

ROBERT BURNS.

The 127th Anniversary of His Birth Celebrated by the

Burns Club of Chase County, Kan., at Cottonwood Falls.

A Large Attendance and a Most Successful Meeting.

The 127th anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, Scotland's illustrious poet, was celebrated at Music Hall, in this city, on Monday evening, January 25, 1886, under the auspices of the Burns Club of Chase County, Kansas. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with representative citizens of Chase and the adjoining counties, while some of the audience were from far off parts of the State. This was the fifth annual celebration given by the present Burns Club, though a former Burns Club gave one of the most enjoyable entertainments ever had in Cottonwood Falls, yet this last entertainment was one of which the present club might well feel proud for its entire success.

Mr. M. A. Campbell, president of the club, opened the exercises with a few remarks of welcome to the guests, and then introduced Mr. Ed. McAlpine, who sang the beautiful ballad, "Scotland Yet," bringing the house down with applause.

Hon. Noble L. Prentiss, of the Atchison *Champion*, was then introduced to the audience, and he made a very eloquent speech in reply to the toast, "Robert Burns," which was well received, and loudly applauded at its conclusion.

A character song entitled "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut," by Messrs. Alex. McKenzie, John Gibbs and James Traddell, was so well rendered that they were given a rousing encore, to which they pleasantly responded.

Mr. T. H. Grisham made a very appropriate as well as humorous reply to the toast, "Here's a health to all we lo'e dear."

Miss Edith Narroay then rendered a beautiful song in a manner highly appreciated by the audience.

Mr. D. A. Ellsworth, of Florence, then replied to the toast, "Irish Poets," making a well prepared and finely delivered speech, showing that young man to be possessed of more than ordinary ability.

The "Rose of Tralee" was then given by Mr. William Brodie, who sang it well.

Mr. Preston B. Gillett, of Kingman, responded to the toast, "English Poets," in a most able manner, making the people of these parts feel proud of him, as he had been reared in our midst.

"Flowers of the Forest" was then sung by Mr. Geo. W. Weed, who rendered it well, and who was also organizer for the occasion.

The "Welsh Bards" was then responded to by Mr. R. D. Rees, of Cedar Point, who, for a young man is a very forcible and pleasant speaker, and who showed himself to be at home among the poets of his native home.

"Men of Haarlech" was sung in a most excellent manner by Mr. Joseph Rees, of Emporia.

The Hon. J. W. McWilliams then responded to the toast, "American Poets," making a very fine address which was replete with humor, and which at times brought down the house with laughter and applause.

Mr. F. P. Cochran gave "The Lassies" an extra amount of taffy coupled with a good deal of humor.

Mrs. Colin Campbell, of Florence, next gave the audience a song which was most charmingly rendered.

Mr. James Robertson then read "Tam O'Shanter" in a most excellent manner.

This was followed by a most novel and interesting feature of the entertainment called "A Dance o' Witches," which provoked peal after peal of laughter from all parts of the house. After some well rendered songs by Messrs. Alex. McKenzie, Claude Makin of Florence, James Dickson, F. P. Cochran and others, the Burns Club arranged themselves on the stage and sang "Auld Lang Syne," the audience joining in the chorus. This concluded the literary portion of the exercises, which were all meritorious and, for home talent, far above the average.

Supper was served at the Central and Union hotels, these popular houses fairly surpassing themselves in the arrangement of a collation the equal of which had never before been seen in Chase County. After supper the floor was cleared, and those wishing, tripped the light fantastic until the "wee sma' hours," to the inspiring strains of the music which was furnished for the occasion.

These anniversaries have become not only the pride of Chase County, but of the State, and the one just past certainly assures the continuance of similar occasions each year.

The *Emporia Republican* was represented by Mr. Pingree, and the *News* by Mr. J. H. Harnit, both good reporters and pleasant gentlemen.

Below will be found the responses to the different toasts:

"Robert Burns," Response by Noble L. Prentiss, of Atchison.

In the midst of this bright company, and surrounded by these kindly faces, I see through the vista of time, a noisy school room far away, and the class standing up to read. I see the book, the very page and the verse of a poem written for an occasion like this.

The memory of Burns, a name which calls, when brimmed her festal cup, a nation's glory, and her shame, in silent sadness up.

That verse took possession of me when I read it as a boy. It has followed me about ever since. It rises unbidden when I hear the name of Robert Burns. I heard it in the whispering winds of evening when I stood on the banks of the Doon, and when I gazed on the stately monuments at Ayr and again at Dumfries. "A Nation's shame." He asked for bread, and after he was dead they gave him a stone. Thus, wherever I went, in every spot haunted by his vanished footsteps on the "auld brig," at Ayr, and on the banks of Uith, his memory came in "silent sadness up." And yet he was a nation's glory. If he, where he is, knows that as we do, he forgets and forgives. He forgets the people who, in his later years, crossed the street to avoid him. He forgets the hard grip of poverty. He forgives all.

A nation's glory in that he lingers in a nation's memory. Scotland remembers him not merely as an American remembers Washington, but he is remembered by every Scotchman and Scotchwoman. I have known many, but I never heard but one native of Scotland speak ill of Burns, and that was an old Covenanter woman whom I met in Grayfriars church yard amid the graves of her ancestors, and she berated Burns as the father of "chance children," yet there was something in the old lady's eyes and voice that convinced me that the old lady did not hate Burns so very badly after all, and the number of such as she is growing smaller in Scotland. When the Burns Centennial was celebrated in Glasgow, that great and good man, Norman McLeod, was the only clergyman on the platform, but I imagine that if they are celebrating in Glasgow to-night, there is more than one minister present.

A nation's glory is Robert Burns, because he has absolutely enhanced that glory. Whoever loves Robert Burns, the world over, loves Scotland. Thousands of travelers from every quarter of the globe have visited Scotland, just to look upon the birthplace and grave of Burns. They would not have gone there for Wallace or Bruce, or for all the kings and queens who ever lived in Holyrood. They went for Burns' sake; just because "There was a lad born in Kyle," and no man can, I think, fully understand and appreciate Burns unless he has visited the people of whom and for whom he wrote, for while Ayrshire has changed, as all the world changes, still may be found under the cotta's roof, the kindly welcome, the simple beauty, manners, the patient industry, the mother's proud tender glance, the face of girlhood mantling with the blush of innocent affection while sacrificing all the "saint, the father and the husband prays" to Scotland's God, just as Burns saw and knew and described it a hundred years ago. Nay, more, there may be seen a humbler friend, immortalized in deathless verse, the collie, the shepherd dog, the same who stood up for the poor in his celebrated controversy of the "Twa dogs" still barking in his joy among the gleeful children. I am of the opinion, though perhaps all may not agree with me, that Burns is a nation's glory because he was that nation's moral teacher. His motto was like many of us, "Do as I say, not as I do." The sermon has out-lived the preacher and his faults, and has sunk into the hearts of a thoughtful people. The "Epistle" is read by "young friends" still, and the Scotch cotter gathers his family about him with a higher heart, as on a Saturday night he remembers Burns.

As a political teacher, Burns enunciated the coming doctrine of the world. He saw that in his life-time. He was seventeen years old when a company of men gathered at Philadelphia, wrote it down in imperishable characters: "We hold it to be self-evident, that all men are created free and equal." In other words, "a man's a man for a' that," and he saw the seven years of struggle terminate in the establishment of a great republic, without, in all its borders, a belted knight, a marquis, duke and—a' that. He saw burst in his later years the storm of the French revolution, which, black and awful as it was, has left the air of Europe purer ever since. It was Burns' glory that he continued to "bide by the buff and the blue," the colors of the friends of liberty in Scotland and in England, the colors of our old Continentals, who in their ragged regimentals firmly stood.

Yet it is not because he sang of patriotism that his name and fame and memory have become the common property of mankind, for his patriotism, we may say, was a local patriotism. Nor is it even because he dreamed as good men in all ages and countries have dreamed of a coming day, when all created in God's image, shall be free and equal, and be happy. It is because he was the poet of the heart. Nations change; governments change; the

idea of political freedom changes, but that little thing, the human heart, still beats on as it begins, and he who voices its joys, its sorrows, its hopes, its longings shall be remembered as long as that heart has passions, as long as life has woes.

And such a singer was Robert Burns. It has been well said that the lines:

"Had we never loved see kindly,
Had we never loved see blindly,
Never met and never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted,"

contains the material for a thousand romances, and they are romances, my friends, in which we have all been heroes and heroines. They are your romances and mine. There is not a man here who has never written a love letter, who has not fallen back on some verse, some line, some word, some thought of Burns to voice the sentiments of his own, when he did, or thought he did, "Love but her, and her forever."

It is the kind heart that lives, and no man had a kinder heart than Burns, though he had a sharp eye and biting tongue. Even in his last moments he sees the inconsistency of the community in which he was, not dying, but perishing. He saw that while they neglected him living, they would attempt to honor him by some funeral pageantry. He saw in mind's eye the local militia marching along with their muskets at all angles, tramping on each other's heels, and with a humor that every real soldier will appreciate, he said: "Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."

Yet what a tender heart beats in all his verses! Who like him has sung of that friendship, which lasts after long years, while "seas have braed between us roared." His was sympathy that embraced all things, from the mountain daisy uprooted by the plowshare, and the bird by the desolated nest, onward and upward. His was a charity that embraced even the evil one himself, for he says:

"Then fare ye weel auld Nickie Ben,
and wad tak a thought to mend?" It is because Burns spoke for friendship, for charity, for love, that we are gathered, because, with all these he spoke of "Scotia dear," as no other man has spoken, that you Scotch men and women here, in the heart of a vast continent, to him almost unknown, nearly five thousand miles from a sprig of growing heather, are met to bless his name. There may be those akin to the old woman who declared that the doctrine of total depravity was her greatest comfort in life, who will complain that on occasions like this, Burns is the subject of indiscriminate eulogy. For the comfort and happiness of such, we will admit that Burns did wrong. That he wrote some verses that he bald headed old reprobates go over into a corner and read and laugh at, and that he knew all the miseries that flow from drink. But have you ever considered the man's temptations? I doubt if there is in this city in which we are met, a cottage so humble as that whose frail walls gave way before the January blast, when "wind blew in on Robin." From that humble home he went forth into a society which, high and low, floated in drink, in an age when the minister and the elders of the kirk drank more whisky than would now be considered a suitable allowance for the whole congregation. More than this: he had what is so often the absolutely fatal gift of humor. The most wonderful story-teller I know in Kansas is named Burns, and is, I am told, the great-grand-nephew of the poet. You can imagine what Robert Burns was: a man they would wake up after he had gone to bed and carry off to their ale house that they might hear him talk till broad daylight. Let us consider what we might have done in his place, and even whether had we been passing "Poorie Nannie's" late at night and we had seen a light within, and heard the clatter and click of glasses, and above them the voice of Robert Burns, we might not have gone in and stayed till morning ourselves.

But that is all over now. It is the good the man said and did and not the evil that lives after him, and will live forever, and so I will close these broken words by adding to them the triumphant words of another, uttered at the dedication of the Burns statue in the Central Park, New York:

"Ah, Robert Burns, Robert Burns,
whoever shall linger here and stop to muse upon your statue, will, in imagination, see a solitary mountain in your own beautiful Scotland, heaven soaring and wrapped in impenetrable mist. Suddenly the mists part and there are the heather, the briar rose and gowans fine. The curhat is moaning, the curlew is calling, the plover is singing, the red deer is bounding. And look, the mists roll utterly away and the clear summit is touched with the tender glory of the sunshine."

Toast, "Welsh Bards," Response by R. D. Rees.

I desire to tender my thanks to the honorable gentlemen of the committee for the honor conferred upon me this evening. But it is not with an immoderate degree of satisfaction to myself that I assent to their kind request. I would that some one not so humble as myself, some one possessed of the zeal and eloquence, would fill my place on the present occasion. One who could vividly and effectually depict to your minds the power and true grandeur of

the characteristic traits which adorn the productions of the most influential portion of fair Cambria's literati, and ingeniously trace the history of adored and soul-inspiring poets. Yet knowing that the degree in which I may prove unworthy of the task, shall be more than equalled by the generosity of my auditors, I hesitate not to respond.

We can not help but pause to admire the gorgeous sublimity of the poet's sphere; who seems to have been delegated to ennobel and direct the highest powers of mankind. In his magic art we find a balm for every wound. His soothing words penetrate adversity's darkest gloom, raise our fallen hopes, inspire to nobler and grander efforts and transports us, as it were, to a blissful realization of majestic worlds beyond. His voice is heard in every clime and in almost every tongue. Away across the broad Atlantic amid the crested mounts of proud old Wales, the enchanting voices of her beloved poets have ever been heard in the cause of TRUTH and FREEDOM.

To go back in the current of time to the extent of about a score of centuries, we find the patriotic Cambrian, the proud lord of his isle; paying no tribute, being submissive to none, he roamed over his insular home bathed in exuberant tranquility and peace. His was the life of a true freeman, in whose heart roared the fire of an indestructible love of home and liberty. It was there that the Welsh lords, in eloquent verse, pealed forth their ecstasies of delight and graciously showered upon the masses the pearly dewdrops of poetic love. Pure, free and elevating in nature, their lyric rhymes were only to be sung again by the gleeful Briton in sweet concord with the plaintive strains of the harp.

Though the poets are honored and revered at the present time as moulders of public sentiment, they were by far more so then. In the year 750 B. C. the bards of the whole island united into an organization known as the "Bards of the Isle of Britain." They were men possessed of knowledge, men of science and learning, who were expected not only to exercise the prerogatives which pertain to the various departments of government, but to fill the place of the clergy, as well as that of the public instructor. They were in reality the rulers and teachers of the populace, being subordinate in power to none, not excepting the Kings of their own land. Far and wide, they became renowned for their wonderful learning, and youths from distant lands were sent thither to receive instruction at the hands of these sages; the course of times comprising the extended time of twenty years.

Different degrees of honor were conferred upon the members as they advanced the scale of knowledge. No class of persons were as highly honored as they. They were exempted from the burdens of taxation, free from the horrors of warfare and were to have their maintenance wherever they might wish to go. No person was allowed to bear arms in their presence, and should they chance to present themselves upon the field of battle no flag of truce could check hostilities sooner.

This famous bardic organization enjoyed the full confidence and reverence of the people, and flourished with zeal and energy until time in its stern course brought hither to their quiet shores the resounding clash and din of the Roman arms. At this terrible crisis in the history of their country, these liberty-loving leaders, heralded, in animated verse, the all-inspiring cry of DEATH or FREEDOM, and encouraged their warriors to vanquish their foreign foes. But their noble organization was not destined longer to live. Its doom was near at hand. It did not take long for the conquering Roman to discover its puissance and to resolve in turn to scatter or exterminate its numbers. Accordingly, A. D. 60, bearing the proud distinction of having retained their order for an uninterrupted period of 810 years, they fell, the bitter prey of their conquerors.

But the annihilation of this order was not the extermination of the poets of Wales. Wales will have her Welsh, and the Welsh will have their poets. As the birds of the forest fill the air with the delightful cadence of one great, grand strain, so do the voices of the poets of Wales reverberate among her cloud-capped mountains in one, sweet, long and unremittent carol of song.

It seems that in this world of ours that the weaker must bend to the stronger, hence the history of Wales is the history of a brave people who have fought a long, bloody and determined battle for honor and freedom. Romans, Saxons and Normans have in their turn buried their brutal swords in the heart of Wales, throughout which struggles her brave sons have ever been nerved by the ardor of her stalwart poets.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century when Wales received one of her heaviest blows from the English conquerors the whole Nation was wrapped in poetic fire and terrible was the defense they made. So ran one of their popular rhymes at the time: "Their Lord they will praise, their speech they shall keep, their land they shall love—except wild Wales." Says the historian: "No other medieval literature shows at its outset the same elaborate and complete organization as that of the Welsh." All through the history of Wales her poets

have been many in number and have wielded tremendous power. The names of Aneurin, Llywarch Hen, Iolo Morganwg and numerous others are as stars that never fade, but seem to shine with increasing luster as they are handed down the succeeding terraces of time. At the present day such names as those of Cefni, Mynyddog, Ionoron, Glan, Dwyrdd and many others are household words among their people, and their productions are among the gems of our age. Here's, then, to the honored poets of Wales! May they ever increase in usefulness, and as the surging seas of humanity pour into the broad arenas of eternity, may their poets be pillars of light to guide them to happy homes beyond, ever acting in true harmony with the motto of their nation, "Y GIVIR YN ERBYN Y BYD."

Toast, "Here's a Health to all we Lo'e Best," Response by T. H. Grisham.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am proud to meet you, to-night. I hope you are proud, too. We have assembled together for a common purpose, to celebrate the birth of a man who never did die and never will die—Robert Burns; and I must say that it is good for us to be here. We have not come together to fight a battle or to commemorate one. We have not come together to worship at the shrine of power, but we have congregated together to celebrate the birth of a worthy man, a man who in his way did more for his countrymen and more for the world at large than any of his contemporaries; a man who could speak the world's one tongue, a man who could give us an Epic poem one day and the hen-pecked husband the next day, and, by the way, I always felt sorry for a much hen-pecked husband. My Scotch friends, you who hear me to-night, let me entreat you, as you remember the land of your birth, as you remember your ancestors and men of letters, as you remember Bannockburn, as you remember the plain of Culloden, as you remember the long sufferings of your people, as you remember and honor the land of your adoption, don't forget the poor ploughman who first sang the songs of your native land and associated home and soul. The word home has a magic charm for me. The word touches every fiber of the soul and strikes every chord of the human heart with its fingers. Nothing but death can break the spell. What pleasing images and deep emotions are awakened by it.

Some years ago, twenty thousand people gathered in the old Castle Garden, New York, to hear Jenny Lind sing, as no other songstress had ever sung, the sublime compositions of Beethoven and Handel. At length the Swedish nightingale thought of home. She paused and seemed to fold her wings for a higher flight. She began to pour out "Home, Sweet Home." The audience could not stand it—women fainted and men wept and sobbed like children. I don't blame you for loving your native land and all you lo'e dear. "May you all live long and enjoy the fruits of your honest labors. And one word for you, Mr. Chairman, I hope you will live so long that some good angel will have to shoot you on the day of judgment to get rid of you. Good bless you and "all we lo'e dear."

Toast, "English Poets"—Response by Preston B. Gillett.

It is not without some degree of embarrassment that I come before this audience on this occasion; not because I am a stranger, but because I am so well known.

Nearly every face in this assembly has to me a history which points back to the past—to boyhood—some even to babyhood—points back to days when beauty, splendor and happiness was not drawn from the works or lives of English poets, or from poetry, but consisted in freedom from care known only to boyhood; of roaming these hills that are still so very familiar to me, or on an occasional evening, with my boyhood friends, the Mashocks club, who are as dear to me now as then, gather up some dry sticks in the woods for the purpose of roasting of fowl, the ownership of which no man of repute ever dared to question.

But years have come and gone since then, and with those years have gone many dear relatives and friends, whose forms and faces were then familiar, and who are not here to-night. The band of happy Mashocks are scattered to the four winds of the earth; the happy, rollicking boys and girls of those days are men and women now in the active pursuits of life, bearing the burdens, the thought of which in those days never entered our gleeful, happy minds.

With these most numerous and startling changes, which have brought us so soon, from boyhood and girlhood, on to the active stage of life, has come also an appreciation of the more substantial things of life, and with others an appreciation of prose, of verse, of poets and of poetry.

Poets have ever been the pioneers of thought. Theirs are the lips which, touched by the live coal from on high, enables them to utter truths which are destined by the Almighty to maintain, strengthen and advance the interests of humanity upon the earth.

It has been truly said that the nations whose poets sang the sweetest were the first to rise to eminence and the last to be crushed by the iron heel

of the conqueror. As those nations emerged from the darkness and ignorance by which they were surrounded, they listened to and profited by the learning of those anointed ones, as they sang their songs of liberty, of happiness, of brotherly love and of human nature. In many cases it is marvelous to look back over the field and note with what accuracy they predicted the course and progress of art and science, and even mapped out governmental policy and based their laws upon the requirements of humanity.

That poets are favored ones of Heaven is not a new thought. History, sacred and profane, conveys the idea and legendary lore gives us its beautiful and significant myths. One very ancient and very interesting and to the point is "The Division of the Earth."

When Jove had finished the world he called together the sons of men, commanded them to divide it among them in an honorable and brotherly manner. Then each one hastened to choose his part. The farmer took possession of the land, the squire claimed the forests and the plains for his hunting grounds, and the merchant built him ships and store-houses and filled them with most costly goods. The monk seized upon the fine old wine, and the King blocked up the streets and bridges, exacting a tenth part in toll.

Long after the division had been made the poet came far out of some distant land, and when he saw the condition of things, he began to lament his hard fate, and carried his grievances to the very throne of Jove himself.

"There is nothing left for me," he cried: "every thing has found a master, and must I, your most devoted son, have no portion?"

"If you choose to idly linger in dreamland," Jove said, "then do not blame me," where were you, I demand, when men divided the world?" "Ah, my most gracious Father," replied the poet, "I was with thee, mine eyes were blinded with the radiance of thy face, mine ears were enchanted with thy celestial harmony; forgive me, I beseech thee, if enchanted by the glories of thy Heaven I lost my earthly position."

"What is to be done?" answered Jove. "The harvest, the chase, the market are no more mine, but if you choose to dwell with me in Heaven, you will always be welcome here."

In early English history we find Caedman (pronounced Cad-man) mentioned as the first poet. It is related of him that he was an ignorant and very devout man, sitting one evening with a company of rustics, who were whiling away the time by singing and by recitation, his ignorance compelled him to be silent when it was his turn to help on the entertainment. Bemoaning his stupidity, he left the house of feasting and went out to the stable of the beasts, whose custody on that night was intrusted to him. There in his restless sleep a strange figure appeared to him, and bade him sing. "I can not sing," said Caedman. "I have come hither from the feast because I could not sing." Then he who spake to him, said: "But you have to sing to me." "What must I sing," asked Caedman, and the voice replied: "Sing the Order of Creatures." At once an inspiration came to the ignorant peasant, and the words of the song lingered in his memory when he awoke. The gifts of poetry were continued to him. The people of the Monastery pronounced him a favored child of Heaven, received him into their order and ever treated him with deference.

After Caedman the first one of note is Geoffrey Chaucer, who is supposed to have been born 1328 and died in 1400. His "Roumant of the Rose" contained 7,699 verses. From a careful reading of his "Canterbury Tales," with their wit, humor and knowledge of human nature we are enabled to understand the language and manners of the people of that remote date.

When we come down to the Elizabethan age we find Edmund Spenser as the only poet of any prominence. Though the author of many poems, his "Faery Queen" gained him his reputation.

Contemporaneously with Spenser we find a long list of dramatists: Chapman, Lyle, Peel, Green, Kid and others, all of whom possessed abilities of a high order. Also with them, we find Shakespeare. With them, but far above them all; a very giant among pigmies. It is said of him that he is of no age, for he speaks a language which thrills in our blood in spite of a separation of two hundred years. He was two Shakespeares, he is our Shakespeare, and as long as the English language is spoken he will be recognized as a master.

And so I might go down the long list of noted poets England has produced. It is a notable fact that while some few have composed so uniformly that it would be hard to pick out any particular poem that could be designated as the best. Nearly all of them have left some masterpieces which shine out by far more brightly than their ordinary composition, and will stand as gems of poetry when their other works shall have been lost sight of in the flight of time. Thus Milton's "Paradise Lost" will ever remain to do him honor after all his other works

have passed away and been forgotten, and the same may be said of Pope's "Essay on Man," of Thomas Gray's noble masterpiece, "Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard," of Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield and Deserted City," of Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Lady of the Lake," of the "Prisoner of Chillon" by George Gordon, and of Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt."

But all of this is the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out, with no mention of the greatest poet Scotland has produced, Robert Burns. His early life was one of unceasing toil as a laboring peasant till his sixteenth year, when, as he expressed it, "love made him a poet." The hardships of his early life and the training of youth brought him home to every one.

"On Turning up a Mouse's Nest," and "A Mountain Daisy," will ever remain as gems of poetry. Kolicking, jolly Robert Burns, yet so full of pathos and tenderness that even the smallest and most despised of earth's creatures does not escape his notice.

Who can help but appreciate the unfortunate "Tam O'Shanter," and those glorious songs "The Jolly Beggars." And yet with what tenderness does he console the unfortunate of earth. With what renewed vigor must he whose fate in life is that of unceasing labor undertake his work when he is assured that:

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
A man's a man for a' that."
"The Cotters' Saturday Night," how it lives in the minds of all, and how new and sweet as we read and re-read it.

Who would not think of the failings with but the tenderest pity, and of the virtues with a feeling almost of reverence.

But I must hasten to close. Death is no respecter of persons. The king and the beggar alike pay tribute in their turn. Thus all the English poets of note, save Tennyson alone, have bowed in obedience to the will of the icy messenger.

In nearly every case their lives were spent in the very highest circles of society England afforded. The gilded palaces were theirs and want was unknown. But they are gone, and gone despite all the favorable circumstances in life by which they were surrounded.

And in view of these facts we are strongly impressed with the truth of the statements of one of them, that—
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, and all that wealth
e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The path of glory leads but to the grave.

While our limited talents may not permit us to leave behind such records as these great men of earth have to guide, strengthen and elevate humanity, and while we may not even possess the ability of others of our day and age of the world, we can so live that our talents shall not be hid in the earth, and see that we do not mar the good done by those great ones of earth. Remembering always that we shall be judged according to our strength, and that—

If we can not on the ocean sail among the swiftest fleets,
Rocking on the highest billows, laughing at the storm's madest,
We can stand within the harbor anchored safe within the bay,
We can lead a hand to help them as they launch their boats away.

Toast, "Irish Poets"—Response by D. A. Ellsworth.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—I feel highly honored at being called upon by your committee to respond to a toast on this, the natal eve of Robert Burns, and thrice honored that the toast is Irish Poets. I take a special pride in being an American, and seize upon this opportunity to express the esteem which I feel for the Irish people for their many excellent parts, their courage, patriotism and genius, which last intellectual quality is so strongly marked in the poetry of Ireland. The time is too short to pay a fitting tribute to the early bards of Ireland from Ossian to Teigue Gaelach, the Munster bard, who sang in the Gaelic tongue, which, like the race, is broken into fragments yet lives to assert its power.

Thomas Moore, the most widely known of Irish poets, sang not only for his native land, but for the people of every clime, of every age. His masterpiece, Lalla Rookh, an Oriental romance, was hailed by the literary world like a grand burst of sunshine on a cloudy day. For nearly a century it has stood pre-eminent and unsurpassed for ennobling sentiments and lofty description. Translated into every civilized language, it has received the homage of all, and even on the streets of the cities of the Orient tonight are heard the songs of Erin's favored bard.

Moore's Irish melodies need no praise from my lips this evening. They are enshrined in the hearts of thousands and grow dearer as the years roll by.

The name of Oliver Goldsmith is encircled with a garland of poetry, fair as the shamrocks of his native isle. Wherever the English tongue is spoken, there is his fame secure. His poems, "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village," are without doubt the finest examples of the stories of humble people, and their humble, plaintive ways ever contributed to English literature. The omission of the names of Thomas Davis and Richard Dalton Williams from the toast, "Irish

Poets," could not easily be condoned. They sang of Irish valor with all the spirit of their race, and as long as Irishmen remember and revere the struggles of their fathers for liberty, so long will the fame of Davis and Williams burn brightly. Frances Brown, though like Milton deprived of vision, wrote long and sweetly of "those pleasant days of old."

Charles Wolfe, born in Dublin and educated for the ministry, composed many poems remarkable for their power and pathos. His greatest effort, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," was much admired by that master poet, Byron, who said he would rather have been the author of that poem than of any other ever written.

Fitz James O'Brien wrote many poems of high merit, particularly noted for their grand descriptive force. He came, an "exile of Erin," to the friendly shores of Columbia, and when the red billows of war swept over the land of his adoption, he went willingly forth and shed his heart's best blood in freedom's cause, dying in the noontide of his manhood. When the men who fought the battles of the Union gather to-day about the social camp fire to talk of days gone by, the song of the hour is, "We've drank from the same canteen." This song was written by General Chas. Halpin, better known as Miles O'Reilly, a hero whose cheek was bared to the fierce breath of battle on a hundred fields of carnage, and a poet whose lines breathe of a spirit which endears him to every comrade of that splendid old society, the Grand Army of the Republic.

Among the Irish poets on American soil few rank higher than Michael Scanlan. His poetry is characterized by its purity and vigor. The most widely known of his poems is, perhaps, the "Irish Soldier's Address to Columbia," in which he is represented as presenting to her a bunch of shamrocks on the Centennial morn. From this poem is taken the beautiful extract so often quoted:

Fed by soft winds and heavenly dew,
Wept down from skies of deepest blue,
This simple sprig of shamrock grew,
Near the very heart of Ireland.
By tears bedewed, by martyrs' breast,
'Twas born on many a gallant crest,
'Twas worn on many a queenly breast
And shown among golden tresses.

The name of Father Ryan, the poet priest, is familiar to all lovers of the beautiful. His poetry is noted for its striking originality and purity of thought at once indicating a mastermind, yet filled with child-like simplicity. What a chaste and lofty idea he expresses in his poem, "The Valley of Silence":

I walk down the valley of silence,
Down the deep voiceless valley alone,
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own,
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

T. D. Sullivan, the present Lord Mayor of Dublin, and one of the leaders of the Parnell party, has contributed largely to the literature of Ireland. He is known in every clime in which the exiled children of Erin have found a home, and his fame would be secure if resting solely and alone on the composing of the national hymn, "God Save Ireland."

In the death of Una, Ireland lost one whose place can never be filled. She sang ever sweetly of the land of the shamrock, and many a weary exile has blessed her for her words—so sweet, so pure, so comforting.

The story of Irish poetry so runs on, soft, sweet and plaintive, like the history of the Green Isle, full of sadness and oft times gloom. Twenty million exiles scattered far and wide o'er land and sea still hold as sacred the memories of the songs their Irish mothers, bending o'er their cradles, sang to them in innocent days of childhood.

A vision rises to my view. I see an aged harper of Erin standing beside the round tower. His hair is long and thin, and white as the driven snow. He leans his weary arm upon the harp, resting crownless by his side. The faithful wolf-dog reclines at his feet. Methinks I see the flashing of his steel-gray eye, as on my ear falls in accents soft and sad the lament of the last of Erin's historic harpers:

Oh Erin, Erin Mavourneen! sad, sad, is my heart! About me there is naught but ruin and woe. Ruin has set its seal upon a once happy people. Poverty now reigns supreme where want was once never known. The bones of your patriot dead lie thickly strewn at my feet, and where once rose proud palaces naught but sad ruins now remain.

But, hark! a sound breaks sweetly on my aged ears. From across the waves I hear the tread of our marching exiles allied in blood and name to the free-born sons of glorious Columbia. From the blood and ashes of the past the Genius Irish Poetry arises and o'er the broken columns of Irish fame and Irish liberty inscribes in letters of living fire—Resurgam!

Toast, "American Poets," Response by J. W. McWilliams.

"A poet is born, not made," is an ancient expression of a fact, which the history of poetic literature corroborates, for neither education nor culture, nor birth, nor wealth can create a poet.

No son or daughter of a distinguished poet ever following in the footsteps of the father—won the distinction as a poet which the father had, although in the other walks and professions of life they may have attained greatness. Differing almost totally from science,

which communicates truth and knowledge by thought and mental effort, poetry, in its elevating, imaginative, fanciful and tender way, imparts immediate pleasure, appeals at once to the heart, without the exercise, in most cases, of great reason.

It is the music of the soul, it envelops the vast domain of human feeling, sympathy, love and even reason, and no poet or savant has ever given a satisfactory definition of it.

It is well then that among the many eloquent tributes that are offered in praise of the poets of the old world that a brief word should be said of the bards of America.

Following down the long and brilliant line from the sweet singer of Israel, the psalmist, through Greece with Aeschylus and Homer, and Italy with Horace and Virgil, and the wonderful Florentine, Dante, and Germany with Schiller and Goethe, and England with Shakespeare and Milton, the Brownings and Tennyson, all these and many I can not name, make an array of glory in poetry that would seem to outshine the luster of our American bards.

But America, latest and best type of nationality, fairest in the new galaxy of free States, only a few years over a century old, has produced poets whose names to-night are household words wherever civilization has a hold on humanity, and our poetry like the principles that underlie our government, breathes the air of liberty.

Think of that grand poet, William Cullen Bryant. He uttered that masterpiece, "The Ages." Who can read his "Thanatopsis" without admiration for his transcendent poetic genius?

Think, then, of Longfellow. Read his "Voices of the Night," uttered forty-six years ago. Read his undying poems on the Wrongs of Slavery, the Ship of State, the Psalm of Life, Tales of a Wayside Inn, Paul Revere's Ride, and Evangeline, the long lost Evangeline. Who can read near the close of the poem the scene in the hospital without dropping a tear?

"Gabriel, Oh! My Beloved," and "Evangeline, kneeling beside him, kissed his dying lips and laid his head on her bosom. Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank in darkness. As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement."

Who, I say, can read and realize this grand, sad scene without uttering a word of praise for the insuperable genius of our American poet—Longfellow.

Then comes Whittier, Poet of Liberty, and of a religious conscience. Read his "Legends of New England," given to the world fifty-four years ago; Voices of Freedom, Snow Bound, Maud Muller, and In School Days.

I regret that I can only name James Russell Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Holland, Poe, Grace Greenwood, the Cary sisters, whom the world has crowned as poets and whose memory America will never allow to die.

But we have another class of poets—popularly so called—the local, domestic poet. In this class we excel the world. He it is who reminds the city as well as country editor that "Gentle Spring" has arrived, or that the "Beautiful Snow" is here—the Wm. Stephenson type; our own Chas. County Stephenson—poetic name! who in "My First Nite at a Social" utters words worthy of a Flint Hill poet, as follows:

BY THE BARD OF SOUTH FORK—WM. H. STEPHENSON.

I seldom ever go to balls,
I hardly think 'twill win,
But in social, parsons says,
There surely is no sin.

One come so near my home
I got an invitation,
And thought that I would roam
And see God's sweet creation.

As night its curtain spread,
I heard them merrily chatting,
And took my wife and led her
Up to Mr. Patten's.

We saw the gleeful youngsters meet,
And gray haired dames and sires,
Happy lovers each other greet,
And bliss their souls inspires.

I saw the sweet blooming cheek
Of the rosy and lovely maiden,
Lidlowise the countenance that speak
Of cares more heavy laden.

Mingling there in rounds of play,
Beneath their sweethearts' swaying,
Young, middle aged and gray,
Their merry voices ringing.

It was a merry, joyful scene
A poet to inspire,
Merry bells from gay thirteen
To twenty-one and higher.

I thought the merry maids all
Perfection in completeness;
But one there was not very small,
Outstripped them all in sweetness.

I watched the merry group the while,
In robes of ribbons, colors,
How it made the parson smile
To take in fourteen dollars.

America can boast of this type of poet. They are guerrillas who forage off the whole field of poetic pastures. They are the bane of the city as well as the country editor—they demand the northeast corner in his newspaper, and many a broken genius (?) may doubtless be traced to the heartlessness of the censor of the press, who consigns such effusions to the waste basket.

These poets we will always have with us, and to some extent we seem proud of them. But, to be serious for a moment, our greatest poets are leaving us—Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Poe, have crossed the valley; have gone over the river—Holmes, and Whittier, Lowell, and a few others, yet remain, with stooping forms and silvery hair, watching and waiting for the call from above.

God grant that the mantles of our illustrious poets may be caught up by new and worthy representatives of their matchless glory; that new emergencies may raise up new bards worthy of the heroic age in our poetry, and that the poetic fame of America may continue to grow brighter and brighter until the perfect day.

RUNNING THE WORLD.

A Ticklish Job Politely, But Emphatically Declined.

My son, there are just two things in this world that I don't know about, and you have just ask me about one of them. I don't know why there is trouble and sorrow and toil and poverty and sickness and death in this beautiful world. I used to know, when I was much younger, but I find that as I grow older, I don't know a great deal more than I used to know. I don't know why the best people seem to have all the suffering and the great sinners have all the fun. I don't know why innocent men suffer for the wickedness of guilty men. I don't know why the man who cast the faulty column in Pemberton Mills wasn't crushed when the mills went down. I can't see why my neck should be broken in a railway accident because a train dispatcher sends out a wrong order or a sign-man goes to sleep. I don't see why my neighbor should be cursed with ill health and suffering just because his grandfather was a rollicking, hard drinking old profligate. I can't see why I should have neuralgia just when I want to feel at my best. I don't know why some people starve while worse people fatter. Well, you say, wouldn't it be pleasanter if all these crooked things were straightened out? Yes, oh, yes. And wouldn't I run things a little better if I had the running of them? Ye-e-hold on a minute—ye—I don't know, really, that I want to try. There are several things to consider, when you sit down to run a universe. True, if I managed things, I could make several improvements at once. I would never again have the neuralgia, for one thing; my boots would not run over at the heels like an Italian; my pantaloons would not work up, nor bag at the knees, and my collars would not climb the back of my neck, and my mustache wouldn't keep waxed like a bristle on one end and fray out like a satin ribbon at the other, and—but there are some other things to look after. The little matter of day and night I think I might manage for a week, maybe, but there would be an eclipse or two to look after, an occasional rain, some snow, a late spring or an early autumn or a capricious harvest time to manage; there are certain movements of the sun and other planets that have rather delicate relations with the earth—come to think of it, my boy, I have never been able to control my own personal neuralgia. Now, you are very kind, but I will most respectfully decline the appointment. I find, on looking into the varied and trying duties connected with the office, that my bodily and mental strength would not stand the great tax that would be laid upon them. While I am in the heartiest accord with the administration, and wish to give it and to the extent of my poor ability to do give it my most loyal support and encouragement, yet I must prefer to do this in my capacity as a private citizen.—*Durdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

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—"Got anything new this beastly weather?" asked one citizen of another. "Yes, said the interrogated, with a fresh frown on his corrugated visage. "Neuralgia."—*Chicago Ledger.*

—Farmer: That is a voracious pig; I gave him a paulful of slop which he drank all up, and I picked him up and put him in the bucket, and the blamed thing didn't fill it half full!—*Albany Journal.*

—An Irishman, speaking of a friend whom he suspected of living altogether beyond his means, observed that he believed that he would owe several thousand pounds after all his debts were paid.

—The scholarly people give a philosophical reason for speaking of steamboats, fire engines, etc., as she. The Lowell Citizen says the fire engine is called she because all the men turn and look at it when it passes along the street.

—"I didn't see you at church Christmas Day." "I was there, though. I have a new way away back under the gallery." "You are unfortunate." "Not at all. I consider myself very lucky. I can't hear the choir at all."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—At a party a young lady began a song. "The autumn days have come, ten thousand leaves are falling." She began too high. "Ten thousand," she screamed out, then stopped. "Start her at five thousand," cried out an auctioneer present.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—A Captain commanding one of the British ironclads, being at a grand ball that had been given to the officers of the fleet, was accepted by a beautiful partner, who, in the most delicate manner possible, hinted to him the propriety of putting on a pair of gloves. "Oh," was the elegant reply, "never mind me, ma'am. I shall wash my hands when I have done dancing."—*Exchange.*

—In Malta persons are forbidden to come to the opera "in short sleeves or with naked feet." We can understand why there should be an objection to short sleeves, but why should bare feet be excluded? Some of these notions of etiquette are too absurd for anything. A society young man don't want to stay away from the opera simply because his only pair of boots are at the shoemaker's getting half-soled.—*Norristown Herald.*

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PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

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A TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

A Physician Presents Some Startling Facts.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we can not excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers entire:

To the Editor of the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat. Sir:—On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds, and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people will read this statement and do not understand why. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day, and the next they are full. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that, probably, I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and go the next, I paid it little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even here, a physician, I did not think of these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a red and yellow color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared on the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my condition was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I can not understand. I had the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No other physician agreed with my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, degeneration of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into a terrible and incurable disorder of a weight which had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in lessening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-monitory hicoughs constantly! My water was filled with tube-casts and shreds. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages!

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, a Unitarian pastor of St. George's Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote alluded to me as one of the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the medical schools, I had an idea that any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised to use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign, and I decided to try it. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I was able to get up and change for the better. I also did my wife and friends. My hicoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon my dying bed, I vowed in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover, I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy to the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 36 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's safe cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I have decided, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This means that I have made a statement, but I am prepared to verify it fully. Bright's disease has no distinctive features of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever,) and the physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia" and the other common complaints, is really it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It is in the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself in the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is possibly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families inheriting it from their ancestors, have died and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy or heart failure.

As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warfare, I tread the dangerous path

The Chase County Courant.

Official Paper of Chase County. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THIS CITY.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher.

Kansas prohibition does not prohibit in Washington City, is what was the matter with Congressman Hanback, of our Sixth District, in the House, last Monday.

During the year 1885 there were 10,637 failures in the United States, with an aggregate liability of \$124,000,000, while in 1884 there were 10,908 failures with liabilities of \$226,000,000. While the number of failures for 1885 are nearly the same amount of the liabilities are only about one-half they were in 1884. A good showing for the business interests of the United States.

The Kansas House of Representatives is going to investigate the Kansas Senate Chamber and find out where that \$117,000 went. This job is worthy of the statesmen assembled at Topeka. When the House gets through the Senate might proceed to investigate the expenses of the House in investigating the Senate Chamber, etc. etc. There's nothing like having a job these hard times.—Leavenworth Standard.

A truly artistic, elegant and convenient work in chromo-lithography and the letter press is the Columbia Bicycle Calendar for 1886, just issued by the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston. Each day of the year appears upon a separate slip, with a quotation pertaining to cycling from leading publications and prominent writers on both sides of the ocean. As a work of convenient art it is worthy of a place in office, library or parlor.

It is quite easy for an editor to get up a reputation of being with the people on any question of vital importance to that people, by giving his readers a three-column article on a railroad or any other proposition, when the composition on said article is paid for by an outsider, especially when the other papers on the same side of such question have to do their puffing and blowing for such scheme or proposition without pay or reward, except in the amount of good they may be doing themselves by assisting in building up the material interests of the community in which they are published.

President Cleveland remarks in a letter to the artist of a comic paper that there never was a time when newspaper writing was "so general and mean as at present." This is pretty rough on a majority of editors of the United States who have all along maintained that Cleveland is the best President we ever had.—Exchange.

The President is rather severe on some of the "boys," but nevertheless the statement he makes is true. There are hosts of journalists in the United States who will tell a lie just to keep their hands in. One will commence a scurrilous attack and it will go the rounds of the press before ceasing.—Newton Democrat.

Yes; we have in our mind's eye one of them who would rather tell a lie on six months' credit than to tell the truth for cash.

When the Leader man was in the Legislature he voted for the resolution to amend the constitution by striking the \$200 personal property exemption therefrom, which vote was in the interest of the railroads, the rich and rich corporations, and against the poor man who might have a few dollars' worth of personal property; hence, he now has to make a great show of being with the people in trying to secure the C. & S. W. R. R., since he does it at little expense, and he knows, as any sane man might know, that the necessary bonds to secure said road will be voted in both Falls and Bazaar townships, because the people have about as much sense as the Leader man, if not a little more, and will vote for the bonds by a large majority, even if the Leader was opposed thereto.

We have received a copy of "Smith's Diagram of Parliamentary Rules," showing the relation of any motion to every other motion, and answering at a glance over 500 questions in parliamentary practice; together with a key containing concise hints and directions for conducting the business of deliberative assemblies. It is an invaluable work, designed for students, teachers, professional men, all who may be called upon to preside over business meetings, all who ever have occasion to take part in business proceedings, and all who may wish to inform themselves on the important subject of parliamentary rules. The subject is here presented under an entirely new arrangement, by which a great amount of information is presented to the eye at once, in a marvelously condensed form. Price, by mail, post-paid, single copy, 50 cents. Address, Review & Herald Publishing Association, Battle Creek, Michigan.

EMMET CLUB.

The Emmet Club met in the Strong City Opera House, last Saturday afternoon, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year, and for making arrangements for the celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Robert

Burns, with President Matt. McDonald in the chair.

On motion, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Matt. McDonald, President; Chas. J. Lantry, Vice-President; W. E. Timmons, Secretary; P. J. Norton, Treasurer.

The Chair then appointed the following Finance Committee: John Madden, P. B. McCabe and W. A. Morgan.

The report of the Treasurer was read and approved. On motion, Chas. J. Lantry, C. H. Carswell and John Madden were appointed a committee to select all the committees necessary for the celebration of the 106th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet, March 4, 1885. They made the following report, which was, on motion, adopted:

Committee on Arrangements—Matt. McDonald, C. J. Lantry, W. E. Timmons, Dennis Madden and C. H. Carswell.

Committee on Program—John Madden, W. A. Morgan, P. B. McCabe, Alex. McKenzie and Pat Tracy.

Committee on Invitations—J. J. Norton, Ship. Holden, Geo. McDonald, B. A. Kinne and W. P. Martin.

Committee on Music—Matt. McDonald, Hugh Harvey, Miss Lizzie Lantry, Miss Nora Carolan and Mrs. W. A. Morgan.

Committee on Decoration of Hall—Mrs. W. A. Morgan and Misses Nellie Lantry, Mamie Tracy, Maggie Martin, Jane O'Neil, Aggie Tracy, Maggie O'Neil and Rosa Harvey.

Adjourned.

PATENTS GRANTED.

The following patents were granted to citizens of Kansas during two weeks ending Jan. 26, 1886, reported expressly for this paper by Jos. H. Hunter, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, 394 F Street, Washington, D. C.:

P. L. Palmer, White Cloud, apparatus for localizing and extinguishing fires in houses and in vessels; S. B. Cross, Wellington, field fence making machine; S. D. Meher, Peabody, neck yoke; Fred Reed, Solomon City, mechanical movement, Alvin Sherwood, Hampden, windmill; N. F. Tipton, Baldwin City, egg tray; E. C. Burnette & W. H. Porter, Parsons, portable hay press; E. G. Hurd, Seneca, clothes rack.

PRAIRIE GROVE CEMETERY.

Pursuant to call, Prairie Grove Cemetery Association met in the office of Judge C. C. Whitson, in annual session, January 21, 1886, Judge Whitson in the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and, on motion of F. B. Hunt, approved.

The minutes of the Board of Trustees were also read and approved.

The annual reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and, on motion of W. S. Romigh, adopted and ordered to be placed on file.

On motion, the Secretary was instructed not to dispose of blocks 113, 114 and 133 till further orders.

On motion, the salary of J. P. Kuhl, Secretary—\$50—for the year 1887, was allowed.

On motion of J. P. Kuhl, the Secretary was instructed to make a deed to C. C. Whitson for the north 1/2 of block 209 and to W. S. Romigh for all of block 217, except that portion sold to Geo. Collett, Sr., for services rendered the association.

On motion of W. S. Romigh, the present Board of Trustees were re-elected for the ensuing year.

On motion, the Board was instructed to do what, in their opinion, is necessary for the further improvement of the cemetery.

On motion of A. P. Gandy, the Board was instructed to see if additional grounds could be procured for cemetery purposes; how much, and at what price per acre, and make a report at the next meeting.

On motion of F. B. Hunt, the meeting adjourned.

Secretary, J. P. Kuhl.

Immediately after the adjournment of the association the Board of Directors met and elected the following officers: C. C. Whitson, President; F. B. Hunt, Vice-President; J. P. Kuhl, Secretary and Treasurer.

On motion, the Board adjourned subject to call.

Secretary, J. P. Kuhl.

Table listing names and amounts for the Emmet Club, including names like E. S. H. and amounts like \$1.00, \$2.00, etc.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, On the 15th day of January, 1886, at a special session of the Board of County Commissioners of Chase County, State of Kansas, the said Board of County Commissioners duly and legally ordered a special election to be held in Bazaar township, Chase County, Kansas, at the usual voting places, for the purpose of submitting to the qualified voters of said Bazaar township a certain proposition as to whether or not the said Board of County Commissioners should, for and on behalf of the said Bazaar township, subscribe to the capital stock of the Chicago, Emporia and South-Western Railway Company, upon the terms and conditions in the order stated.

Now, THEREFORE, I, the undersigned, as Sheriff of Chase County, State of Kansas, do hereby proclaim and give notice that a special election will be held in Bazaar township, Chase County, State of Kansas, on the 21st DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1886,

at the usual voting places in said Bazaar township, between the hours of eight o'clock, A. M., and six o'clock, P. M., on said day, and that there will be submitted to the voters of said Bazaar township, at said special election to be voted on by them, the following proposition in accordance with the order of said Board of County Commissioners, to-wit:

That the Board of County Commissioners of Chase County, State of Kansas, do hereby order that the qualified voters of said Bazaar township, Chase County, Kansas, subscribe to the capital stock of the Chicago, Emporia and South-Western Railway Company, to be paid for in three equal installments of one hundred dollars each, and that the said Board of County Commissioners should, for and on behalf of the said Bazaar township, subscribe to the capital stock of the Chicago, Emporia and South-Western Railway Company, upon the terms and conditions in the order stated.

That the said Railway Company, or its assigns, shall issue and deliver to Bazaar township, Chase County, Kansas, four hundred shares of its capital stock of one hundred dollars each, and that the said Board of County Commissioners should, for and on behalf of the said Bazaar township, subscribe to the capital stock of the Chicago, Emporia and South-Western Railway Company, upon the terms and conditions in the order stated.

That the said Board of County Commissioners should, for and on behalf of the said Bazaar township, subscribe to the capital stock of the Chicago, Emporia and South-Western Railway Company, upon the terms and conditions in the order stated.

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That the form of the ballots to be used at said election for and against such proposition shall be as follows, to-wit:

That the Board of County Commissioners of Chase County, State of Kansas, do hereby order that the qualified voters of said Bazaar township, Chase County, Kansas, subscribe to the capital stock of the Chicago, Emporia and South-Western Railway Company, to be paid for in three equal installments of one hundred dollars each, and that the said Board of County Commissioners should, for and on behalf of the said Bazaar township, subscribe to the capital stock of the Chicago, Emporia and South-Western Railway Company, upon the terms and conditions in the order stated.

Now, THEREFORE, I, the undersigned, as Sheriff of Chase County, State of Kansas, do hereby proclaim and give notice that a special election will be held in Falls township, Chase County, State of Kansas, on the 21st DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1886,

at the usual voting places in said Falls township, between the hours of eight o'clock, A. M., and six o'clock, P. M., on said day, and that there will be submitted to the voters of said Falls township, at said special election, to be voted on by them, the following proposition in accordance with the order of said Board of County Commissioners, to-wit:

That the Board of County Commissioners of Chase County, State of Kansas, do hereby order that the qualified voters of said Falls township, Chase County, Kansas, subscribe to the capital stock of the Chicago, Emporia and South-Western Railway Company, to be paid for in three equal installments of one hundred dollars each, and that the said Board of County Commissioners should, for and on behalf of the said Falls township, subscribe to the capital stock of the Chicago, Emporia and South-Western Railway Company, upon the terms and conditions in the order stated.

That the said Railway Company, or its assigns, shall issue and deliver to Falls township, Chase County, Kansas, four hundred shares of its capital stock of one hundred dollars each, and that the said Board of County Commissioners should, for and on behalf of the said Falls township, subscribe to the capital stock of the Chicago, Emporia and South-Western Railway Company, upon the terms and conditions in the order stated.

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That the form of the ballots to be used at said election for and against such proposition shall be as follows, to-wit:

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

THOS. H. CRISHAM, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, Office upstairs in National Bank building.

MADDEN BROS.,

Attorneys - at - Law, Office, Court-house, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. Will practice in state and Federal Courts.

C. M. STERRY,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, EMPORIA, KANSAS, Will practice in these courts of Lyon, Chase, Harvey, Norton, Morris and Osage counties in the State of Kansas; in the Superior Court of the State, and in the Federal Courts thereat.

CHAS. H. CARSWELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, COTTONWOOD FALLS, CHASE COUNTY, KANSAS Will practice in all State and Federal courts and land offices. Collections made and promptly remitted. Office east side on Broadway, south of bridge. mebr2-14

JOSEPH C. WATERS,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, Topeka, Kansas, (Post Office box 405) will practice in the District Court of the counties of Chase, Marion, Harvey, Reno, Rice and Barton. mebr2-14

WOOD, MACKAY & SMITH,

ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW Will practice in all state and Federal courts. Office 145 Kansas Ave., TOPEKA, KANSAS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GIFT Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you FIVE or ten valuable sample boxes of goods not worth you in the way of making MORE MONEY at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time, as desired, and can be made to do so by slight changes easily arrived at by correspondence. 100 editions have been issued. Send postage and address for 10 cents. Write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU, 100 West Street, Printing House Sq., New York.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUX & CO., Augusta, Maine.

DELAND & CO'S A Splendid offer! THE Leavenworth Daily Times AND THE COURANT one year, (both papers) for \$3.00. The Leavenworth Weekly Times -AND THE- COURANT both papers one year for \$2.00. Now is the time to subscribe. W. E. TIMMONS, Publisher.

HUMPHREYS' HOMOEPATHIC Veterinary Specifics Cure Diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, DOGS, HOGS, POULTRY, In use for over 20 years by Farmers, Stockbreeders, Horse R. B., etc. Used by U. S. Government. 82-32 BAKER CHART 53 Mounted on Rollers & Book Match Free. Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

JOHN FREW, LAND SURVEYOR, AND CIVIL ENGINEER, STRONG CITY, - - - KANSAS.

WIN more money in anything else by taking an agency of the best selling book of the century, and succeed readily. None at all. Terms free. HALLET BOOK CO., Augusta, Maine.

M. LAWRENCE, MERCHANT TAILOR, Satisfaction Guaranteed, and Charges Reasonable, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. nov26-14

60,000 Pounds Glidden Barb Wire at prices lower than ever before, at ADARE, HILDEBRAND & CO'S, STRONG CITY - - - KANSAS.

J. W. MCWILLIAMS' Chase County Land Agency ESTABLISHED IN 1869. Special agency for the sale of the A. B. Johnson, Levens and Santa Fe Railroad lands and wild lands and other ranches. Well watered, improved farms for sale. Lands for improvement or speculation always for sale. Honorable treatment and fair dealing guaranteed. Call on or address J. W. McWilliams, at COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. mebr2-14

ARKANSAS Offers superior inducements with its fine climate, soil, magnificent timbers, fertile prairie and pure waters; with several Railroads recently completed. Farmers, fruit growers, stock dealers and lumbermen should investigate this splendid country. Send three postage stamps for late railroad map of State with reliable information of the best locations, and special rates of fare I can obtain. W. HENRY WILLIAMS, 142 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The Chase County Courant.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS., THURSDAY, FEB. 4, 1886.

W. E. TIMMONS, - Ed. and Prop.

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

Terms - per year, \$1.50 cash in advance; if not three months, \$1.75; after six months, \$2.00. For six months, \$1.00 cash in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for length (1 in., 2 in., 3 in., 4 in., 5 in., 6 in., 7 in., 8 in., 9 in., 10 in.) and rows for duration (1 week, 2 weeks, 3 weeks, 4 weeks, 5 weeks, 6 weeks, 7 weeks, 8 weeks, 9 weeks, 10 weeks, 1 month, 2 months, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year).

TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for direction (EAST, WEST) and station names (Cedar Pt., Elmdale, Strong, Safford, etc.) and times.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

Business local, under this head, 20 cents a line, first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. Read M. Heintz's card. "Solomon Isaacs," to-night. 4' below zero yesterday morning. Don't fail to see "Solomon Isaacs," to-night. It snowed about two inch deep, Monday night. Read Dr. McQ. Green's card in another column. Mr. Wm. Hillert was down to Emporia, last Thursday. Mr. J. H. Scriber is lying quite ill with rheumatism. Big reduction on gloves and mittens at E. F. Holmes's. Mr. Scott Winne was down to Emporia, last Saturday. Have you seen Baurle's new delivery wagon? It is a daisy. We issue an extra large edition of the COURANT, this week. Born, January 17, 1886, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harris, a son. The telephone wire from here to Strong has been stretched. Mr. B. Lantry, of Strong City, was down to Emporia, Monday. Born, January 28, 1886, to Mr. and Mrs. Willis Ingmire, a son. Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Althors have gone on a visit to Winfield. From 10 to 15 per cent. discount on overcoats, at E. F. Holmes's. Mr. N. R. George, of Elmdale, was down to Emporia, last Saturday. Mr. Chas. L. Sheehan returned from the far west before the storm set in. Mr. T. H. Smith, of Buck creek, has returned from a visit to Missouri. Miss Julia Campbell, of Emporia, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. C. Ragsdale. Mr. Walter Simmons is now clerking for Messrs. Ferry & Watson, at Strong City. Mr. Elmer Johnson returned, Sunday, from the eastern part of the State. Mr. D. B. Berry and Dr. John McCaskell have gone to Denver, on business. Mr. C. F. Shipman and wife, of Elmdale, were down to Emporia, last Saturday. Mrs. S. D. Breese and her children have returned from their visit at El Dorado. Mr. Henry Bonwell has a pump in the well just drilled for him by Mr. J. B. Byrnes. Born, on Friday, January 29, 1886, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stoop, of Strong City, a son. Mr. John Winters, of Marion, arrived here, Sunday, on a visit to friends and relatives. Miss Lizzie Halderman, of Emporia, was visiting at Mrs. Barbara Gillett, last week. Born, on Monday night, February 1, 1886, to Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Clark, of this city, a daughter. Miss Stella Kerr has been appointed organist at the High School, with Miss Katie Mann assistant. Winters not half gone and gloves and mittens at 10 to 20 per cent. discount, at E. F. Holmes's. Mr. Alex. McNevin, of Rock county, Wisconsin, is visiting at his brother-in-law's, Mr. James McNece's. Mr. Jas. P. McGrath is clerking for Mr. R. E. Largent, at Matfield Green, and is his assistant postmaster. Go to E. F. Holmes's to buy your overcoats, gloves and mittens, and get the benefit of the big reduction.

Overcoats reduced from 10 to 15 per cent. from our already low prices. E. F. HOLMES. Lost, at the Burns festival, a girl's heavier coat, old style. The finder will please to leave the same at this office. Married, January 23, 1886, by Judge C. C. Whitson, Mr. John Brown and Miss Martha A. Sharn, all of Chase county. Mrs. Frank Gillett, of Kingman, took in the Burns festival here while en route to Topeka, where her husband now is as a member of the Legislature. Dr. Kate Bushnell and Miss Bertha Lyons, who had been assisting in the revival now in progress at the M. E. church, left, last Saturday, for Topeka. Be sure to read the two railroad election proclamations to be found elsewhere in the COURANT, and then make up your minds to vote for the bonds. While looking after some stock, last Tuesday, the horse he was riding fell on the leg of Mr. G. W. Brickell, of Toledo township, breaking it in two places. Mr. W. J. Stewart, of Plymouth, Lyon county, attended the Burns festival and there met his cousin, the Hon. J. W. McWilliams, whom he had not seen for twenty-five years. H. R. Hilton, Superintendent of Diamond Rancho, offers for sale 20 teams of four-year-old mules, broken to work. Write to him at Strong City, Kansas, for particulars, or see him at the Rancho on Diamond creek. The voters of this and Bazaar township should be sure to vote for the issuing of bonds to the C. E. & S.-W. R. R., as it will give us a competing line to the East, and place us about 600 miles closer to the lumber regions of the north, and lessen the burden of taxation. A full report of the Burns festival will be found on our second and third page, this week. Wishing to give a complete report of the celebration is why we held back the publication of the same until this week; and how far we succeeded we now leave our reader to determine. Although it snowed on Tuesday morning, ground-hog day, the sun came out in the afternoon, and, of course, he (the ground-hog) saw his shadow, got frightened thereat and went back into his hole to remain there during the six weeks' cold weather we are yet to have. On the night of January 20, ultimo, the City Council, in an adjourned session, allowed the balance due W. A. Parker for the construction of the culvert across Broadway, and some other bills. They also granted the right of way within the city limits to the Telephone and Street Railway Companies. At the special session of the District Court, held last Monday, in the case of C. H. Maulsby vs. unknown heirs of Thos. Laforee, to quiet title, title was quieted in the name of C. H. Maulsby; and in the case of Matilda Funk vs. Robt. Childs et al., foreclosure, a judgment was rendered for defendant, Edmund Helbert. At the meeting of the I. O. G. T., Tuesday night, the following officers were elected for the ensuing quarter: P. W. C. T., J. W. Stone; W. C. T., Elmer Johnson; W. V. T., Alice Rockwood; W. S., Frank Barr; W. F. S., Mae Kiame; W. T., T. C. Strickland; W. C., Rev. W. B. Fisher; W. M., E. B. Johnson; W. Sent., Anna Rockwood; O. G., H. D. Edmiston. There is a certain man in these parts who is forever telling to whom certain parties belong, and without any knowledge or consent on the part of these parties, he changes their ownership at his will, carrying on, as it were, a species of African slavery; however, he always has them belonging to human beings, which is far better than being possessed by the "Prince of Liars," as he is. We are in receipt of a complimentary ticket to the annual ball and banquet to be given by the Chase County Live Stock Association, at Central Hotel, in this city, on Friday evening, February 12, 1886, the dancing to be at Pratt's Music Hall, and music by Heck's Orchestra, of Topeka. The President, Dr. John McCaskell, will deliver an address of welcome at the hall, at 8 o'clock, sharp, to be followed by remarks by Capt. W. G. Patton and Mr. H. R. Hilton. The share-holders of the Chase County Coal Company met in the office of County Treasurer W. P. Martin, last Thursday evening, when W. P. Martin was elected as temporary Chairman, and Matt McDonald, as temporary Secretary. The Committee on By-Laws reported a set of by-laws which, with a few changes, were adopted. A charter, duly certified, with W. A. Parker, J. G. Winters, David Rettiger, Matt McDonald, Joel B. Byrnes, W. P. Martin and J. P. Kuhl, as Directors, was presented. The following persons were then elected officers for the ensuing year: W. A. Parker, President; Matt McDonald, Vice-President; W. P. Martin, Secretary; W. A. Morgan, Treasurer; J. G. Winters, Superintendent. The meeting then adjourned to meet at the same place, on February 8, instant.

Simon's Comedy Company will appear at Pratt's Music Hall, this (Thursday) evening and to-morrow night. Of this company the Topeka Commonwealth, of Jan. 12, has this to say: "A good audience greeted the Simon's Comedy Company, last night, at Crawford's Opera House. The play was good and the acting was infinitely superior to many a dollar-a-seat show that has visited Topeka, this winter. J. A. Simon, the star, is an actor of no mean power. When one considers the cheap price of admission, it is not an exaggeration to say that more than the money's worth is received." Mr. Simon is a very genial fellow and has an interesting family, consisting of his wife, Mrs. Annie Simon, a clever actress and a refined lady, and three very nice children, two of whom assist him in his version of "Rip Van Winkle." For further information see posters.

THE TEXAS DIVISION. How sits the answer of friend Eskridge upon the stomach of the El Dorado Republican? "We chew our own gum and skin our own skunks" may not be the height of the style, but it is as unique as emphatic. Emporia is evidently gone on Jones, and the Santa Fe, for the present, may as well transfer that corps of engineers to some other field. There is still another township in this county which has not been surveyed. - Wichita Eagle.

NOTICE. To Physicians, Midwives, Justices of the Peace, Judges and all whom it may concern: Until further notice you are not required to make returns of deaths, births and marriages but once a month, and let that be the last Saturday of each month. C. E. HART, Health Officer of Chase county, Kansas.

THE CASH WILL BUY A No. 1 two-horse farm wagon \$57.50. A No. 1 buggy with leather top \$120. A No. 1 corn sheller \$8.00. North western barbed wire 5cts. And lumber for less money than any place in this county. ADARE HILDEBRAND & Co. oct 22tf

NOTICE. The committee appointed by the I. O. G. T., G. A. R., W. R. C., and S. O. V., will meet at Good Templars' Hall, Monday evening, Feb. 8, 1886, to consider the entertainment of the 22d instant. J. W. STONE, Secy.

FOR SALE. An improved farm of 120 acres, 4 miles of Cottonwood Falls, 70 acres of bottom land, plenty of water and timber, good house, first class range, price \$2,500; terms to suit purchaser. JAS. P. McGRATH, Agent.

NOTICE. All persons indebted to the firm of Smith & Mann are hereby notified to call at the office of Cochran & Harper and settle their accounts, in whose hands they are for collection.

FOR SALE. At a bargain, if taken soon, an improved farm of 120 acres, 4 miles from Cottonwood Falls; price \$2,600; some cash; balance on long time. Jy 30-tf JAMES P. McGRATH.

STOCK HOGS FOR SALE. 150 head at my farm at Cedar Point; thrifty and healthy. O. H. DRINKWATER.

FOR RENT. A good barn, enquire at the office of COCHRAN & HARPER.

HOW THEY COMPARE. The number of running inches of reading matter in last week's Leader was 420. The number of running inches of reading matter in last week's Independent was 338. Total No. inches in both of said papers... 758. The number of running inches of reading matter in last week's COURANT was 657. No. of inches in COURANT in excess of either of two paper together... 109. And still the COURANT costs no more per year than either of the other papers of this county. Paid less have been left out of the foregoing measurement, and nothing but purely reading matter has been taken into consideration. You may pay your money and you take your choice.

BUSINESS BREVITIES. M. A. Campbell can furnish you with any kind of a cooking stove that you may want. John Brown, of South Fork, has some wood for sale at \$3.00 per cord. Orders can be left at this office or at Ferry & Watson's store. Jy 21-tf Ferry & Watson are going to close out, at cost, their stock of boots, shoes and gloves, at Cottonwood Falls, Clements and Strong City. This is business. And now this is you. All who know themselves to be indebted to Ferry & Watson, at Clements, Strong City or Cottonwood Falls, must come and pay. We need money to pay our debts. FERRY & WATSON. Persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to call and settle at once. JOHNSON & THOMAS. Call in and see those elegant goods just received at G. E. Finley's. Gid is always on the look-out for something new. Feb 4-tf Go to Howard's mill if you want to get the best of flour. A. L. Maynard, wholesale and retail dealer in fruit and ornamental trees, flowering shrubs, green-house plants, etc., has located in Strong City, with his family. He says he can sell stock cheaper than any other traveling dealer, and desires you to get his prices. M. A. Campbell has a corn-sheller that we never saw its like before. All you have to do is, to fasten the sheller to a tub, put the corn in it (the sheller) and turn the crank, and - well, go and see one, for it is cheap, and you will see for yourself how rapidly it will shell corn. J. S. Doolittle & Son have their shelves filled with good goods that they are selling at bottom prices. They also keep a full line of cheap clothing. Give them a call.

KUHL'S HARNESS SHOP, ESTABLISHED IN 1867; ALWAYS ON HAND Harness, Saddles, Blankets, OF ALL KINDS. Buffalo Robes, Jab Robes, Wolf Robes Seal Skin Robes and Robes of all Varieties. ALSO A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF TRUNKS AND VALISES; ALSO, BEST COAL OF ALL KINDS FOR SALE. Northeast Corner of Main Street and Broadway, COTTONWOOD FALLS, - - - KANSAS.

BAUERLE'S My lean, lank, hungry-looking friend, why don't you take your lunch at Bauerle's Restaurant and grow fat? My friend, I thank you for your kind advice. It is worth a good bit to know where to get a first-class lunch! I will patronize Bauerle. CONFECTIONARY AND RESTAURANT AND BAKERY. Strong City and Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

SETH J. EVANS. PROPRIETOR OF THE FEED EXCHANGE EASTSIDE OF BROADWAY Cottonwood Falls, Kan. LOWEST PRICES. PROMPT ATTENTION. Paid to ALL ORDERS. Good Rigs at ALL HOURS. BOARDING HORSES MADE A SPECIALTY. THE CHEAPEST MEAT MARKET IN COTTONWOOD FALLS. Steaks, @ 5 to 11cts. Roasts, @ 5 to 7cts. Boiling, @ 4 to 5cts. Choice corned Beef, @ 7cts. per pound. Hams, bacon & Bologna ways on hand. Highest Cash Price PAID FOR HIDES. GO TO GEORGE W. HOTCHKISS, Broadway, opposite Doolittle & Son's. I MEAN BUSINESS; AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT. oct 29

Messrs. M. M. Young and S. J. Evans are now running a safe-enough back, and orders left at Central Hotel or at Mr. Evan's Livery Stable will be promptly attended to. nov 26-tf You can get anything in the way of tinware or hardware or farming implements at M. A. Campbell's. Parties indebted to Dr. Walsh are requested to call and settle. Go to Adare, Hildebrand & Co.'s, Strong City, and see their new line of harness, bridles, halters and whips. We are now furnishing the Leavenworth Weekly Times and the COURANT for \$2.00 per annum. See notice. Adare, Hildebrand & Co., Strong City, have special facilities for delivering goods to Safford, Elmdale, Clements and Cedar Grove. Rockwood & Co. are selling fresh meats as follows: Steaks at 6 to 12 cents; roasts at 6 to 8 cents; for boiling, at 5 to 6 cents. Sixty acre of corn and fodder in the shock for sale, on the Albertson place, two miles east of Cottonwood Falls. Apply on the premises to R. E. Maloney. A car load of Glidden fence wire just received at M. A. Campbell's. oct 5-tf A car load of Moline wagons just received at M. A. Campbell's. A car load of Studebaker's wagons and buggies just received at M. A. Campbell's. We are now offering our full line of buggies and spring wagons for sale at actual cost. Now is your chance. Call and see them at Adare, Hildebrand & Co. Strong City. As every cultivated family nowadays must have some practical art magazine, we have made arrangements with The Art Amateur, the leading publication of its class, whereby we can furnish that periodical, together with the COURANT, including postage, for \$4.50 a year, if paid in advance. The regular price for The Art Amateur alone is \$4.00. Sporting men will do well to call on Adare, Hildebrand & Co. Strong City, for anything they want in the hunt or chase. They keep a full stock. nov 26 A winter will soon be upon us, and now is the time to begin to prepare to keep warm when it has come; therefore, you should go to M. A. Campbell's and get a heating stove that will be an ornament to your room as well as a comfort to your body. Go to Adare, Hildebrand & Co. Strong City, for the best and latest improved farm and garden implements. A responsible man wants to rent a farm. Enquire of Jas. P. McGrath, agent. For most anything you want, go to Adare, Hildebrand & Co. Strong City. A fresh milk cow for sale. Apply at this office. Jan 23-tf

Before buying a heating stove anywhere else, go to M. A. Campbell's, on the west side of Broadway, and see what nice ones he has. A lot of new heating stoves of all kinds and styles just received at Adare, Hildebrand & Co.'s, Strong City, and will be sold cheap. Adare, Hildebrand & Co., Strong City, are supplying nearly every plasterer in the county with his lime, sand, hair, lath, nails, - in fact, ALL their supplies. nov 26-tf Sixty thousand pounds of genuine white Glidden barbed wire now offered for sale cheaper than ever before in this county by Adare, Hildebrand & Co. Strong City. Don't forget that you can get anything in the way of general merchandise, at J. S. Doolittle & Son's. Adare, Hildebrand & Co., Strong City, are now carrying a full and complete line of double, single and buggy harness, and everything in the harness supply line. These goods are all of the best make and quality, and guaranteed to give satisfaction as to price, style and finish. Be sure and see them before buying. nov 26-tf Dr. W. P. Pugh will continue to do a limited practice; and will be found, at all unemployed times, at his drug store. Adare, Hildebrand & Co., Strong City, have just received a full assortment of heavy California saddles. Don't fail to see them before buying elsewhere. M. A. Campbell has just received a large supply of heating and cooking stoves; so if you want anything in that line you should give him a call. We expect on a new lot of those celebrated California saddles in a few days. Call early at Adare, Hildebrand & Co., Strong City, and get one. Parties subscribing for the COURANT who pay up all arrears and one year in advance, can get the COURANT and the United States Democrat, Mark M. ("Brick") Pomeroy's paper, published at Washington, D. C., a two-dollar paper, both for \$2.50 per year. If you desire getting fresh and spicy Washington news now and during the sitting of Congress, you should, by all means, take this live, independent Democratic paper. Go to J. S. Doolittle & Son's for harness; and don't you forget it. The celebrated "Tiffin" corn sheller can now be had at Adare, Hildebrand & Co.'s, Strong City. They are guaranteed the best in the market.

MCQ. GREEN, M. D., ECLECTIC AND HOMEOPATHIC Physician & Surgeon, STRONG CITY, KANSAS. Office, second door north of the postoffice, pays special attention to chronic diseases, especially those of females. He carries and dispenses his own medicines. Feb 11-tf

MISCELLANEOUS. GEORGE W. WEED, TEACHER OF Vocal & Instrumental Music, COTTONWOOD FALLS. Waukesha Glenn, QUEEN OF WATERS. Guaranteed Medically Superior - containing more natural mineral salts. It is pure. Is the only diuretic water known in the world which acts directly upon the secretions of the Liver, Kidney, Urinary and Generative Organs, and is Nature's Sovereign Remedy for that numerous class of diseases that afflict the human family. Thousands of testimonials mailed free. As a test we will send you a sample case of ten quart bottles, as bottled for family and club use, on receipt of \$1.50 and this advertisement, or a half barrel for \$3. Address T. H. BRYANT, Box B, WAUKESHA, WIS. Johnston & Rettiger, DEALERS IN Toilet Articles, Medicines, Perfumes, Stationary, Paints, Oils, Wall Paper, Dye Stuff, etc.; ALSO, IN PURE WINES & LIQUORS, FOR Medical, Mechanical AND SCIENTIFIC PURPOSES; ALSO, Soda Water. STRONG CITY, - - - KANSAS. mch 26-tf

THE POULTRY RAISER. On a 25c per year for 12 numbers of 10 pages each, \$2.00 in gold for the largest list of subscribers at 25c each. May 1, 1886; \$1.00 for the 2nd; 65 for the 3d; \$3 for the 4th; \$2 for the 5th; \$1.50 for the 6th, and the next 10 largest at each. Sample copies free. Address R. B. MERRILL, 69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

THE DAISY BROOM-HOLDER! Every good housekeeper should have one. It keeps the broom in shape, making it last twice as long as when stood in a corner or hung on a nail. It is always in one place. Canvas-covered cases from two to three dollars per day. A live agent wanted in every town. Send for descriptive circulars. Samples free. Particulars free. Address: L. L. LITWIN, 63 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

Private Line Telephones. For use between office and residence or factory. Sold outright. No renting. Takes place of Bell Telephone on all lines under two miles in length. No instruments. Patented. 5000 in use. Circulars free. Agents wanted. H. HARRIS & CO., Dealers in Telephone and Electrical Supplies, every description. 142 LaSalle street, CHICAGO.

WELLS! WELLS! WELLS!!! J. B. BYRNES Has the Giant Well Drill, nine-inch bore, the largest in the country, and guarantees his work to give satisfaction. Terms reasonable, and wells put down on short notice. Address: COTTONWOOD FALLS, OR STRONG CITY, CHASE COUNTY, KAN. mch 9-17 JOHN E. SHIPMAN has MONEY TO LOAN In any amount, from \$200.00 and upwards, at low rates of interest, on improved farm land, call and see him at J. W. McWilliams' Land Office, in the Bank building. COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. If you want money. ap 23-tf

MARTIN HEINTZ, Carpenter & Builder, Reasonable charges, and good work guaranteed. Shop, at his home, northwest corner of First and Pearl streets, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. Jy 26-tf

CASH For Country Produce, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Grain, Flour, Hops, Cotton, Tobacco, Hides, Pelts, Herbs, etc. etc. Ship your goods to us and we will sell them at the highest cash price. Prompt sales and cash remittances. Address G. W. FOSTER & CO. oct 22-6ms. 25 Fulton St. N. Y. \$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of good or large value, that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the \$200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of all ages, of all sexes, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALL & Co. Portland, Maine. Feb 11-12

MISTAKES IN FARMING.

Points Which Every Agriculturist Should Carefully Consider.

Edmund Hershey says while it is well to make frequent record of the successful operations on the farm, it is also well to occasionally record some of the mistakes. The mariner's chart not only contains the course of the channel where it is safe for vessels to sail, but it also contains, very plainly marked, the rocks and shoals where it is not safe for vessels to pass. A chart without the dangerous places represented upon it would not be a good chart—in fact, it would be a dangerous one—so in our record of the management of the farm, if it does not contain some of the errors to be avoided, it would not be a full record; in fact, it would not be a safe guide.

The first mistake that the farmer is very liable to make is in not trying to understand himself, that he may be better able to judge what line of action may be best suited to his taste, and measure more accurately his ability to make a success of any business he may desire to enter upon. While it is very true that to fully know ourselves is one of the most difficult tasks which man is called upon to perform, it must be very evident to all that if we make no efforts to learn our own tastes and to measure our capacities, our ignorance of ourselves will be much more complete than if we made continued efforts to learn our own peculiar traits of character, tastes and powers. In consequence of this neglect of self-examination we often see men who blunder into a business that is entirely unsuited to their taste and far beyond their capacity. While these errors are committed in all branches of human industry, they are committed by farmers quite as often as by any others. How often do we find men located on a farm that is adapted to one peculiar branch of farming, while they are only adapted to quite a different branch; and we frequently see men rushing into some special crop that they know little about and have no taste for, simply because a neighbor has made a success of it.

When the farmer understands what particular branches of farming he is adapted for, he is then and until then, in a condition to make proper selection of a farm; but for the want of this knowledge we find large numbers locating on farms that are entirely unsuited to their wants. In purchasing a farm the mistake is too often made of giving more attention to terms of payment, price and particular location, than to the character of the soil and its fitness for the particular crops it is desired to grow. It is true the terms of payment, price and locality are all important, and should be considered, but the adaptability of the soil to the particular wants of the purchaser should first be considered.

The mistake that is almost universal among farmers is in tilling more land than they can manure well and cultivate as thoroughly as is the most profitable. Another mistake is almost universal—namely, raising too many weeds in the last part of the season. A very large proportion of farmers think if they keep the weeds down until the crops are nearly grown it is all that is necessary; they seem to forget that every weed that is permitted to seed will make hundreds, if not thousands of seeds another year, and that it will require ten times the labor to destroy them than it would to have destroyed the single weed in the autumn before it ripened in its seed. There are very few who realize that a farm once cleared of weed-seed can be worked with half the labor where hood crops are grown.

The mistake is often made in stocking a farm with animals of ordinary quality and uncertain breed, because they can be purchased for a less price than good well-bred animals. The fact that it costs but little more to keep a good animal than it does to keep a poor one is entirely lost sight of, and so is the fact that the income of the good animal will often be twice as much as the poor one. The farmer who starts with animals of the best breeds can always keep his farm stocked for about the same cost as if he started with poor animals; it is true the first outlay would be larger, but the raising of young stock would cost but a trifle more, while if one should be sold it would bring as much as two or three of the poor breed.

What is true of stock is true of field and garden seeds; it is a great mistake to introduce upon the farm anything but seeds of the best quality, and when a good variety is secured it is a great mistake not to keep it, and produce from it all the seed that are needed; better to do this, even if it costs twice as much as it would to buy it.—Mobile Register.

NEW WOOL SUITS.

Pretty and Stylish Homespun and Double Diagonal Costumes.

Homespun and double diagonal wool dresses, either red, brown or blue, of very dark shades, are completed by a short military jacket instead of a mantle. The stylish wool dresses for the street and church, also for making calls, may be entirely of the wool stuff, with only large buttons and brandebourgs and Astrakhan fur trimmings, or else they may be combined with watered silk precisely as velvets are. Black silks considered the correct thing with these dresses, being used even with brown—a thing formerly thought inadmissible. The black watered silk most used is that with waves two or three inches wide, in preference to the larger designs known as antique, or else the striped satin and moire silk is chosen. There are also many dresses made with the silk and wool of the same shade, but the use of black garniture is the newer fashion. Eight yards of double-width wool stuffs, with two of watered silk, are enough for the costume. A wide band of Astrakhan fur is then added all around the jacket, or else merely edging it like a binding, with a standing collar of the fur, and frogs of heavy braid or cord across the front.—Harper's Bazar.

A Southern critic writes a certain literary lady's sonnets to "the silvery texture of a cobweb endowed with the flexibility of a pearl."

REAL LIFE.

How Little People in Large Cities Know About Their Neighbors.

Very little is really known of the lives of many people in New York. Acquaintances are formed and ripened into intimacy among people who know nothing of one another's antecedents, and there are many people who pass for being thoroughly respectable whose lives would not bear much scrutiny. I knew a family once on Lexington avenue who were popular and well liked in the neighborhood. The wife was a pretty and hospitable little woman, and the two daughters, who were just of age, were bright, engaging and well-bred girls. Everything about the house was well ordered, and it was as happy a little family as one would wish to see. The husband, who was a tall and rather gaunt man, was somewhat irregular in his hours, but this was generally accounted for by the fact that he was supposed to be in the Associated Press. I knew the people for years and never suspected anything wrong until one night when I happened to be in a club in Twenty-ninth street, where there was a very brisk game of bacarat going on. There were about forty men, all more or less known about town, seated around the green table, and two young club men who had bought the bank for \$2,000, were raking in the money by the handful. Everybody was losing except the bankers. Most of the faces were solemn and ill-natured, though there were a few that were flushed and five or six that were as calm and imperious as though out of stone. The waiters stood over the table and neglected to fill orders, and so great was the run of luck toward the bank that the smooth-faced young clerk, who sat within a big iron cage and sold chips to the players, had climbed upon his desk within his cage so as to look over the heads of the players at the table. At one end of the table the cards were dealt to a nervous little chap who had lost very heavily, and whose hand shook so that he turned over one of the cards. The banker saw it. The flushed player called for another card. It was turned up suddenly, though it was not a nine, and in an instant there was a false play and an instantaneous howl from the players. I never heard anything like it before in my life. The room was still as death until the false play, and then the roar broke out as suddenly as though one had thrust a red-hot iron into a tiger's face. All the men were heavy losers and a nasty spirit pervaded the apartment. The players sprang to their feet, everybody shouted at once and the waiters deftly closed the doors. The uproar was at its height when the clerk jumped down from his desk and pulled a bell violently; at the same moment he quickly slammed the window of his little cage, bolted it, sank back and calmly lighted a cigarette. The door of the adjoining room opened quickly, and was slammed to with a bang that could be heard above the din. The players turned their heads, and there in the door was standing the tall and gaunt head of the family in Lexington avenue, whom I had known for five years. He was precisely as I had always seen him. His frock coat hung in loose folds upon his attenuated figure, he held a cigar firmly in the side of his mouth and his cold blue eyes were utterly devoid of animation; his cheek-bones were high and his head bald. As he came in he was appealed to by a dozen voices at once. He threw a glance around, saw the pile of bills on the table, noted the players, and then asked if his decision would be accepted by all the parties if he gave it. There was a more or less general acquiescence, and then he walked to the middle of the table, placed his skinny fingers together and calmly laid down the rule of the game. He spoke with labored politeness, and looked around from face to face with a friendly smile as he enunciated word after word distinctly. He seemed to be a long while getting it out, but it was evident that he was anxious to give the players time to cool off a bit. After his harangue he solemnly added: "There can't be a question of doubt, gentlemen, about this decision. I have known the point to have come up fifty times in Paris and so universally is the ruling understood that it no longer raises even a word. It is accepted at once as final." Then he said something about the impossibility of everybody being a winner, grinned again, asked the players as a special favor to drink the health of a famous bulldog he was bringing over from London, and within ten minutes the gate of the iron cage was thrown open by the smiling clerk, half a case of champagne had been drunk, and the game was proceeding calmly. As he went back into his little room to continue a game of poker with a few cronies, the proprietor of the club which, by the way, is nothing more than a gambling-house, grinned pleasantly to me and said: "One pleasant thing about meeting here is that neither one of us will care to refer to it outside," then he nodded, grinned lightly again and lounged out of sight. That is the sort of an Associated Press agent he was.

I doubt very much if his daughters knew his business, but I suppose his wife did. She was one of the most homelike and delightful of women. I suppose it is the gambler's plan to retire before long and make even a mere pronounced assumption of respectability than he did now. It is astounding how thoroughly things can be concealed in New York. Men lead double lives for years without any one being the wiser for it. And so little do people care for accurate knowledge concerning their neighbors that they lazily accept any sort of an excuse that is offered for a suspicious circumstance.—Brooklyn Eagle.

In 1849 tin was discovered in New South Wales, but two years later gold was found, and the baser metal attracted no mercantile interest until 1872, when regular mining operations began. In the space of fourteen years not less than 200,000 tons have been exported and \$35,000,000 have been realized by the colony. Previous to 1873 the total tin product of the world scarcely exceeded 12,000 tons per annum, but now Australia alone produces considerably more than that. In 1872 the output of New South Wales was only 876 tons, while in 1884 it was 9,683 tons.—Chicago Herald.

THE GRINDSTONE.

How This Useful Farm Implement Should Be Used and Chosen.

A grindstone is one of the worst used implements on the farm or in the workshop. Few take the trouble to think about their work and consequently the great majority of the people fail to get the most and the best use from their tools. The few who do think will agree with us when we say that a grindstone is both badly used and badly chosen. It is too small, too thick; it is not evenly and truly set and centered; it is not properly speeded, and is turned either too fast, and made to throw the water around, or too slow and so fails to do its work well; it is not well taken care of, and it is badly used.

A grindstone to do good service should be at least three feet in diameter and two and one-half to three inches in thickness, having a bevel on each side of the face for grinding on. It should be quite free from hard spots of iron pyrites, which are injurious to tools, although these may be taken out with a sharp-pointed punch. If it is not centered truly, it will work out of shape, and soon require truing up. It should run as fast as possible, as it does work both better and more quickly. To prevent it from throwing water, a piece of bagging should be fastened to a staple fixed across the frame on each end but not so close as to grind it out; this will catch the excess of water and yet keep the stone wet enough, and clean it. The stone should be kept in the shade, and never in water, which softens it and makes one side wear faster than the other. The water box should have a hole in it, to let out the water and keep the stone dry when not in use. In grinding, it should mostly turn from the tool, and if used otherwise, great care should be taken by the one who holds the tool, not to gouge the stone.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

SALT FOR POULTRY.

The Effects of Salty Substances Upon the Feathered Tribes.

There is a prevalent notion that salt causes the feathers of fowls, or perhaps of the feathered tribes in general, to fall out. This, we believe, is well founded. Certainly excess of this condition should be avoided. There appears to be some connection between salt and feathers. Feather-eating fowls are often cured of their tendency by adding salt to their food, and a small quantity of salt in the ration promotes, or is supposed to promote, the production of the new crop of feathers at moulting time. This supposed effect may be simply the loosening of the old feather. The result, as promotive of moulting, would be the same. Salt is a very important ingredient in the ration of pigeons, and where these birds are confined without it they are never so thrifty. It is natural, then, to conclude that it is valuable in the food of other birds, and especially for barn-door fowls. The earlier old fowls are out of their moult and in full plumage, the sooner they will begin to lay in the autumn. Pullets usually begin to lay as soon as they are completely plumed as adult fowls. It is worth while, therefore, to encourage moulting in every way, giving them exercise, insect food or fish in their ration, with ground bone, ground oyster shell and sound grain. A tablespoonful of fine salt in the soft feed given daily to a flock of twenty hens, will be a fair allowance. Fowls do not depend upon this for the salt which their bodies and feathers contain, for either the material itself or the elements of which it is composed exist to a greater or less extent in almost all the food they eat and the water they drink; and what we do by giving them salt is simply to increase the supply.—American Agriculturist.

Selection of Trees.

To reap rewards, the planter must know just what varieties do best in his particular locality. Orchardists are only just beginning to realize the local nature of very many varieties of apples, though some kinds succeed more generally than others. Two year old trees of some sorts, and three year old of others are mature enough for orchard planting—nice, straight, free from crochets, headed low, is my choice. Go to a reliable nurseryman with your list already made out, select your own trees, and allow little if any substitution (nurserymen are too prone to shove off specialties on you); see that each tree has plenty of clean cut roots, not bruised or split; label carefully, and protect the roots from the air until healed in or planted out.—Prairie Farmer.

A Remarkable Plant.

There is in Australia a plant which, in its growth so much resembles a sheep that, in the days of the early settlement, the pioneers were often surprised by the apparition of flocks of sheep on the distant hills. The plant is of the order Composite, and belongs to the genus *Ranula*. It grows in a dense kidney-shaped mass about eight feet across and three feet high. The leafy branches are densely packed together, and the whole mass of a snow-white color. The flowers are microscopic, and hence there is never any variation in the appearance of the vegetable sheep at any season.—N. Y. Independent.

—Man's chief superiority over woman consists in hiding his night key or satisfactory excuse for his use. She, on the other hand, will go through his pockets, and, in less than it takes a mule to reach out with his hind foot, gather his loose change and love letters, and make him believe she is only hunting for rips and missing buttons. The buttons generally stay missed, and the rips ripped. Boston Bulletin.

—Rain water is stored in the moss and herbage of the woods, to be consumed by the vegetation during the dry season. A striking illustration of this fact is given in a forest on the Western coast of the Caspian Sea, where the vegetation is very luxuriant, although it never rains except in the fall and winter.—Chicago Tribune.

THE TRUTHFUL COBBLER.

He Proves to a Growing Customer that his Sign is the Embodiment of Truth.

A man whose stockings were soaking up the sidewalk at every step, was attracted lately by a sign in a shoemaker's window: "Shoes half-soled while you wait."

His shoes had been hungry for half-soles for some days; but as he had been traveling steadily for a fortnight, he had not found time to have the operation performed.

He went in, took off his shoes, handed them to the shoemaker, and taking a paper from his pocket settled himself to a quiet half hour of enjoyment. He was astonished to find, upon consulting his watch some time later, that an hour had passed.

"Say! Aren't those shoes ready?" he asked.

"All in good time, mein frent." Half an hour later the customer said: "See here, are you going to keep me cooling my heels here all day? Your sign says, 'Shoes half-soled while you wait.'"

"Dot was a good sign."

"It's a lying sign." "No, sir, dot var choost der mosht conscientious sign you see along der mosht honest street. It tells der trut, der whole trut, and nodding but der trut, s' help me!"

"Bosh! It says, 'while you wait,' and I've been here an hour and a half."

"Vell! dot's all right, don't it? Dot sign ton'd say noddings but got I do. It ton'd say how long you vot to wait, oder vere you got to wait. It say 'Vile you wait,' unt you can do some waiting yer your house dot vos in the city, oder yer summer place dot Hudson riffer, yer, oder if you got some papers to read in ter day-time, und briag along mit you a cot for der night, you can shay in my shop, und I make my voman get ready your bed—all vile you wait. Der peen't, no flies ont dot sign, mein frent."—Tid Bits.

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A RARE COLLECTION.

The Wonderful Collection of Birds' Eggs Owned by Mr. Dickinson.

Mr. E. W. Dickinson, of Springfield, Mass., has probably the best private collection in the country, there being in it about six hundred eggs of North American birds. There are the white swans' and eagles' eggs, the tiny white globules in a downy nest constructed by humming-birds, besides the odd, cone-shaped affairs laid by the guillemot, probably so fashioned by Nature that they might not roll off the bare rocks where they are invariably laid. Rare eggs, like all rarities, come high, the eggs of the great auk, of which there are but three in this country, being rated at \$350. From this the price runs down to five cents. Common owls' eggs are worth from \$2 to \$3 each, the gray owls of the north being worth \$50, however. Of hawks' eggs those of the duck hawk bring \$12 each, and those of the pigeon hawk are still more valuable. Besides his remarkable collection of eggs, Mr. Dickinson has one of birds which, unlike the specimens seen in museums and private houses mounted on stands, are cured flat, the legs and head being folded respectively upon and under the body. If the owner should wish a flattened bird mounted, all that would be necessary would be to remove the cotton-wool and arsenic padding and place the bird erect. Mr. Dickinson's house thus becomes a veritable den filled with the rarest spoils of Nature. Pairs of horns and antlers jut out from the walls on all sides, and under glass cases can be found mounted some of the choicest of his birds.—Boston Transcript.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

How a Darkey Moved the Heart of an Arkansaw Official.

An old negro asked a State official for fifty cents.

"Go on away," said the official, "I gave you fifty cents some time ago."

"Cap'n," said the negro, "yer puts me in mine o' de ole man what had gin his dog so much. It is er standin' 'instration ober in Tennessee 'er mobby yer've hearn o' it, but no diffence. De man he er eat' dinner an' he's dang come in an' guntar wag his tail an' frisk round powerful anxious ter eat suthin'."

"Go outen heah," exclaimed the man, "I gin yer er hunk o' er cobrad not mor' in a munt ergo an' now yer acks like yer's er hangry." Dat's de way yer looks at me, boss. Yer gin me fifty cents las' munt an' specks dat I doan need one ergin by dis time."

"Here," said the man, handing him fifty cents, "go on away and don't ask me again."

"Oh, thankee, sah. De white gennemen nearly allus comes round when I gins 'em er 'instration. I'll try ter make dis las' er long ez it will, sah, but in dese heah 'stravagint times yer kaint' speck er pussen ter keep fifty cents mor' er work. Gin me de dollar—oh, go on, den, far yer's guntar look like yer's sorry yer gin me dis mach."—Arkansaw Traveler.

"The cuckoo, and she said 'they' had told her; who may 'they' be?"

"Indeed, madam, I fear I have no time to waste in speculation," answered the insect, as it danced away in the sunlight.

"Well, Woodbine, you do not seem over-pleased with your success," twittered a robin, as it alighted on the top most bough of a hollow tree.

"What is the use of it all, when I am not fitted for my position, and shall soon be a bunch of dead-looking twigs?"

"Who could have said such a thing?" queried the robin.

"Why, the cuckoo, and she said 'they' had said so; and who cana 'they' be, friend Robin?"

"Well, let me see; surely not 'they' but ere his ideas found words, his bright little eyes detected a worm on the ground below, and in the care of providing for the wants of his family, his friend's troubles were forgotten."

"Lark, wherefore on thy nest on the ground instead of cleaving me with thy upward flight?" whispered the morning air.

"Ah! my nestlings will perish under the foot of man if I protect them not."

"Wherefore to-day more than yesterday? Who has frightened thee unduly?"

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YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

BANK ACCOUNTS.

Suppose now, lads and lassies all, Each day of life you'd please away A bright gold dollar! Don't you think That on the culminating day Of your long, three-score years and ten You'll have a very fair amount? But let me tell you of a way To gain a better bank account.

Well, now, instead of golden coin, Save every day, suppose you'd try, By every setting sun, to lay One golden word or action by. You will not find it very hard to find During the twenty-four long hours In every day you're sure to find One chance to test your saving powers.

Press into service heart and hands, An active brain and footsteps light, Bright, watchful eyes. They all will help To store, each one, a separate mite. Your hands can often ease a load, Tho' they do seem so small and weak. Your eyes can give a loving glance, And gentle words your tongue can speak.

Each day bring smiles to some one's face. Save somebody a step or two. To relieve somebody's tired hands, One little kindly action do. Make some one happier each day. You live, by act or word or smile. 'Twill make you happy, too, and lay Up treasures for you all the while.—Golden Days.

VAIN WORDS.

Their Hurt Lay Not in the Truth Itself, But in Its Half-Told Tale.

Nothing a spray of wild honeysuckle—nothing more; and a very joyful spray, too, for had it not at last reached the top of a tall holly tree round which it had twined, and now swayed gracefully in the breeze as if seeking new fields for conquest? How happy it felt in the task accomplished, how vigorously the sap coursed through its veins, how brightly its flowers expanded to the rising sun!

"Here I am at last! Catch me now, if you can!" it laughed gaily down to the sweetbrier hedge which grew below.

"My climbing days are over," it replied, contentedly, "since the shears have trimmed me into shape, or I would ere this have outstripped you in the race; but then I should not have been so bushy as I am now."

"Cuckoo, cuckoo! what is the news this morning?" asked a bird which alighted suddenly on the holly.

"The woodbine has reached the summit," murmured the tree; and the blue-bells and grasses in the meadow at its foot bowed their innocent young heads to the breeze, and sang a merry peal in her honor.

"Pooh! woodbine, indeed!" returned the bird; "a weed like that!" and she pecked contemptuously at the flower as she spoke. "Poor straggling thing! a flower here and there for a time, and then they tell me, nothing but a bundle of dead-looking twigs. Give me the creepers of the South. They indeed adorn the position they hold."

"Cuckoo, cuckoo!" it continued, as it perched on the sweetbrier hedge.

"Well, my poor old friend, you are in a sad case this year! not shade enough to hide even a sparrow's nest. What is it? Frost or the pruner's scissors? Ah, they told me you were in a bad way, and I fear it is true."

"Cuckoo, cuckoo!" it resumed, as it hopped amongst the waving grass; "very pretty whilst it lasts, but they tell me it will soon be cut down and withered. Ah!" as a bird rose almost at its side, "I wonder if this will do for my purpose? No, no; they tell me the eggs are often crushed and trodden under foot by those great clodhoppers called men. No, I must seek elsewhere."

And with many prolonged "cuckoos," it flew off to a neighboring wood.

What had happened that the lark covered on her nest on the ground and forgot to fly upward; the grass no longer danced in the soft summer breeze; the sweetbrier leaves seemed oppressed with their weight of dew; the honeysuckle hung limp and still from her airy bowers?

"Dear me! how dull you all seem to-day!" hummed a bee as it flew busily amongst the meadow grass.

"So would you, if you were soon to be dried up and withered," answered a bluebell, shaking her head sadly at the intruder.

"Indeed! long may such fate be averted from you, fair Lady Harebell," gallantly replied the insect, as it inserted its proboscis deep into the heart of the flower; "but pray who may the prophet of woe have been?"

"The cuckoo; and she said 'they' had told her; who are 'they' Mr. Bee?"

"Ah! fair lady, excuse me, but I have no time for gossiping," replied the insect, as he wended his way onward.

"Dear, dear! one would think it was early May instead of nearly midsummer," said a butterfly, as it fluttered over the sweetbrier; "you keep your buds so tightly folded out of sight."

"Ah! so would you," said the hedge, "if you were in as bad a way as I am."

"Bad way, indeed! never saw you look fresher in my life, dear madam," returned the butterfly, as it deposited its eggs on rosebud. "Who can have so maligned you?"

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told her, so it must be true. Air, you go everywhere; can you not tell me who 'they' are?"

But the breeze had passed by, and though it sighed its sympathy, it answered not.

A dew-drop fell from the grass above, and murmured: "Go ask of the cloud; surely he, who is so far removed from the cares and pursuits of earth, will have time to answer thee."

So the lark took courage and soared upwards; but the answer was not in the cloud, for its treasure was of the earth, and its attraction thitherward as it floated toward it.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

My Father's house is very large, its mansions many, there are...

GOD IN NATURE.

How to Get Glimpses of the Spiritual World Lying All About Us.

ous visions of God rise up before your waiting soul. And so it is everywhere.

"IF I LIVE."

What Man Should Do in View of the Uncertainty of Earthly Things.

CHRISTIAN LIVING.

Whatever You Do, Do Heartily as unto the Lord.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

The fear that our kind acts may be received with ingratitude should never deter us from performing them.

A SUBMARINE GUN.

Captain Ericsson's Attempt to Establish a New Principle in Gunnery.

The special wonder at the royal arsenal at Woolwich is a monster weapon intended to fire projectiles or torpedoes under water.

The projectile is almost of equal length, and, as they lie side by side, painted bright red, are formidable objects to look at.

It is a great error to suppose that we are doing the Lord's work only when we are engaged in devotional exercises.

PEDRO THE CRUEL.

The Peculiar Judgment Given by a Notorious Spanish King.

There is a story related of a judgment given by Pedro the Cruel of Spain imbedded with very much the same spirit as the one delivered in the court at Venice.

"Happiness" is the earthly word; "blessedness" is the Heavenly one.

Not every man can make extensive and accurate experiments in farm work, but all can take a good paper and keep themselves posted as to what other people are doing.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

The twenty-nine colleges of Ohio taught 8,129 students last year, about two per cent of the young people of collegiate age in the State.

Cobs are good for smoking meat, as they give a good flavor.

Brooklyn Cake: Two cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sweet milk.

Crocks of butter placed in the cellar to keep for months should be at least a foot from the cellar bottom.

Prune in winter for wood and in summer for fruit.

Transparent Sauce: A coffee-cup of water, a tablespoonful of butter.

Cracks in floors, around the skirting-board or other parts of a room, may be neatly and permanently filled.

It is said that farming does not pay. But whoever hears of a farmer failing.

The Dairy Form.

In very much of the advice on breeding cows for the dairy that may be found in live stock journals.

The same law applies in cattle. The true dairy form must show the preponderance of the nervous type.

When they have once mastered this they will make less mistakes.

One thing can always be seen, viz: that every thoroughly posted and successful dairyman surrounds himself with cows of this type and character.

The Very Worst Kind.

The creature came in on a pair of flatboats and other rig to match. He started with a stare that conveyed a sense of boredom and haughtiness.

Sympathetic old lady—Poor soul; is he a maniac?

William Henry Brown, a Pittsburgh colored man, has been left a Shenandoah Valley farm of one hundred and fifty acres.

In the Hospitals.

Baltimore and Philadelphia hospital physicians are prescribing the new proprietary medicine, Red Star Cough Cure.

FREMEN, as well as other people, like to talk of the toothache drops.

A snow-powder is like a bad habit—A good thing to cut adrift.

For removing dandruff and promoting the growth of the hair, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

What is a button?—A small event that is always coming off.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water.

Prepared creditors—Those who will not dun.—The Rambler.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Fiso's Cure for Consumption.

A lame excuse—The apology of a one-legged man.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral, in thousands of cases, has cured a cough in a few days.

CHERRY-BLUE—The girl who shakes our ashes.

A Yankee clinched his argument with an Englishman as to the relative size of the Thames and Mississippi by saying: "Why, look here, mister, there ain't enough of the river in the whole of the Thames to make a garter for the mouth of the Mississippi River."

PAT took the bull by the horns when he said that all the men in China were washer-women.

PROF. with telephones in their houses have more holler days than other folks.—California Maverick.

A man about to build a house advertises for proposals. Why don't the girls try that plan?—Lovel Citizen.

Some men are like eggs. You can't tell whether they are good or bad until they are broken.

Why teach a girl to speak several languages when as a wife she can talk him baldheaded with one?—Chicago Tribune.

A Brooklyn man has printed a book to prove that the earth is flat. He judges by himself.—Fall River Advance.

"See hier, fadder. Dot celebrated Dr. Hammond says dot in a thousand years all mankind will be bald." "My gracious, my son, ish dot so? I guess may be den ye better mark our schtick of combs down."—Chicago News.

The Widow Latkin says the main reason why so many men have family troubles is that they marry a miss.—N. Y. Journal.

It was a Vassar girl just graduated who inquired: "Is the crack in the wide the place where they put the powder?"—Troy Times.

EVERY man is made better by the possession of a good picture, even if it is only a landscape on the back of a hundred-dollar note.—Norristown Herald.

UNCLE GEORGE—"And so you go to school, now, Johnny? What part of the exercises do you like best?" Johnny—"The exercise we get at recess."—Boston Transcript.

RED STAR COUGH CURE. TRADE MARK. ABSOLUTELY SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

ST JACOBS OIL. TRADE MARK. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Stiffness, Sprains, Bruises, etc.

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"MEXICAN PETER."

How He Defended Himself When Accused of Stealing a Turkey.

"Mexican Peter," is something of a celebrity in his native country. He won his soubriquet, if not his laurels, when serving as a body-servant to his young master, "Marse John," during the Mexican war. Now, our hero is not free from some of the failings of his race, and the shrines of pious Mexicans, with their gold and silver ornaments, did prove a most special pitfall and temptation to poor Peter. In vain did "Marse John" instill into the African mind lessons of higher morality, with a wholesome blending of the terrors of the law when coming in the garb of strict military discipline; the fact remained the same: in the time of temptation Peter had to be closely watched. When the war was over "Marse John" went to Washington, and Peter was sent home to "ole marster." For a few short hours after his home coming he stepped a hero, with many tales of the marvelous to tell. Having some suspicion of how matters stood, "ole marster," with a sly twinkle, said: "Now, Peter, what did you bring back from your travels to show us?"

This was touching a tender spot, and Peter's countenance fell as he said: "I 'clare, ole marster, Marse John didn't hab no conscience 'bout de thing at all. Much as dar wuz to git, all I could fetch home wuz wun lil silver gord—" displaying with a mixture of pride and melancholy a little image of some saint that might or might not have been of the precious metal.

Time rolled on, and the proclamation emancipated Peter from "Marse John's" conscience, and at various sundry times he profited by his liberty of action, and finally found himself in limbo for unlawfully possessing himself of a neighbor's turkey, and was tried in the court where "Marse John" was a practicing attorney, and "Marse Peyton," another member of the family, the evidence was overpowered, and to plead "not guilty" impossible, so Peter could only request to be "lowed to explain how he got in de trouble."

Anticipating a treat, the request was granted, and solemnly the court awaited the defense. Not without a certain dignity, the old man arose, and the explanation began: "Gentun, I won't say I aint got into dis trouble, 'cause I sholy is, and hit troubling me 'nough; but in justice I mus' toll how it all cum upon me. Fust, sum blame lay at de door ob Marse John. He good man, good as gold; but he wun contracted, not say wun stingy, farmer. He got de ole thrashin-machine he had 'fore de war, what leave mos' ob de wheat in de straw, and dat fack 'lice ole Mis' Simpkins' tuckets to cum dar, an' scratch in de straw an' eat. Now dey come dar an' do dat so long tell dey jes shine, and gentun, when a tuckey shine, he fat, an' I look at dem shining tuckees so long tell I 'gin to feel mor'ly bound to have one, an' I got one. Now dat's de fust reason, but chiefest dis trouble come to me 'cause ole Mr. Simpkins wa'nt no gentun. Ef I had been dealing wid a gentun, things ud 'a bin diffint; but he wuz pore white folks, an' ez I only knowed de ways of gentun, I wa'nt no match for him. I does know a gentun. Didn't me an' Marse John here an' Marse Peyton dar all come outside same estate, and who ever fetch de word dey wa'nt gentun? Well, me an' de ole 'oman an' de chillun had jes dun eat dat tuckey, an', to sabe de scand' ob de thing, I had pit all de feathers an' bones in de Dutch oven—my Dutch oven Mis' Sally gib me—when I hear somebody knock at de door. I went to de door, an' dar stan' ole Mr. Simpkins! Now some pore white folks is wuz dan p'inter dogs, dey so peersome. Mr. Simpkins come in; he look round, an' walk straight to my Dutch oven Mis' Sally gib me. He heep in; he find de feathers an' bones, pull um all out, an' jes laff most outlandish! Wuz dat a gentun? Now de cote knowz all, an' I couldn't set here quiet tell dey did." It is needless to say the ruling of the "cote" was not very severe.—Harper's Magazine.

ANGLO-SAXON GROWTH.

Rapid Increase of the Germanic, and Decrease of the Latin, Races.

The Latin races, that is, France, Italy and Spain, have ceased to be whatever any one of them may be destined yet to become again, the mighty factors in the world's progress which of old they were. They minister exquisitely to the comfort, the luxury, the culture and the picturesqueness of life; but the aptitude for foreign commerce which they show is comparatively slight, and in the colonizing business of humanity they only play a subordinate part. Moreover, their population, when compared with the population of the Anglo-Saxon and the Teutonic races, is diminishing. Thus, in a period a little less than 100 years, from 1788 to 1885, the aggregate populations of France, Spain and Italy have only increased from 51,000,000 to 82,500,000. On the other hand, the populations of Germany and England during this period have each trebled. Germany in 1788 had a population of about 15,000,000; in 1885 it had increased to 45,000,000. Great Britain in the same way had in 1788 a population of 12,000,000; in 1885 the figure was 36,000,000. Another country largely, but not exclusively, populated by the Anglo-Saxon race—America—has in less than a hundred years increased nearly thirteen times—that is, from less than 4,000,000 in 1790 to nearly 60,000,000 in 1885. Finally, it must not be forgotten that Canada, Australia, South Africa, as well as other British dependencies, collectively, contain a population of some 10,000,000, chiefly of Anglo-Saxons, and there is every reason to believe that the development and increase of this population will be rapid.—Fortnightly Review.

A recent investigator into the causes of consumption says that the disease is often inherited because the heir has taken for his personal use the decedent's old mattresses, upholstered chairs and carpets.—Christian Observer.

Red silk umbrellas with silver handles are the fashionable rainy-day gear.

RAPHAEL'S MASTERPIECES.

England and Germany Contending for the Purchase of a Raphael.

The recent purchase of Raphael's miniature painting, "The Three Graces," by the Duc d'Aumale, for the unprecedented sum of \$125,000, has naturally given a boom to the other works of the famous master. But unfortunately for this class of speculators, there are very few of Raphael's paintings in the possession of private individuals. They have been gradually gathered into public museums and art galleries, and not even the extravagant sum of \$2,500 to the square inch will tempt their possessors to part with them. Prof. Louis Piccolo, of Lusanne, at present offers for sale to the Royal Museum of Berlin a Madonna, the authenticity of which is doubtful, however, and which he recently discovered at a public sale. At Turin a still more recent discovery has brought to light a curious portrait of Raphael, painted by himself, and which has been hitherto unknown. The author was in his sixteenth year when he transmitted his own features to the canvas, and was following the course of Vanucci at Perugia at that time. This curious miniature exhibits the features of Raphael in profile. The head is turned to the right; and on the left side stands a palace in plain style, on the front of which is the word Urb, and the number 1497 in Roman figures. Toward the center is a graceful little temple, closely resembling that at the base of the Sposalizio, or "Marriage of the Virgin," so greatly admired by every amateur who visits Milan. This very youthful work is signed: "Io Raph. Sa." The signature is quite plain. The discovery has produced a great sensation in the art circles of Italy, as all the early paintings of the great master have been lost or destroyed, and this is the only one that has escaped the ravages of time and men.

But the most important of all the works of Raphael that has not as yet found its way into public collections is undoubtedly the great picture known as the "Madonna della Regia di Napoli," at present deposited in the National Gallery of London, and which the Prussian Government is making every effort to secure. The negotiations have not thus far been brought to a successful issue, as the sum demanded is exorbitant, and the eyes of the artistic world are turned on this great art treasure, which belonged to the court of Naples. It was purchased at Rome about the close of the last century by the King of the Two Sicilies. It was at that time in the Colonna palace, and it so aroused the King's admiration that he purchased it on the spot. Since then it has graced the Royal palace at Naples, where on one occasion it suffered some damage by fire, and narrowly escaped destruction. The few cracks in the canvas were repaired by the best artists, and few traces of the damage now remain. This Madonna was painted by Raphael in 1505 by order of the religious St. Anthony of Perugia, who laid down the rules the artist was to follow. The Madonna is seated on a throne and enveloped in a blue flowing mantle, studded with golden stars. The infant Jesus reposes on her bosom; with his tiny hand raised in benediction over the child St. John, who is before him in adoration. Sts. Peter and Paul are standing at the sides of the throng, the former with his keys and the latter with his sword pointing toward the ground. Sts. Catherine and Dorothy, with the martyr's palm in their hands, appear at a little distance. The perspective ends in a landscape.

These figures are all life-size, and the painting itself is nearly seven feet square. It is one of Raphael's masterpieces, and was executed when the artist was in the full flush of his genius. It exhibits more strikingly than any of his other works the union of the old style with the new development of art. The disposition of the figures is that of the ancient masters, but the types are not so astatic and are more human. Sts. Peter and Paul represent the ideal apostle, whose most perfect incarnation is found in the great master's St. Cecilia. The general effect is a trifle somber, notwithstanding the warmth of the tones and the clearness of the skin. The semicircle directly above the group is occupied by the Eternal Father, holding a globe in the left hand, with the right raised in benediction. A number of adoring angels are around him. The fire at Naples injured only the two figures, Sts. Catherine and Dorothy; all the others are as perfect as when in 1505 they received the final touches from the immortal master. The two infants are described as ravishingly beautiful.

This great work, which is the last of Raphael's large paintings that is not already national property, is the subject of eager competition between the Germans and the English. The German press with unanimous insistence calls on the Government to purchase it before the English will have secured it. It is certainly the last chance of its kind that will be offered. The national museums that possess all the great paintings of Raphael will doubtless never dispose of them, and the Madonna now on exhibition at the National Gallery of London is the last work of large dimensions that will ever be offered for sale. Two hundred thousand dollars was the price asked for this chef d'oeuvre some time ago, but the enormous sum recently paid for the miniature, "The Three Graces," will doubtless enhance its value in the eyes of its possessors. If sold at a like proportion, according to space it would be worth nearly \$1,500,000. Even the most ardent of Raphael's admirers would probably stagger before such a figure.—Paris Cor. N. Y. World.

Girls who wish to have small, pretty shaped mouths should repeat at short intervals during the day, "Fanny Finch fried flounderish fish for Frances Forbes' father."—N. Y. Ledger.

It has just leaked out that a gentleman in this city who promised his wife a Singer machine for Christmas put her off with a canary bird.—New Haven News.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

At least four incorporated towns in Colorado are at an altitude of over nine thousand feet above the sea.

Prof. Landmark, Chief Director of the Norwegian Fisheries, asserts that salmon sometimes jump perpendicularly sixteen feet.

Scorpions, spiders and various insects have been observed to remain motionless if any person blows strongly upon them in a vertical direction.

Canon Farrar came to this country for a rest and took away twenty-five thousand dollars. He will take the rest on his next visit.—Philadelphia Call.

A burglar in Weld, Me., was detected by a snowball from the heel of his boot, which corresponded precisely with a similar snowball found in the store after the robbery.

The New Orleans creoles make a sleeping draught of lettuce leaves boiled to form a tea. The lettuce-leaf tea is administered in large quantities before going to bed to cure sleeplessness.—N. Y. Times.

A New York negro pleaded not guilty to a charge of highway robbery with such fervor that he might have escaped had he not pulled out the complainant's handkerchief to mop his perspiring brow.—N. Y. Herald.

To stop a runaway horse the Russians have a light cord with a slip-noose in it about the horse's throat, with the cord running through the saddle ring and over the dasher, at hand for the driver to pull upon at the horse's first attempt to run. A little choking stops him.

A miner on the head waters of the Columbia River, in British Columbia, has found, so he alleges, a deserted mining town, where the billiard tables still stand in the saloons and letters are lying in the post-office bearing date of 1856. Not a soul has been near the place for years.—Chicago Times.

Some twenty colonies have been established in the Santa Fe district of the Argentine Republic. Their territory occupies ninety-five square leagues, and the settlers number 1,359 families. During the last thirty years the district has grown through colonization until it has a population of 110,000 souls.

At Trieste, on the Adriatic, they say the wind is so stable and enduring that you might accept a bill on it, and George Augustus Sala says the breezes of Wellington, New South Wales, have such steady habits and are so strong that he frequently uses them as a desk on which to draw a draft on London.

Massachusetts registered over six thousand insane persons in her asylums and hospitals during 1886—an increase of two hundred over the previous year. The annual cost to the State of this form of relief exceeds \$1,000,000, not reckoning the \$350,000 of interest on the value of buildings, etc.—Boston Herald.

The telegraph system of the British Islands, under control of the post-office, now amounts to one hundred and fifty-six thousand miles, and employs seventeen thousand instruments. The standard rate is twelve words for a sixpence, address included. Press messages alone now average one million words a day.

"Sir," said the wanderer, as he entered the sanctum, "I come to ask your assistance. I have lost my right leg." "Advertise for it," said the busy editor, without looking up from the paper. "Special rates in lost and wanted column, and half money refunded if article advertised for is not recovered."—N. Y. Star.

The blind Mr. Fawcett, late Postmaster-General of Great Britain, was an enthusiastic angler. "He performed if anything better than the seeing," says his biographer, "whether because he waited more patiently to strike until he felt his fish, or because he was more docile in following the directions of his skilled companions. He had great success in catching salmon and trout, and in trolling for pike in the winter." One of his trophies was a twenty-pound salmon.

A great deal is being said about hydrophobia that would be better unsaid, and the dog will be charged with the killing much oftener than he should be. The work of old rusty nails, whose wounds have healed months ago, and the many other producers of tetanus will all be laid at the kennel door of innocent "old dog Tray." In all the United States, with its fifty-two millions of people, there have not been in the entire year over twenty-five deaths from hydrophobia by the agency of three million dogs.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

It was only two months ago that Mrs. Sharpe's hired girl left her to get married, and yesterday Miss Stables was much surprised to receive a call from her former lady of the kitchen. "I want to come back to work for yez agin," said the latter, with an air of resignation. "Why, Bridget, what's the matter? I thought you were going to get married?" "An', please ma'am, so I did. But, you see, John he struck luck in the lottery, and so we hired a cook. An' now, please ma'am, I'd like to come back an' be boss once more."—Boston Post.

He was only a stray waif of a yellow dog with no ancestry to boast of, but as he sat upon the wooden seat in one of our city parks with a little child's tiny arm lovingly entwined about his ugly thick neck, and a sweet, cooing voice saying in his ear, "I love you, little doggie," he was as proud as any prize setter in the land. "Is that your dog, little boy?" asked a policeman, as he passed the happy couple. "No, he doesn't belong to me, only I'm acquainted with him," answered the affectionate friend of the little tramp dog.—Boston Home Journal.

Distinctly Philadelphia street cries, collected by a local reporter, contain some melodious calls. Besides the music of the rag man and oyster man, there is heard the negro patriarch singing, "Hominy man, come out to-day, selling sweet hominee! hominee!" And the watermelon vendor says: "Here's your ripe watermelons. Try 'em before you buy 'em! All red." A curious cry is: "Peppery pot, all smoking hot!" and another humorous cry is, "Crabs a-walkin', crabs a-talkin', crabs a-bitin', crabs a-fightin', fresh crabs, cr-r-r-ubs!"—Philadelphia Press.

LEAD PENCILS.

How They Are Made at the Famous Faber Factory Near Nuremberg.

We first enter a large basement room containing two rows of huge vats placed in a descending series like steps. One row is devoted to the purification of the graphite, the other to that of the clay, and the process is the same for both substances. The raw material is thrown into the first vat and a quantity of water added, the mixture is then thoroughly stirred and afterwards allowed to settle, when the valuable ingredients rise to the top, or remain in succeeding strata, while the earth and stones sink to the bottom. A plug is then withdrawn about midway in the vat, and the thickly impregnated water falls into the second receptacle, while the mass of mud remains in the first.

In this manner the material passes through water five times, when it has become sufficiently pure to be poured into a bag of thick cloth, which is subjected to a heavy press until the water is drained away, and the lead or clay is left in a solid mass, when it is placed in iron pans and dried in a furnace. After the lead and clay have been dried and mixed in suitable proportions, water is added, and the mass is put into mill consisting of rows of separate stones, occupying the whole length of a large apartment, and connected with the steam engine by bands running along the upper wall. Under each mill stone is a tub to collect the mass which slowly escapes from the tremendous pressure, and falls in thick gray drops from the wooden trough beneath the stone.

This process is repeated ten or twelve times, when the mass is again dried in the oven. Afterward it is laid upon a flat surface and hammered for a considerable time, then shaped into a cake and sent to the second press, from beneath which it falls in spirals of different sizes corresponding to the apertures through which it is pressed. These long spirals are collected and handed to operators, who sit before a table and busy themselves in straightening the still flexible cords by laying them into boards grooved to a corresponding size. The boards, when filled, are laid upon shelves just below the ceiling, where the warm air of the room will have most effect. After a day or two the leads are placed in other hands to be cut to the length required for pencils, and carefully assorted; the perfect specimens are then laid in boxes and sent to another room, where they are enclosed in large boxes of iron hermetically sealed and subjected to the intense heat of a furnace fire for five hours, when the lead is sufficiently tempered for writing purposes, and passes into the care of the workmen who furnishes the wooden inclosure, though it must first bear the scrutiny of the faithful proprietor, who personally makes trial of a specimen of the contents of each box before he allows it to go forth under the stamp of his honest name.

The refuse ends and broken pieces of lead are sent back to the press, where they become incorporated with a fresh mass so that there is no waste of the precious material. We may now leave the lead manufactory and enter the long building appropriated to the workmen in cedar. As we ascend the stairs the air is heavy with the spicy perfume, and great blocks and slabs of the pink and white wood, just as they were hewn in their native American forests, are lying in the passage. On opening the door which leads into the first workshop we find ourselves in a cloud of dust and amidst heaps of soft sawings, the work of the many fine saws which are revolving so rapidly in their frames as to appear stationary, while the hoarse growl of the machinery by low is exchanged for a sharp buzz, as though gigantic bees and flies were endeavoring to escape from spider-webs as strong as a ship's cable. Here we see the whole process of cutting the wood for pencils. One workman holds the block under a saw which works with frightful force and prepares the slabs for a more delicate machine which saws them to a proper thickness; another set of tools, also worked by steam, gives the requisite angles to each half of the form; another makes the groove for the lead.

The next room is furnished with tables, around which the workmen sit, each performing a special task according to a systematized division of labor, and then giving what he has finished to another until it thus passes from hand to hand through the successive stages of development. One lays the lead into its groove, another glues it over, a third applies the cover of the wood and glues the halves together.

In the room devoted to the final processes—the polishing, coloring, gilding, stamping, arranging and packing of the pencils—only women and girls are employed. It is the oldest story of Vulcan and Venus, though the harmonious union of the useful and the beautiful is perhaps better exemplified in the workmanship than in the workers.—Philadelphia Call.

COCOBOLA WOOD.

Timber That Is Sold by the Pound and Finds a Ready Market.

A species of wood known as cocobola wood is brought to this country in large quantities from Panama, the amount imported reaching, it is said, some million pounds per annum. It is not shipped in the form of strips or planks, but in irregular chunks, weighing in some instances five hundred pounds or more, but usually much less than that. The wood is used chiefly in the manufacture of knife-handles and wind instruments, such as the flute, for which it is particularly adapted by reason of its close texture, its freedom from knots and flaws, and the absence of that liability to split, which would be a serious objection in articles of that class. Cocobola wood, moreover, takes the place of other woods which, in many respects, would answer an equally good purpose, but would require varnishing, polishing and filling of crevices to an extent which can not be afforded in the manufacture of small and low-priced articles. The former cost of the wood in the New York market was about five cents a pound, but it is now procurable for half that price, in consequence of the reduction of freights and the recent increase of trade with Central America.—Industrial Gazette.

ABOUT SEED.

Why None But the Very Best Quality Should Be Used.

Seeding time is at hand or near at hand in many localities in the South. In either planting or sowing, the quality of the seed is of more value than many persons suppose. If the seed is mixed with foul seed, and all seed not specially cleaned is more or less so, the time spent in fully cleaning is time well spent. Grain seeds should first be cleaned over sieves specially prepared for the various species. If very extra seed is required, this may be gotten by casting the seed across the barn floor. The heaviest will fly furthest. Now, if you always save your seed from this heavy, perfect seed, sowing the next perfectly cleaned grade for the general crop, it will be—if you start with pure seed—but a few years until you have that, in most respects, fully up to a true pedigree variety.

In relation to the crops that require cultivating, a short series of years will convince any experimenter of the absolute necessity of using none but the best seed. Take the potato, as an instance. The writer, years ago, increased the earliness of the Mercer potato a week by planting liberal pieces of the seed end, with only three eyes left, and got also smoothness by selecting as seed only smooth, medium shaped specimens. While the average of the crop—and in scarce seasons, small potatoes—were planted for the market crops, the prime specimens were always saved for planting for seed.

The true way to cause a variety to become weak and in time unfit for cultivation is to plant inferior seed. As being well attested, the following experiment of Major Alvord, of Houghton farm, will serve as a case in point: "With eighty-two varieties of potatoes the average weight per hill from the whole tuber—medium sized—as seed was thirty-six ounces; that from the usual cutting—about three eyes—twenty-four and a half ounces; that from one eye, twenty ounces!"

Although particular seasons may modify this, yet it is a well known fact that, except on rich, specially prepared soil, where the young plant quickly gets hold, no good can be done by planting small cuts of potatoes, and here again, is another lesson: The richer the soil near the seed the better for the crops.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

ARAB HORSES.

Proofs of the Wonderful Endurance of These Noble Steeds.

The oft-quoted endurance of the Arab horses has received recent confirmation of the strongest kind, which should, and probably will, lead, in England at least, to the importation of more pure-bred Arab stock than formerly for many years. The officer commanding the Nineteenth Hussars in the unfortunate campaign for the relief of Khartoum, has published some interesting memoranda in regard to the Arab horses, or rather ponies, for they average but fourteen hands, which were the mounts of his regiment during that expedition. These ponies were Arab stallions, about eight or nine years of age, and were bought in Syria and lower Egypt for ninety dollars a head. Out of 350 horses, only twelve died of disease during a hard campaign of nine months. Colonel Barrow attributes this not only to the great endurance of these animals, but to the climate of the Soudan, which he regards as most suitable for horses. The distance marched, outside of reconnaissances, was 1,500 miles, and the weight carried averaged 14 stone (196 pounds). For four months of the time the weather was very trying, food was limited, and during the desert march water was very scarce. On the occasion of the final march made by the troops, 155 of these horses marched to the Nile without having had a drop of water for fifty-five hours and only one pound of grain. Some of them had had no water for seventy hours; yet, at the end of the campaign, after a week's rest, says their eulogist, the animals were handed over to another regiment in as good order as they had been when first secured, nine months before.—National Live Stock Journal.

Weak eyes are the fashion in New York, it seems. The people carry umbrellas to shield them from the glare of the electric light on clear nights. When they approach an electric light they raise the umbrella, which is put down again after the danger to the eyes has been passed.—Troy Times.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Table with columns for Market, Location, and Price. Includes Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago prices for various commodities like Cattle, Hogs, Wheat, Corn, etc.

MARKET PRICES

Table with columns for Market, Location, and Price. Includes St. Louis and Chicago prices for various commodities like Cattle, Hogs, Flour, etc.

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