

# Wase County Current

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

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

VOLUME XI.

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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### Gleaned by Telegraph and Mail.

#### CONGRESS.

In the Senate on the 5th petitions and bills were presented and then the calendar was proceeded with. The Inter-State Commerce bill was taken up and discussed at length. After receiving a message from the President transmitting the report of the Secretary of the Interior regarding the present relations with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, the Senate went into executive session. In the House bills and resolutions were introduced. Mr. Hiseock moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill abolishing the internal revenue tax on tobacco, snuff, cigars, etc., which after debate was lost. Yess, 78; Nays, 127. The motion to suspend the rules and take from the Speaker's table the Mexican Pension bill and to consider it, known as the Lowell bill, the Mississippi River Improvement bill (of appropriate \$1,000,000) was then introduced and the House adjourned.

In the Senate on the 6th the Oregon Central Land Forfeiture bill was discussed at length and finally passed, and after executive session the Senate adjourned. In the House the bill appropriating \$200,000 for the support of destitute Indians in Montana. The House then in Committee of the Whole considered the Port Bill appropriating \$50,000,000 for the improvement of the Mississippi River. The committee rose and the bill passed. Adjourned.

In the Senate on the 7th Senator Plumb presented a petition from the Oklahoma settlers protesting against the cruelty of their removal by the troops. Senator Plumb said it seemed to him the time had come when Congress should say yes or no to the question of the occupancy of these lands by white settlers. The House bill appropriating \$50,000 to relieve destitute Indians passed. Consideration of the Inter-State Commerce bill was then resumed and the debate continued until the Senate went into executive session. In the House a communication was received from the Secretary of the Treasury transmitting an estimate from the Secretary of the Navy for the appropriation of \$2,500,000 for the construction of a battleship and the purchase of steel for manufacture of heavy ordnance. The House then resumed consideration of the Inter-State Commerce bill, which after further debate was finally passed, 158 to 75. In the Alabama contested election case Shelly (Dem) was unseated, and Craig (Rep) declared entitled to the seat and sworn in. The House then went into Committee of the Whole, and then adjourned.

The Senate on the 8th was mainly engaged in debate, one of the features being a tilt between Senators Ingalls and Allison, and an address by Senator Lapham on the subject of commercial treaties. After executive session, adjourned. In the House the bill passed granting the right of way to the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley Railroad across the Fort Robinson Military Reservation in Nebraska. The House resumed consideration of the Inter-State Commerce bill, which after further debate was finally passed, 158 to 75. In the Alabama contested election case Shelly (Dem) was unseated, and Craig (Rep) declared entitled to the seat and sworn in. The House then went into Committee of the Whole, and then adjourned.

In the Senate on the 9th, after some routine work, consideration of the Inter-State Commerce bill was resumed, and Senator Garland called up the House bill on the same subject and the debate continued until executive session. The House by a vote of 75 to 80 refused to postpone private business in order to take up the bill. The bill was reported and placed on the calendar. A message was taken until evening, at which time the House passed twenty-one pension bills. Adjourned.

#### WASHINGTON NOTES.

CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE was reported to be still very seriously ill. GENERAL C. W. BLAIR has been appointed to act on behalf of Kansas, Assistant Field Marshal at the unveiling of Washington's monument. It was reported at Washington that the Governors of twenty States had written to express their desire to co-operate in making the American exhibition to be held in London in 1886 a faithful and thorough exposition of the arts, manufactures and products of the United States. It was proposed to take up the Government exhibits now at New Orleans to London in a public vessel.

PAYMASTER GENERAL ROCHESTER has preferred charges against Major Smyth, the paymaster who left Savannah with \$5,000 of Government funds in his possession. The Farmers' Institute at Dayton, O., closed on the 8th.

GOVERNOR STONEMAN'S message to the California Legislature recommends it to memorialize Congress against the ratification of the Spanish and Mexican treaties. A convention of silver advocates has been called to meet at Denver on the 28th. A good deal of uneasiness was recently felt at St. Louis in railroad circles in consequence of the instability of passenger rates at Chicago, and a general war was apprehended unless speedy restoration was made.

The Scott Lumber Company's planing mill at Merrill, Wis., was burned recently. Damage, \$20,000; no insurance. ROBERT W. WRIGHT, an Eastern journalist and magazine writer, died recently at Cleveland, O.

#### THE EAST.

GENERAL GRANT has written a letter to Cyrus Field, declining proffered assistance in his financial difficulties. Mrs. KATE E. MEXEY was committed recently at Syracuse, N. Y., for the murder of her husband by poisoning.

MANY of the knitting mills about Troy, N. Y., resumed work on the 5th. B. F. JONES has been elected President of the Board of Managers of the Iron and Steel Association of Philadelphia.

G. A. SAYER, formerly Private Secretary for Henry Villard, has mysteriously disappeared. He kept a cigar store on Chatham street, New York. COMMODORE NUTT, the midjet, was married at Boston recently to Clara Carfield.

COLORADO men are being secured to take the place of the Hocking Valley miners. ARNOLD C. STACY was shot dead in Bath, Me., recently during the progress of a family quarrel.

The Dock Department of New York has recovered \$17,500 damages for dock rent against C. P. Huntington. KATIE and Mary Stoddy, two servant girls, were arrested for theft in Allegheny City the other day and nearly \$5,000 worth

of goods, which they had stolen, recovered at the residence of their parents. JOSEPH J. WALTON, of New York, was recently committed to jail for frauds on the Navy Department.

It was reported recently that the Lehigh Wilkesbarre Coal Company would soon suspend a number of their collieries, throwing out of work 1,000 persons.

The tannery of George T. Adams & Co., at Easton, Pa., was burned recently. Loss, \$50,000.

OLIVER BROS. & PHILLIPS, Pittsburgh iron manufacturers, controlling four mills, have ordered a reduction of 10 to 12 1/2 per cent. in the wages of all employees except those governed by contracts. The reduction affects between 3,000 and 4,000 men.

BOSTON was very much torn up over a breach of promise case brought by Mrs. Lillian S. Walker, a widow of thirty, against James Deshon, a feeble but wealthy old man of eighty-five.

The Pittsburgh glass manufacturers have originated a movement to close down two or three months earlier this year than usual.

A FIRE on the morning of the 9th at the dry goods store of Henry Rogers, New York, destroyed property valued at \$75,000.

A WOMAN named Catherine Vamessen was burned to death in a fire at Pittsburgh, Pa., the other day.

The Bishop of the colored Episcopal Church at Philadelphia has been arrested for forgery.

AT Clear Water, N. Y., recently a West Shore freight train was derailed and six hands hurt.

THE wages of employes in the Contoocket mill at Contoocket, N. H., have been reduced ten per cent.

#### THE WEST.

THE inquiry into the intimidation practiced by United States Deputy Marshals in the October election at Cincinnati commenced on the 5th.

THE Louisville & Nashville Railroad made another cut of three cents a hundred on freight from St. Louis to all Green line points.

HENRY C. HAARSTICK was elected President of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange.

An armed mob from Gettysburg took possession of Forest City, Dak., on the 7th and stole the public records.

THE Chicago Driving Park will be sold to the highest bidder to defray the debts of the association.

THE first passenger train from the East for twenty-three days reached Portland, Ore., on the 7th.

THE cattle ranges in the Indian Territory suffered severely from the recent snow storms.

EMMA H. WALLACE, of Ohio, has commenced suit in the New York United States Court, claiming one-third part of the estate of Anneke Jo.

H. W. WOODRUFF & Co., of Cincinnati, dealers in hats, caps and furs, have assigned.

The doctors of Galena, Ill., were recently troubled over a case of paralysis, resulting in almost instantaneous loss of speech. The patient was Mrs. David Funston, who while leaning forward, fell to the floor and became unconscious, recovered almost immediately thereafter, but was unable to articulate, and could not speak a word.

THE Iowa State Auditor settled with the retiring Treasurer at Des Moines on the 7th, closing his funds on hand and found all correct to a cent, whereupon the office was delivered to his successor, Captain Twombly, who gave his receipt to his predecessor for \$131,944.02.

The passenger agents of Eastern roads have made the round trip rate from Chicago to Washington during the inauguration \$20; Cincinnati to Washington, \$15.

JOSEPH R. DUNLAP, of the Water-Ocean, has been elected President of the Chicago Press Club.

The Grand Trunk Railroad depot and baggage express rooms at Lindsay, O., burned the other day.

WILLIAM NOLAN, foreman of a cement quarry at Hallsburg, Ind., was killed recently by a large piece of rock being blown upon him.

THE Farmers' Institute at Dayton, O., closed on the 8th. GOVERNOR STONEMAN'S message to the California Legislature recommends it to memorialize Congress against the ratification of the Spanish and Mexican treaties.

#### THE SOUTH.

ADHERENTS of rival candidates for the office of County Clerk at Moorefield, W. Va., were recently under arms, and the town was in great alarm.

In a fight which occurred on the 7th between whisky sellers and Government officers at Livingston, Ky., a man named James was killed.

ville, Tenn. Warford was shot down in his own house. THE body of Morris Goldstick, a young Hebrew citizen, was stolen from the potter's field at Louisville, Ky., recently.

THE City Marshal of Homer, La., was shot and killed recently in a street row.

THE 8th of January, being the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, was celebrated in many of the cities of the Union.

In a riotous outbreak recently in Rutledge, Ga., a man named Churchill was reported killed and several wounded.

#### GENERAL.

A SLIGHT shock of earthquake was felt at Geneva on the 7th.

In December English imports decreased 707,161 pounds, compared with December of last year. Exports decreased 1,130,999 pounds, compared with December, 1883.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES, heir presumptive to the British throne, attained his majority on the 8th.

The trial of Madame Clovis Hugues, for the murder of the French detective, Morin, commenced at Paris on the 8th.

GLADSTONE will probably retire from Parliament at the end of the present session.

FRESH earthquake shocks were felt on the 8th at Nerja, and at Valz, Malaga, several houses were damaged.

THE Pope, on recently receiving one hundred and sixty delegates of Young Men's Catholic Societies, spoke at length and said there was too much reason to fear a social catastrophe was imminent. Catholics, especially the young, should strive to prevent it.

THE British bark "Isabel," from Cadiz, reported passing a large Norwegian bark, abandoned by the crew. The "Isabel" was overtaken by a submarine earthquake, accompanied by a roaring which was appalling. The ship was terribly shaken and the crew paralyzed with fear.

EARTHQUAKE shocks have been felt at Emburun and Chambrug, and at other points in the Province of Halta Alpes, France.

GENERAL SANTO DOMINGO VILLA has been elected President of the State of Panama and duly installed.

DURING the past year 87,399 immigrants arrived in the province of Ontario, of which number 58,881 came to the United States.

THE proposed expedition of Prof. Nordenskjold to the South Pole has been postponed until 1887.

PARNELL, the Irish agitator, was presented with the freedom of the city of Clonmel on the 9th.

THE sons of the Prince of Wales will write an account of their voyage round the world.

ALL the members of the Egyptian debt commission, with the exception of the English delegate, have signed a statement that the financial proposals of Earl Granville be unaccepted.

ADVICES from Nagasaki state Japanese paper currency has fallen in value twenty per cent. since the discovery of the recent difficulty in Corea tends towards war.

THE American Electric Light and Illuminating Company, Brush Electric Lighting Company and New England Western Electric Lighting Company were considering the advisability of consolidating.

#### THE LATEST.

PHELAN, who was so fearfully stabbed in O'Donovan Rossa's office in New York, was reported on the 12th to be progressing toward recovery.

An accident occurred on the Pensacola & Atlantic Railroad between Chipley and Bonifay, Fla., on the 10th. A number of persons were seriously injured. The train broke in two, two Pullman coaches being left on the track, when a freight train dashed into them.

AN Elizabeth, Pa., special of the 11th says: By the explosion of her boiler the steam tug Mike Dougherty was completely demolished near here at ten o'clock to-day. Two of the crew were killed and others badly hurt.

HAMBURG, the county seat of Ashley County, Ark., was almost totally destroyed by fire recently.

THE Louisville & Nashville freight and passenger depot at Nashville burned on the 10th. Loss, \$175,000.

THE Senate was not in session on the 10th. The House, after debate, passed the Naval appropriation bill.

The Bank of England has notified the various banking houses throughout England that there are in circulation perfect fakes of notes in denominations from £5 to £500. A number of the £50 notes are in circulation on the continent and America. The bogus notes are supposed to be the work of American counterfeiters.

The dispatches from Paris say the scenes in the court room at the trial of Mme. Clovis-Hugues were disgraceful in the extreme.

## KANSAS STATE NEWS.

A NORTH TOPEKA man left home to attend to some business, and his family heard nothing from him for three weeks. His wife became alarmed and telegraphed in all directions. He finally wrote that his absence and silence were due to his being water and mud bound in Missouri where there were no mails. Water and mud bound with the ice twenty inches thick and ground frozen two feet is good.

In accordance with the request of the Railroad Commissioners, representatives of the various roads in the State met the Commissioners at Topeka on the 5th to discuss the propriety of a reduction in rates on grain during the present depression in the price of grain. Arguments were filed and opinions advanced, but no conclusion reached. When Commissioner Turner asked what results would be realized if rates should be reduced on wheat for sixty or ninety days and then restored, there was the unanimous response by the roads that the middle men and nobody else would be benefited. To do this would, they thought, be establishing a dangerous precedent, and farmers could not be made to understand that the roads were not to be benefited in the spring than during the winter.

The report of the Warden of the Penitentiary shows that the total earnings for the year 1884 amounted to \$128,111.13 and the expenditures for the same year were \$131,567.25, leaving a loss to the State for the fiscal year of 1883 of \$3,456.12; while for the fiscal year of 1884 there was received \$111,443.50, and the cash value of coal furnished State institutions was \$10,225.79, and cash value of labor on permanent improvements performed during the year was \$8,949.70, making the total earnings for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1884, \$141,181.99, while the total expenditures for running the institution were \$121,407.90, leaving a net earning over all expenditures for the fiscal year of 1884 of \$29,774.09. The coal mines have been a source of profit since being opened. For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1883, the mines yielded \$724,323.23, and the coal value of coal furnished to State institutions, the balance 499,904 bushels was sold for cash at an average price of 7 1/2 cents per bushel, making \$565,312.99 in cash received from the mine during this year, and \$114,592.77 a total cash value for the two fiscal years. On April 9, 1883, there were 644 convicts confined in the prison. July 1, 1884, 851, making an increase in about fifteen months, of 107.

TOPEKA coal dealers kicked against paying the city ten cents a load for weighing coal and sued out an injunction. The court decreed that the city should pay the weighters, the balance 499,904 bushels was sold for cash at an average price of 7 1/2 cents per bushel, making \$565,312.99 in cash received from the mine during this year, and \$114,592.77 a total cash value for the two fiscal years. On April 9, 1883, there were 644 convicts confined in the prison. July 1, 1884, 851, making an increase in about fifteen months, of 107.

ABOUT four o'clock on the morning of the 6th there was a terrible explosion in the Lone Oak coal mine, near Pittsburg, Cherokee County, by which it was supposed there was much damage to life and property. The explosion occurred 116 feet under ground. The mines were reported on fire, and six men were missing.

A GOODLY number of Kansas Democratic editors met in convention at Kansas City on the 8th and had an interchange of views on various topics. In the evening a banquet was given them at the St. James Hotel, at which the Democratic was held at Topeka, toasts and responses and a general good time. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: V. J. Lane, President; T. P. Fulton, Vice-President; J. B. Chapman, Secretary, and H. Clay Park, Treasurer.

A meeting of the Democratic editors and other prominent Democrats was held at Topeka the same day and a State Jacksonian Democratic Club formed. A. A. Gleason was elected President; Governor Glick, First Vice-President; Second, A. A. Harris, Third, Charles Black; Fourth, N. B. Arnold; Fifth, A. H. Smith; Sixth, J. Scheyer; Seventh, W. F. Pettilla. Floyd B. Ireland was chosen First Secretary, and L. F. Smith, Second. About fifty members signed the roll. The object of the club is to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans every year.

Mrs. BROWN, of Atchison, the widow of a deceased Kansas soldier, has received \$2,979 as arrears of pension.

MAJOR ADAMS received recently from Washington a case sent to the State Historical Society by Senator Ingalls. The case is made of a piece of wood taken from the timbers of the house in which General Stonewall Jackson was born. It had been presented to Senator Ingalls and he sent it to the Historical Society.

The following notaries were appointed recently: D. R. Hirschler, Newton, Harvey County; S. W. McCoy, Derby, Dickinson County; E. W. Kline, Harper County; A. Nicodemus, Plainsville, Rooks County; William B. Shaw, Spearville, Ford County; James W. Orr, Spearville, Ford County; Fred H. Glick, Atchison, Atchison County; W. J. Fitzgerald, Dodge City, Ford County.

An interesting topeka took place at Bethany College, Topeka, on the 8th, it being the twentieth anniversary of the episcopate of Bishop Thomas H. Vail, of the Diocese of Kansas. Bishop Vail entered upon his labors in Kansas as Bishop of the Episcopal Church January 8, 1864, and his friends in the diocese united in presenting him a valuable silver ring on the occasion mentioned. Rev. Charles Reynolds read the welcoming address. A letter was read from Judge Drew, Chief Justice Horton, Prof. Canfield and others also spoke. Dr. Beatty presented the ring in a neat speech, to which the Bishop replied feelingly. A banquet followed.

ARTICLES of incorporation of an organization to be known as the Mutual Self-Edification and Benevolent Association of Kansas, were filed recently, and a charter granted. The stated object of the society is to guard its members against pecuniary want during life, and especially during the period of infirm old age, and at their death to make a provision for their families and friends. The place of business is Emporia, and the directors are J. A. Cowell, P. G. Carmichael, J. E. Klock, Fred Williams, Robert Carpenter.

## ASSASSINATED.

Captain Phelan, of Kansas City, the Victim of a Cowardly and Perhaps Fatal Assault in New York.

NEW YORK, January 10.—At a late hour yesterday afternoon several men rushed out of No. 13 Chambers street, in which building is located the office of O'Donovan Rossa and the United Irishman. In a few seconds afterward a man covered with blood tottered down the stairs to the hallway and sank on the front stoop, while his blood covered the sidewalk in a stream. Most intense excitement at once took place and crowds flocked to the scene. Several officers rushed up and seeing a few men making their way towards Chambers street and the City Hall, followed them. One of them, a tall man, was captured and brought back to where the dying man was lying. "Is this the man who stabbed you?" asked an officer. "Yes, that's the man," said the bleeding man, "but, by heavens, if I'm going to die I'll die game, and there will be a 'feller of us.'" With that and before the bystanders could realize his intentions he drew a revolver and fired two shots in rapid succession at the man standing before him. One of the balls took effect on the thigh of his would-be murderer. This further increased the excitement, and the neighborhood became wild with all sorts of rumors. The man who was stabbed proved to be Captain Thomas Phelan, of Kansas City, aged forty-nine, and his assailant, whom he says stabbed him, gave his name as Richard Short, 851 Tammany street. The ambulance was summoned and Phelan taken to Chambers Street Hospital dying. He is stabbed in the neck and breast and several other places. There were rumors that he gave away some of the secrets of the Fenian organization. A printer named Schmitt, who has a room on the same floor next to O'Donovan Rossa's office, said: "I was standing at my work; suddenly I heard a noise in Rossa's office, with the upsetting of a table and loud, angry words and curses. This continued for some seconds, when something heavy was thrown against the wall. A man cried out something that sounded like 'help,' but I am not sure whether that was the word or not. Then the door was banged open and four men ran down stairs, each trying to push the other out of his way. Blood was trickling down the face of the first man. They were half way down when the man with the blood running down his face got ahead of the others. I then ran to and opened the window of our office which looks out on Chambers street. Then I saw the man with blood on his face fall on the sidewalk, put his hand to his hip pocket.

PULL OUT A REVOLVER and fire at one of three men, which one I can't tell, as I did not get a good look at him. I think, however, he must have been shot because he pulled up his coat, placed his hand to his back and stumbled forward as if he was going to fall on his face. A policeman standing on the corner caught him by the shoulder and arrested him. "A great crowd of people gathered around the man lying on the sidewalk, and several firemen were running down the street and doing something for him in the way of dashing water in his face and giving him whisky." "Did you see O'Donovan Rossa among the four men?" Mr. Schmidt asked. "I can't say I did." The police claim to have a letter from Rossa to the wounded man, telling him to come on to New York to his office; that he had important business for him to attend to. Phelan was asked by Fireman Cottrell if he wanted a minister or priest. "No," he replied. "I don't want anybody. I don't believe in any religion; I am a follower of Bob Ingersoll." News of the spreading rapidly and inquiries were made on all sides as to who Phelan and Short were. Phelan appeared to be known to many men and identified with many revolutionary societies. Rossa was consumed by a number of his compatriots for giving publication in his paper this week to an interview published in a Kansas City paper, purported to be had with Phelan, giving details of the operations of the dynamiters in England. Threats were made against Rossa's life, and he said to be a native of Cork, who had been one of the principal leaders of the movement which was directed by O'Donovan Rossa. A long interview from a Kansas City paper was published by Phelan lately. Phelan was one of the originators of the skirmishing fund, and at one time suspected of being the famous "No. 1" mentioned by Informer Carey in his evidence. He has been an Irish Nationalist all his life, and has always been prominent in Irish revolutionary movements. Short is said to be one of the Irishmen who was driven to this country by the treachery of McDermott of Brooklyn, who is now believed to be in the pay of the British Government.

PROHIBITION PARTY. Interfered Prohibitionists Meet at New York and endorse Principles.

NEW YORK, January 9.—The National Committee of the Prohibition Party met yesterday, with John B. Finch, of Nebraska, in the chair. Prof. A. H. Hopkins offered a set of resolutions on behalf of the Committee on Agitation, which were unanimously adopted, endorsing St. John and the stand made in the recent Presidential election. The convention formally declared that "the National Prohibition party is an independent political organization of citizens of the several States, free of all sectional prejudice and preferences, and its members acknowledge no dictation in the use and disposal of their ballots. It will make no compromise of its prohibition principles by coalition with any other political party, and the prohibition of the liquor traffic is a National issue to be consummated by the amendment to the Federal Constitution, and the Prohibition party is a necessity to secure such amendment and to maintain an administration in power favorable to its enforcement."

A Change of Front. NEW YORK, January 9.—Mrs. A. T. Stewart and Judge Hilton, who have all ways hitherto opposed the introduction of a surface railroad on Broadway, to-day notified the Commission through counsel they favored the construction of a horse car route. The Stewart estate owns \$600,000 worth of property on Broadway.

## OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—There are six hundred Masonic Lodges in Texas, and sixteen thousand Masons.

—At West Point, Ga., a fruit-grower has sold since 1881 seventy-six thousand dollars worth of peaches off of not more than fifty acres of trees.

—A St. Louis man has discovered that cod fish skin, when properly tanned, makes elegant leather. It is of a pearl-gray color, and is very tough.

—A very brilliant light is obtained in China from candles—only of late years imported into Europe—made of wax supplied by insects specially reared through Chinese ingenuity.

—A Bloomburg (N. J.) woman, who was born dumb, began to laugh just before her death, and laughed continuously until she breathed her last.—N. Y. Herald.

—There are but four national banks in Mississippi. There is said to be a movement on foot among Nashville capitalists to establish one at Natchez, where there has never been a National bank.—Chicago Times.

—Between the clapboards of his house A. Billings, of Le Roy, Minn., found one hundred and fifteen pounds of honey. One piece of comb was five feet nine inches long and twenty-three inches wide.—St. Paul Press.

—A few weeks ago a man who was walking from Peekskill to Sing Sing became tired, and coolly turned the signal light near him and stopped a freight train. He got aboard the train, but was arrested, and has been sentenced to one year in State prison.—Troy Times.

—The use of the magnet for the cure of disease was known to the ancients. It was known to Aetius, who lived as early as the year 500. He says: "We are assured that those who are troubled with the gout in their hands or feet, or with convulsions, find relief when they hold a magnet."

—In twenty-one counties of California during 1883 about ninety-four million dollars in gold and one hundred and fourteen million dollars in silver was produced, which was four million dollars less gold and a like amount more silver than was produced in the same counties during the previous year.

—Norman Lovell, chief of the largest and wealthiest band of gypsies in this country, died recently near Elizabeth, N. J. His wife, the queen died in May last, at the age of one hundred years. Their eldest son will rule until next spring, when there is to be a great gypsy council and a consolidation of several bands under one head.—N. Y. Sun.

—A well-dressed man was seen to stare at a woman impudently, hail a street-car imperiously, pay his fare condescendingly, seat himself fashionably, and exhortate furiously. "Who is that distinguished gentleman?" whispered an awe-struck stranger to the conductor. And the conductor replied: "He is the janitor of a West-Side flat."—Cincinnati Traveler's Magazine.

A Stamford dog which had been used to drink a certain trough found it empty the other day, but a hosing close by. After evident consideration, he picked up the hose in his mouth, put the end in the trough, and waited for the water to run. It is pleasant to know, that having got so far, there was a witness who turned the stopcock, so that the dog's hopes were realized.—Hartford Courant.

—"There's no use talking. I'm going to get married," said a bachelor to a married acquaintance the other day while busily engaged in sewing. "Here I have worked just twenty minutes by the watch trying to get this needle threaded, and then, just as I succeeded, I pulled the thread out. Finally I got it threaded, and now, after sewing on this button fast and strong, I find I've got it on the wrong side, and I have my work all to do over again."—N. Y. Ledger.

—A traveling combination at a hotel in one of the small Ohio towns left word at the office before retiring for a general call at half past seven o'clock, to enable the members to make the next train for Cincinnati. The night clerk was a son of old Ireland, and at half past five in the morning he rapped at the doors, awakening all of the company, saying: "It is half-past five. I'm going off watch. You have an hour and a half to sleep yet."—Cleveland Herald.

—Europe and British India consume about 150,000 gallons of handkerchief perfumes every year. The English revenue from eau de cologne is \$40,000 annually, and the total revenue of other perfumes is estimated at \$200,000 annually. There is one perfume distillery at Cannes, in France, which uses yearly 100,000 pounds of acacia flowers, 140,000 pounds of rare flower leaves, 32,000 pounds of jasmine blossoms, 20,000 of tuberose blossoms and an immense quantity of other material.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

—The use of arsenic is alarmingly on the increase. The researchers of Dr. Draper and Professors Wood and Auston show that it is extensively employed in wall papers, textile fabrics, writing and printing paper, candles, toys, confectionery, playing cards, theater tickets, rubber balloons and balls, sweet bands of hats, paper collars and bed hangings, and in amounts sufficient to cause sickness and even death. Professor Auston recommends a law prohibiting its use in all materials consumed or employed in the household.—Chicago Times.



# Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

CANTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS.

## HER WAITING.

The sunbeams dimpled all the azure ocean,  
The robins caroled vows of sweet devotion,  
And proudly dipped and rose the snug ship  
Starling.  
When young Eliza whispered: "Good-bye,  
darling!"  
"I will not be long to wait."  
The dusty bees buzzed in and out the bluebell,  
The roses blushed and tossed their heads like  
true belles,  
The sun threw fleeting shadows 'cross the  
morning.  
The brooklet gurgled softly in its flowing—  
And it was long to wait.  
Through gay autumnal woods the wind went  
sighing,  
For all his summer sweethearts lay a-dying:  
Blue gentians fringed the tiny upward river,  
Some late bird-note set one sad heart a-quiv-  
er—  
And it was long to wait.  
The snow fell thick on river, wood and clear-  
ing,  
The blasts swept round and round in mad  
caroling,  
And out among the rocks, from dusk to  
dawning,  
Sounded the fog-bell's wildest cry of warning—  
And it was long to wait.  
Spring came again, clad in her beauty royal,  
As spring will come to steadfast hearts and  
loyal.  
And lo! the Starling into harbor swinging,  
While from each hedge and tree the birds  
were singing,  
"It was not long to wait!"  
—Emma C. Dowd, in Century.

## LOST AND FOUND.

### How Mr. Nicholson Took Care of the Precious Baby.

#### CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Nicholson was standing in a dubious attitude, with the study door half open, and her eyes turning from the quiet figure in the arm-chair by the table to another open door in the passage behind her, through which she could see a flood of sunshine, and in the sunshine a cradle.

"I don't feel quite easy," she said; "I am so afraid she would cry and no one hear her. I wish I had not let nurse go out; but all you have to do," coming into the room and speaking impressively, "all you have to do is to ring the bell violently—violently, remember—for cook. For Heaven's sake, John," leaning on the table and stretching out a pretty hand to attract her husband's attention, "look up, or speak, or answer me, or you will drive me mad!"

"What is it all about, Agatha?" The calm, placid, intelligent face opposite was lifted gently, and the thin finger was slipped onto the page to mark a pause.

"It is baby, John," said Mrs. Nicholson, in a faltering voice, and with wide, angry tears rolling down her cheeks. "Here have I, for the last ten minutes, been begging and imploring of you to remember baby; not to nurse her, I wouldn't trust you, but only to ring the bell if she cries."

"Does that stop her? It seems simple enough. I think even I can do that."

But Mrs. Nicholson shook her head, still weeping.

"You may laugh at me or sneer if you like. If it were my own baby I would say nothing; I would bear it all; but Emma's!"

With a patient sigh the gentleman at the writing table pushed the book away and left his place. He looked at her in a bewildered way.

"What is it, Agatha? a baby? O, Emma's baby, of course."

"And not one-half, one-hundredth part, one-thousandth part, as valuable in your eyes," broke in Agatha, with impetuosity, "as the smallest, the most unknown, the most undiscovered star! You need not tell me; I know it."

"Of course," frowning gently, "every one knows that a star, however small—stars are not famous according to their size, my dear—is of infinitely more value than one half of a baby's head. I mean—hastily—speaking entirely from the scientific point of view; but as you were saying—you were saying, were you not—a little doubtfully—something about that unfortunate babe of Emma's?"

Mrs. Nicholson had dried her eyes, and was confronting him in all the cool splendor of her pretty summer dress, and with all the calm determination of a woman who has made up her mind.

"Yes, I was," she said; "only, once for all, John, if you call it a babe I will leave your house at once and never, never come back; and if you call it unfortunate I shall take that hateful manuscript with me and burn it at the kitchen fire. If it were yours—with impetuous irony—"It might, indeed, be described as unfortunate; but Charles is the best of fathers, and he has always been the best of husbands."

"Yes, yes, of course, my dear. I said nothing against Charles; I did not know we were talking about him. We can finish him up to-night," cheerfully. "If that is all you had better go out now, while it is fine," turning his eyes to the dazzling sunlight for an instant, and then back to his blotting page. "You can tell me about Charles," you know, when you come in. The best of husbands! I don't know much about them, I fear, but I know a little about the best of wives."

He rose and laid his hand on the long, slender, soft gray glove that was leaning with determination on his neat manuscript. The gray glove closed round his hand gently and clung to him, almost as if it were loth to leave the thin, worn fingers; but he patted it gently and laid it aside. Mrs. Nicholson gave a faint sigh, but when she spoke again she spoke with less determination and more pleading.

"It is not Charles, indeed it is not; it is the baby. Nurse has gone out, and I have put her cradle in the morning room by the window. John," suddenly, "are you listening? What did I say last?"

"The morning room, Agatha."

"Well," with a sigh of relief, "I see you are taking it in and forgetting those horrible stars; and how you can compare a star to a baby," parenthetically, "is past me."

"I am sure I never did," he said, gently.

"Well, don't interrupt me, John, or I shall never get out. What was I saying? Oh, baby is in the morning room, and if she cries—makes one sound—you are to ring your bell—this bell, John—for cook; do you understand?"

"Yes, I believe so. I am to ring a bell—this bell—for cook!"

"Oh, I hope you will," after a pause. "Fancy," her eyes filling with tears again, "if she cried, and no one heard her! Oh, John, you will not deceive me! You will try—and ring?"

"My dear," speaking with some dignity, "surely I am not utterly destitute of common humanity or common sense, I have interesting work here," pointing to the manuscript and the books of reference heaped around him; "but I suppose, after all, I am human."

"O, I hope so, I think so," cried Agatha, clasping her hands; "only you might not hear her, that was all I meant."

"Then I think," he said, with a gentle sarcastic smile, "that you may dismiss your fears; they are quite groundless."

"Very well," said Agatha, moving in a hesitating way to the door. "I am satisfied, I am trying to be satisfied; don't forget."

"No," cheerfully, "I will take a leaf from Charles' book, the best of husbands."

"Oh!"—the gray glove had closed on the handle of the door, but released it again—"the Paynters are coming tonight, so you must not go out star-gazing."

"All right," obediently; "good-bye."

"Good-bye." The bright face, that had almost disappeared round the door, came back again, and leaned against the worn velvet of the astronomer's coat; for a minute the lips were pressed to the door, then lifted. "Kiss me, John; you are my dear old fellow after all, and I am a friend."

The sunshine seemed to leave the room with the sweet bright presence and hover over the pretty cradle, among the sounds and scents of the midsummer day. In the library there was only one shaft of light that came through the high windows and fell across the old velvet coat, and the tidy manuscripts, and the open books, and left the handsome, clever, refined face in shadow.

#### CHAPTER II.

It might have been two hours afterward—painful after events created a confusion in Mr. Nicholson's mind, and the two hours might have been two days—when he became aware of a laugh in the passage by the door. His hand had grown tired with writing, but the pen traveled steadily on; his eyes had grown a little tired; and it was a relief to raise them for a minute to the locked door, behind which he heard the laugh. He rose, with a half smile on his grave face, and paused, struck by a sudden presentiment. Something came back to him, as he stood in the dull light of the dull room: was it a dream or a memory, or was it—the baby? He pushed his papers hurriedly away and walked over to the door and unlocked it, throwing it wide open. There was nothing in the passage, but the yellow sunlight now upon the walls and on the old prints, and Mrs. Nicholson standing in her pretty gray dress, with her slim hands stretched out and the laugh that had disturbed him still upon her lips.

In the room beyond there was more sunlight and the cradle.

"John," cried Mrs. Nicholson, laughing again as if she could not help it, "what have you done with her? Give her to me. You are earning your little to the best of husbands!"

He looked up in quick perplexity. "What is it, Agatha? What do you want? I have nothing to give you."

"Oh, don't, John!" she cried, impatiently; "don't tease! I want baby."

"Well"—the same perplexed look creeping over his face, and softening its sternness—"take her," stretching out his hand to the cradle in the sunlight.

Agatha's eyes were turned on him for a minute with a look of contempt before she swept over to the cradle and tossed out the little pillow, and the sheets with their lace edges, and the pale-blue satin coverlet on the floor in a soft heap, and stood looking down upon the empty cradle as if she would conjure up the pink face and the flaxen head into their accustomed place.

Mr. Nicholson had followed her on tip-toe and was stirring the softly shining heap on the floor with his patent leather shoes, as if he half imagined that she had tossed the baby out among them.

"Well?" said Agatha, sharply.

"Do you mean to say," she said, patting aside her angry vehemence and speaking tearfully, with her gray eyes turned up to his—"Oh, John, do you mean to say that you have lost her?"

"I have never touched her," he cried, hastily, "I never—" heard her, he would have added, but again that faint memory—that dream—stirred him.

"Upon my honor, Agatha," he said, abruptly, leaning down into the cradle, and poking at the mattress with his thin fingers, "upon my honor I can't remember."

"You can't remember!" said Agatha, with slow scorn. "Why, John she reared! Cook heard her in the kitchen. She came rushing up, and found the cradle empty and baby gone. She thought you had taken her into the study; she told me so; but oh, John, it was somebody else, and they have stolen her."

"My dear," he said, shaking himself together, and speaking more lightly, "who would steal her?—a baby roaring, as you say!" He shuddered. "Why, surely no one in his senses would do such a thing!"

"Emma's baby!" cried Agatha, tearfully, "and that is how you speak of her! O John, dear John, think again: didn't you hear her? Perhaps you have forgotten—perhaps you have put her somewhere, and she has gone to sleep. Sit down, John, and think—perhaps you have put her somewhere and forgotten."

Mr. Nicholson sat down on the window sill and covered his face with his hands. He tried to think, but whenever he concentrated his mind on the baby he was dimly conscious of that fading fancy that he could not grasp—that dream of a cry. It had disturbed him, he remembered, that loud,

painful, jarring cry, but it had died away; surely it had died into peace without his interference? "Agatha," he said, lifting up his face, sharpened with the effect of thought, "I do remember something—somebody crying; it must have been the babe."

"Yes," said Agatha, eagerly, "go on! You heard her! That is right. Cook says you must have heard her, she reared so. Well, and then? You—"

"I—I can't remember, Agatha. I may have gone on writing; that seems the most likely, I think; but I may have gone to the door. 'No,' shaking his head, 'it can't get beyond the cry. I do remember that now distinctly.'"

"Perhaps," said Agatha, hopefully, through her tears, "you have put her somewhere in the library. What have you been doing or using this afternoon?"

Mr. Nicholson followed humbly as she swept in before him, and flung open the great curtains, so that the light rushed in on to his table strewn with plans and manuscript. Even then he spread out his hands, almost unconsciously, to defend his precious papers from her light scornful touch; but she stood in the center of the room, looking into every corner with her quick, soft eyes.

"What have you used, John—this chair? You have not been to the cupboard? No," peeping into a dark recess, musty with papers. "What else?"

"Nothing else, Agatha, here, except," with a quick smile, "the waste-paper basket, and that is empty. You can see for yourself."

"Ah, said Agatha, 'here is cook,' as a heavy breathing became audible in the passage. 'Cook,' her voice trembling at sight of the sympathetic face, 'your master has not seen the baby—at least, he thinks not. He was very busy, but he heard her cry, and he may have taken her up and forgotten. We are looking for her.'"

"Which you won't ever find her, then," said cook, in a broken voice. "In my last place, but one, where I was general cleaner in Mrs. All's family, there was a child disappeared, as it might be this, and it was never found—gypsies or not, it was never come across again."

"Oh, don't, cook!" cried Agatha, plaintively. "And Emma coming this evening! Your master thinks he may have put her somewhere and forgotten. He remembers hearing her."

"Which he might," said cook, "not being dead, sir, but she was roaring awful, and I says to Mary, says I: 'Master'll never know 'ow to quiet that child, so I'll run up and bring her down a bit,' and I stops to change my apron, and I ups, as it might be here, and the cradle, as it might be there, and no sound, and the cradle as empty as it is this minute."

Cook turned dramatically and pointed one stout arm to the little cradle in the sunlight. Mrs. Nicholson's tearful eyes followed the hand, and her husband stood uneasily in the center of the group, with an anxious frown upon his face.

"Which," added cook, scornfully, "I think a baby—and such a one, bless her!—is of more value than all this rubbish!" She waved her hand over the table, on which lay the neat manuscript and the rows of mended pens, and Mr. Nicholson moved instinctively a step backward, as if she had an evil eye and his writings would shrivel up at her scornful gesture.

"Cook," said Mrs. Nicholson, with dignity, marred a little by the quiver in her voice, "you don't understand. Your master is very clever, and his writings are of great value. Of course, with a pleading look upward, 'baby is our first thought just now. There are no wild beasts here, so she can't be eaten. But she has gone, and before Emma comes this evening she must be found.'"

"Of course she must," said her husband, plucking up courage from her exceeding gentleness. "We will bring her systematically, and go through every room in the house."

So the search began that ended an hour later, in the great hall, with three perplexed faces meeting each other at the foot of the stairs, in a silence that Mrs. Nicholson broke.

"It's no use, John; I can't bear it any longer. She is lost."

She flung out her empty hands with a despairing gesture, but her husband caught and held them.

"Don't give up, Agatha; it will all come right. If I search the world through, I will find her."

"Or the body," said cook.

Mrs. Nicholson shuddered.

The minute's silence was broken by a sound of merry laughter and the tramping of feet. For a minute Agatha raised her head, listened intently, and then she dropped it with a sigh.

"It's only the vector boys, John," she said; "they have been to the hay field all day, and I asked them to tea. I can't speak to them, I am so anxious."

She would have moved away, but the noise and laughter were in the hall already, and the boys were stumbling up toward her in the darkness, over the mats and skins. Something white was being shoved from one to the other, and was pushed into Agatha's arms at last, and held there by a pair of rough, sun-burned hands.

"What is it? Oh, Jack, what is it?" she cried, bending down and kissing, to their owner's great surprise, the boy's rough hands.

"Don't, I say," said Jack, drawing them away with a curious, shamefaced look. "It's only the baby, Mrs. Nicholson. She was crying in the cradle, so I just got into the room and bagged her. She's been playing in the hay; she nearly got jabbed with a rake, but Jim got it instead. She's a jolly little thing. Did you miss her?"

"Yes, I thought she was lost," said Agatha, gently.

"Lost!" with a roar of laughter. "Well, that is good! May we wash our hands for tea? I'm not so dirty, I been holding her, but Jim's simply mad all over. Here, have you got her? It's so dark I can't see."

The turbulent tide swept away into the dim distance of stairs and passages, leaving a little group in the twilight of the hall; a tall, dark figure, against which a golden head was leaning, and two arms with a white bundle folded in them.

"Kiss her, John," came a soft voice from out of the darkness. "I know you would rather not; she's only a baby, not a star; but just as a punishment, because you were so stupid."

The tall figure stooped and laid a dark mustache against the little bundle. "She's very soft," said another voice; "I don't think I ever knew so much about a baby before."

There was, after a moment's silence, a movement on the man's part, as though he were drawing himself up to his full height, with a view to reassessing his dignity. He cleared his throat.

"After all, Agatha," he said, stiffly, "I did not lose the baby."

"I never said you did," said Agatha; "I only asked you, and you couldn't remember."

"Another time," with an evident effort, "I suppose I shall be condemned unheard."

"Another time!" scornfully. "You may set your mind at rest. Neither I nor Emma is in the least likely to trust you again, at least not with anything of value."

"Then how about the baby?" with a laugh.

"That," said Agatha, firmly, "includes the baby."—London Society.

## MANGROVES AND OYSTERS.

Tropical Trees with Oyster Appendages—A Strange Phase of Nature.

I am inclined to believe, in the economy of nature, so far as constructive process goes, the mangrove, in combination with the oyster, has had much to do with the building up of this western fringe of Florida. There is that factor of resistance or obstruction to a passage which renders a mangrove thicket impossible to traverse save by raccoons, snakes or birds. Starting in a delicate way, with a single thin, plant stalk right in the salt water, after a while, when the mangrove grows to some four or five feet high, it throws down suckers from its trunk or branches, which meet the waters again. In time, the suckers being all around, the main trunk seems to hitch itself clear out of the water, and to stand upon its lower branches like a cheval de frise. Now suppose a manufacturer of gas fixtures had made a hundred big candelabra, and had stacked them in a disorderly way in a large room, the main pipes upward, and the crooks and querls of the branches on the floor. If you were requested to walk across that room you never could do it. You can fight through an alder thicket, but never through a growth of mangroves.

I do not think that sufficient importance has been given to the role the oyster plays in conjunction with these trees. When the mangrove grows on the outer edge of the water-line, and drops its aerial roots, no sooner are these at the surface than at once the spat of the oyster finds a lodgment, for there can be no waters so charged with life as those in these warm seas. Ostrea parasitica nature originated to weight down the mangrove and anchor in its place. These oysters accumulate, growing in bunches as big as a man's head. In time these run through the cycle of oyster life, die, and drop from their branch, and fall in the shallow water. The calcareous portions of the shells dissolve in part, but some of the debris, with the silicious matter, remains. A little more soil under water is made, and here will sprout another mangrove, certain in time to have its oyster appendages. It looks to me as if the trees on the very outer edge of the clump show greater activity in this double vegetable and molluscan life than the trees in the inside. Growth, then, seems to be arrested at certain points in this dual system and to be advanced in others. One, two or three of these thickets are separated and may remain apart for years; then a seed falls, finds its proper depth, sprouts, a new mangrove rises, and another and another, and the many islands become one. Mangroves are also growing, the shells dropping, and so nature's laws of life and death are balanced, and make up that grand everlasting harmony. —Barnet Phillips, in Harper's Magazine.

## WHAT IS IT?

The Horrible Malaria Which Blights Our Glorious Land.

"Malaria, my dear madam," explained the physician, "is an affection peculiar to the human race, although animals are frequently afflicted with it as well. It is a disease that—that is pretty generally understood in the profession to—to be curable, if taken in time, but if treatment is delayed it occasionally proves serious if not fatal. Like most diseases to which the human frame is heir, the longer it is neglected the more dangerous it becomes, particularly in its advanced stage. The origin of malaria," went on the learned doctor, declining a seat, "can be traced to the climate, or—to excessive dieting, or to excessive eating, as the case may be, or to defective water pipes. It is generally found in marshy districts, where the atmosphere is moist, and in high localities, where the atmosphere is dry. Some people suffer more from it than others, while some people suffer less than others. Its nature is a peculiar one. What may be malaria is often something else, and what is evidently something else may often be malaria, but in any case no time should be lost in consulting a physician. This, my dear madam, is the clearest definition of malaria that I can give without making use of technical terms which you, of course, would not comprehend. It is only within the past few years that medical science has been able to cope with it intelligently. If your daughter should express a desire for water let her have all she wants; if she doesn't care for water do not under any circumstances give it to her. Good morning."

The mother then went up-stairs and had a nervous fit.—Drake's Travellers Magazine.

—Kindness to domestic animals means thrift and prosperity; abuse and neglect results in viciousness of disposition, loss of time, unthrift, and reduction of market value. When this understanding becomes universal man's happiness and prosperity will have been greatly augmented.—Troy Times

## FASHIONS IN SKATES.

The Ancient and the Modern Styles—Winter's Glorious Sport—The Means for Enjoying It Opened to the Million.

Lives there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said: "I'll beg me to my sweetheart's gate, and beg her to come out and skate, before the ice is water." If such a man exists, it is altogether probable that he never experienced the mingled bliss and suffering of boyhood, but arrived at his present soulless state at one miserable bound. To the American boy, small and big, and the American girl also, the joys of winter are boundless, but to none of them is attached the deep importance accorded to the privilege which combines a glorious winter day, a frozen surface, smooth as glass, and a pair of skates with edge so keen that the flying figure's pathway is defined in clear-cut, graceful curves, that tell of the perfect bond of sympathy existing between the skater and his steels.

Time was when the "poetry of motion" wasn't a harbinger of the miseries of frozen toes and numbened fingers. The ancients who indulged in the pastime were satisfied to propel themselves over the frozen face of nature on pieces of hard-fibered wood or of bone. Gradually these primitive skates gave place to others more nearly approaching, in principle at least, the perfect skate of the present day. But the art of skating as practiced to-day as well as the skate now in general use, belongs to the present generation. Iron and steel have forced their more clumsy wooden competitors from the field, and no "city-bred" youth will betake himself to any of the ponds in Central Park nowadays unless he can afford to attempt the "grapevine" on a pair of skates that would blush at the sight of a leather strap. Yet the old strap skates were held in high esteem not so many years ago, and feats of endurance performed on them still stand as a record in the unwritten annals of the sport.

Twenty-five years ago the "swell" skate was of German make and was called the "Dutch turn-over." The steel-runner terminated in front in a series of curves, one within the other, the end of the final twist being decorated with a brass ball. The runner was grooved; the foot-plate was of wood. There were various modifications of this skate, all more or less alike. All were fastened with straps, and those who used them no doubt still recollect the agonies suffered in attaching them to the feet on a bitter cold day. For traveling long distances, years ago, and also for fast skating, the skate generally used was known as the "long reach." The name is descriptive. The runner, from a foot to eighteen inches in length, was quite shallow. The top was of wood and lightly constructed. The wooden-rocker has seen its day, as have all wooden-topped skates. According to dealers, it is still in favor in rural districts, but only in regions which are decidedly "country." The market contains nothing new in skates this year, but the most fastidious taste can easily be suited from the immense variety which the market affords.

Wooden-topped skates, furnished with straps, can be purchased for from 90 cents to \$1.75. Few more expensive than this are made, except for special orders. Those who prefer a low-priced skate, minus wood, can be accommodated for 60 cents. These, however, are furnished with a toe-strap. A skate devoid of wood and straps can be bought for \$1.25. The "steel" of which this skate is popularly supposed to be made is a fair quality of iron. Women's wood-topped skates of comfortable make, can be bought for from \$1.25 to \$3.75 per pair.—N. Y. Tribune.

## CURING MEATS.

How the Hams and Shoulders of the Period Are Diced and Smoked.

In drying and smoking hams and bacon much care is necessary, as, when fresh from the pickle, they are so likely to be infested with "hoppers." Dry weather and a room in which there is a current of air are necessary. The first is not always available in winter, but the latter may generally be found. It is not well to dry the meat too quickly; therefore a good airy kitchen, with a medium temperature, is best for the purpose, and the old-fashioned rack for laying the meat on answers better than anything else. Instead of this it may be wrapped in coarse bags of Hessian wrapping and suspended from hooks.

When smoking is to be resorted to the drying is combined with it, and where there is a large, old-fashioned chimney no difficulty need be experienced. A wood fire, of course, essential—not necessarily logs of wood, but chips and sawdust; what is wanted is a smoldering smoke, not a blaze. The fire must first be thoroughly lighted with wood, then covered with sawdust and kept so covered till the smoking is done.

"Essence of wood smoke" is now sold in bottles, a few drops of which added to the pickle will give a nice flavor. This flavor can also be gained by sprinkling among the hams a few drops of oil of tar. In order to keep up a continuous and strong smoke in a chimney horse litter is employed, being laid over the sawdust and chips. To some persons this may sound very unpleasant, but it is very frequently used, and the meat so smoked, far from having an unpleasant taste or odor, is delicious.

Of course, if one knew all the secrets of all the trades, one would probably eat nothing at first from sheer disgust; but this is a feeling which, set against that of hunger, soon wears off, and we begin to think things not so bad after all.

What is known as "hung beef" is much liked by many persons. A piece of meat for this purpose should be juicy, lean and very tender. To help the tenderness it should be hung, if the weather be cold, at least three days before pickling. A good thick flank is the best part for this. First rub it in every part with a pound of coarse sugar, repeat this three times a day for a week. When thoroughly soaked with the sugar, take out the meat and dry it on a cloth. Pour the pickle out of the vessel, leaving the sediment behind. When the pan has been washed and dried, put back the meat, and put over it a mix-

ture composed of the following ingredients: Quarter of a pound each of common salt and bay salt, two ounces each of sal prunella and saltpeter, one ounce each of black pepper and allspice. All these must be dried, pounded and made hot before using. Next day turn the meat, rub it well and pour over the sugar pickle which had been drained off. Rub and turn for a fortnight, then take up and tie tightly in a cloth to preserve the shape, and smoke as hams and bacon are done.—N. Y. Herald.

## WINTER IN CALIFORNIA.

How It Differs from the Winter Weather in New England.

After Thanksgiving, winter, in the Atlantic States, east of the Hudson, good sleighing is expected at this date. Here nothing more than a few white frosts indicates that winter has come. There have been frosts in the lowlands during the past week. Last night the frost crept up on the hillsides a little. The crystals lay on the plank sidewalks in the suburban towns, and sparkled as the rays of the rising sun touched them. For a moment or two there were millions of diamonds, then small drops of water, and then nothing. But the frost makes crisp mornings, and a coal or wood fire most enjoyable morning and evening—the wood fire especially. Moreover, the frosts help to color the foliage, although in this country the deciduous trees are the greater part of their foliage before the frosts come. The soft maples, elms, white birches and locust trees, which have been naturalized here, for the most part, have cast their leaves. Yet the maples take on a wealth of color before the leaves fall; so the frost does not do all the coloring. Even the eucalyptus, which casts its leaves at midsummer and continues dropping them until late in autumn, has a wealth of color which is hardly noticed. The coniferous trees prevail so largely in California that the high colors of deciduous trees which grow on the hillsides are rarely seen here. Yet in every dale after the first frosts have come in this latitude, one may find patches of color shading off from gold to scarlet, with a great many subdued tones, which artists, who are good colorists, do not fail to notice. The firs and the pines clothe many of the mountains in eternal green. When they are bare, they are as desolate as in Spain until the vernal season sets in.

The first rains have already come. But the winter rains have not yet appeared. There is a sort of hush between autumn and winter. If one goes to the wood, he will hardly hear any other sound than that of the harsh and obstreperous blue-jay. Here and there will be a tapping on the trunks, and an occasional squirrel descends to see what provision in the way of acorns there may yet be left on the ground. In the open, where the ground is soft, there are the tracks of the sneaking coyote. Even owls cease in a measure to hoot in the winter season, and the mournful sound of doves has altogether ceased. A great silence has fallen upon the woods. There is hardly a singing bird.

The linnets in the suburban gardens, which two months ago were so active in feasting on the ripe fruit, beginning with cherries, and continuing until the last ripe pear had disappeared, have become silent also. No more songs and no more deprecations, for the good reason that there is nothing to steal, and the pairing season has not begun. The white frosts are the fitting introduction of winter. They precede the heavier rains.

The trade winds have died out. They will not prevail in this latitude before the middle of next May. Some are unkind enough to say that it is a pity that they should ever prevail. But these winds are the Lord's scavengers, sent up as so many messengers from the salt ocean to deliver the city from plagues and pestilence. San Francisco has not been a clean city from the day of its foundation. There is Oriental dirt, and Occidental dirt. It has come to be a foreign city. Merchandise fills the sidewalks, and in many places crowds the pedestrian into the street. Ojalá is thrown there. The six months' trade winds of summer and the six months' rain are the two sanitary agents which keep watch and ward over the city. The most dangerous weeks of the year, on the score of health, are those when neither the trade winds nor the rains prevail. The winter season, being less renowned in this latitude, there is less disposition to store up anything. All the season is open, and even now the bees are making honey, or are going to rob other hives. They get a part of their honey honestly, and, as for the rest, they do not scruple to get it dishonestly.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## The First English Menagerie.

The first English menagerie is a pretty old affair, dating from the days of that furious hunter, who thought more of a deer than a man, King Henry I. With a passionate fondness for the marvels of distant countries, he used to beg fervently from foreign sovereigns for lions, leopards, lynxes, camels and other animals that were not produced in England, and he kept his favorite wonders in the park of Woodstock.

Paul, Earl of Orkney, although a subject to the King of Norway, was constantly sending presents of that kind to gratify the whim of Henry, with whom he was desirous of being on terms of friendship.

One especial pet was "a creature called a porcupine," which animal is found in Africa, says a chronicler of the time and "which the inhabitants call of the urechin kind, covered with bristly hairs, which it naturally darts against the dogs when pursuing it; moreover, these are, as I have seen, more than a span long, sharp at each extremity, like the quills of a goose where the feather ceases, but rather thicker, and speckled, as it were, with black and white."

The first elephant arrived in England at a much later period, being sent across the Channel in 1255, as a present from the King of France to Henry III. Crowds of people, as may be imagined, flocked to see the novel monster.—Golden Days.



# Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

## UNFORGOTTEN.

Some day I may learn to forget  
The roof-tree that covered my head,  
The sound of my father's good night,  
The downy repose of my bed;  
My little cot bed,  
With its dainty white dainty spread  
That covered me over, to sleep and to grow,  
Like a little white crocus down under the snow.

Some day I may learn to forget  
The faces that peeped my brain,  
The moonlight that pictured the wall  
And sprinkled with silver each pane;  
Each little bright pane,  
Where often the patter of feet of the rain  
Kept time to a musical song of my own,  
My childish heart sang when it found me alone.

But O! I shall never forget  
The love that no night could eclipse!  
The soft and caressing embrace,  
The kisses that rained on my lips;  
My innocent lips,  
Unsealed by maturity's manifold slips.  
O memory! memory! could we forget  
These gems in a lifetime of barrenness set!

O no! I shall never forget  
The prayers that were quietly said  
By the languished mother who knelt  
Like an angel of peace by my bed,  
My little cot bed;  
The blessing her beautiful presence shed  
As she tucked me up softly, to sleep and to grow,  
Her little white crocus down under the snow.

-N. O. Times-Democrat.

## OUR DAIRY COMPANY.

What We Did With the Cow; or,  
Rather, What the Cow  
Did to Us.

Jerusalem Valley, about twenty miles long and five miles in width at its lower end, lies between two outlying spurs of the Sierra La Sal. Near the upper end of it, where the concave of lofty bluffs walls it round, our little party had made a permanent camp, intending to remain for several weeks, since the locality furnished in abundance those four requisites of a camping-out excursion, namely, grass for the horses, game, wood and good water.

Three miles below us a party of cowboys were in quarters at a "dug-out," and another squad of the same "outfit" had their camp at the lower end of the valley; while between them ranged their cattle, some thousands in number.

We had been living on a purely venison diet so long that it had quite lost its relish, and had become distasteful, in fact; such at least was the condition of the writer's palate. So one morning, after we were fairly settled here, I determined to ride down to the camp of the cattle men, and see whether they could be induced to sell us a bit of fresh beef. Their dug-out was in the side of the bluff, and a few yards away were the corrals and brandingspens. Riding up to the door of the dug-out, I shouted:

"Hullo!"  
"Hullo yourself!" came promptly from the interior; and immediately the doorway was filled by a stooping figure, which, as it straightened itself to its full height, proved to be one of the finest-looking men I ever saw. He was six feet and four inches in stature, powerfully built, with a frank, manly face and clear blue eye. This was William Little, or "Little Billy," as he was sportively called, "boss of the outfit" and partowner of the cattle.

Getting a rope around one of her hind feet, we "stretched" her between two trees, so that she was comparatively helpless; and then John, with a camp-kettle, proceeded to do the milking.

"Soh, boss! soh!" he remarked to her soothingly. But "boss" wouldn't "soh" a mighty plunger, a wrinkle of the body, a dextrous fore-handed kick from the free hind leg, and down she came with a thump upon her side; while the camp-kettle flew from John's hands and he danced wildly around on one leg, nursing the barked ankle of the other. But in a minute she was on her feet, and the same performance, minus the barked ankle, was gone through with again. Finally, both legs of the cow were tied fast. It was found, however, that even then she possessed the power to "hold up" her milk. We could get very little from her. About a pint was at last produced.

Then another lariat was passed around her horns, and with John at one end, myself at the other, and the Judge acting as a drag behind me, we started to take her to the corral, that the calf might have its breakfast. We intended to imprison her there for another trial.

For about ten yards all went well; then there came a sudden, violent bolt; the Judge was "jerked" from his feet and landed, face downward, among the sage brush, losing his grasp on the rope; the lariat in John's hands snapped; and I had "a vision of sudden death" in the shape of a black bovine virago with blood-shot eyes and needle-pointed horns, bearing straight down upon me.

All the cow's untamed blood was up. How I got over that corral fence, ten feet high, I don't know to this day. When I could survey the scene from between the bars of my portcullis, the heifer had changed her course, and was precipitating herself upon the Judge, who was energetically hoisting his two hundred pounds of flesh up a cottonwood tree. Disappointed there, she turned to John, who, cut off from the corral, and having no friendly tree in which to take shelter, found that he had urgent business in the direction of the creek, which flowed between steep banks, some twenty yards away.

The infuriated animal was between him and the one path which led down to the water's edge, and with that thing of fire and fury close behind him, he had no time to pick and choose. With one flying leap he disappeared from view, and a dull splash told that he had found refuge in the turbid water below.

Checking herself on the brink, the wrathful cow turned, and, catching sight of me as I peered through the poles of the fence, charged with a vim that shook the whole corral. Then the Judge, who had taken advantage of this diversion, and had slipped down from his perch, was discovered by the

favorably. The Judge's month had been watering for cream in his coffee ever since he joined us; and he hailed the proposition with delight. So the next morning we built a corral, or pen, of cottonwood logs, and in the afternoon started out to catch some calves; for we surmised that if we had the youngsters penned, the mothers would be sure to stay around, and we could milk them at our leisure. We soon had half-a-dozen little fellows cut out from the drove, and started them up the valley; but I hope that I may be pardoned for the "strength of my simile" in saying that it was like trying to drive so many streaks of lightning!

I never saw such active, mercurial, elusive little beggars as those calves—some of them not yet a month old! They were as spry as squarrels, as light-legged as deer, and as slippery as eels. They would gallop awkwardly on ahead of us for a few yards, till one would get the idea into his little pate that he was too far from his beloved mamma, when he would wheel as if on a pivot, and with a plaintive "ya-a-a-p!" scud back like a rabbit.

Then away the rest would go, zig-zagging and twisting here and there, worse than a jack-snipe on a windy day. If you were ahead of them, and tried to out them off, they would bolt and dodge like a hare before the hounds. But if you were behind, or at the side, and rode at them to turn them, they wouldn't turn a bit, but keep straight on. A steer would sheer off if you came thundering down on his flank and he sees that there is danger of a collision; but these little racers would scud right along, head and tail up, and if you didn't hold up, you'd catch a somersault over them.

The Judge, not suspecting the existence of such idiotic perversity, fairly rode down the first one he attempted to overhaul, and calf, horse and rider tumbled together in the dirt. The calf was up and a hundred yards away before the Judge regained his seat, and it cost him a scamper of a mile before he could turn it.

At last, however, after infinite trouble, we succeeded in penning three of the calves, and left them to be hunted by their mothers. These latter we found when we got up the next morning, vainly trying to reach their imprisoned offspring through the corral fence.

The next thing was to catch and milk the anxious cows. The trees in the locality were so close together that we could not use a lasso, and the cows, as if suspecting a trap, would not be driven into that part of the corral which we had left for them. Finally, my brother John took a lariat, and climbing a tree, lay out on a limb about twenty feet from the ground. The rest of us on horseback, then tried to drive the cows under the limb. Two soon took fright and broke away through the woods, but a third, a beautiful black heifer, would not leave her calf.

She was a very handsome animal, as slender as a deer, and her horns, a yard from tip to tip, curved up and out like Turkish scimitars, tapering to points as fine as a bayonet.

She dodged us here and there like a will-o'-the-wisp, now and then making a quick dash at one of us, and necessitating some abrupt movements on our part, till, in one of her rushes, she passed under the limb where John lay, and the lasso, dropped deftly from above, brought her up, plunging and wild-eyed.

It had finally dawned upon the brain of our cockney cook, Batters, that something was wrong; and he had come around in front of the tent, about forty yards away, to see what was the matter. Our wild-eyed foe charged sight of him and incontinently feigned. Appalled at the sight of the infuriated animal, Batters tumbled backward into the tent, trusting thus to elude the assault. It was a vain hope. The flap was up, and the cow dashed straight at the opening, struck the supporting pole, and down in one billowy heap came the white canvass, covering pursuer and pursued. We ran to the rescue. From under the wildly heaving envelope came a dire discord of mingled sounds—Batters' voice calling lustily for "Elp! elp!" the bellow of the frightened cow, the breaking of things breakable, and the "r-r-r-rip!" of tearing cloth.

At last the exhausted animal became quiet; and Batters crawled from the fallen tent, pale and seared, but unhurt, save a few slight scratches.

It took us fully an hour to free our late antagonist, and when this was done, she limped off down the valley, her spirit cowed, for the time being at least, and her calf apparently wholly forgotten.

The camp was in as demoralized a condition as if a cyclone had struck it. The tent was torn, the cords and stakes broken, and the ground littered with a chaos of splintered tent-poles, tangled cords, bent and broken cooking utensils and table-ware, burst flour-sacks, torn blankets, dirtied food, and a miscellaneous heap of debris.

The wreckage of the wreck was put as nearly ship-shape as possible, the Judge passed around a paper, which I copy:

JERUSALEM VALLEY DAIRY COMPANY.  
FIRST TRIAL BALANCE.  
To 1 day's work, 5 men building corral and catching calves... \$ 20.00  
" catching one cow... 1.00  
" milking said cow... .25  
" 1 pair pants torn climbing tree... 1.50  
" 1 hat lost in creek... 2.00  
" 1 broken lariat... 1.75  
" damage to tent, bedding, food, etc... 25.00  
" strain on temper, 5 men at \$5... 15.00  
" resisting temptation to use bad language, say... 1,000.00  
Total... \$1,066.50  
Contra by 1 pint of milk... .0014

Dr. to profit and loss... \$1,066.494  
"Gentlemen, said the Judge, after the balance-sheet had been examined, "I move you that in consideration of the statement just submitted, the Jerusalem Valley Dairy Association do hereby suspend operations, and that the assets—one pint of milk—be divided amongst the stockholders."

and forced to scurry upward to a place of safety, like a squirrel surprised by a dog.

John's head now appeared above the banks of the gulch, but the enraged heifer dashed at him with a vehemence that caused him to disappear with the suddenness of a prairie dog diving into his hole.

Here was a pleasant state of affairs! We had the milk—but the milk had us. To a disinterested spectator it would have been very laughable, no doubt; the Judge's portly form perched on a limb, his chubby arms and legs twined around the body of the tree, and his mild blue eyes glaring from behind his spectacles like the lamps on a doctor's gig; John's head, hatless and disheveled, his face and hair plastered with mud, popping up and down behind the bank of the arroyo, like an animated "Jack-in-the-box"; myself peering through the poles of the corral fence, like a trapped wood-chuck through the bars of his cage; while in the center of the triangle of which we were the apices, with eyes of fire, distended nostrils, and burnished horns raking the ground, lunged and darted the vindictive beast who held us in limbo.

The lariat, which were still attached to her, flew out like Berenice's hair, as she flashed hither and thither; and her angry snorts of rage gave full token that her bovine gorge was up. She was bent on doing mischief, and she attended to it strictly, without allowing her attention to be distracted by trivial matters. She had "troed," "corraled," and "holed" her tormentors; and she seemed fully resolved to satisfy her debt of vengeance. The slightest move on the part of any one of us brought her in that direction with the velocity of a hungry hawk.

Repeated failures, however, at last made her sullen, and she stopped for a moment, so close to the corral that the end of the rope arched her foot lay temptingly near the fence. Dropping on my knees, I reached an arm through to secure it. Up to this time the calves had been huddling together in a corner of the corral; but now—whether my position was taken as a challenge, or whether courage had suddenly returned to them, I know not—there was a patter of feet in my rear, a brave little bleat, like the crow of a bantam rooster, and "spang!" something struck me behind, as I groveled on all-fours, and my head was driven against the fence with a smart thud.

Jumping to my feet, I faced this new antagonist. There he stood, as game as a tom-tit, his ridiculously thin legs stiffly outspread, his thread-paper tail perked up with a comical twist at the tip, his little bullet-head defiantly cocked to one side, and his twinkling eyes fixed upon me with a look compounded of wonder at his own audacity, fear of the possible consequence, and a funny determination to "do or die," in the defense of his persecuted mother.

Compared to her, he might have been aptly termed a duodecimo edition, bound in full calf.

I had but time fully to take in the grotesqueness of his appearance, when, with another bleat of defiance, the doughty little hop-o-my-thumb charged me. Catching him by the ear and tail, I ran him ignominiously back to his corner, bumped his head against the fence, just hard enough to give him a hint not to interfere in the sport of his betters, and turned again to watch the movements of our besieger.

We then had a long and highly enjoyable quarrel, during which Gibbon and I challenged Gregg and Sawage to fight us in a dark room, each man to be blindfolded and armed with an adze. Best man to pay all funeral expenses and scrub out the room next day.

To this Gregg agreed, but Sawage said he wasn't a very expert adzeman, and wanted to apologize.

Gibbon and I hesitated. Finally we agreed to think it over, but in the meantime we begged Sawage to go ahead with his story, as we would reach the home station in five minutes more.

At last he made out to tell the story that Adam found under the currant bushes when he went into the Garden of Eden, about the place where the year was divided into "nine months winter and three months late into the fall."

At the station Sawage went on east by train, and we took No. 3 for Salt Lake City. On the way Gregg, Gibbon and I each sent a telegram to Mr. Sawage separately, which read as follows, to wit:

E. Pleteny Sawage, care Conductor No. 4; I have heard that B. C. story of yours before, I collect.

## THE OLD, OLD STORY.

That Anecdote That Mr. Sawage Tried to Relate and the Exasperating Obstacles He Met With.

I think that one reason there are so few good story tellers among us is that the listeners are, in many instances, so willfully and stubbornly unappreciative that it tends towards discouraging the skillful narration of first-class anecdotes.

There were four of us together coming across "the divide" a few years ago, and this principle was then and there elucidated. Gibbon, Gregg and myself were congenial acquaintances, and we would have enjoyed the long ride if it had not been for a man named Sawage, who had only recently escaped from some low-priced educational institution. He had acquired a few cast-iron facts of the encyclopedia variety, and with the odor of the vocabulary all through his clothes he was making a tour of the coast and Colorado. He was what you might call one of those really statistical, brainy young reservoirs of information, who burst forth from the alma mater with the intention of going to Congress in two years, but finally compromise the matter forty years later by running for Overseer of Highways and getting snowed under about 137 majority.

When Gibbon saw Mr. Sawage get on the stage he said to me in a low voice: "Nye, we are undone. Sawage will, doubtless, endeavor to relate some anecdote to us on the way, and then I shall commit an atrocious crime."

But he didn't do so the first ten miles. He contented himself by shedding other information and explaining things that he had just found in his physical geography and stunning us with the hard words that always float around in the aquarium which young men refer to as their brains.

Finally, however, some one reminded him of a story. Gregg tried to turn the conversation, but it was of no use. Said he: "It seems that many years ago a traveler or tourist of some description, whose name is immaterial—"

"Funny name," said Gregg. "Don't you think so, Gibbon?"  
"Yes, Foreigner, probably. I knew a man named Jimmy Terrial once, though."

We discussed the name for four or five miles, and then allowed Sawage to proceed.

"Well, as I was going to say, this tourist, traveler or sojourner was propounding inquiries relative to the climate, changes and isothermal—"

"Now, pardon me," said Gibbon, "but are you sure that word is not pronounced isothermal?"  
I ventured to remark that isothermal was the correct accent, while Gregg sided with Sawage. From a quiet discussion this grew into a regular row which lasted at least ten miles. Then we allowed the narrative to proceed.

"Well, at least to make a long story short, the traveler and a native of this country—"

"Remember his name?" asked Gregg. "We've got the other man's name. We ought to have this one."  
"No," says Sawage. "I didn't give the tourist's name, you remember."  
"I beg pardon, said Gregg. 'I don't want to seem quarrelous and all the time kicking up a row with a comparative stranger, but you certainly gave us the other gentleman's name.'"

We then had a long and highly enjoyable quarrel, during which Gibbon and I challenged Gregg and Sawage to fight us in a dark room, each man to be blindfolded and armed with an adze. Best man to pay all funeral expenses and scrub out the room next day.

To this Gregg agreed, but Sawage said he wasn't a very expert adzeman, and wanted to apologize.

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## BLAINE AND HIS ADHERENTS.

The Hard Facts Made Compelling, Which a More Temperate Policy Would Have Concealed.

The post-election fury with which a few Republican papers have kept up a vicious campaign, with James G. Blaine as their imaginary leader, has had a tendency to bring out conspicuously hard facts, which under a judicious and decent course might have remained in comparative dormancy.

The same-time accepted proposition that Mr. Blaine, notwithstanding his defeat, was the strongest candidate the Republicans could have put forward, finds its most earnest opposition now among thinking Republicans.

The ranting editors and small politicians who are now carrying on a political warfare after the people's verdict has been rendered, with the name of Blaine as their text, are not in line with the best Republican thought or the best Republican management of the country; and they have violated those principles of political decency which ought to be common to all parties.

They have forced to the front the fact that Blaine had not during the campaign even the half-hearted support of the real leaders of the Republican party, and is wholly without their friendship or sympathy now.

There is no doubt that John Sherman, J. Donald Cameron and Roscoe Conkling, and many other Republicans almost equally prominent, are glad in their hearts that Blaine was defeated.

John Sherman has openly rebelled against the effort to maintain Mr. Blaine as the Republican hero of the hour, and he has done so in such a manly way that he has commanded the respect of all Republicans who have stopped to think. He has refused to subordinate his private or public action to the Blaine boom. He has declined to accept the Augusta key-note as a signal for assault on the South. He has indicated his purpose, as a Senator of the United States, not to enter into any mean-spirited scheme to reject the President's nominations and embarrass the affairs of Government.

He has defied the men who propose to read out of the party every person who does not bow the knee to the Maine god.

Mr. Sherman was deprived of the support of the Ohio delegation in the Chicago Convention of 1880, and probably cheated out of the Republican nomination for President that year by the dirtiest trickery and basest treachery in his own State. In 1884 he again failed to receive the unanimous support of his own State, which was due him as the representative Republican of Ohio. The noisy fellows were strong enough, under the encouragement of such demagogues as West, of Bellefontaine, to break the delegation, and send Ohio to the Republican camp, but impotently, because the substantial Republicans of this State were for Sherman, and they are for him still; and they know he was beaten by the blustering, boisterous tactics of the Blaine men. They have given Blaine only a party perfunctory support, and now they do not intend to waste their time singing his praises or following the leadership of a man who has played his last card in politics. They will not unite their fortunes with the notorious purchasable fellows who a few years ago were denouncing Blaine as a corrupt man, and who are now following him, camplessly but impotently, because they have been ruled out of all other political society.

Don Cameron was not reserved to every body during the recent campaign. He was opposed to Blaine, and did not stultify himself by taking an active part for the Republican nominees. There were occasions when he denounced Blaine in as pointed terms—both as to his public life and his personal conduct—as were ever applied by the warmest Democrats or the most ardent Independent Republicans. Cameron's denunciations were terse and terrible. Cameron is a leader, and no man has done more than he has to take the Republican party out of scrapes. He has been one of its wisest counselors and most aggressive fighters. He is still a leader, and it is not hard to tell the direction in which he will lead.

One of the deepest humiliations to those who are trying to keep themselves in prominence by holding on to Blaine's coat-tails is the well-grounded theory that the defeat of Blaine is the glory of Conkling. The statement telegraphed throughout the country a few days ago that Blaine ascribed his defeat to Conkling and acknowledged that Conkling had his revenge, has been denied; but, nevertheless, nearly everybody seems to think that was what Blaine would have said had he spoken fully and from his heart. Blaine didn't stump New York. Why didn't he? It was certainly one of the doubtful States. It was the State without which the Republican ticket could not be elected. Mr. Blaine's friends and advisers were afraid to arouse the power of Conkling, and they are now in chagrin because they find that the animosity between Blaine and Conkling was fatal to Blaine. Lord Roscoe stood out of doors with the rain gently sprinkling his uncovered head, while a Democratic procession passed. That was enough to counteract the single spectacular performance of the Blaine hippodrome in the metropolis. Conkling is again moving forward to leadership. His sneer is audible, and it affects the ears of the Republican politicians he whipped in the Empire State without raising his voice.

After an election men's thoughts are less trammeled by party enthusiasm or selfish considerations than they are during a campaign. The edict of the people has been registered, and now the growing sentiment appears to be that after all Mr. Blaine may not be the greatest Republican in the country, or the man who above all others ought to be named as President. There are many thousands of Republicans who have been disappointed by Mr. Blaine's Augusta speech. They wonder how a statesman should go through a Presidential campaign harping on the tariff as the only issue before the people, and then drop that matter immediately after the election and advise the people to reopen hostilities against the South. They begin to believe that the tariff campaign was a sham, and the Republican Convention nominated a candidate who could not meet the Democrats on the living question of the hour.

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Neither the Southern question nor the tariff was uppermost in the public mind during the late campaign.

The Democrats won on the demand for Administrative reform, and a change from a party Government that threatened to become aristocratic and oppressive.

Mr. Blaine went down in the battle, and he can not retrieve his fortunes, or the fortunes of his party, in a revival of sectional hate twenty years after the close of the war.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## A BLAINE EPISODE.

Nothing Exceptionally Surprising in Its Dismissal.

Mr. Blaine's letter to his attorneys instructing them to dismiss his action of libel against an Indianapolis newspaper publisher, sets up as his reason that it would not be possible to get an Indiana jury that would give him a verdict, unless he could compose a jury of his own partisans, which the court would not permit. Probably he is not wrong in his opinion; but not for the uncharitable reason he alleges—namely, that all men in Indiana, excepting those of Mr. Blaine's party label, are so "blinded by party prejudice," and filled with "consolidated party venom," that they would be "utterly unable" to consider the evidence impartially. It is a rational opinion that the inhabitants of Indiana are not divided by different party names into classes of human beings of different moral characters. As Mr. Blaine's language implies, there is, without doubt, altogether too much blindness of party prejudice and "consolidated party venom" among them; but the plain truth (which Mr. Blaine is pleased to ignore) is that the indicated moral deficiencies are shared pretty equally among them, those of one party label being neither worse nor better than those of another party label.

Mr. Blaine has made another statement which candid criticism is also compelled to discredit. It is that when he brought his action of libel he believed that the libelous publication being of a personal and domestic character, the case "could be fairly tried without undue influence of political (party) considerations." And he professes to have been "profoundly amazed to find the matter at once taken up, and the libel reproduced with all possible exaggeration, by all the organs and orators" of the other party. It is simply incredible that Mr. Blaine, "the foremost statesman of the country" (according to his admirers), was the very innocent and unsophisticated neophyte that he pretends. It is much more credible that he thought a libel suit would be a good auxiliary of a "magnetic" and sensational "stage effect," such as, in the spectacular drama, is often introduced merely to "bring down the house" with applause. Knowing the facts that he subsequently disclosed upon his oath, it was not necessary that he should possess much knowledge of law in order to know, when he began his action, that he could not expect any intelligent and impartial jury on earth to give him a verdict. When the country read his sentimental epistle to Mr. William Walter Phelps, and his sworn answers to the legal interrogatories, an expression of wonder overspread the face of the world, which said: "What between the Heaven and the earth made Jim Blaine such a goose as to bring that libel suit? Why, he has blown the bottom out of his case!"

In his dismissal of the case there is nothing surprising. Nor is there anything surprising in the bitter, venomous letter to his attorneys directing them to dismiss it. It is the writing of a disappointed, vicious, angry man, whose "stomach for revenge" is remarkably capacious.—Chicago Times.

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## HUMBUG BLAINE.

Blaine's Absurd and Characteristic Treatment of His Libel Suit.

Early in August Mr. Blaine wrote to Holloway, editor of the Indianapolis Times, saying that he had just received the "atrocious libel" of the Sentinel. He said "the story is abominably false in every statement and every implication, assailing the honor of his wife and children." He wanted the responsible editor sued for libel "within an hour's delay." It was his "only remedy," and he was sure that "honorable Democrats alike with honorable Republicans will justify me in defending the honor of my family if needs be with my life."

In less than a month he discovered that a libel suit was not his "only remedy," for through the medium of his friend Phelps he took 50,000,000 of people into his confidence, and informed them that the "libel" was based upon the fact that he married his wife once secretly and again openly. He afterwards refused to answer certain searching questions which would have tested the truth of this story.

In the very heat of a Presidential campaign, when, if ever, injustice could be done him, he admitted that "Democrats would justify him in defending the honor of his family." But when the campaign is passed and he is defeated; when there is nothing to be gained by treating him unjustly; so far from being sure that his opponents would justify him, he distinctly says that they would carry their political rancor so far as to thwart his defense of "the honor of his wife and family."

Therefore, the honor which, before the election, he would have defended "with his life, he esteems so lightly after the election that he will not even prosecute a libel suit under circumstances far more favorable to him than when he began it. Could anything be more absurd of character? Anything better illustrate the shifting, unstable, temporizing expediency of the short-sighted demagogue? He imagines this to be craft. It is more like idiocy, and a very sorry compliment to the sincerity and intelligence of his party followers. In fact, Mr. Blaine is an even greater humbug than he has had credit for being.—Detroit Free Press.

The process of hiring negroes in the oyster industry of Maryland is accomplished by auction. Employers who wish laborers bid so much a week for the negro's service. The one who bids the highest secures the negro.—Baltimore Sun.







The Chase County Courant.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS. THURSDAY, JAN. 15, 1885.

W. E. TIMMONS, - Ed. and Prop

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

Terms—per year, \$1.50 cash in advance; for three months, \$1.25; for six months, \$2.00; for six months, \$1.00 cash in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for advertising rates: 1 week, 2 weeks, 3 weeks, 4 weeks, 5 weeks, 6 months, 1 year. Includes rates for local notices and other items.

TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for EAST, WEST, and PASSENGER MAIL. Lists train routes and schedules for various locations like Cedar Pt., Emporia, and Strong.

DIRECTORY.

Large directory table listing various officials and businesses. Columns include STATE OFFICERS, COUNTY OFFICERS, CITY OFFICERS, CHURCHES, and SOCIETIES.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

Business locals, under this head, 20 cents a line, first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. The roads are rough. Snow, hail and sleet, yesterday. The river was on a high this week.

eka, last Friday, to be on hand in time for his Legislative duties. We understand that Mr. Bell, of the Independent, has been appointed postmaster at Strong City. Mr. John Tod and family moved to the Lee ranch, the G. O. Miller place, on South Fork, last week. Born, of Sunday, January 11, 1885, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Powers, on South Fork, a daughter. Mr. Chas. Campbell, of Emporia, brother-in-law, of Mr. J. C. Ragsdale, was here on a visit last week. Mr. Henry Bixby left Monday, for Rushville, Buchanan county, Mo., where his family will move in March. County Treasurer W. P. Martin went to Topeka, Tuesday, to make his first settlement with the State Treasurer. Miss Julia Campbell, of Emporia, and Mrs. Donohue, of Bedford, Ind., are visiting their sister, Mrs. J. C. Ragsdale. Born, December 24, 1884, on Turkey creek, to Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Talkington, a son, named Grover Cleveland. Mr. Chas. H. Carswell spent all of last week at Mr. Wm. Norton's on Norton creek, hunting, and had a very pleasant time of it. The Santa Fe Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to the World's Fair, at New Orleans, at the lowest rates possible. With the mercury 20° below zero and green leaves on the hollyhocks, tansy, etc., in the gardens, is the kind of State Kansas is. Mr. Clarence Fulton, with the well known clothing house of Mack, Stadler & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, was in town, Tuesday. We understand that as soon as the weather will permit Messrs. L. P. Sanky & Co. will put 100 men at work in their quarry at Clements. Born, on the Cottonwood, two miles northwest of town, Sunday night, January 11, 1885, to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Romigh, a 104-pound girl. The Hon. J. W. McWilliams, who went to Wichita, Sunday, as a juror in the United State Court, got off from serving, and returned, yesterday. The Babyland for January, published by D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston, Mass., subscription fifty cents a year, a nice little monthly magazine, is on our table. Born, in this city, on Saturday, January 10, 1885, at the residence of its grandfather, Mr. M. P. Strail, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Murphy, of Rock creek, a daughter. Mr. Jake Moon and wife, of Emporia, arrived here, Tuesday. Mr. Moon left, yesterday, while his wife remains on a visit with her sister, Mrs. Jabin Johnson. Mr. Geo. George is now carrying the express between this city and Strong, and parties wishing to send express can do so by leaving the same at Mr. J. M. Tuttle's store. Our Little Men and Women and Pansy, excellent little monthly magazines, for January, published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass., at \$1 and 75 cents, respectively, are on our table. Mr. Geo. O. Hildebrand having retired from the firm of Hildebrand Bros. & Jones, and Mr. Witt Adare having become a member of the firm the new firm is known as Adare, Hildebrand & Co. Mr. Chas. White, the typo, who has been at work at Osage City and Emporia, returned to Strong City, Monday, with his family, and gave us a pleasant call, Tuesday. He returned to Emporia, yesterday. Mrs. Crutchfield, mother of Mrs. Malcom Grimes, who was here visiting her children and grand children, left, Monday, for her home in Illinois. She was accompanied as far as Kansas City by Mr. Grimes. Mr. T. F. Bielman, of Rock creek, killed nine big mud ducks at one shot. Who can beat that? And killed a black eagle with a yellow head, that had claws three inches long and, measured eight feet from tip to tip. Mr. Geo. O. Hildebrand has retired from the firm of Hildebrand Bros. & Jones, and he and Mr. B.

Lantry left for a trip to Chihuahua, Mexico, last Monday. When Mr. Hildebrand returns he will make a visit to friends and relatives at Nashville, Tenn. Mr. C. C. Watson was arrested, yesterday morning, and taken before Squire F. B. Hunt, on complaint of Mr. Wm. C. Giese, charging him with having attempted a rape, last Sunday, on his (Giese's) daughter, Tillie. The case was set for hearing, at 10 o'clock, a. m., next Tuesday. The Burns festival promises to be the affair of the season, and it is looked forward to with most pleasant anticipations by all lovers of Burns' writings, in these parts. The programme is a good one, and the supper will be all the appetite may desire. We will give the programme, next week. The regular teachers' examination for first and second grade certificates for the quarter ending with March will be held at the school-house in Cottonwood Falls, on Saturday, January 17, 1885. Teachers desiring certificates, or whose certificates expire before April 1, 1885, should not fail to attend this examination. F. B. HUNT, Co. Supt. By order of J. C. DAVIS, Co. Supt. elect. COMMISSIONERS' PROCEEDINGS. The Board of County Commissioners met in regular session, January 5, 6, 7, 8, and 12. Present—Arch Miller, Aaron Jones and M. E. Hunt. Jan. 6 to 9, the following business was transacted: Viewers were appointed on roads petitioned for by the following principal petitioners: E. C. Holmes, Job Johnson, J. L. Thompson, Cottonwood township; John C. Danby, T. J. Banks, J. H. Scribner, Gordon McHenry, Bazaar township. Roads on which the following persons were principal petitioners; were established: S. T. Slabaugh, J. L. Crawford, A. M. Ice, Cottonwood township; Nathan Beals, Toledo township; Edwin Pratt, Falls township; S. C. Harvey, Henry Wagoner, Bazaar township. Petitions for roads on which the following were principal petitioners, were rejected: Adam Patton, Bazaar township; N. M. Patton, Cottonwood township. Following school land appraisers were appointed: Milton Brown, Wm. Stevenson, and A. R. Ice, on 2 1/2 of n 1/2 and w 1/2 of n 2 1/2 of 36, 20, 6. E. Wadley, Peter Scott and Jont Minnix on s 1/2 and s 1/2 of 36, 21, 7. O. H. Drinkwater, C. A. Mead and E. W. Pinkston on n 1/2 and s 1/2 and w 1/2 of n 2 1/2 and s 1/2 of 36, 21, 5. The salary of Probate Judge was raised to \$300 per annum. Emma Bailey and J. S. Stanley were appointed school examiners by the county superintendent and confirmed by the board. The owner of the n 1/2 of 20, 21, 7, sold for taxes of '73 and '74, was allowed to redeem the same, he having paid the taxes at the time on a government quarter by mistake. Jessie Jones was allowed to pay the personal property tax of Jessie Jones, Jr., for 1883, less penalties and costs. The valuation of Henry Bonnell's personal property was reduced \$327. Report of viewers on W. A. Parker road, Falls township was returned for correction. Bonds for the following county officers were approved: J. C. Davis, County Sup't; T. H. Grisham, County Atty; C. W. Whitson Probate Judge; E. A. Kinne, Clerk of Court; E. T. Baker, Co. Com. Bond of Jont Wood, for faithful performance of work on approach to Osage bridge, was approved. E. A. Kinne was authorized to purchase 5th and 13th Kansas Reports. The board being of the opinion that Frank Oberst, convicted of violating the prohibitory law, was unable to pay the fine and costs assessed against him ordered his release from the county jail. M. A. Redford, convicted of the same offense, was released in response to a numerously signed petition. A new view was ordered on the road petitioned for by Peter Harder. The personal property tax against W. F. Mannus being erroneous, the same was remitted. The county clerk was directed to credit the county treasurer with \$5,300 in the general county fund and charge the county treasurer with \$5,300 in the court house bond sinking fund. This order was made to replace the amount transferred from the sinking fund Oct. 9, '84. The county treasurer was authorized to invest such money as he may have belonging to the court house sinking fund in school district bonds of Chase

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

E. F. BAUERLES' CONFECTIONARY AND RESTAURANT AND BAKERY. 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. Strong City and Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

SETH J. EVANS, PROPRIETOR, RED FRONT FEED EXCHANGE, NORTH SIDE MAIN STREET, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. BOARDING HORSES MADE A SPECIALTY. LOWEST PRICES, PROMPT ATTENTION, ALL ORDERS, Good Rigs at ALL HOURS.

county at not less than 6 per cent. Weekly Cunningham was allowed a reduction of \$50 on his personal property valuation. Owing to an error in John Mauw's petition for a road no action was taken. H. P. Hylton having paid taxes on a government quarter section, the s 1/2 of 6, 18, 9, erroneously assessed, the board ordered the tax so paid credited on the last half of his personal property tax. The assessed value of the Chase County National Bank was reduced \$2,000. The county treasurer was directed to refund \$24.80, paid on erroneous tax sale, to W. B. Bebec. JANUARY 12.—E. T. Baker assumed the duties of Commissioner vice Aaron Jones; and Arch Miller was re-elected Chairman for the ensuing year. The resignation of C. C. Evans as Trustee of Bazaar township was accepted. The mortgage of Chas. McDowell having been paid in full, the Chairman was directed to release the same. All county advertising was ordered to be inserted in the three county papers, each to receive one-third of legal rates therefor. BUSINESS BRIEVITIES. Boots and shoes at Breese's. Good goods and bottom prices at Breese's. Everything at Ferry & Watson's. The celebrated Walker boot, at J. S. Doolittle & Son's. A car load of Glidden fence wire just received at M. A. Campbell's. Meals 25 cents, at P. Hubbard's, next door to the Congregational church, and board and lodging \$3 a week. Single meals at any hour. A car load of Studebaker's wagons and buggies just received at M. A. Campbell's. Fresh goods all the time at the store of Breese, the grocer. A car load of new improved Bain wagons just received at Hildebrand Bros. & Jones, Strong City. Dr. W. P. Pugh will continue to do a limited practice; and will be found, at all unemployed times, at his drug store. Ferry & Watson extend a general invitation to everybody to call and buy goods at their reduced prices. Canned goods at lower figures than you can buy the cans, at Ferry & Watson's.

Parties indebted to Dr. Walsh are requested to call and settle. For Sale, in this city, a frame house of three rooms, and eight lots on which are eighty-seven fruit and forest trees. For terms apply at this office or to H. Bixby. "A penny saved is a penny earned," and the way to save your pennies is to go to Breese's, where you can always get fresh, staple and fancy groceries. Coffins at Ferry & Watson's. A complete stock of fresh groceries at Ferry & Watson's. Pay us what you owe us and save trouble. We need money to keep up with the times. FERRY & WATSON. Groceries, staple and fancy of the purest quality, at Ferry & Watson's. They keep only the very best and can not be undersold. Furniture at Ferry & Watson's. Doolittle & Son have the best and cheapest of boots and shoes to be found in this market; also, a full line of furnishing goods, notions and groceries. A dollar saved is a dollar made; and you can't make dollars any easier than by saving them; and the best way to save dollars is to buy your goods of Doolittle & Son. Pay up your subscription. If you wish to buy anything in the line of dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, hats and caps, queensware, crockery, or anything usually kept in stock by a first-class general merchandise store, call on the old reliable firm of Ferry & Watson, who will sell you goods cheaper than anybody. Go to Ferry & Watson's to make your purchases. They have a large and complete stock and are determined to sell at prices that will defy competition. Call and see them, and they will guarantee to please you both as to quality and price of goods. The very best grades of flour at Ferry & Watson's. Tinware at Ferry & Watson's. All kinds of stoves at Johnson & Thomas's and they will be sold as cheap as dirt, if not cheaper. Go and get one or more. You can get anything in the line of dry goods at Breese's. Go to Breese's for your fresh, staple and fancy groceries and for any kind of dry goods, and where you can get the highest market price for your produce. You can do better at Ferry & Watson's than anywhere else. A car load of Moline wagons just received at M. A. Campbell's.

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

MISCELLANEOUS. TOPEKA DAILY JOURNAL 75 cts a Month, Mailed. KANSAS STATE JOURNAL \$1.50 a Year. Published by the Journal Co., TOPEKA, KANSAS. DEMOCRATIC, NEWSY AND FIRST-CLASS IN EVERYTHING. LE GRAND BRINGTON, EDITOR.

Yearly club subscriptions will be taken for either paper and the amount at no per cent. off. Send in names to this office or to "State Journal," Topeka, Kansas. THE BUYER'S GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year; 224 pages, 8 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches, with over 3,500 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Gives wholesale prices direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to get the best, and gives exact cost of everything you eat, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy FREE to any address upon receipt of the postage—8 cents. Let us hear from you. Respectfully, MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. 227 & 229 Water Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

J. W. MC'WILLIAMS' Chase County Land Agency ESTABLISHED IN 1869. Special agency for the sale of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad lands wild lands and stock ranches. Well watered, improved farms for sale. Lands for improvement or speculation always for sale. Honorable treatment and fair dealing guaranteed. Call on or address J. W. McWilliams, at COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. JO. OLLINCER, Central Barber Shop, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS.

DO YOU KNOW THAT LORILLARD'S CLIMAX PLUG TOBACCO with Red Tin Tag; ROSE LEAF Fine Cut Cheering; NEW GIFFERSONS; Black, Brown and Yellow STUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION. STATE OF KANSAS, } ss. County of Chase, } ss. The State of Kansas to whom all these presents may come, greeting: Know ye, that I, J. W. Grimes, Sheriff of Chase county, Kansas, by virtue of the authority in me vested, do by this proclamation give public notice, that ON THE FIRST TUESDAY IN FEBRUARY, A. D. 1885, being the 3d day thereof, there will be a general election, and the officers at that time to be chosen in each township in said county, are as follows, to-wit: One Township Trustee, by virtue of his office Assessor. One Township Clerk. One Township Treasurer. One Justice of the Peace in Cottonwood township, to fill vacancy. Two Constables, and One Road Overseer for each road district. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, at my office, at Cottonwood Falls, in said county and state, this 31 day of January, A. D. 1885. J. W. GIFFERSON, Sheriff, Chase county, Kansas.







CALENDAR.

Calendar table showing dates from 1885 to 1886, including days of the week and month names.

ONE ELK AND FIVE MEN.

They Have a Stout Struggle and the Elk Did Not Get the Worst of It. A desperate struggle occurred Saturday afternoon between Mr. D. L. Pope and a large elk owned by Mr. D. J. Frazer...

"I don't care," replied the old millionaire.

"They are all more beautiful than any girl I ever saw. I only ask that you introduce me to one who is sensible and honest." The friend, knowing Cobham to be both rich and honorable, readily complied...

Life on the Levees.

The levees which skirt the river front of New Orleans afford many interesting sights to the observer of human nature, both in the day time and at night. The lowest scum of the city make the levees, in the vicinity of the cotton-boat landings...

You Can't Make \$500 by Reading This.

even if you have chronic nasal catarrh in its worst stages, for although this amount of reward has for many years been offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy...

Advertisement for 'SPECIAL OFFER' featuring 'EMERGES' and 'HAY-FEVER' with a price of \$20.

Advertisement for 'CATARRH' and 'HAY-FEVER' with a price of \$20, including a testimonial from a young man.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

-As celery is known to be beneficial for nervousness, it is now claimed by those professing a fair trial that cranberries assist in curing dyspepsia. -In olden times all insects were counted as injurious to crops...

Training in Amusement.

Oliver Wendell Holmes suggests that kittens were evidently made to play with their tails, and we may fairly suppose that, if those pliable appendages were cut off, kittens would do their best to play with the abbreviated stumps...

HUNTING A CHOLERA GERM.

An Exciting Chase of the Only Comma Bacillus in This Country. Dr. Edward O. Shakspeare has the only specimen of the comma bacillus, or Asiatic cholera germ, in America. It is securely caged in a glass jar, and the lid is covered an inch deep with sealing wax...

An Island Under the Waves.

In the St. Lawrence, midway between L'Islet and Bay St. Paul, or at about seven miles from either shore, there is a small island known as L'Isle au Loup Marie, its entire superficies being not more than a few acres. For three years this little spot of dry earth amid the waste of water had been the home of the Breton family...

Throat and Lung Diseases.

A specialty. Send two letter stamps for a large treatise giving self-treatment. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Advertisement for 'VEGETABLE COMPOUND' and 'MUSICAL FAVORITE' with a price of \$20.

Advertisement for 'Christmas and New Years MUSIC BOOKS' and 'Four-Hand Treasure'.

-An English farmer says: "For two winters I plowed six horses upon the following regularly necessary. Forty-two pounds of oats, twenty-eight pounds of maize, twenty-one pounds of beans, twenty-one pounds of hay, Total, 196 pounds of food per week per horse..."

OIL AND SOAP.

The Romance of a Poor Young Woman and a Rich Young Man. Frederick Page Cobham, a young Englishman, came to this country within the past decade almost penniless, but determined to gain a fortune in the oil fields. After the first year of toil and economy, through which he struggled in order to accumulate a moderate "stake," he never met with a reverse...

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Table listing market prices for various goods such as CATTLE, HOGS, WHEAT, CORN, etc., with prices per unit.

Our Business Platform.

The expenses and salaries of a paper with 100,000 circulation will be \$100,000. The price of the paper will be \$100,000. The price of the paper will be \$100,000. The price of the paper will be \$100,000.

NO BLANKS!

No Premium Less than \$2, and No Charge for Tickets. Capital Premium \$5,000. Extra \$10,000. Total \$15,000. Each \$100,000. For 3,032 FAVORITES.

NO BLANKS!

Our Business Platform. The expenses and salaries of a paper with 100,000 circulation will be \$100,000. The price of the paper will be \$100,000. The price of the paper will be \$100,000.

USE LITTER FREELY.

Not Only Keep Animals Warm and Clean, but Absorb All Liquids. It is perhaps always profitable to have troughs and vats for holding liquid manure, but very many farmers do not possess these, and must depend upon the absorbent quality of the litter. The value of the liquid excrement of cattle, sheep and horses exceeds the value of the solid, and as this will be saved just in proportion to the absorbing capacity of the substances used for litter, we always select that substance which will best absorb liquids. Litter is also to prevent the escape of animal heat, and serves the same purpose as shelter. It retains the animal heat, not altogether because it is a poor conductor, but it holds around the body of the animal a quantity of air, and air is a very poor conductor. Woolen clothing is warmer than cotton clothing, because it holds among its fibers large quantities of air which retard the passage of the heat. Saw-dust answers best the requirements of a litter. There is no doubt of its excellence; but often there may be had for the hauling, or for a small price, the farmer is certainly foolish if he does not use it liberally for bedding. Its value in the compost heap will far exceed its cost. But in some parts of the country, as on the Western prairies, it is impossible to procure saw-dust, and the farmer must use the best available substance—straw. It is inferior only to saw-dust in retarding the passage of heat and absorbing the liquids. Like saw-dust, it holds air around the body of the animal. The straws are filled with air, and air is held in the spaces between the straws. It is equally well adapted to the purpose as an absorbent. Straw is much more largely used for litter than any other substance, because it has been most convenient; but for once our convenience has led to our good. In the West, straw is considered a necessary evil, to be reduced to manure as expeditiously as possible. Even when a show of feeding it is made, the object is more to get it into manure than to put fresh upon the cattle. This is not surprising where not ten per cent. of the stover from corn is utilized, and where other excellent fodder, including hay, is allowed to go to waste, and on account of its abundance, is always fed in a slovenly manner. Here we can well use litter abundantly, and where it has a value as litter, it should be used in sufficient quantities, not only to keep the animals warm and clean, but to absorb all the liquids. In such places it pays to be economical of litter; not in its use, but in its saving. Leaves and vines are scarcely inferior to straw, and may be gathered in such quantities as to admit of all the straw being fed. Dry earth is a good absorbent, but it lacks the other requirements of litter, and its use should be in the compost heap rather than in the stable.—American Agriculturist

STUMPF'S ROSE CHICKEN CHOLERA.

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. It is so essential to each part of food. It will also prevent and cure Hog Cholera, etc. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for breeders' use, price \$1.00; by mail, \$1.25. Circulars sent FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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THE COMING SCOURGE.

The Expected Visit of Cholera To Our Shores—Importance of Preparing for Its Reception in a Way That Will Rob It of Some of Its Terrors.

St. Louis, Mo., January 7. At a meeting of the Medico-Chirurgical Society, held in its rooms on Washington avenue, the subject of cholera in its local connection was discussed exhaustively by Drs. James M. Leete, Hohman, Hardaway, Moses, Engelmann, Scott, Briggs, Bryson, Dean and Baumgartner, with special reference to a sanitary bill which the society intends to push before the City Council at its next meeting.

Dr. Leete, who is a cholera specialist, having gained much of his experience in the St. Louis epidemic of 1866, replied very pointedly and frankly to the first question of the reporter who called upon him this morning.

"Yes, sir, there is every reason to believe that the cholera will invade this country this year from Europe and sweep the land as it did in 1832, 1849, 1854 and 1867. St. Louis will be directly in its path when it comes, and it is the duty of the city authorities to begin at once to adopt precautionary and preventive measures."

"Why do we believe that the cholera is coming here?" he continued. "Because we judge by the past, and in every instance that the disease has ravaged Europe it has reached the United States and passed through the States. It is now in France, Italy and Spain—that is very near us—and we can expect to be reached during the spring. The city must begin to provide against the spread of the disease right now."

"How?" "Not by street draining. I wouldn't give a cent for such a sanitary precaution. The wells and cisterns in the city, so far as their use for drinking water is concerned, must be abolished, and the 25,000 privy vaults must be destroyed or rebuilt according to the municipal bill which we are urging. The city should use the river water below the bridge, which is purer than that from either wells or cisterns, and as for the vaults, why they are more to be feared than an enemy's army should cholera once reach the city. But the water should be attended to first. There is no pure well or cistern in the city. Here is an analysis from a well on the corner of Locust and Twenty-Eighth street. Why, if the cholera once reached St. Louis people drinking that water would die like sheep with the rot."

"Was the influence of drinking water made evident by the St. Louis epidemic of '66?" "Certainly. When the cholera attacked its first victim here, the city authorities did nothing. From a population of 200,000 cholera took 3,572. In New York, then with 800,000 people, every preparation had been made and every precaution with regard to water and sterco-coccus that we are urging here, and only 1,188 people died. Brooklyn prepared before the cholera came and lost only 517. Glasgow, Scotland, with 420,000 people, prepared and lost only sixty-eight lives, while in 1854, with a much smaller population, when no precaution had been taken, 3,889 people died. Don't these facts point a moral for the St. Louis City Council? We intend to press the matter upon the authorities until we force them to provide protection for the people here, even though they don't recognize its necessity themselves."

THE CARRYING INTERESTS

Discussed by Chief of the Bureau of Statistics Nimmo.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 8. Chief of the Bureau of Statistics Nimmo, in his annual report on internal commerce, says that the average rate of freight charged on railroads in the United States during the year 1884 was less than half the average rate charged in 1883, and that concurrently there was an enormous increase in the volume of traffic. Mr. Nimmo discusses the subject of pooling very fully, and in speaking of the discriminations which such contests engendered as between shippers and rival cities, he says: "Falseness and deception were the rule and fair dealing the exception. This state of affairs was utterly demoralizing to trade, for it was in contravention of the great fundamental law of ethics that in the competitive struggles of life men shall be permitted to live and labor in an open field and in a pure atmosphere."

He does not assume that no better expedient than pooling can be adopted for the protection of the commercial, industrial and transportation interests of the country against the destructive and demoralizing effects of wars of rates, but that they are, at the present time, the only known expedients that seem to be available for accomplishing that purpose. He thinks, however, that it is easier to regulate the great pools than to regulate the roads separately.

HE WANTED MONEY.

And Adopted Means to the End of Securing It.

VINCENNES, IND., January 7.

A robber appeared at the home of Mrs. Beebe, near Duff's Station, south of this city, Monday, and demanded her money. She declared that her husband had taken it all with him to Hazelton. The robber left and went to the next neighbor, Soderman, and thrust his head in the door and asked if Mr. Soderman was at home. Finding that he was, he walked into the house and, drawing a revolver, told Soderman he must give up his money or lose his life. Soderman gave him \$2, which only enraged the villain, and he took a club and knocked the old man down and beat him until he was senseless. Mrs. Soderman was sick in bed, and the villain raised his club at her and declared he would kill her if she did not get him some money. She managed to get up and cross the room, securing \$15 and handing it to him. The scoundrel then departed and has not been captured. Soderman was dangerously injured.

"Bismarck's" Missionaries.

HONG KONG, January 8.

The Finance Committee have refused to sanction expenditure for defenses of the island, owing to the incompleteness of the scheme, and its doubtful utility. German officers are flocking to Peking, where they seek employment in the expeditions against the French. The Chinese call them Bismarck's missionaries. The German Minister is said to be indignant at their conduct, which is attributed here, however, merely to a desire to better their pecuniary condition.

HENDRICKS INTERVIEWED.

The Vice-President-Elect Knows Nothing About Cleveland's Ideas or Plans, But Ventures a Few Hopes and Opinions.

CHICAGO, ILL., January 6. Vice-President-elect Hendricks, arrived at the Palmer House last evening from Indianapolis. He came on legal business, and will return home to-night. Alluding to the political change, he said: "One almost thinks after one party's having control of the Government a quarter of a century, the change in administration means relaying some foundation stones. But our Constitution and Constitutional amendments have become fixed. There is no danger of any amendments being revoked; I especially refer to the franchise of the colored people. Their civil status will continue to broaden. I am glad the Democratic party will have an opportunity of showing them that many things that have been credited to our party against that race will never be realized."

In speaking about the Cabinet, Hendricks said he knew nothing about Cleveland's ideas or plans.

"From what I hear," he said, "Democrats are desirous of having McDonald given a position in the Cabinet. Garland is greatly spoken of for Attorney-General. That is all I know."

"How large a representation will the South get, do you think?" "I do not know."

"At least two Cabinet appointments, will it not?" "I should judge so. At least, I think, the South, like all other sections, will receive her appointments on a basis of indorsement and ability."

"How about the civil service rules?" "I think Cleveland will live up to the civil service laws, as stated in his letter."

"What is your opinion on the subject?" "I approve of the platform which declared against making the offices of the country pay for political service. I hope never again to see such prescription for political opinion as I have seen for several years past. Even in that period we knew there were good men in office and such as ought to be retained. None should be retained who have used their offices for political purposes."

Hendricks said he hoped Cleveland would deliver an inaugural address that would set all feeling of unrest in the business world at ease and inspire confidence and activity in commercial fields.

DECEMBER AND JUNE.

A Proposed Matrimonial Alliance Which Terminates in a Breach of Promise Suit.

BOSTON, MASS., January 7.

James Deshon, a millionaire stock broker, aged eighty-five, for thirty years prominently known on State street, is sued for \$100,000 damages for breach of promise by Mrs. Lillian S. Walker, of Dedham, Mass., a widow of thirty years, who comes of a wealthy Baltimore family, and is highly educated and accomplished. She married at eighteen a Southern gentleman, who died some years ago, leaving her a childless widow. She removed from Baltimore to New York city, and in 1881 came to Boston. Being in reduced circumstances, she resided with relatives on Beacon Hill, and supported herself by copying, painting, drawing and writing poetry for the magazines.

Deshon met her by chance, and soon became an ardent wooer. In the summer of 1882 she consented to become his wife. A week before the appointed wedding he fell suddenly ill, and the marriage was postponed. She nursed him through his illness, and the day was again set, but just a week before its arrival he again fell ill. The girl now became suspicious and demanded an explanation. Deshon told her that he could not keep his engagement. Hence the suit. Deshon claims that the whole affair is an attempt at blackmail.

THE CATTLE INTERESTS.

The Montana Herds Coming Through the Winter in Good Condition And Without Much Loss.

GLENDIVE, M. T., January 7.

Cattle on the ranges tributary to Glendive are generally reported to be in good condition, especially natives and Texas. Stock that arrived late in the season have suffered some, but even in this class the loss so far is hardly worth mentioning. Mable Bros., who landed a herd of Texas cattle in September on the Red Water, have lost a few head, and some losses are reported on O'Fallon and Coven Creeks among the same class of cattle. Pearson, Estabrook & Clark, whose range is in the bad route, have as yet reported no losses out of a herd of 1,800 head, with calves dropped on the range on Christmas Day doing well, and the firm lost last year 200 head out of 620. C. J. Nealon, the Jane Range, reports no loss so far, and his cattle are in splendid condition. H. E. Fountain, of Missoula, reports cattle on the Beaver Creek range in the order, but reports a slight loss of Texans on the Little Missouri. From the Yellowstone Valley, below Glendive, nothing but good reports come in. The ranges are now in the condition. There is no snow to speak of and the thermometer stood, at 2 p. m. to-day, at forty degrees above zero.

A Cowardly Murder.

LINCOLN, NEB., January 6.

On Sunday Frank Babcock, an inmate of the Insane Asylum, attacked J. Y. Craver, an attendant, knocking him down. Craver and John Slattery, another attendant, then knocked Babcock down and stamped him with their feet, breaking six or seven ribs on each side of the body, and driving them into the intestines. Babcock died in half an hour. He was subject to epileptic fits, and it is claimed, had one at the time. A coroner's jury returned a verdict that he came to his death from violence at the hands of the attendants, who are now in jail on a charge of murder.

Poisoned by His Wife.

PHOENIX, N. Y., January 7.

The inquest in the Myer poisoning case, closed yesterday. Dr. V. G. Hamill, who attended the poisoned man, testified to finding a white powder about the lid of the teapot, and to scraping it off. The powder was produced in court, and will be analyzed. The doctors who made the post mortem testified to finding strong traces of poison in the stomach. Mrs. Myer was put in jail at Oswego yesterday morning. The jury at one o'clock returned a verdict that Myer died from poison, administered by his wife.

SIGHTS IN THE SIERRAS.

The Great Siyocue Falls, the Thunder of Which Rarely Strikes Man's Ear.

Having heard so many conflicting reports about the wonderful scenery at the headwaters of the Siyocue creek, we, in company with Messrs. Wheat and Forrester, concluded to make a thorough exploration of that section, which has, until lately, been almost a terra incognita to even the oldest settlers, owing to the dense chaparral which covered the mountains on all sides and made it almost inaccessible until an extensive fire swept over several hundred square miles about three years ago, making it possible to get in there. We supplied ourselves with a necessary outfit, mainly blankets, Winchester rifle and salt, mounted the hurricane deck of our favorite caballo and the first day reached Mr. Wheat's ranch, thirty-five miles from Santa Maria.

After passing the narrows we had to cut a trail for miles until reaching the burned country above the main forks of the river. Ascending the southeast fork about twelve miles from the river we came to Ventura Falls, as we named it—from the great number of them about there. The gorge at the foot of the fall was wild and picturesque in the extreme. Huge boulders and fallen trees, with occasionally a cascade varying in height from ten to one hundred feet to climb around. Grizzly bear tracks were quite plenty, but no grizzlies came in sight on the top, nor were we hunting any. We climbed above and measured the main fall and found it to be 480 feet in height—a sheer descent, with about 30 miners' inches of water flowing over it. The stream falls about 2,000 feet in two miles and a half, making a great number of beautiful cascades. The pool below the fall is 80 feet long, 40 feet wide and upwards of thirty feet in depth, clear and cold as ice, and so sheltered by the overhanging bluffs that the sun rarely shines in it.

Climbing the mountain above the fall we found to be terrific work; the dense chaparral, partly burned and partly grown up again, was impossible to get through without chopping for miles. The slope is so steep that we could find no place level enough to spread our blankets without shoveling, except at the extreme summit of the mountain.

There we had a magnificent view of the whole surrounding country. To the south and west lay the Santa Barbara Islands. Far out across the Mohave desert, upwards of two hundred miles distant, the Providence Mountains were plainly seen. To the north-west the wide sweep of the San Joaquin Valley, on the further side the Sierra Nevada, the snow-capped summit of Mt. Whitney and other lesser peaks, while in the north-west lay the coast range, a succession of sharp ridges and deep canons, covered with dense chaparral for hundreds of miles, with here and there a beautiful valley nestling below. The day was exceptionally clear and the prospect well repaid us for all the trouble of getting there.

The following day we tried to ascend the main south fork of the creek, which is even a rougher and wider gorge than the other, if possible. After climbing a mile and a-half we came in sight of another fall from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet high, considerable water flowing over it. We had to give it up as a bad job that day, and we advise any one undertaking the trip to take along a sheet-iron suit of clothes. Those falls are about sixty miles from Santa Maria, and the timber belt spoken of about seventy miles. On coming back to camp we found one of the party, Mr. Roberts, in chasing a wounded deer had broken a bone in his foot, compelling us to start out as soon as possible.—Santa Maria Times.

ABOUT THE HAIR.

How to Dress It and How to Care For It—Valuable Hints.

To have beautiful hair and keep it in health requires as much care as the teeth, nails or face. So many twist the hair up in some becoming fashion the year round, and wonder that it gets streaked, thin in spots and seems harsh and dry. The hair should be loosened every night before retiring, combed free from tangles with a bone comb (rubber combs have done much to split and break the hair—nearly all have too much electricity to use rubber); then use a stiff brush for a long time, brushing from the top to the very ends.

It is well for the lady who has a maid, for it is impossible to properly brush one's hair if very long. Then braid and fasten the ends with soft silk braid for the night.

The scalp should be kept clean and healthy; wash occasionally, and have it thoroughly shampooed two or three times a year at least.

To wash, braid the hair loosely in several braid, take a raw egg and rub thoroughly into the scalp if beaten first it rubs in better), then rinse in cold water with a little ammonia incorporated in it, wring the braids in a coarse towel, sit by a fire or in the sun until dry, then comb out the braids. The braiding prevents much snarling. Where one's hair is thin a quinine lotion will prevent its falling out and give life to the roots. The Parisian fashions for dressing children's hair are as follows: Ringlets are most favored for babies. Little boys have curls in the back and bangs in front.

Little girls have their hair waved and falling down the back, with a colored ribbon to keep it in place. Some young girls have revived the fashion of light hair nets, with large meshes, in which the hair falls loose and as low down as the middle of the back. This style shows the hair to great advantage, and will probably meet with general approval. From sixteen to seventeen years of age the hair is worn high and twisted on the top of the head. With this method of arranging the hair round hats have no elastic, so as not to conceal any part of the pretty waves which the hair forms when thus raised from the nape of the neck. The hair is fastened to the hair by a steel pin with a shell or jet head.—English Hairdresser.

MALTESE AND ANGORA.

Something About a Sort of Pets That Many Ladies Prefer to Small Dogs.

"Is it possible," asked a reporter, "that Maltese and other fancy cats are taking the place of dogs as ladies' pets?" It is said that in Washington ladies go out shopping taking with them Maltese cats fastened with gilt chains to their girdles.

"Well, I don't know whether cats will ever supplant dogs in the affections of the ladies," laughingly replied Surgeon B. G. Dovey, as he sat in his office at 26 West Fourth Street, in front of a door marked, "Private," where both dogs and cats were for sale and under medical and surgical treatment; "but there is no doubt that the Maltese and Angora cats have become favorites. Still, there is no greater demand for the former than there was three years ago. The Angora cat has probably increased in popular favor, and now on any fine day one may see ladies driving in Central Park with the beautiful creatures in their laps. The Maltese, too, are often taken for a drive, and both they and the Angora seem to enjoy the fresh air fully as much as their mistresses do. No, cats are not often taken out walking. A cat is not fond of long walks where there are no fences to climb, and dogs may be encountered, but the lazy luxury of a carriage seems to suit them. The Maltese and Angora cats are very docile and affectionate. The Maltese, probably, can be more easily and thoroughly domesticated than any other of the feline tribe. They are less expensive than the peerless Angora, but still they come pretty high. I can sell a full-grown male for about twelve dollars, and male kittens for from eight dollars to ten dollars each. The females are cheaper, being worth about five dollars each. A well-grown Maltese cat should weigh about twelve pounds. They are long lived, and, if properly treated, should attain a score of years. A perfect Maltese cat should be altogether slate-colored, without a particle of white. Most of them have six toes, and very large feet, but they may be pure-bred and have small feet and only five toes. They came originally from the island of Malta, but to-day America, or even New York State, produces more Maltese cats than Malta does."

"The Maltese cats, as a rule, are hardy, but they are usually kept so closely confined to the house, and often fed so injudiciously, that they are liable to get indigestion, torpid liver, and have fits. When the fits appear death is likely to be near. They are brought to me often when there is no time to treat them. Sometimes I am called upon to attend a cat afflicted with what the owner thinks is an abscess, or a tumor, but which frequently proves to be a cancer. Nothing then can help them except an operation, but if the disease has not made very great progress I can generally operate successfully. With dogs cancer is much more common, and I often have to remove it. Some times I use ether, sometimes not, as the circumstances require; but I can save life far more frequently than surgeons can treat human patients."

"A litter of Maltese kittens numbers from three to seven. They grow quickly, and are very playful and interesting. The Angora cat is as different as possible from the Maltese. My wife takes exclusive charge of our stock, and is as devoted to them as though they were children. The Angora came, and comes yet, from Persia, but we raise a good many in this country. They are of various colors—pure white, black, white and black, yellow and white, gray and white, steel and white, and mottled—but all are alike beautiful. Their hair is very abundant, long, and fine, and soft as silk. Their tails are bushy as those of foxes. Their ears are small and far apart, and their eyes are large, sagacious, and of a light olive color. They live from twenty-five to thirty years. In price they average, for male kittens, forty dollars, and for full-grown males, one hundred and twenty-five dollars; for female kittens, twenty-five, and for full-grown females, one hundred dollars. The Angora cat is, I think, the handsomest small animal that lives."—N. Y. Sun.

SPEARING SWORD-FISH.

Fishing Which Does Not Grow Tiresome From Lack of Excitement.

The fish are always harpooned from the end of the bowsprit of a sailing vessel. All vessels regularly engaged in this fishery are supplied with an apparatus for the support of the harpooner, which consists of a wooden platform about two feet square, upon which the harpooner stands, and an upright bar of iron three feet high, rising from the tip of the bowsprit just in front of this platform. At the top of this bar is a bow of iron in nearly a circular form, to surround the waist of the harpooner. This structure is called the "rest" or the "pulpit." A man is always stationed at the mast-head, whence, with the keen eye which practice has given him, he can easily descry the tell-tale dorsal fins at a distance of two or three miles. When a fish has been sighted the watch "sings out," and the vessel is steered directly toward it. The skipper takes his place in the pulpit, holding the harpoon with both hands by the upper end, and directing the man at the wheel by voice and gesture how to steer. When the fish is from six to ten feet in front of the vessel, it is struck. The harpoon is not thrown; the strong arm of the harpooner punches the dart into the back of the fish beside the dorsal fin, and the pole is withdrawn. The line is from fifty to one hundred and fifty fathoms long, and the end is either made fast on board the smack, or attached to a keg or some other form of buoy and thrown overboard. After the fish has exhausted himself by dragging the buoy through the water, it is picked up, the fish is hauled alongside, and killed with a lance. In the meantime several other fish may have been struck and left to tire themselves out in the same way.—F. A. Fernald, in Popular Science Monthly.

—Some English words are very descriptive, but some of them—Gratis, for instance—go for nothing.

BUYING NEW TOOLS.

Matters Which Farmers Should Carefully Look Into Before Purchasing.

The farmer who now selects new tools for another season's work, will find it a matter of economy in labor, to choose those which are as light as a sufficient degree of strength will admit. Wielding a needlessly heavy tool is a waste of strength. But there is a great difference in the work to which it may be applied. A hand-hoe, for instance, may make two thousand strokes in an hour, or twenty thousand a day. A needless ounce in weight will therefore require the constant movement of this ounce twenty thousand times daily, or equal to more than half a ton, which the operator must expend in personal strength. Some tools are half a pound heavier than use requires; and day laborers, who use them, waste an amount of strength equal to whole tons in each day. There are other tools not requiring the constantly alternating movement of the hoe, which additional weight is not so detrimental, as for example—the crowbar, which being used as a lever, does not require constant motion. But in all cases, tools are to be constructed in accordance with their intended purpose. The crowbar must be heaviest where the weight rests, and decrease in size with the distance from this point. There is often too little taper towards the hand, and consequently the bar is usually bent under the weight, and nowhere else. Properly constructed, the handle would be bent as soon as any other part, and no sooner. The same principle will apply in the construction of hoe-handles, which should be strong where the right hand moves, and if the tool, slightly tapering toward the blade, to which most of the motion is given, it will prevent a needless expenditure of strength.

The principle with which Dr. Holmes imagined the maker of the hundred-year "one-horse shay" adopted in constructing every part of the vehicle according to strength required, may be also applied in the construction of tools as far as practicable. The part which most frequently breaks should be made stronger next time. That which never breaks is needlessly heavy. A light plow, strong enough for continued use, economizes the strength of the team. If twenty pounds too heavy, the friction which these twenty pounds create on the sole in dragging over or through the soil, will require a force at least equal to ten pounds more than is necessary. These ten pounds constantly bearing on the horse all day will amount to about as much as plowing one entire acre in a twenty-acre field. Some plows are made much heavier.

All these matters should be carefully looked into in purchasing any tools and such as are in frequent or constant use require more care in selection than such as are rarely employed; and more care should be given to the form and strength of those parts which have a quick vibratory motion, where momentum must be continually created and arrested, than in such as have a continuous or revolving motion. As human strength is more valuable than horse or steam power, hand tools should be selected with particular care, and light and effective, as well as durable ones, preferred to those which are heavy, clumsy and inefficient, especially if in daily use.

Where the efficiency of a tool depends entirely on the momentum which may be given to it, a different rule applies, as with a hammer, which must have a weight corresponding with its intended use. A heavy hammer would not drive a small, slender nail, but would bend or double it; while the quick blow of a light hammer would accomplish the desired purpose. On the other hand a large spike could not be driven with a light hammer. Rivet-heads are spread only with the quick blows of a light hammer, in the same way that a stake or post has its head battered and split with a light axe. A heavy pounder is required for a heavy post. A tack-hammer would make no impression on it, whatever might be the vigor with which it is used.—Country Gentleman.

How to Drive Your Husband Away From Home.

Henpeck him. Snarl at him. Find fault with him. Keep an untidy house. Humor him half to death. Boss him out of his boots. Always have the last word. Be extra cross on wash day. Quarrel with him over trifles. Never have meals ready in time. Run bills without his knowledge. Vow vengeance on all his relations. Let him sew the buttons on his shirts. Pay no attention to household expenses. Give as much as he can earn in a month for a new bonnet. Tell him as plainly as possible that you married him for a living. Raise a row if he dares to bow pleasantly to an old lady friend. Provide any sort of pick-up meals for him when you do not expect strangers. Get everything the woman next door gets, whether you can afford it or not. Tell him the children inherit all their mean traits of character from his side of the family. Let it out sometimes when you are vexed that you wish you had married some other fellow that you used to go with. Give him to understand as soon as possible after the honeymoon that kissing is well enough for spoony lovers, but that for married folks it is very silly.—Presbyterian Banner.

—Chicken Pie: Stew chicken till tender, season with one-quarter of a pound of butter, salt and pepper; line the sides of a pie-dish with a rich crust, pour in the stewed chicken, and cover loosely with a crust, first cutting a hole in the center. Have ready a can of oysters; heat the liquor, thicken with a little flour and water, and season with salt, pepper and butter the size of an egg. When it comes to a boil, pour it over the oysters and about twenty minutes before the pie is done lift the top crust and put them in.—The Household.

—Turnips for feeding purposes should be used at the rate of a peck a day to each full-grown cow or to each ten sheep.—Cincinnati Times.

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