once, and  
all her clothes were on the floor, and  
her playthings, too. Learn to be neat,  
and when you have learned it, it will  
almost take care of itself.—*Interior.*

Every surgeon sees convincing  
proof in his daily experience that the  
sensitivity of his various patients  
varies so widely that there must be  
some cause for it beyond that which is  
physical. There is no such wide dif-  
ference with which they not only  
manifest pain, but with which they  
doubtless feel it. The conclusion is  
that though the transmission of pain is  
dependent on nerve fibers only, its seat  
and origin are beyond, and are truly  
not physical at all. Pain is mental.—  
*Scientific American.*

—It doesn't make any difference to  
you how good a horse your neighbor  
has, if you can't borrow him.—*Some-  
ville Journal.*

## WHEAT CULTURE.

### Sowing Too Much Seed a Mistake Made by Very Many Growers.

The average amount of wheat per  
acre sown throughout the country is  
fully six pecks. Each year of observa-  
tion or experience the more convinces  
me that this, save in a few cases, is too  
much; and that not only would seed be  
saved, but a much larger yield would be  
made by sowing less seed. It can be  
shown that a quart of seed per acre  
should produce a very heavy yield; for  
a grain can be made to produce one  
thousand fold—the plant tillering till twenty  
culms are produced, and each culm will  
bear a head containing fifty grains.

But, of course, this does not hold good  
in practice. With our present imple-  
ments and methods of farming it is im-  
possible to so prepare the ground and  
sow the seed as to give to each grain  
those conditions without which it can  
not reach its highest estate, and hence  
more seed is required. More than this,  
we can not altogether prevent the  
action of frost or the ravages of  
insects and larvae, and the destruc-  
tion wrought by these must be pro-  
vided for in advance by sowing a greater  
amount of seed. How great this amount  
should be will depend upon circum-  
stances. Generally speaking, the mini-  
mum quantity per acre which should  
be sown is three pecks, and the maxi-  
mum quantity is six pecks. The quan-  
tity should vary with the fertility of the  
land, the character of the soil, the cli-  
mate, the situation and lay of the land,  
the variety of wheat and the condition  
of the seed-bed. Where the situation of  
the land and the climate are favorable,  
and the seed-bed has been prepared  
in good condition, three pecks per acre  
is an abundance upon the most fertile  
soil. Less seed is required now than  
forty years ago. For, aside from the  
change in the fertility of the soil, we  
now have better implements and prac-  
tice better methods, and therefore pro-  
vide for the seed those conditions which  
conduce to complete germination of the  
seed and vigorous growth of the plant.

Forty years ago the ground could not  
be plowed so well as now, and it is cer-  
tain that the seed-bed was not nearly so  
well tilled and compacted as it is at  
the present time. Nor was the manner of  
sowing so favorable to the germina-  
tion of the seed. Broadcasting was  
then the only method. By it the seed  
was unevenly distributed and covered,  
and the seed-bed had been covered so  
thick that seed that should have been  
there, while other spots were compar-  
atively bare. Of course more seed was  
required than if each spot of ground  
had received its share of seed. Then,  
again, more seed was required because  
it was covered unevenly. The man who  
put in wheat thirty years ago need not  
be told that, on account of the rough  
seed-bed and the manner of covering  
the seed, some grains were covered six  
inches deep, while others were left ex-  
posed upon the surface. The latter  
could not germinate and rotted or were  
picked up by birds; the former might  
germinate, but the plant could not push  
its way to the surface. With the force-  
fed grain drill the seed is distributed  
very nearly as evenly as could be done;

and if the seed-bed has been properly  
prepared, the seed will be covered so  
uniformly that none will be lost by rea-  
son of having too much or too little  
earth above it; while on account of more  
even distribution and covering, and the  
better condition of the seed-bed, fewer  
plants will be weakly and fail to reach  
maturity; hence less seed will be re-  
quired to produce a good yield.

If we can secure a large yield by  
sowing three pecks as by sowing six  
pecks, we can make a great saving in  
the aggregate. It will amount to tens  
of millions of bushels; but by sowing the  
proper amount of seed we gain more.

Sowing too much seed reduces the yield  
as surely as not sowing enough seed.  
There are so many plants that all can  
not be so well cared for. Six pecks are  
evenly distributed over an acre, there  
would be one grain in each space of two  
and one-half inches square. This is  
certainly not enough for a plant to live  
upon, and if restricted to this space it  
must be weakly, and it certainly can not  
thrive. At the beginning of growth  
some plants, on account of the greater  
fertility and size of the seed and more  
favorable condition surrounding it, have  
the advantage; and in the struggle for  
existence, made bitter by over-crowd-  
ing, these stronger plants will kill out  
the weaker ones. The weaker ones are  
lost; but this is not the full extent of the  
loss. The stronger plants, though they  
triumph, are weakened by the struggle,  
and lack the vigor and thrift they would  
have if they were to exist in the be-  
ginning of their growth. Thus the yield  
is less not only of seed, but also of vitality  
on the part of those plants which sur-  
vive. It is apparent that it is of the  
greatest importance to sow enough  
seed, but no more, and the proper  
amount should be determined by each  
grower for himself, since it will vary  
with the soil, etc., peculiar to each farm  
or farmer. In my opinion, the man  
who seeks to determine the proper  
amount is safe in beginning by sowing  
less seed than he has been.

It will be observed that I am in favor  
of drilling in the wheat, using a two-  
horse force-fed grain drill; and I would  
say that another mistake of wheat  
growers was in not using the drill. I  
know that some very successful wheat  
growers are advocates of broadcasting,  
but I can not avoid thinking that there  
must be something exceptional about  
their farms or methods, or that they  
used the force-fed drill. For my part  
I can not see how it can be otherwise,  
for the drill certainly distributes the  
seed more evenly than the most careful  
hand-sower can, and covers it more  
uniformly than can be done with a harrow  
or brush. Evenness in distribution and  
uniformity in covering are certainly fa-  
vorable to the germination of the seed  
and the growth of the plant. And I  
have found the ridges made by the drill  
of great benefit in holding the snow on  
the wheat. This covering has often  
made me all the wheat I harvested. It  
did this year; for on a spot where the  
snow blow off there was so little wheat  
that I cut it for timothy seed (having  
sowed timothy in the fall) while the bal-  
ance of the field made almost twenty  
bushels per acre—decidedly a good yield  
for this year. Sometimes the ridges  
alone are not able to hold the snow; but

usually they are, and often they keep on  
the wheat a saving protection, when  
otherwise it would be winter-killed. I  
believe in using the drill, making the  
ridges in such direction that the prevail-  
ing winter winds will blow across them,  
not along them.—*John M. Stahl, in In-  
diana Farmer.*

## ENGLISH SPARROWS.

### Millions of Descendants from the Original Fifty Pairs.

It is twenty years since the English  
sparrow was taken from his home in  
London and turned loose in this coun-  
try. Superintendent Conklin, who had  
charge of the menagerie in Central  
Park, N. Y., liberated fifty pairs in the  
summer of 1866, and from these nearly  
all the English sparrows that can be  
found in every city, village and town of  
the United States are descended.

"I have no doubt," observed Mr.  
Conklin the other day, "that if any  
thing like an accurate census could be  
taken of the English sparrows in this  
country to-day, there would be a pair of  
them for every man, woman and child  
in the United States. I am not wholly  
responsible for this affliction, for I acted  
under orders, but I did not think at the  
time what an affliction they were to be-  
come, nor did any one else."

The sparrows liberated by Mr. Con-  
klin were not, however, the only ones that  
were brought to the country. A month  
before about a dozen pairs were set  
free in Trinity church-yard, in the old  
New York Hospital grounds, then in  
Broadway near Reade street, and in  
Battery Park. Several persons are  
known to have brought over a few of  
the birds afterward, but no other batch  
was so numerous as the one brought to  
Central Park. At that time New York  
City and many others were infested with  
a pest in the shape of small green  
worms an inch long. The sparrows, it  
was said, would annihilate the tri-  
tinae, and they did. Within five years  
after the first importation, there were  
little squads of English sparrows in  
every side street that boasted of a tree,  
hunting up green worms. The sparrows  
grew fat, and the green worms  
have disappeared. Many people built  
little houses and set them up in the  
trees, about their yards for the sparrows.  
The sparrows hopped into them  
and took possession with perfect equanimity.

Within a few years these sparrow  
houses have been falling into ruin. Few  
new ones are now set out, and the prac-  
tice of feeding the sparrows in the parks  
has almost entirely gone out. Yet  
the sparrows have never been known to  
complain. The green worms and their  
progeny are all devoured, and the few  
inches of crackers and bread crumbs  
no longer forthcoming, they have philo-  
sophically turned their attention to  
new methods of subsistence. A few of  
them continue to enjoy the rural associa-  
tions of parks and country villages, but  
the greater number show a marked  
preference for city life. Wherever there  
are human beings congregated, they find  
subsistence readily. There is enough  
waste from every table to fatten a whole  
family of them, and the sparrows have  
become a kind of street scavengers in  
large towns. The later generations  
seem to have increased in size in their  
new country.

Mr. Conklin's estimate of the present  
sparrow census as reaching the hundreds  
of millions are based on the fact that  
these birds breed several times in a sea-  
son, frequently three times and some-  
times four, each time hatching out a  
brood of four young sparrows. Allow-  
ing for all casualties, destruction of  
nests and an excessive mortality, it  
would not require more than two breed-  
ing seasons a year, in the twenty years  
since the original fifty pairs were liber-  
ated in Central Park, to bring the num-  
ber of their descendants far above one  
hundred million. They are daring col-  
onists, and as soon as the young sparrows  
find their numbers in a locality incon-  
veniently large, a detachment will hunt up  
new foraging grounds. Their great  
numbers and the real character of the  
bird have changed public sentiment and  
placed the sparrow on the defensive.  
Within a year or two the English spar-  
row has made his appearance in the res-  
taurants in the place of the reed bird,  
and he has been found so good a substi-  
tute that the price of reed birds has de-  
clined in the market. There, it is  
said, several persons in the city who  
make a business of supplying sparrows  
for the market, and hundreds are eaten  
daily by New Yorkers. The Chinese  
colony have also found a source of  
amusement in training the sparrows for  
fighting purposes. Their bills are rubbed  
down with fine sand-paper, until they  
are as sharp as needles, and every  
stroke draws blood and feathers. The  
birds will fight as long as any breath  
remains in them, and the prizes of a  
whole week's laundry business are often  
staked and lost on a single bird.

With these new dangers to combat it  
is probable that the limit of the sparrow  
population has been nearly reached.  
The chances are that they never will be  
exterminated, but without a check to  
their increase a few years more would  
probably have brought about a plague  
of sparrows as formidable as one of  
Kansas grasshoppers.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### New Hebrides Hair-Dressing.

The inhabitants of Tanna have more  
of the negro cast of countenance than  
Papuan tribes usually have, but there  
are good looking men and women  
among them. They paint their faces  
with red earth, which they get from the  
neighboring islands of Aniuteun, Nima  
and Futana, and Dr. Livingstone has  
noted a somewhat similar practice of  
twisting the hair into innumerable small  
spiral curls among the Banyal of Central  
Africa. The people of Tanna are  
fond of ornaments, but not of very much  
clothing. They do not tattoo, but they  
wear fearful and wonderful tortoise-  
shell arrangements in their ears.—*All  
the Year Round.*

## UNCLAIMED ESTATES.

### Fortunes in This Country for Heirs in Vari- ous European Countries.

While many citizens of our own free  
land are filled with a burning desire to  
possess the fortunes which are reported to  
be stored up in England and other  
parts of the old country, it may not be  
generally known that there is a large  
accumulation of money awaiting owner-  
ship in America, the heirs being resi-  
dents of European countries. An inter-  
esting talk with George A. Smythe,  
whose office is on Tremont Row, Boston,  
developed some facts in connection with  
this matter which are novel and attrac-  
tive.

Mr. Smythe has just returned from a  
trip of seven weeks to England, Ireland  
and Scotland, partly for pleasure, but  
largely with a view of establishing ar-  
rangements by which heirs can be clearly  
determined and money distributed.  
He states that he has on his list  
several hundreds of thousands of dol-  
lars of unclaimed money, varying in  
sums from a few hundred to a few thou-  
sand dollars—all of Massachusetts peo-  
ple who have died leaving no heirs near  
to claim and receive the property.  
This money lies in savings banks partly,  
the rest being in stocks, lands and other  
forms, some estates having been ac-  
cumulating for years from small origi-  
nal sums. For instance, in one case a  
servant girl deposited \$564 in a savings  
bank the interest on which has rolled  
up to over \$1,500, making a total of  
about \$2,000. In another case which he  
recently closed up the sum had ad-  
vanced from about \$2,300 to over \$8,-  
000. In the latter matter he traced the  
heirship to Maine, New York, Boston,  
and finally back to Waltham, where he  
resides, one heir living directly opposite  
him, and being employed in the watch  
factory.

It appears that the woman who left  
the money was a servant for over twenty  
years in the home of Josiah Quincy,  
Boston's grand old citizen. A man in  
Maine sent for her and said: "Susan,  
my wife is dead; will you marry me?"  
She did, for it was an old time flame  
renewed, and after years of happiness  
both died, his death following a year  
later than hers. Singularly enough he  
never knew about the money which she  
had saved from her earnings, and the  
deposit went on rolling up, until just  
before Mr. Smythe's departure for Eu-  
rope it was divided up. All her large  
family of brothers and sisters were  
dead, and the distribution was made  
among sixty next of kin, the more dis-  
tant relatives receiving only \$10 or \$15  
each.

A curious case is now pending in the  
Probate Court, Boston. A man died a  
few years ago leaving \$100,000 to be  
divided among five sons. Four of these  
sons were here and received their share,  
but the fifth son was away. He was  
sent west, south, and was last heard from  
in New Mexico. As he was then living, he  
was entitled to the money, it being  
necessary for the heirs to establish the  
fact of his death before they could re-  
ceive his share, and, like the Wander-  
ing Jew, he passes on, perhaps, in des-  
titution, from place to place, unknow-  
ing the heir to a small fortune; or  
perhaps, his spirit is watching over the  
money here.—*Boston Globe.*

### THE EGG ROCK.

#### An Historical and Interesting Spot in Massachusetts Bay.

The landing at the rock may be effec-  
tually by expertness and quickness, as  
the long and powerful swell of the sea  
is enough to carry the boat to sudden  
disaster against the rocks, even on a  
quiet day. Sailboats must be anchored  
well off shore, and their adventurous  
passengers are rowed in in dories, from  
which, in the nick of time and between  
the waves, they must clamber out upon  
the landing steps. When the Swamp-  
scot sailboat skippers reach this epi-  
sode, they grow as imperious as Venetian  
dogs. In a few seconds all hands  
are ashore; the boat is hauled up on the  
steep stairway, and the discoverers  
clamber upward, rejoicing. Near the top  
of the rock is half an acre of good soil  
resting here and there in the hollows of  
the envolving ledges, and abounding  
in potatoes, corn and other vegetables.  
The borders of carefully cultivated  
flowers, geraniums, nasturtiums, helio-  
trops and other favorite New England  
nosegays. The comparative inclemency  
of the place renders necessary a singu-  
lar method of gardening, by which each  
flower, when approaching the budding  
time, is enclosed in a glass lamp chim-  
ney, thereby at once averting the chilly  
sea gales, and concentrating on the  
flower the fruitifying rays of the sun.

In 1856, under the administration of  
Franklin Pierce, when William Walker  
was President of Nicaragua, during the  
Free-Soil war in Kansas, and a few  
months after the San Francisco Vigil-  
ance Committee was formed, and the  
assault on Senator Sumner, the United  
States took possession of Egg Rock and  
erected upon it the present structure,  
which was built by Ira P. Brown,  
of Lynn, at a cost of \$3,700. The prime  
mover in the nationalization of the islet  
was Alonzo Lewis, the Lynn bard, who,  
unlike most bards, was a very pleasant  
and practical gentleman, active for the  
public good, who, from his quaint  
brown cottage on the sea-viewing slope  
of Sagamore Hill, planned this improve-  
ment, as well as the construction of the  
delightful road on Nahant Long Beach.  
The first light was a white one, and its  
beams saluted the dark bay on the  
night of September 15, 1856. Nine  
months later a red light was substituted;  
and now for almost a generation its  
fixed red star has blazed here over the  
night-haunted waters of the bay, like  
some especially benevolent kind of a  
ruby, sacred to St. Nicholas and sailors'  
content.—*Boston Gazette.*

### WIT AND WISDOM.

—If we can not always avoid hearing  
a scandal we can surely avoid repeating  
it.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—As riches and favor forsake a man  
we find him to be a fool, but nobody  
could find it out in his prosperity.

—It has been stated by a scientist  
that the red tail, a little bird, will catch  
nine hundred flies in an hour. The red  
tail ought to make a good record at  
base ball.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Doan's disappointed in your  
feller man's weakness. Some of us  
hev bin whittled out of sich green tim-  
ber dat we warped in de sezoning.—  
*Brother Gardner, in Detroit Free Press.*

—A young lady book-keeper who has  
just married says that there shall be no  
side door to her house. She proposes  
to keep her husband on the single en-  
try system.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Fond Mamma (to young miss)—  
Did I not forbid you to go to the park  
without a protector? Young Miss—But  
I had a protector. Fond Mamma—You  
mean to tell me— Young Miss—Yes,  
I went to the druggist and bought a  
chest-protector.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"What a frivolous girl Miss De  
Puyster is," exclaimed a New Yorker.  
"Have you found her so?" "I should  
say I had. She can't talk base-ball a  
little bit. She is all the time wanting  
to waste her time discussing 'The  
Whichness of the Is.'—*N. Y. Mail.*

—"Here, said an angry pawnbroker  
to the duke, 'why don't you pay me  
and take out your watch?' 'I can't,'  
replied the duke. 'Well, you are the  
worst I ever saw.' 'I guess I am,'  
candidly admitted the duke. 'Haven't  
a single redeeming quality.'—*Washing-  
ton Critic.*

—"You must do a lot of fishing now-  
adays," said a friend to an impetuous  
acquaintance with a fishing-basket slung  
over his shoulder. "Well, you see, it's  
just this way: My clothes are getting  
kind of seedy-looking, and when I peck  
this creel around folks think I've put  
on my old clothes to go fishing."—*San  
Francisco News Letter.*

—Congressman—Any thing new in  
the papers, Sarah? Congressman's  
wife—Nothing except some reports of  
scientists on the earthquakes. They  
say there are never any serious earth-  
quakes where there are volcanoes, as  
they act as safety-valves. "Humph!  
That's all that's the matter then. Well,  
I'll demand an appropriation for a  
volcano at the very next session."—  
*Omaha World.*

—Will you love me then?  
—A little more is growing, John.  
—Just here beneath my chin, it  
gives me so much trouble, John.  
—I'm growing pale and thin.

—Another one is coming, John.  
—Just here beside my ear.  
—And I shall be disgraced, John.  
—For life, I sadly fear.

—And so I want to ask you, John,  
Will you love me now, my darling John,  
Will you love me when I'm moored?  
—*Boston Courier.*

### The Perils of Boarding.

"You look thoughtful to-night, Dum-  
ley," remarked Featherly as he stretched  
himself on the bed.

"Yes," sighed Dumley. "I've just  
got a note from the landlady."

"What does she say?"

"She says that I must pay my back



RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

ALL THINGS.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."—Rom. viii:28.

Sometimes, dear Lord, my doubting heart Can scarce take in this Word Divine; When far from Thee my feet depart, Or when I hopelessly repine.

When loving friend is laid below, The soft brown mould for dust of sight; When my poor heart is filled with woe, And life's bright day is turned to night.

Or worse, estranged from some loved friend, Who ne'er before had stood aloof, When faint we'd trust unto the end, Or when I hopelessly repine.

Then, Lord, ah then, our hearts rebel, And bitter, burning tears fast flow; Life's sullen surges sweep and swell, And bitterness is crowned with woe.

The disappointment that will come, The cease and desist of each day— Are these but leading to one home? Is this the path—the only way?

But there are times, dear Lord of mine, When my soul grasps the promise sweet; Accepts this blessed Word of Thine, And humbly lies at Thy dear feet.

Willing to take from Thy wise hand Whatever Thou may'st choose to give; Lowly to serve, or to command; To rest in death, or weary live!

Could we but this sweet truth receive, Our lives would flow in ceaseless peace; O help us, Lord, then to believe, Bid our dark doubts forever cease.

Within my heart I hear a voice That says: "Thy pain, thy loss and strife, Will make thee all the more ready, When thou shalt enter into life."

At last my restless heart is stilled; Whatever comes is for the best; It could not come unless God willed, And so I leave to Him the rest.

—Mary G. Kneel, in Presbyterian.

"THE UNKNOWN FORCE."

Mr. Spencer and His Followers Asking Mankind to accept a Phantom Instead of the Infinite Father.

It was an exceedingly clever bit of "reduction to an absurdity" which was given in Mr. Frederic Harrison's critique on Mr. Herbert Spencer's "ghostly religion," his attempt to make a basis for a sort of religion out of the "unknown," Mr. Spencer's pretentious vagueness, and the tantalizing unreality of his religious ideas were shown with much effect. But not less effective was Mr. Spencer's retort upon his Positivist critic. If he could not repel the charges against his own "ghostly religion," he could, at least, as he did, show up the "phantom religion" which the Positivist scheme for the "worship of humanity" labors to make out and strives to commend.

In this rather peculiar theological duel it would be impossible to say which comes out ahead, when each so neatly annihilates the other. According to the pet theories of each it would seem to be but a thoroughly Pickwickian sort of "religion" that could be the strictly logical result. It is pretty certain that not many sane men are ever likely to fall down and worship "humanity" yet awhile. It is equally clear that a philosophy that thinks it knows enough to know that it would be absurd and "unknowable" to attribute intelligence, will, personality or any moral qualities to "God," that which we may say of "It" that it is "eternal force," we have no reasonable right to say that "It" thinks, or wills, or loves, or purposes. How the "agnostic" philosophy comes to know so much as that is what seems to its critics the queer puzzle. No such Unknowable as that can, of course, ever be an object of real worship. For the human heart, with its burden of care and solicitude, its deep apprehensions and its instinctive hopes, there must be offered something more solid than a phantom.

The modern "metaphysician" is fairly matched by the "agnostic." The former knows there is not any such thing as matter; the latter knows there isn't any such being, as God, about whom it is possible for anybody to know any thing. Modern science, as illumined by the doctrine of evolution, shows us a very wonderful world indeed, wherein, during nameless ages and eons, infinitely curious laws have been busy producing indefinitely interesting results. At the bottom and back of all this there must, it is admitted, have been a Cause, a Power, an Eternal Something. To deny that would, of course, be a case of self-stultification. That all things which science sees and admires and wonders at should have come to be, without any cause, just as Topsy did, the agnostic is as quick to declare as any one else; there must have been a Cause, a Power, and that an Eternal Power. But should any one venture to attribute intelligence or will or personality or any moral quality to that power the agnostic affects to shudder at the unthinkableness of the supposition. But why it is any more unreasonable, unscientific or unthinkable to speak of "intelligence" than of "power" in connection with the "unknowable" Cause is what the agnostic has been asked in vain to explain.

Mr. Spencer is far from denying the importance of religion. He insists upon it; but it must be only so much of a real religion as can consist with the worship of "It," a something about which can be known or thought. Mention the word "anthropomorphism" in Mr. Spencer's hearing and he goes into mental hysterics. Emotions, will, intelligence, these are human attributes. Applied to the "Unknowable Cause" they are, he says, words that have no corresponding ideas. But there are not exactly the same scientific reasons for intelligence that there are for power? "I held at the outset," says Mr. Spencer in reply to Mr. Harrison, "and continue to hold that this Inscrutable Existence which science, in the last resort, is compelled to recognize as unreachably by its deepest analysis of matter, motion, thought and feeling, stands toward our general conception of things as substantially the same relation as does the Creative Power asserted by theology." That is to say, the relation is the same, up to the point where the conception of the creative power begins to have some possible human interest. The way in which Mr. Spencer's mind has stuck to such phrases as the "unknowable," the "unthinkable," suddenly check in its freedom of scope,

THE VICE OF LYING.

Inconvenience Caused by Associating with Men Who Are Careless of Truth.

Shakespeare enumerates three varieties of lies—the counter-check quarrelsome, the lie circumstantial and the lie direct; and good Touchstone adds that all these you may avoid but the lie direct, and you may avoid that, too, with an if. These, however, are merely one variety of lie. They are lies used in alteration. They do not include the members of the great family of lies which constitute so large a part of our daily conversation and give so much spice and variety.

When the sage said that all men are liars he intended to refer to a society in a backward state of civilization—the only society he knew. Lying has been said to be the privilege of slaves, certain it is that the civilization of a community may be gauged by the prevalence of lying therein, and the breeding of an individual may be measured by his indulgence in truth or falsehood. In savage nations every body lies. Among our forefathers trial by battle was kept up long after its absurdity was recognized, simply because it was found impracticable to get witnesses to tell the truth. At the present day lying is common in small villages than in great cities, and far commoner among the uneducated than among the cultured class. A wholesale merchant rarely lies about his goods. It would hurt his credit to say that he got his Costa Rica coffee from Java, or his Connecticut silk from Lyons. In some country towns a shopkeeper will not only lie about his goods in order to effect a sale, but he will boast of the lie afterward, and his standing in the community will not be impaired. The value of truth is only realized in societies which have reached a certain stage of refinement, and in the class in those societies in which experience and training have caught the folly of misstatements.

REVERENCE AS A DUTY.

A Virtue Much Needed in America at the Present Time.

Perhaps there is no single duty which is more generally unpopular all the world over, and especially here in America, at the present time, than the duty of reverence. Reverence is even more than unpopular; it is quite commonly scouted as an accompaniment of superstition or of servility—unworthy of a self-respecting, independent manhood. It is not by any means admitted on all sides that "reverence" is a duty—in the sense of the literal meaning of the word itself; and there are many who, while conceding that reverence is a duty in a somewhat general and ill-defined way, are quite unable to see the duty of reverence in all its strictness, as an element of personal character showing itself toward Godward and manward in every relation of life.

Reverence includes the idea of looking upward, with a feeling of respect, of admiration, and of affection—mingled with awe. Reverence is toward one who has a right to be viewed in this way. Reverence toward God is as unlike superstition as may be; reverence toward man is equally dissimilar to servility; for both superstition and servility include the idea of a slavish fear, while reverence is the intelligent recognition of a superiority that is rightly deserving of awe, of honor and of love. Yet reverence includes a certain admission of inferiority and of subordination on the part of him who renders it; hence it is that the thought of reverence is so distasteful to the natural mind, especially in these days when the independence and the pre-eminence of the individual are made so much of in conception and in practice.

A more recognition of superior power or as power is not reverence; nor is a helpless subjection to an iron rule—material or spiritual. Reverence is of the affections, as well as of the intellect; yet reverence is not simply emotion, nor is its play only the inevitable effect of natural qualities and characteristics. Reverence is the out-going and the up-going of mind and heart toward one who, by right, superior or supreme, and who is to be given honor and loving deference accordingly. In this sense reverence is a duty, whether one is inclined in its direction by his natural impulses or is by nature reluctant to its way. Reverence is as truly a duty apart from the question of one's personal preferences as is courtesy, fairness, honor or humanity; or, again, as is love, or faith, within its proper bounds.—S. S. Times.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

—Every tear of penitence springs up a pearl.—Matthew Henry.

—Where there is no hope there can be no endeavor.—Dr. Johnson.

—Continued cheerfulness is a manifest sign of wisdom.—Good Housekeeping.

—The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new ones.—Cato.

—All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand labor, there is something of Divineness.—Carlyle.

—Do what you think is right, and then do not puzzle yourself in weighing your motives.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

—The great mystery of the Gospel doth not lie in Christ without us, though we must know also what He hath done for us; but the very vith and kernel of it consists in Christ inwardly formed in our hearts.—Cudworth.

—Men may deliberate too long and thus let golden opportunities waste, but hardly any one has ever had to complain that he was too thoughtful. It is careful thinking that enables us to succeed in useful doing.—United Presbyterian.

—Every thing that a righteous man does is beautiful; for himself is in what he does. As the Lord garnished the heavens with His Spirit, making them beautiful, so, by their spirit, do the righteous garnish and beautify their works.—Thought Elevations.

—We may know the love of Christ, and be filled with it, and constrained by it, even as we know by experience the cool refreshment of a fountain whose depths we can not fathom, and rejoice in the warm beams of the sun whose greatness we can not comprehend.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

—Every solitary kind action that is done, the world over, is working brightly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning; and these three never converted any one, unless they were kind also.—F. W. Faber.

AN HOUR OF TERROR.

How a Quiet Boarder Caused Intense Excitement in a Boarding-House.

When he had been there one week the boarding-house keeper said that he was one of the nicest, quietest young men she had ever had in her house. He had no complaints to make at the table, and he left his room so slick and clean that the chambermaid had suspicions that he was a woman in disguise. At the end of a month, rather than have him go, the landlady would have agreed to purchase another horse once a week, and to replace the old rug in his room with a new one costing fifty cents. The other night, however, her enthusiasm received a set-back. One of the boarders came down stairs and reported that he had heard groans and sighs and curses from the quiet boarder's room. Three or four people tip-toed up, and after a bit they plainly caught his words: "Ouch! Hang it! Condemn it to Halifax, but it's killing me by inches!"

Then it was realized that the quiet man had some great sorrow on his mind, and it was suspected that he was contemplating suicide. "Och!" he called out, "great heavens, but how I suffer! Why was I such a fool as to follow that villain's advice?" He had probably taken poison, or was trying to drive aarning-needle to his heart. The landlady thought of the coroner's inquest, the item in the papers and the questions the reporters would ask, and she grew frantic. "Hey, Smith—Mr. Smith—you, Smith!" she called as she rapped on the door, "but what on earth is the matter?"

"Nothing!" came the solemn answer, but as she put her ear to the key-hole she heard soft groans, and a whispered voice saying: "It's got to be done at any cost!" "Mr. Smith," she continued, "don't you dare commit suicide in my house! If you do I'll have you sent to jail for a year! It wasn't six months ago that a woman tried to poison herself to death in that very room, and I haven't got over the fright yet. Say, you!" "Well," came the faint reply. "Have you taken poison?" "No."

There was an interval of silence while she put her ear to the key-hole again, and pretty soon she heard the boarder gallop up and down and hiss between his clenched teeth: "Great Scots! but was mortal man ever called upon to suffer as I do?" "Say!" she whispered, as she turned to the boarders, "this door has got to be broken down without delay. That ungrateful man has taken rough-on-rats and is determined to die on a bed which cost me over twenty dollars last fall, saying nothing of a second-hand carpet which I traded a sewing machine for. Mr. Green, kick open the door!" "If Green is there I'll let him in," announced Smith, and he opened a crevice just large enough to squeeze in.

Then came a whispered consultation, followed by shouts of pain and terror, and Green came to the door with an object in his hand, and calmly said: "Ladies and gentlemen, it was simply a case of pulling off a porous plaster which he had worn for six weeks. Please forgive him, for he'll never do so again."—Detroit Free Press.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Biographical Information Not Contained in Any Popular Encyclopedia.

John Bright was born in 1811. He made a tour of the Holy Land at the age of twenty-four, but did not decide to purchase it owing to the existence of a flaw in the title. He next began to invent things. On his return from the Orient, he discovered that what was most needed in both Europe and America was a good, reliable disease for the use of the better classes. The poor and humble were well supplied, but the rich, the aristocratic and patrician statesmen, corned heads and porkists of the two lands languished for a good, reliable disease that poor people could not obtain. So he began to sit up nights and perfect Bright's disease. He gained the prize at the Paris exposition and honorable mention at the great centennial celebration at Philadelphia "for meritorious and effective diseases for the better classes." Since that time he has been gratified to notice that the very best people, both in his own land and in this, are handling Bright's disease. It has been kept out of the reach of the poor, and to die from this ailment has been regarded as a proud distinction.

Mr. Bright has all the time attracted attention as a good, fluent public speaker, and the author of a volume called "Speeches on Public Questions," published in 1868.

Whether he succeeds in securing a large monument or not, it is thought he will never be forgotten, for wherever the English language is spoken, Bright's celebrated disease is known and respected. It is said that he once stated in a public speech that he cared not to have the laws for a nation if he could invent its diseases.—Bill Nye, in Boston Globe.

Logical Demonstration.

"It isn't every man who can be a successful merchant traveler," remarked one of the guild to another.

"Not by any means. The successful traveler is born, not made."

"Very true. Look at me for instance."

"I don't see as you're such a remarkable example."

"You don't? Well, I travel entirely by night and see my trade during the day time."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Why, don't you see? It shows that I am a traveler by birth."—Merchant Traveler.

A Family Secret.

"Pa, what is 'mist'?"

"It is an invisible vapor of the atmosphere, my son."

"Does a man ever turn into mist?"

"Certainly not. Who said he could?"

"Nobody did; only I heard ma say the other day that you never would be mist."—Philadelphia Call.

THE SELFISHNESS OF PROSPERITY.

The Selfishness of Prosperity—The writer has for the last forty years depended on the kindness of his neighbors when in want of a wheelbarrow, but now has one of his own and hereafter shall have no occasion to borrow, and hopes no one else will.—Danvers (Mass.) Mirror.

HON. M. A. FORAN, of Ohio, member of House of Representatives, says St. Jacobs Oil relieved him of acute bodily pains.

NOCCOLINI has published a new song, entitled "My Proposal." It is probably written in the key of "Be mine, oh!"—Washington Post.

All "Played Out."

"Don't know what ails me lately. Can't eat well—can't sleep well. Can't work, and don't enjoy doing anything. Ain't really sick, and I really ain't worn. All kinds of played out, somehow. That's what scores of men say every day. If they would take Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' they would soon have no occasion to say it. It purifies the blood, tones up the system and fortifies it against disease. It is a great anti-bilious remedy as well.

A BROTHER ALARM.—"Wake up John! I'm afraid there's somebody getting into the house."

EVERY person is interested in their own affairs, and if this meets the eyes of any one who is suffering from the effects of a torpid liver, we will admit that he is interested in getting well. Get a bottle of Frick's Ash Bitters, use it as directed, and you will always be glad you read this item.

Chicago women never argue. They put their foot down, and that covers the whole ground.—Prairie Farmer.

"I Feel So Well."

"I want to thank you for telling me of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was a lady to be friend. For a long time I was unfit to attend to the work of my household. I kept about, but I felt thoroughly miserable. I had terrible back-aches, and bearing-down sensations across me and was quite weak and discouraged. I sent and got some of the medicine after receiving your letter, and it has cured me. I hardly know myself. I feel so well."

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For preventing dandruff and falling of the hair, Hall's Hair Renewer is unequalled. Every family should be provided with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Cures Colds and Coughs.

When is the doctor who does not like his cough-fee.

Don't disgust everybody by hawking, blowing and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

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

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Beef tongue and ox-tail soup make both ends meet.—Prairie Farmer.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 8.

CATTLE—Shipping steers... 4 15 @ 4 15

Native cows... 2 00 @ 2 45

Butcher's steers... 3 00 @ 3 50

HOGS—Good to choice heavy... 4 00 @ 4 20

Light... 3 90 @ 4 00

WHEAT—No. 2 red... 62 1/2 @ 63

No. 3 red... 61 @ 62

No. 2 soft... 67 1/2 @ 68 1/2

COHN—No. 2... 30 @ 30 1/2

HAIR—No. 2... 24 @ 24 1/2

RYE—No. 2... 38 @ 40

FLOUR—Fancy, per sack... 1 50 @ 1 65

GRAIN—New... 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4

BUTTER—Choice creamery... 18 @ 23

CHEESE—Full cream... 12 @ 13

EGGS—Choice... 17 @ 18

BACON—Ham... 11 @ 11 1/2

Shoulders... 5 @ 5 1/2

Sides... 4 @ 4 1/2

WOOL—Mouris unwashed... 16 @ 18

POTATOES... 40 @ 50

CATTLE—Shipping steers... 4 30 @ 4 90

HOGS—Packing and shipping... 3 25 @ 4 05

SHEEP—Fair to choice... 2 00 @ 4 45

FLOUR—Choice... 3 00 @ 3 10

HAIR—No. 2... 24 @ 24 1/2

COHN—No. 2... 33 1/2 @ 34 1/2

OATS—No. 2... 26 @ 26 1/2

BUTTER—Choice creamery... 23 @ 28

POPK... 9 00 @ 9 25

COTTON—Middling... 9 @ 9 1/2

CATTLE—Shipping steers... 3 00 @ 5 15

HOGS—Packing and shipping... 4 15 @ 4 60

WHEAT—No. 2 red... 70 @ 71

No. 2... 72 @ 78

COHN—No. 2... 35 @ 35 1/2

OATS—No. 2... 24 @ 24 1/2

HAIR—No. 2... 24 @ 24 1/2

BUTTER—Creamery... 18 @ 20 1/2

POPK... 9 00 @ 9 25

CHEESE—Western... 10 1/2 @ 11

CATTLE—Exports... 4 10 @ 5 45

HOGS—Good to choice... 4 70 @ 5 10

WHEAT—Good to good... 3 25 @ 4 00

FLOUR—Good to choice... 3 20 @ 4 00

COHN—No. 2... 34 @ 34 1/2

OATS—No. 2... 24 @ 24 1/2

BUTTER—Creamery... 12 @ 20 1/2

POPK... 9 75 @ 10 00

CHEESE—Western... 10 1/2 @ 11

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