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"SPACIALLY JIM."

I was mighty good-lookin' when I was young. Peert an' black-eyed an' slim. With fellaers a-courtin' me Sunday nights, 'Spacially Jim!

The likeliest one of 'em all was he, Chipper, an' 'an' son' an' 'an' trim. But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd, 'Spacially Jim!

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men. An' I wouldn't take stock in 'em. But they kep' up a-comin' in spite o' my talk, 'Spacially Jim!

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun' ('Spacially Jim!) I made up my mind I'd settle down An' take 'em up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church, 'Twas crowded full to the brim; 'Twas the only way to get rid o' 'em all, 'Spacially Jim.

—The Century.

A SHATTERED INTELLECT.

"Help! help! help!" I started to my feet in a tremor of fright as this cry rang through my room and I gazed at the partition wall which divided my apartment from the room next to it in helpless terror. Then I thought me of the hall, and rushing out there I knocked on the door next to mine.

Silence, followed by a low demoniacal laugh!

"What is the matter?" I called. "Open the door, if you need help."

A voice evidently that of an aged woman, called out:

"Go away!"

Then I could hear her laugh and mutter to herself, and I went back to my room. On the way I met the boy who was janitor of the building.

"Who has No. 27?"

"Some crazy woman," he answered in disrespectful haste, and was gone before I could ask another question.

A mad woman in the next room! Surely fate was unkind to me. I had come here to improve my own mind, and found myself tete-a-tete with idioity. I could move out, but I had only just moved in, and duets were as scarce as hen's teeth. I was preparing myself for dramatic readings, and spent the most part of my time in the drill work of the profession, with intervals devoted to the rendering of classical music, *cour amon*.

I comforted myself with the belief that however hard my poor demented neighbor shrieked and raved in her insane ebullitions, I could drown her out with an opposition bedlam, and I decided to stay where I was and attend to my own affairs.

If I had only done so!

"Mind your own business" is a homey formula, but it is a little classic of sensible, pertinent advice, which we would do well to engrave on the ritual of our daily lives in letters of gold. So much for parenthesis.

I studied aloud. I raved and ranted to develop my voice. I paced my chamber in a long white gown and holding a tallow candle in my rigid hand, while I strode up and down, repeated in sepulchral tones:

O-w-it dam-n-ed spot, o-w-it I say— one-two; why then tis' time to—

"Save me! save me! help! help! for God's sake, help!"

I dropped my candle, jumped into bed, and drew the bed-clothes over my head. There I lay and shivered until morning.

Then I saw a pale, still woman with a resolute face, coming out of number 27.

"How is your patient?" I asked hurriedly as she passed me on the landing. The woman stared at me a moment as she did not quite understand.

"The—insane woman," I explained.

"Oh, yes, much better, but I cannot stop to talk," she hastened away while I wondered whether she was a nurse to the mysterious woman shut up there, or a relative, possibly a daughter.

I decided on the latter when I overheard the fond language she used toward the poor demented creature. Never a harsh or reproachful word, but the tender endearments of an affection that was as self-sacrificing as only the strongest filial love can be. And so proud and careful of the unconscious sufferer that no eye was allowed to rest upon her in that wretched state.

I honored and respected such devotion, and soon in my own way I longed to assist the sad and silent woman, who shrunk from the advances of strangers, in her labor of love. I began by leaving tiny bunches of flowers at the door. Then small offerings of fruit, and I had a selfish reward in the silence and peace that followed each occasion. I could hear the patient softly laughing or talking to herself, and I even imagined she had learned to expect the tributes of my sympathy. Who knew? It might even act as a new mind cure, this outside diversion from an unknown source.

Several times I had tried to talk with the daughter—as I had decided her to be—but her manner was so reserved, and so strange, that I began to think she, too, was non compos mentis; that they were, in fact, a mad family. But I had learned that she filled a responsible position during the day, and that her whole life was given up to the cheerless society of the wreck whom she protected with such devotion that I had never yet caught a glimpse of her. I felt that to help such a sorrow was a privilege, and I desired no thanks or acknowledgment.

And yet—I will confess it now—it was sometimes hard to bear. The ravings of insanity are never pleasant to listen to, but there was a peculiar weirdness in the muffled cries that rang through the deadening walls.

But there came a climax, as there does to most of the tragedies of life, and it did not come a moment too soon, for I had fallen into a nervous condition that, if I had been a fine lady, would have caused my friends and myself great apprehension. But I am not a fine lady, and the few friends I had lived far away and did not trouble themselves about me. And I had become absorbed, fascinated, haunted by the nameless terror on the other side of my partition. I too, was beginning to laugh hysterically; to scream "help" and "murder" in my sleep; to mutter

and jabber incoherent words. My face had grown white and wild looking. I fancied that every next door neighbor avoided me, as if afraid of me—ha! ha! the idea is too funny!

One evening, just at dusk, I went home from a rehearsal for a performance in which I was to appear, and, all absorbed in my part, toiled wearily up to my room in the fourth story and walked in without unlocking the door, so unconscious was I of my surroundings. But the room was lighted and a woman sat there sewing; the furniture was strange—nothing was mine. I had made a mistake and walked into No. 27. The woman who sat there alone arose as if ashamed and stepped back.

"I beg your pardon," I said, as I recovered myself, "but it seems I have made a mistake. I was thinking so busily, I did not notice."

"Won't you sit down? Take this—"

"I'll kill you! Help! help!" shrieked a discordant voice—the voice that haunted me.

I started in sudden fright; every nook and corner was visible to the eye, the bed was there, white and unoccupied; no one was present except we two.

"Who is it? What is it?" I gasped, turning pale and sick.

"My parrot," said the woman, calmly, pointing to a gray African parrot sitting sleepily in a cage in the corner. "I dare say she often amuses you with her noise. She is a very tragic bird. I am very choice of her, but some day you may borrow her, if you like her for company."

"I would like to ring her neck," I said and went home.

The next time I met the janitor I asked him how he dared to tell me there was a crazy woman in that room.

"Ale vimmin bees crazy," he said, with a cynical smile. "I tells her you was crazy mit your own self."

"Told her I was crazy?"

"Yes, and she was affriet, too."

Then I teas a mad woman. I had been fooled and outwitted by a lout of a boy, and that bird I most despised, a poll parrot.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in *Detroit Free Press*.

The New Rich of New York.

The third circle of New York society is based on money—money alone—and so freshly made as to contain a clinging odor of the manner of its making—not always fragrant. Its members are apt to be vulgar, if from no other cause from their pecuniary ostentation and love of display. They have not had wealth long enough to become accustomed to it; consequently they are restless in their desire to advertise a fact which affords them so much shallow importance. As a rule, they are but half-educated, and their manners are defective. They tend to noise, self-assertion, and boastfulness; they rehearse their lives, seldom romantic or enticing; they strut and swagger from conceit and consciousness of what they have accomplished. Money is their sole test of worth and significance, they are not squeamish as to the method of its attainment, and they do not inquire, therefore, too closely into the antecedents and record of the members of their set. They form a kind of baffle company whose pretensions and extravagance would be diverting, if not repellent. They have the showiest carriages in the park, the costliest clothes, the biggest diamonds, the highest voices, and the worst pronunciation. They are forever advertising themselves in every possible way by word of mouth and by paragraphs in the newspapers. Their dearest ambition is to be thought fashionable, and they are so diligent to this end that outsiders are often made to believe them all that they assume to be.

They are very fond of frequenting the watering places, notably Saratoga; they do not affect Newport, where Knickerbocker or Mayflower blood, backed by a big income, asserts itself—and of attracting attention by their gaudy turnouts and their miscellaneous prodigality. The members of other circles rigorously avoid these shoddities, as they are commonly called, and the shoddies have, therefore, little society save of their own sort. This always annoys them, and they spend more lavishly than ever when they make an advance that is repelled, being under the impression that cash is social as well as financial capital, and that its reckless disbursement is a passport to a better circle. They are always trying to enter. It is their misfortune that they can conceive of nothing higher or holier than money, and the blunders they commit from this misunderstanding are manifold and momentous. If they were fashionable the prejudice against fashion would not be without reason, for they are odious to every one possessed of self-esteem and delicacy.—N. Y. *Cor. Chicago Tribune*.

A National Fault.

If we could only learn that there are but twenty-four hours in a day. But it is a national fault with us to try to crowd about thirty-six hours into every day. We want to make up ten columns of matter into a nine-column paper. When a hen refuses to sit before she is ready, thus teaching humanity a lesson of patience and the eternal fitness of things, we do not yield to the hen; we construct artificial hothouses and hatch out twelve dozen chicks in forty-eight hours. If plants and vegetables refuse to grow for us as rapidly as we think they should, we force them into hotbeds and make them keep step with the times. We fly past the wind and outstrip the birds with our railway trains; we make water run up a hill; we light our streets without oil, gas or candle; we take the sting out of lightning with platinum tips; when we can't fly we run, and if we have to walk we don't; we simply sit still and telephone. We go up stairs in an elevator, and we call a messenger boy or a policeman or a hack with an electric bell. We won't even make the physical exertion to shout "fire," we press a button or pull down a hook, and a machine gives the alarm for us. We are going to be physically lazy. If it be true, as the scientists say, that unused members and organs disappear, in so many generations the American people will be a nation of men without legs.—*Hawkeye*.

Utica, N. Y., has started a reading room exclusively for girls.

A Forecast.

In 1876 Tilden and Hendricks were elected by a conceded popular majority of 168,787, and by a reputable Electoral majority of twenty-five. Through an infamous conspiracy of Republican leaders, sustained by the Grant Administration, the Electoral votes of Florida and Louisiana and one of the votes of Oregon were fraudulently given to the Republican candidate Hayes, who thus secured a nominal majority of one, and was declared elected. The scandalous illegality of that decision is to-day resented by any honest Republican.

In 1885, during the greater part of the Presidential campaign, scarcely anybody doubted that the election of Hancock was assured. By a desperate effort, however, involving the pledge of place and patronage by the Republican nominee, a corruption fund of several million dollars was raised among millionaire capitalists and speculators. Cabinet positions, diplomatic appointments, and even a United States Supreme Court Judgeship were bartered for cash, and the same consideration evoked a promise of immunity for the State-route thieves. With the "sooty" grand old party warden enabled to detach Indiana in October, and still had left a surplus adequate to colonize New York in November. The Democratic vote for Hancock in this city (123,015) was phenomenally large, but its potency was offset by brigades of imported Republican adherents who were protected and encouraged by the Federal Electoral machinery. It is even affirmed that Mr. John I. Davenport himself supplied the census proof-sheets and the Board of Health transcripts by which so many hired devotees of the grand old party were enabled to vote upon the names of dead or absent citizens.

If frauds of this sort are to be tolerated and encouraged, we had better abandon the pretense of being a self-governed people. Having been so long in power, and having twice perpetuated its rule by means of criminal practices, the Republican party will not this year consent to retire without a desperate struggle. Hence the Democracy must be vigilantly prepared to encounter and overcome the tactics resorted to in 1876 and 1885.

Thirty States will probably align themselves as follows at the coming Presidential election:

Democratic.	Elect.	Republican.	Elect.
Alabama.....	10	Colorado.....	3
Arkansas.....	7	Illinois.....	13
California.....	9	Indiana.....	13
Delaware.....	3	Iowa.....	13
Florida.....	9	Kansas.....	9
Georgia.....	7	Massachusetts.....	14
Kentucky.....	13	Michigan.....	13
Louisiana.....	8	Minnesota.....	13
Maryland.....	11	Mississippi.....	7
Massachusetts.....	14	Missouri.....	16
Michigan.....	13	Nebraska.....	5
Minnesota.....	13	Nevada.....	3
Mississippi.....	7	New Hampshire.....	4
Missouri.....	16	New Jersey.....	7
Montana.....	3	New York.....	36
Nebraska.....	5	Ohio.....	23
Nevada.....	3	Oregon.....	3
New Hampshire.....	4	Pennsylvania.....	23
New Jersey.....	7	Rhode Island.....	4
New York.....	36	Tennessee.....	12
Ohio.....	23	Vermont.....	4
Oregon.....	3	Virginia.....	12
Pennsylvania.....	23	West Virginia.....	4
Rhode Island.....	4		
Tennessee.....	12		
Vermont.....	4		
Virginia.....	12		
West Virginia.....	4		

This division leaves us with the following list of doubtful States:

California.....	9	New York.....	36
Indiana.....	13	Ohio.....	23
Nevada.....	3	Oregon.....	3
New Jersey.....	7	Connecticut.....	6
Total.....	103		

Of these 103 doubtful Electoral votes, the Democrats will require at least 48 in order to elect their nominee. Should they carry New York and Indiana, or New York and Ohio, or New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, or New York and the three Pacific States, they will win with votes to spare. But in order to do this, they must exercise unusual vigilance, besides nominating a strong and popular ticket. Notwithstanding all the stereotyped nonsense that is talked and printed concerning our "business interests," the vast bulk of the intelligent business men of the country—petted monopolists included—are in favor of a thorough and wholesome change of administration. A couple of hundred business men of New York declare themselves for Arthur; ten thousand business men in the city are opposed to him. The conviction is daily gaining ground that a shak-up and overhauling of the present methods at Washington would be beneficial to the whole country. Thus a hopeful opportunity is afforded the Democrats to purify the Government, if they do not forfeit it by blundering or negligency.—N. Y. *Star*.

Republican Complaints.

The *American*, of Philadelphia, which is Republican in its sentiments, is of the opinion that Mr. Arthur's Administration has done very little to commend the Republican party to the confidence of the people. It says that with the exception of Mr. Gresham, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Teller there is not an officer in the Cabinet who has not been either a cipher or a burden on the party. It is questionable whether Teller is entitled to the benefit of this exception, but it is certain that what is charged against Mr. Arthur's Cabinet is substantially correct.

The administration of the Department of Justice the *American* regards as particularly disgraceful. It more-over laments the fact that it burdens the record with scandals up to the very eve of a Presidential campaign. The failure to convict the Star-route offenders was discreditable enough, being attended with circumstances which left little doubt that convictions were not desired, but the complete breakdown of the prosecution of Kellogg notes directly to intentional delay in the proceedings until the criminal should be enabled by lapse of time to plead the statute of limitation in bar of punishment.

The delinquencies of the Department of Justice can not stand examination without being found connected with circumstances extending away back to previous disreputable practices of the Republican party. The Star-route thieves were men who had for years been serviceable to the party in those devious ways which had so often contributed to its success. They gave it the advantage of the abundant resources of their knavery in many a campaign. To punish them for dishonest conduct which enabled the furnishing of "exp" for the carrying of elections would have been ungrateful and inconsistent.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot*.

At a yearly meeting of Friends in Philadelphia it was ascertained through spies that "in no instance was there a report of any Friend being engaged in the manufacture or sale of intoxicants."

A New Era.

After the close of the war we had an era of Christian statesmanship. The Republican leaders went into the business of sanctification and emulated the 'unbleness of Uriah Heep.

There was the Reverend Vice-President, Henry Wilson, the moral shoemaker, unctuous with holiness, whose department in the presiding chair of the Senate gave the daily sessions the semblance of a prayer-meeting.

There was Vice-President Prof. S. Mayhew Colfax, with an ever-present beaming smile which seemed to lift its possessor above all worldly desires and follies, and imparted to his countenance the appearance of a perpetual pat-rioster.

There were the devout Dawes, the pious Boutwell, the upright Kelley, with Hoar, Sherman, Bingham, Pomeroy and others, all duly recorded on the calendar of political saints.

Unfortunately, Credit Mobilier got a corner on Christian statesmanship, and political holiness, in the language of the street, was "wiped out."

We are now in an era of speculative Statesmanship. A President of the United States steps out of the White House into a stock-broker's office. A Secretary of the Treasury leaves the Cabinet to try his luck at building a New Stock Exchange in New York. Judges resign from the bench to accept richly paid sinecures in railroad corporations. A Commissioner of Internal Revenue throws up his position for the purpose of prosecuting claims against the Government and securing heavy fees through his familiarity with the weak points in the Government's armor.

The evidences of the speculative political era crop out in other ways. Shrewd operators interested in heavy litigation buy a seat on the Supreme Court Bench for a liberal sum for a Judge they can use. Speculators in mines, manufacturing companies, National banks and railroads purchase seats in the United States Senate. Congressmen like Blaine and Edmunds vote for land grants to railroads and then speculate in bonds and stocks of the benefited corporations. Judges on the Bench and representatives of the people in the halls of legislation render decisions and pass laws in the interest of enterprises in which they have a pecuniary stake.

Just now there is a sort of Credit Mobilier corner on speculative statesmanship, as there was some years ago on Christian statesmanship. In one day's paper we read of the bankruptcy of the car manufacturing company of the speculative Chairman of the Republican National Committee, United States Senator Sabin, for several million dollars; of the complete failure of the stock-broker's firm of the great commander of our armies, ex-President Grant, for ten million dollars; of the small smash-up of the stock-brokerage business of John F. Smyth, the ex-Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and of the caving-in of a syndicate to speculate in coal lands and corner lots, composed of Garfield's late confidential agent, Thomas L. Nichols, ex-Governor Charley Foster, of Ohio, the Republican ex-Speaker Keifer, Senator Plumb, of Kansas, and Woodruff Warner Miller, United States Senator from the Great State of New York.

Also! It looks as if the era of speculative statesmanship were destined to be no more substantial than the era of Christian statesmanship, and as if the Republican politicians who in the present day trade in stocks, coal lands, corner lots and car manufacturing companies were doomed to as hopeless bankruptcy as overlooked the Republican politicians who traded in religion and morality a few years ago.—N. Y. *World*.

The Political Darkey.

Just about this time the dismal wall of the dissatisfied political darkey, who has not been getting his share of the Federal patronage, is heard in the land. The weary colored laborer who has toiled until he has become surmured in the Republican vineyard, and has done most of the hard voting, has, by some strange oversight, been overlooked in the distribution of offices. It frequently happened, during the war, that where a battle was raging, there were not axes enough to protect the officers. That is pretty much the way it is in the political campaign. There is not an officer enough for the white Republicans, hence the complaint of the colored voters that they are not in comfortable positions are highly unreasonable and most outrageously ungrateful. The colored voters have to grin and bear it; but when the time for conventions arrive, they lift up their voices, and say they want their share of offices; and if they do not get them, they, the colored voters, are liable to fall a prey to the enemy when the time to vote comes.

It is a self-evident fact that the Republican party, in dividing out the loaves and fishes, does not treat the colored voter fairly. He is not treated as if he belonged properly to the family at all, but more as if he were a black sheep. There may be a nigger in the wood-pile, but there is none in the Cabinet. When it comes to sharing the political bed, the colored brother is left out in the cold, regardless of the lowness of the temperature. He is worse off than the boy who had a selfish brother, who took his half out of the middle of the bed, and allowed his companion to sleep on both sides of him. The colored voter is not allowed in the bed at all, but is kicked out of the house, and told to hunt a boarding-house where colored people are taken in.

The colored man has to put up with coldness and studied neglect from the Administration until the Presidential campaign opens, and then, as we have stated, he looks black, protrudes his lip, kicks, and otherwise behaves like the bad little nigger that he is; but he is speedily calmed down by promises, and threats to turn the Democrats loose on him. When election day comes on, he is an indignant colored voter no longer. He votes early and often, and in the hope of "forty acres and a mule," or some foreign mission, he rolls up the usual Republican majority. He may promise during the campaign to vote the Democratic ticket, but when he comes to vote he is the same unreliable darkey he always was.—*Texas Siftings*.

Forest fires destroy more timber in the United States than the lumbermen.

Slander and Libel.

To say injurious and untrue things of another is slander. A person who suffers such an injury may bring an action against the person who slandered him, and recover damages for his loss of character and reputation. To charge a person with having committed a crime is slander. For example, a man who says that his neighbor has committed murder or burglary may be sued for it. In England it is no slander to accuse a person of having committed a trifling offence. To say of another: "He is a common beggar and fortune-teller," does not render the person liable there. In the United States, however, such words are held to be slanderous, because they bring disgrace upon the person of whom they are spoken.

The following are a few accusations of crime that have been decided to be slanderous: "He is a convict, and has been in the penitentiary." "He was arraigned for stealing hogs, and if he had not made good friends, it would have gone hard with him." "He is a knave and a rascal." "I will venture anything he has stolen my book." "You swore falsely at the trial of your brother John."

To say of a person that he has a disgusting and contagious disease, for example, the leprosy or the plague, is a slander. Statements such as these have a tendency to drive a person from all pleasant society.

Another form of slander is to charge a person with misconduct in his business. To say of a tradesman that he is carrying on his business he is a swindler is a slander. A person who accuses a clergyman of drunkenness, or a tradesman of keeping a bad place of resort, must pay damages if he is sued for it. The public will have nothing to do with those who do not conduct themselves properly. It is only fair that those who are wrongfully accused should be able to make the slanderer pay the loss.

A slanderous statement made in writing or printing, or a picture calculated to bring a person into public contempt and ridicule, is a libel. A malicious picture showing a person's physical defects is libelous. No person has a right to parade the misfortunes of others before the public.

There is no slander when a statement, however malicious, is true. The truth is not slander. But in some cases the truth when written or printed is a libel.

In certain cases statements are privileged. Lawyers, while arguing a case, have a right to make any statements that bear upon it. Jurymen and witnesses are also protected so long as they act under the belief that they are doing their duty.

Members of Congress and other legislative bodies may say what they please while on duty in the place where they meet. This right was given them for former times, to prevent jealous King from punishing members of Parliament who did their duty. Candidates for public office may be criticised freely. The people have a right to know every thing about those who ask for their votes.

In all cases of slander and libel, the statements must have been published that is, made to a person other than the one who seeks damages. It is no slander to make injurious statements of a person to his face, when no one else is within hearing.—*Youth's Companion*.

No Apologies.

"We were poor enough in those days," said an eminent publicist, once, in talking to a friend about his early married life, with its hard struggles, its plain living and high thinking. "We were poor enough, and we lived a good deal on baked beans with no pork."

"Some folks didn't like beans with no pork to season them; but mother" (mother meant his wife) "never made any apologies. When company came she put on an extra plate, and said dinner was ready just as cheerily as if there had been ten courses."

"If they liked us well enough to come again, they were always welcome. It was a kind of test. If they preferred pork, they stayed where it was plenty."

To our thinking this frugal housewife proved her claim to be considered a lady more conclusively by making no apologies than she could have done in almost any other way. Does the chronic apologist ever stop to think how selfish she is, in considering the petty annoyance of being in this or that direction less perfectly appointed than she could wish, rather than the ease and comfort of her guest?

For what guest can be at ease having been made to feel that he has come at an inopportune time—that some other day his hostess would have been more ready and therefore more glad to see him?

A lady, well-known to the society of two cities, is a chronic maker of excuses. If you go to a large dinner-party at her house, you feel by some spiritual magnetism the unrest of her own spirit—the wearing anxiety lest everything should not go off well, which makes it impossible for her to be quite at her ease.

"I beg your pardon," she says, at the end of your prettiest speech, showing that her thoughts have been other where.

If you go to a family lunch or dinner, she does wish you had been there yesterday, when the soup was better, or that you had come to-morrow, instead, when some other dainty would have been attainable.

"Do you go often to see Mrs. So-and-So?" one friend asked of another, in our hearing.

"No, I don't," was the answer. "I'm sorry, too; she is such a kind little woman; but I could not stand her apologies. They always made me feel that I had come at the wrong time."

If the thought could be present to a hostess that to apologize profusely is, inevitably, to make her guests feel that they have come "at the wrong time," surely she would avoid this error, since the very essence of good breeding is that genuine kindness of heart which strives to make people comfortable and not uncomfortable, happy and not unhappy.—*Youth's Companion*.

It is the custom among the French to kiss the forehead and not the lips. When the American girls began to wear bangs they knew what they were about.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

Good Tillage and Book Farming.

I have been telling some pretty big stories in your paper, not from any desire to brag at all, but because I had an object in view. The object was to stir up those farmers who needed it to improve their farming. Some of your readers are first-class farmers already, and do not need any stirring up; to such I am not writing. But there are farmers who keep along in the old rut, and seem to think that because they have always done things in a certain way it must be the best way. They ride by steam and send letters by fast mail, and messages by telegraph, but still farm it about as their fathers did in the days of stage coaches, only that they use a little more machinery. To such I want to write two letters.

In this first letter I want to propose to you, brother farmers, that you take one lot on your farm, and begin on it now to do the very best farming you possibly can. Keep an exact account with it, and see just what net profit it will pay you. Charge for all seed and labor what it is worth, or what it cost you, and charge for all your produce, if you divide the cost fairly between each crop in the rotation, and interest on the value of the land, and on the cost of all permanent improvements, such as under-draining, clearing off stones, etc. Take one of your best lots, clear it of all obstructions, and underdrain every wet spot.

If it all needs draining, drain it. Get the best tools in the market for thoroughly working and pulverizing the soil, and then use them without stint. Manure your land if it needs it, and do not forget to thoroughly pulverize the manure. Put in the crops best suited to your locality. Select a good rotation; the one best suited to your soil and charge for all your produce, if you divide the cost fairly between each crop in the rotation, and interest on the value of the land, and on the cost of all permanent improvements, such as under-draining, clearing off stones, etc. Take one of your best lots, clear it of all obstructions, and underdrain every wet spot.

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I can easily answer, as for the last three years I have sated it nearly all down into one pile—a new house and furniture, which cost three thousand five hundred dollars. This was all saved, and some more, on a fifty-five-acre farm (thirty-five to thirty-six acres cultivated, remainder pasture) in three years, after living well and paying hired help well, and all other running expenses, repairs, taxes, some new tools, etc., etc.

I suppose he wanted to find out how much money I could save. It is a very pertinent question, as one can have a large income with little or no net profit.

I can easily answer, as for the last three years I have sated it nearly all down into one pile—a new house and furniture, which cost three thousand five hundred dollars. This was all saved, and some more, on a fifty-five-acre farm (thirty-five to thirty-six acres cultivated, remainder pasture) in three years, after living well and paying hired help well, and all other running expenses, repairs, taxes, some new tools, etc., etc.

Not a Case of the "Survival of the Fittest."

I started to write upon birds, yet have strayed upon insects. But since I am upon insects I may as well speak about one or two other things which have interested me very much in this lower stratum of animal life. I had always known the dragon fly—or devil's darning-needle, as he is more generally known—to be the hawk of the insect tribe, and had rather encouraged him as a destroyer of mosquitoes. One day I was sitting in the woods and a strange, nondescript creature passed rapidly by me and alighted on the side of a tree. It had a big yellow head and a long black tail, and it was altogether a puzzler. So I went over to look at it, and found it to consist of a large yellow butterfly and a huge dragon fly. The latter had caught the butterfly somewhere and flown away with it, and I stood there and watched him eat it, which he altogether did, biting off and discarding the wings, indeed, but leaving no vestige of the body. I took up a stick and mashed the dragon fly after his meal, thinking it an outrage and a degree or two worse than cannibalism that so hideous and diabolical a creature should destroy and eat the beautiful butterfly. Perhaps this dragon fly had a perverted taste, and I hope this was the case, for I never saw another one flying at any higher game than mosquitoes and midges. I approve of their warring upon these, but that they should eat butterflies appears to me a species of vandalism.—*Cor. N. Y. Sun*.

In washing wooden dairy utensils use first hot water, then cold, and lastly hot. See that they are well dried.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, but not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving name and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

MY WIFE SHALL HAVE HER WAY.

My little wife shall have her way,
I often tell her so,
For she has both the wit and will
To choose the right I know,
And if sometimes she makes wrong,
She's sure the fault to find,
And tell me in a little while—
"My dear, I've changed my mind!"

She said to me the other day—
"I'm really in distress,
I cannot show myself again
Without a new silk dress.
To-day, I saw such lovely suits,
I felt just like a fairy."
I said: "Go buy the very best,
You always do what's right."

Instead of that she changed her mind,
And said to me with surprise:
"Why should I spend my money, dear,
For other people's eyes—
This dress is very pretty yet,
I will last for many a day."
I answered, with a loving kiss:
"My wife shall have her way."

Sometimes she says: "I'm going to call;
I'll take a carriage, Jack,
Why do you not let me go?
And you'll be sooner back."
At night she asks: "Why should I spend
Five dollars on a line of gray?
I took the cars. Was I not right?
To let her have her way?"

Year after year as summer comes,
She's sure to say to me:
"The city is so hot, let's rent
A cottage by the sea."
"No, love," she looks at one or two,
Then says: "I'll come with you."
"Home's better, Jack, and cheaper, too!"
"My darling, take your way."

And so it is through all my life,
Whatever my wife shall want,
It is my will, it is my right,
Her will and way to grant.
For I do not contradict,
Then I can trust her every time,
To do the thing that's right.
—Lillie E. Herz, in N. Y. Ledger.

A DAKOTA BLIZZARD.

Carrie Welton looked the school-house door and walked down the dusty highway towards the farm house she called home. She was very tired, and the long mile before her seemed interminable. Just then there was the sound of wheels, and a span of bay horses were reined up close beside her.

"Would you like to ride home, Miss Welton?" some one said.

Carrie looked up in the sun-browned face of Alexander Hall. There was no smile in his grave eyes, and the shadow of a frown was visible on his brow.

"I thank you—no, I would prefer to walk," Carrie responded.

"Very well. Get up, ponies!"

And the span and buggy whirled past her, leaving a cloud of dust to settle upon her linen dress and straw hat as she trudged along the highway, looking very flushed and angry.

"The idea of thinking I would make up with him in this way!" she said, mentally. "No, indeed! He will have to apologize before I ride with him again. I could see that he was just as set and stubborn as ever. No doubt he intended to give me another lecture, and thought this would be a splendid opportunity. He will learn that I have some dignity, I can tell him."

Carrie was so tired she ate but little supper that night, and retired early to her room to think over matters in solitude, away from the clattering tongue of good Mrs. Smith, who felt it her solemn duty to "entertain" her boarder—said entertainment consisting in recitations of the neighborhood affairs, past and present.

When Carrie felt well and happy, and was not worn out with her day's work, she bore it very heroically.

But to-night she was too nervous to endure the ordeal. Mrs. Smith's voice grated upon her nerves like the filing of a saw, and she flew to her room for protection, pleading a headache. In truth it was a headache which troubled the girl.

During the last six months she and Alexander Hall had been very good friends—such very good friends that they were, in fact, lovers, and needed only a few words to belong to each other for all time; words which would have been spoken ere this but for an unexpected event.

Smithtown boasted of two stores which, of course, were visited at certain periods by drummers. One of them, a handsome, dashing fellow, had recently made it in his way to pass Sunday in Smithtown. Everyone in the little town knew why he had remained.

He had chanced to see Carrie Welton one evening at the store making some purchases, and he was not at all slow to express his admiration for the teacher. He begged the favor of an introduction, which, owing to the somewhat informal manners of Smithtown society, it was not difficult to obtain, since everybody knew everybody there, and the handsome agent seemed a very nice fellow indeed, one whom all the young ladies would be glad to consider an acquaintance.

Mr. Parker attended church the following Sabbath, and walked home with Carrie, much to the indignation of Alexander Hall.

He took it upon himself to say some very cutting things to Carrie when they next met, to rebuke her for her readiness to receive attention from a clothier's "dummy," as he called Mr. Parker, and they parted in anger.

The next meeting was that on the "dusty road."

Carrie congratulated herself on her behavior, and then cried herself to sleep. But she was sure he would come again in a day or two, and then she would be a little more gracious, and take him back into her favor, for really Smithtown was very dull without him.

But Alex. did not come to her the next day or the next, and a whole week went by without her seeing him.

Then a strange report came to her ears.

"Alex. Hall has an auction to-day," one of her pupils remarked.

"An auction. What for?" Carrie asked wonderingly.

"Why, he's going away—going to take up a claim in Dakota. He's sold his farm to Mr. Roberts, and to-day he sells off his horses and machinery."

"Does his mother go with him?" asked Carrie with a dull pain at her heart.

"No, she is going to Iowa, to her daughter. Of course the farm belongs to her, and the money will be hers, and

she says she does not want to go into a new country. But Alex. is wild to go, and he says he will be a rich man in a few years—that the land out there will sell for a big price."

It was not a very orderly school the remainder of that day. Carrie seemed to be in a sort of nightmare.

Could it be true? And was he going away without coming to say good-bye to her, and this shadow between them?

But he did, all the same. Three horrible days and nights went by, and then she saw him pass the school house on the afternoon train which would bear him from Smithtown.

It was the noon hour, and she and several of the larger girls were sitting under a spreading oak, watching the smaller children play "trick around the roses."

As he passed by he swung his hat to the children, with whom he was a favorite, and said: "Good-bye, girls! good-bye, boys!" And then he was gone.

How the dreadful weeks wore by Carrie could never tell. But they did go by, and the end of the term came at last—in August.

It was three months since Alex. Hall had gone. Mr. Parker had visited Smithtown once during that time, and had been astonished to have Miss Welton turn her back upon him very deliberately when she met him at the village store.

He was not accustomed to this kind of treatment from pretty girls in small villages; for Mr. Parker was one of the young men who had "a sweetheart in every port," and he fully resolved to make Miss Welton his Smithtown sweetheart; and now all his plans were swept by the very disdainful manner of that young lady herself.

He sought an explanation by post, but his billet-doux was never noticed, and he was obliged to look elsewhere for a sweetheart to make his number good.

The very day that school closed Carrie received a letter from her uncle Tom.

Uncle Tom was her only near relative, a roving man of Bohemian tastes, a sort of jack-at-all-trades, and good at none. But now he seemed to have found a new location where he would be liable to remain some time.

"I am in Dakota," he wrote, "and I've taken up the nicest claim you ever saw—one hundred and sixty acres. I have built me a little house, and I keep old bachelor's hall. I go where I please in the day, I am only five miles from the railroad, and people are coming in and villages going up fast. I have plenty to do and see—odd jobs of carpenter work, to keep me in living expenses, and then I go back to my shanty and sleep nights. You know I was a soldier two years in the late war. Well, that counts just so much time on my land, and when I once own it I can sell it or keep it for a homestead, as I choose. Lots of women are taking up claims. Now, I've been thinking of you, Carrie. There is a splendid quarter section a little way from mine. It will be picked up soon, and if you want to make money, and have the grit to stand roughing it, you'd better be the girl to pick it up. You must have saved up something, teaching so steadily as you have for five years. It would cost you but little to come out here on a landholder's ticket, but a little more to put up a small cabin, and but a little more to keep you for six months, and then you just about own your land—at least you've only got to make periodical visits to it after that. And you can find enough to do in the meantime. And you can wear your old clothes and dress as well as the best of them. And in a few years you will be a rich woman. Carrie, for this land will sell at a good price, it is so admirably located and fertile."

Carrie had no sooner finished the letter than her mind was formed to go. She hated Smithtown and everybody in it, and the further she could get away, the better.

She wrote her uncle that she would arrive within the next three weeks, and she was with him in less than two.

"I have the lumber already for your little home," he said, as he drove her from the station to his "bachelor" home.

Somehow she was lighter-hearted and happier since she knew she was in Dakota, than she had been for months. Some knew why she did not cheat herself. It was because she was in the same country with Alex. Hall. It gave her a sense of companionship—this very knowledge.

"In the morning I will take you out and show you your claim," continued her uncle, "and I've chosen this site for your cabin. I'll be about a mile from mine—just a nice walk for you when you get lonesome."

The next morning was bright and sunny, but of course windy.

"What a wind! Does it blow often like this?" asked Carrie, as they rolled along over the smooth prairie.

"Wind? Why, this is a calm day; my dear," said Uncle Tom. "Just wait until you have seen a Dakota blizzard, my dear, before you talk of wind. My and my came to Carrie's 'quarter-section,' as Uncle Tom called it."

Carrie could not see where it "began" or "left off," she told Uncle Tom. It was like all the rest of the country—just land and nothing more, prairie melting into prairie as far as the eye could reach.

"Well, but I know where the invisible lines lie," responded Uncle Tom. "Now over yonder on that knoll your cabin will be built after we have attended to the legal formalities, and that is the extreme southern limit of your claim. A little south of it there is a slight ravine, and then another knoll. The ravine is the dividing line between two quarter sections."

"Who owns the other one?" asked Carrie, anxious to know who might be her neighbor.

"I don't believe it is taken, though I heard something about it the other day. Some fellow was looking it up, I believe. There are some dozens of them around almost daily. That was the reason I was in a hurry for you to come."

A few days later, after the legal formalities had been attended to, Uncle Tom drove Carrie out again to look at the cabin that was in process of erection on the opposite knoll.

"Why, that claim has been taken, too! I wonder who will be my neighbor?" queried Carrie.

"I can find out at the land office," Uncle Tom replied.

He did so and gave Carrie the desired information the next day.

"It's some fellow named Hall—A. Hall," he said. "He's just sold out his interest in some claim about fifty miles north of here, and now he's taking up this, which he intends to keep as a homestead. They often sell out at a nice figure after staying a few months on a claim. Some fellow pays them a good sum for their chance, and they go elsewhere."

"A. Hall?"

Carrie felt a sudden leaping of her heart and a curious excitement. But it was not likely that this was Alex. It would be too wonderful to be true.

Yet it was Alex! She saw him at the post-office the next day, and passed him without so much as a glance.

Alex. looked as if he had seen an apparition, and took a step forward and then stood still, chilled by her cold glance in which there was no recognition.

After all, it was his own fault. He knew he had conducted himself like a brute and an idiot when he left Smithtown.

He had realized it a dozen times since—realized it constantly, in fact—with a dull heartache whenever he was alone with himself.

But he had never been quite brave or manly enough to write and ask her pardon, believing ere this Mr. Parker had the first place in her heart. And now she was here in Dakota! How strange!

A greater surprise awaited him in the knowledge that Carrie's claim and cabin were just opposite his own.

The two cabins were completed and furnished, and the occupants moved in. Alex.'s was the more pretentious of the two in the exterior, and Carrie's the more sumptuous within. For she had brought her books and she had a few plants, and with those indescribable feminine knick-knacks, which some women seem to create by a turn of their hand, her rooms were very cozy.

Yet she was not very much at home. She passed a great deal of her time at Uncle Tom's, setting his "bachelor hall" to rights, and mending and darning for him.

But she went to her desolate little house to sleep. She was not timid—she knew that no harm could come to her there.

She knew that the law of kindness prevailed in this new country, which was better than any law "to keep the peace," to bind the people together. She occasionally saw Alex., but they never recognized each other, yet there was to her a sense of protection in the knowledge that he was so near.

"Got acquainted with your neighbor yet, Carrie?" asked Uncle Tom, after a month had passed.

"No, and I don't want his acquaintance," answered Carrie, rather icily.

"Nice fellow, I think," said Uncle Tom. "He's got business in him, and will make a successful man. He's taken up a tree claim now. I was talking with him to-day."

"What a tree claim?" asked Carrie.

"Oh, you plant so many trees and have 'em growing at a certain stated time—say two years—and the land is yours. He said you might do that, and be worth just so much more. It would cost you but a trifle to have the trees planted."

"He is taking an interest in my affairs, is he? Well nobody thanks him for his advice," snapped Carrie in a voice very unusual to her.

Uncle Tom wondered what had come over the girl, usually so sweet tempered. The weeks went by, and November came. Carrie was on the third month of her six. She had made a great many friends, and had read, and sewed, and made her Uncle's cabin and her own very better than any comfortable, and neat with her handiwork.

She felt that her time had been very well employed and the days had not been long. And yet she and Alex. had never exchanged a word. No one—not even Uncle Tom—knew that they had ever been friends.

One November day Carrie was "tacking a comforter," which she had pieced together out of bits of calico. The wind had been blowing with increasing fury from the northwest all day.

Towards evening it became terrible, and a sleety snow began to fall. It seemed to shake the little cabin to its foundation.

Carrie felt her heart sink with fear. This was something beyond any of her former experiences, and she remembered what Uncle Tom had said of a "blizzard."

"This surely must be a blizzard," she thought.

Higher and higher rose the wind; louder and louder it shrieked. The walls of the house shook, trembled and then—

Carrie was conscious of being lifted up into the air by some unseen force, and whirled through the darkness and then falling. After that she knew nothing for a brief space.

She was only stunned, and when she opened her eyes she found herself still in her own room, but with everything still in a confused mass of ruin about her, and Alex. Hall kneeling by her, rubbing her hands and calling her name.

"It was not necessary to come over," she said. "I am not hurt in the least."

Alex. broke into a laugh.

"Come over?" he repeated. "It is you who have come over, Miss Carrie; you made the first call in spite of yourself. And very glad I am to see you, even in this unceremonious manner."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that you came, house and all, and planted yourself right in my dooryard with a thunderous clatter. I thought the whole village had arrived. It is a wonder your neck was not broken, my dear. Are you sure you are not injured?" he asked, with tender concern.

"Do you really mean Alex., that my house blew over into your yard?"

"I mean just that, Carrie. I always thought your cabin rather shaky—mine is twice as substantial—and now you will be obliged to accept my hospitality for the present. Fortunately, I have a man and wife stopping with me this week—friends of mine from Northern Dakota, whom I am entertaining until they get a house built. They have slept soundly through all this blizzard. They are used to the country. But I will

wake the good woman now, and she will attend to you."

The next day Alex. said to her:

"Since you unbecomingly called upon me in such an unceremonious manner, Carrie, before I beg your pardon for my old disagreeable meanness, can't you stoop still further and marry me, now that I do most humbly crave your forgiveness? I have always loved you."

Of course Carrie could not refuse.

"Pon my soul!" said Uncle Tom, when he had heard the whole story. "You're the heroine, Carrie, and Alex. is the hero and I am the sort of good angel, you know, that fixes up things."

"You and the blizzard," laughed Carrie.

The Lena Delta.

The delta of the river Lena, to which so much attention has been lately directed in connection with the Jeannette expedition, is included in the Shigansk ulus, one of the subdivisions of the Verchovansk okrug. Formerly the village of Shigansk, about midway between Yukutsk and Bulun, on the Lena, was the most important place in this district, the center of the fur trade and headquarters of the Ispravnik. Now, however, it is nearly abandoned, owing to the scarcity of fur-bearing animals in the vicinity. A priest, however, is still there with his family; and a small number of natives make it their residence during the winter. The Ispravnik resides in Verchovansk, a rambling village near the headwaters of the Yana, consisting mainly of about forty yurts. In addition to these there is quite a large church, a school-house, a small hospital, house where the public officials transact their business and the Ispravnik's residence. All these are log-built, in the Russian style and their large brick stoves or ovens and double glass windows are the only comfortable, healthful abodes north of Yakutsk in this section of Siberia. The mail arrives once in three months, but there are besides occasional opportunities for sending letters by the Cossacks, who act as guard to the political exiles sent from the south. The route through the mountains being rough and full of difficulties, especially for transporting trains, clothing, provisions, and, in fact, all necessities of life are scarce and high-priced, with the exception of beef, which here is even cheaper than in Yakutsk. Rein-deer are usually plentiful, their price varying from two dollars and fifty cents to four dollars a head. There is a force of about twenty Cossacks stationed here, whose chief duty is in connection with the exiles and in guarding the Government property.

The Ispravnik travels through his district once a year to collect taxes, and to inquire into the condition of the people. (Each male native is taxed about four rubles, or two dollars, yearly, in money or furs for the support of the Government and church.) Having sent word of his coming, the head man of the various districts, the govalah and starosters assemble at Bulun, the principal village in the Shigansk ulus, sometime during the winter to meet him and transact the public business. During the summer the route between Verchovansk and Bulun is practically impassible in consequence of the numerous rivers which have to be crossed, and the boggy condition of the tundra along the coast. Upon one occasion, it had become necessary in the summer to dispatch a messenger on urgent business to Bulun, it took the native who was sent on the duty seventy-two days to perform the travel, which in winter can easily be done in seven or eight.—Report of Lieutenant Schuetze.

Why Bagby is Still Unmarried.

However much nerve a young man must possess before he can ask a young lady to become his wife, it certainly requires more for him to work himself up to that pitch where he can unblushingly ask her father for his consent to the matter. One night last summer Bagby was drawing near the abode of his affianced when he saw her father in the yard. What better opportunity could ever present itself? With a trembling step and a giddy brain he approached to within ten feet of where the old gentleman was seated and gasped: "Please sir." The person addressed made no response. If a force-pump of forty horse-power had been injecting blood into his head it could not have been worse. He moved forward about two inches. "Please, sir, I—I—" This was as far as he got, for his tongue seemed to be as thick as an arctic over-shoe. The old gentleman did not seem to move a muscle. Bagby moistened his feverish lips with his tongue, and then began where he left off: "I love you—" He could proceed no farther. Composing himself a little, with a desperate effort he began at the beginning: "Please, sir, I love your daughter, and—" This was about one-third of what he had to say, but it seemed far less, there was so much remaining. It was now getting quite dark. The old gentleman's indifference made Bagby more desperate, and he determined to finish what he had to say, come life or death. "Please, sir, I love your daughter, and I wish to make her my wife. Do you give your consent?" and with the question he rushed forward and flung himself on his knees before the old gentleman. Just then came a gust of wind, and the old gentleman, which proved to be a scarecrow, placed there to frighten the robins, fell over on Bagby, and tipped him into the mud. Bagby is still unmarried.—Bow Bells.

Distinguished Bachelors.

Pope, Pollock, Herrick, Goldsmith, Macaulay, Watts, Hans Andersen, Voltaire, Swinburne, Newton, and a host of others were bachelors. Pope, who was known as the interrogation point of literature, hated women. Dr. Watts was said to have written one of his sweetest hymns after being refused by a woman. James Buchanan, the bachelor President, was something of an author, and used to publish his love verses in the papers.

In art the bachelors were also numerous. Raphael, Angelo, Landseer, Joshua Reynolds, and Beethoven were never married. Congreve, the dramatist, was a specimen of the bachelor lady-killer, and Swift, bitter and malicious as he was, was really of the same order. Cowper was of a tender, sensitive nature, and was as shrinking as the petals of a dainty flower. At twenty-eight he met with a love misfortune, and the wound never healed. Keats, also tender and modest, had been affected by Cupid's darts, and never recovered. Pope had the iron driven into his soul by his deformity, which made him all the more bitter.

Dr. Thulenburg and Adam Smith had curious stories about their love affairs, and even Hans Andersen, as gentle and lovable as was his nature, had his trials, and told his story in his own simple and childlike way. Turner, the artist, had his life shaped and sharpened by his love shadow, and he became reserved and dropped into the hard line of money-making. Something serious prevailed his writings and paintings.

Lamb was defined as the self-denying bachelor, because he gave up marriage on account of his sister. Gray and Erasmus were old-maidish bachelors.

Goldsmith was a blundering bachelor, and his life might have been changed, good-natured and lovable as he was, had he married. The ideal bachelor was Whittier, who was everybody's friend, gentle, good, and kind. Next come the clams, of whom Hume is a distinguished example. Incensed in his shell he was a regular bivalve, scoffing at everything, and even defending suicide. Nowhere in his correspondence could be discovered an evidence of warmth and sentiment.

The corpulent bachelor authors make a long list. Hume was the fattest of the fat. Not appreciated at home, he was intoxicated with the praises of Paris, and made a failure in the salons as a society man. Gibbon's corpulence was even ridiculous, and he went through several courtships, but forgot that his fat kept pace with his fame. After reading several chapters of the "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire" to Lady Elizabeth Foster, he got on his knees to make his proposal. She refused, and Gibbon could not regain his feet until helped by two stout peasants.

Buckle, Boyle and Spencer were never married, and the fact may have been that many of them never had time. Humboldt was a general favorite in society, and was courted and feted; he was witty and sharp at repartee. Though his name is associated with lonely rivers, unpeopled wastes, mountain peaks and travel, he was never known as a husband. Buckle was always an invalid and devoted to his mother. Erasmus was a very factious man and the best critic of his age. Horace Walpole, who for sixty years satirized men, women and things, loved to write letters. In his old age he became infatuated with Miss Berry, but feared that the world he had so long ridiculed would laugh him down. Pope delighted to write letters, and would send half a dozen copies to his lady friends. Though many detested the "wasp," he was devoted to his mother, and was self-sacrificing. Macaulay was never married, but his noble nature shone out in his letters to his sisters. When one of them got married he said he had nothing left but his ambition.—Foreign Exchange.

While There's Hope, There's Life.

A few years since a book by that name made everybody ask: "Is life worth living?" to which Punch, with a good deal of philosophy as well as fun, answered: "It depends upon the liver." A prominent English physician has undertaken to answer the question in another form. He says not only that life is worth living, but so well worth it that a man can and ought to prolong it, that it does not depend so much upon the liver, or any other organ, as upon the heart—the one who lives.

He declares that though there are some maladies which must kill, life in most cases may be prolonged by sheer hopefulness, and that, reversing the old maxim, so long as there is hope there is life. Some live by their excessive muscular vigor; others by their feeling powers; others by their mental or nervous energy. This last class is very large. They live on by sheer power of hope and courage. Their bodies are weak and crippled, but their "ego" is remarkable; they live on when everybody is puzzled and wonder how they do it.

He maintains, moreover, that a man may live on when one organ is deranged by shifting the burden to another. Instead of fretting himself because his heart is affected, let him overlook the fact and make his lungs do extra work in vitalizing his blood; so that, if that fluid does not flow as effectively as it might, what does flow shall be pure. The very fact of relieving the diseased organ may cure it.

When a man hopes his brain is stimulated, his nervous system is healthily excited and vital energy is increased. Increase in vital energy means that disease may be conquered, or at least out-lived.

This sounds well, and undoubtedly is sound in another sense. Yet there still remains the practical difficulty of exciting hopefulness in those who are not hopeful. Some have a genius for hopefulness. Others are naturally depressed. All of us are born either "bulls" or "bears." Some, too, have will power; others lack it; and whether those who have it or not can strengthen it by being told to exert it is a question.

Then as regards hopefulness in disease. Who are more hopeful than those often most dead with consumption, who often on the very day of their death believe that they are on the road to recovery? So far from helping them to recover, physicians say this hopefulness often hastens the end, by making them reckless and unwilling to take the ordinary precautions of diet and habits which even well people observe. On the other hand, who so gloomy, so hopeless as the victim of liver complaint? He exaggerates his disease, forebodes his early death, perceives no light or warmth in the sunshine nor color in sky or flowers. He often recovers, even after he has abandoned all hope, and as soon as his functions are restored is happy and blooming once more.

But in spite of these exceptions this doctor is probably right. The more hopefulness the more "spirit" and "go" a man can continue to awaken in himself, the more likely he is to postpone the hour which the melancholy man foresees so long in advance, and, like the coward, by fearing death dies a thousand times, while the brave man dies but once.—Detroit Free Press.

Of the origin of the work "Jingo" a correspondent of the London Spectator says: "It seems likely enough that the word is pure Basque. 'Jingo' is the Basque for 'Dien!' The Basques were famous sailors in the last century and the century before, and our own seamen may have caught the word from them without understanding it. This explanation was given me some years ago by a friend, who had it from the lips of the Basque scholar, Prince Lucien Bolarque."

A wonderful mirage was seen recently off over Munjoy, Me. People were surprised at seeing apparently a brick house some six stories high, the colored bricks, the windows and all being plainly seen, floating in the air. The sight was a beautiful one.

The Chase County Courant.
Official Paper of Chase County.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher.

The Flag on the Court-house has been at half mast ever since the adjournment of the Republican National Convention. We suppose it is in honor of the funeral of that party, that the nomination of Blaine and Logan, most assuredly, foretells, at the coming November election.

The Second Annual Fat Stock Show at Riverview Park, Kansas City, will be held from October 30 to November 6, 1884, inclusively. For information concerning rules of the show, railroad rates and space or stalls, address Edw. Harem, Secretary, room 37 Live Stock Exchange building, Kansas City, Missouri.

The Democratic State Convention for nominating a State ticket will be held in Topeka, Wednesday, August 20, 1884. The officers to be nominated are: Governor, Lieut. Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor, Treasurer, Attorney General, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, two Presidential Electors from the State at Large, and one Elector from each Congressional District.

The following resolution offered by Judge Devenny at the recent Democratic State Convention was, on motion of Dr. J. W. Stone, of this county, to suspend the rules, passed without a dissenting voice:

Resolved, That we declare our earnest sympathy for Ireland in her struggle for the self-government and equal justice that we ourselves enjoy. We deplore the system that ruins a whole people for the benefit of a few thousands, and we recall with gratitude the sympathy and devotion that Ireland extended to the American colonies in their similar struggle for their most sacred and essential national rights.

The New York Sun, in speaking of the nomination of Blaine, says: "A great many Republicans are opposed to Mr. Blaine. Some of them would reject him on account of the stains on his public career as exemplified in the transactions of the Mulligan letters, but there are others, and their objection is of greater pertinency and effect in the present condition of affairs, who repudiate him on account of his crazy notions and Quixotic policy when he was Secretary of State. But those whose imagination that, because of such disaffection, the country is now to witness a spiritless canvass and an easy triumph for the opposition, are, in our judgment, very much in error. Mr. Blaine is a fertile and sensational politician, and he will force the fighting from the start. Mr. Tilden said years ago the opposition can not elect its President with less than a majority of two thirds; and this wise observation is as true now as when it was first uttered. It will not be enough to defeat Mr. Blaine at the polls; it will not be enough to have against him an immense majority of the Electoral College. Fraud and force will be brought into play by the Republican office-holders in 1884 just as freely as they were in 1876. Mr. Blaine is a man of desperate expedients. His party is a desperate party. The sins of the Republican party are so great, the corruption of its rule so extreme, its history or these many years has been so revolting, that, with prudent counsels, a good candidate and a judicious and patriotic platform, the Democracy may now win a great victory for the country. But we warn them that it will be no holiday task, that every point will be hotly contested, and that every advantage they may gain will have to be fought for in the manly earnest."

EDITORS TO THE FRONT.
Kansas editors, especially Democratic editors, are very modest in coming to the front as candidates for any political office, but we propose to break the rule somewhat in this campaign, and come out as a candidate. We have never been a candidate for any office, and we would like to experience the peculiar sensation that is said to creep over a man when he throws off all

reserve and flings himself before the people as an aspirant for office. Yes, we have thought the matter all over, weighed well the grave responsibility we will have to assume, counted the cost, and resolved to make the sacrifice. The senior editor of this paper is a candidate for Presidential Elector from this Congressional District, and as Butler county did not get represented in the delegation at Topeka, last week, and as our gallant Democracy is deserving of some recognition at the hands of the next Democratic State Convention. Not only this, but we would like to see the list of Presidential Electors made up exclusively from the ranks of the Democratic editors of this State. The nomination would be purely honorary, and no better opportunity could be offered to show the Democratic editors that the Democratic party of Kansas, at least, appreciate their work in the good cause. Brethren, what say you to this proposition.—Butler County Democrat.

Mr. Fulton is right about this matter, and we hope that he or some other Democratic editor, outside of Chase county, will be nominated from this District, and that the entire Electoral ticket of this State will be made up of those who have to stand the brunt of the battle—Democratic editors.

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING INSECT DEPREDACTIONS.

In order to secure the greatest practical benefits of entomological science to the farmers and fruit growers of the State, the State Board of Agricultural respectfully requests that information in regard to any and all insects depredations which may occur during the ensuing season, be sent at once to the Entomologist of the Board, Prof. F. H. Show, Lawrence, Kansas. The information should be accompanied, whenever doubt exists as to the species, by specimens of the insect committing the depredation, together with as full an account as possible of the character of the depredations, whether it be upon the leaf, the stem, the root, the flower or the fruit of the plant attacked. The insects should be sent alive, if possible, and may be safely committed to the mails if inclosed in a stout pasteboard box (like a torch box), or in a small tin or wooden box. The postage on such packages is only one cent an ounce, if no writing be inclosed. The name or initials of the sender should be written upon the outside, together with the address; and a full account of the insect and its work should be sent by letter, in the same mail. Prof. Show will furnish, from time to time, papers concerning noxious insects and how to destroy them, for publication in the reports of the Board, which are distributed to all parts of the State, and which will be sent to all those furnishing information on this subject.

R. W. JENKINS, President.
W. M. SIMS, Secretary.

ANOTHER CHARLIE ROSS CASE.

On the 16th of April last, there disappeared from his home near Liberty, Clay county, Mo., a 16 year old lad named John M. Brown whose parents have since made every exertion to find him, but unsuccessful. It was understood, at the time, that he went away with one Henry Davis of about the same age. The boys were traced as far as Kansas City, where all track of them was lost, and since then a most diligent search through Kansas and Missouri, has failed to find them. The boy's mother is almost frantic with grief and fear; she being under the impression that her son has possibly been made away with by the other lad. The Herald, and these circumstances confidently appeals to its brethren of the prairie throughout Kansas, Texas, Nebraska and southwest Missouri, to aid in restoring to this grief-stricken parent her lost child, for his detection or information leading to his recovery, the father, Mr. J. W. Brown, of Quincy, Ill., offers a reward of \$50. The description of J. M. Brown is as follows: Weight about 135 pounds, heavy set, dark hair and eyes, head rather large and round, fresh rather low, with coarse, stubby hair; has a few teeth plugged with silver. Henry Davis weighs about 125 pounds; is square built; has sharp features, smooth, oily tongue, with a tumor about the size of a small pecan on front part of one ear.—Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

G. A. R.
Regular monthly meeting of Post No. 15 June 21. Business of importance. All members should be present.
C. C. WHITSON,
H. E. EWING, Commander.
Adjutant.

DRY GOODS, ETC.
THE GREAT EMPORIUM!

FERRY & WATSON
Desire everybody to know that they have one of the

BEST AND LARGEST STOCKS

Of goods ever brought to this market,

CONSISTING OF
DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

GROCERIES,

COFFINS

FURNITURE,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

CLOTHING,

HATS AND CAPS,

QUEENWARE,

GLASS WARE,

TIN WARE,

And, in fact, anything

NEEDED BY MAN

During his existence on earth.

BE SURE TO GO TO

FERRY & WATSON,

Cottonwood Falls, Kas.

and

YOU WILL BE PLEASED

With their

BARGAINS.

PUBLICATION OF SUMMONS.

In the District Court of Chase county Kansas, A. Hildebrand, George O. Hildebrand and S. F. Jones, partners doing business under the firm name and style of Hildebrand Bros. & Jones, Plaintiffs, vs. L. W. Clay, Polly Clay, his wife, Adam M. Clay, John Walcott, John Quinn, I. G. Thomas, Pauline Thomas, George Newman, Henry Harris, Tabitha Harris and Theodore Zoelner, Defendants.

To the above named defendants, Adam M. Clay and Pauline Thomas, of parts unknown, yet and each of you, will take notice that the firm name and style of Hildebrand Bros. & Jones, of the county of Chase, and State of Kansas, did on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1884, commence suit against said defendants and filed their petition in the District Court of Chase county, Kansas, against the said L. W. Clay, Polly Clay his wife, Adam M. Clay, John Walcott, John Quinn, I. G. Thomas, Pauline Thomas, George Newman, Henry Harris and Tabitha Harris and Theodore Zoelner, defendants, above, setting forth that the said defendants, Henry Harris and Tabitha Harris gave a mortgage to one George J. DeWitt, which was afterwards assigned and transferred to the plaintiffs herein, together with the note thereon secured, on lots eleven (11), twelve (12), thirteen (13), fourteen (14), fifteen (15), sixteen (16), seventeen (17), eighteen (18), nineteen (19), twenty (20), twenty one (21), twenty two (22), twenty three (23), twenty four (24) and twenty five (25), in block two (2), town of Cottonwood, now called Strong City, Chase county, Kansas, to secure the payment of \$2,000, according to the terms of a certain note thereon, and that the said defendants, L. W. 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The Chase County Courant.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS. THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1884.

W. E. TIMMONS, - Ed. and Prop

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for advertising rates: 1 week, 2 weeks, 3 weeks, 1 month, 2 months, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year. Includes sub-columns for different ad sizes.

Local notices, 10 cents a line for the first insertion; and 5 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. Double price for black letter, or for items run for the head of "Local Short Stops."

CITY AND COUNTY NEWS.

NOTICE OF SALE OF SCHOOL LAND.

Notice is hereby given that I will offer at public sale, on SATURDAY, JUNE 14TH, 1884,

between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 3 o'clock, p. m., the following described school land, to-wit:

Table listing school land parcels with columns for Section, Township, Range, and Acres.

Any person may have the privilege of making a bid or offer on said land, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 3 o'clock, p. m., on said day of sale, at my office, in Cottonwood Falls, Chase county, Kansas.

J. S. SHIPMAN, Co. Treasurer of Chase Co., Kansas

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

Business locals, under this head, 20 cents a line, first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

It rained Saturday.

Look out for frauds.

Cool, Monday morning.

A nice rain, last Friday.

A nice rain, Friday night.

Mr. Nat. Scribner has returned to Kansas City.

Miss Nannie Cartter is expected home, this week.

Wilhe Hillert is confined to the house, with sickness.

Mr. M. A. Campbell was down to Emporia, Monday.

Mr. F. E. Smith, of Emporia, was in town, Tuesday.

Mr. L. F. Miller is repairing the ceiling of the Court-house.

Miss Clara Bailey, of Elmdale, has gone on a visit to Ohio.

Mr. Sam. Baker, of South Fork, has gone on a visit to Illinois.

Mr. Wm. Martin, of Strong City, is again well and about.

There was a very heavy hail and rain storm, Sunday morning.

Mr. J. L. Cochran is putting up a new carpenter shop for himself.

The Stock Growers' Association will hold its next meeting, August 1st.

Mr. M. H. Pennell left, Saturday, for La Junta, Col., for his health.

Mrs. Wm. J. O'Byrne, of Emporia, was visiting at Strong City, recently.

Miss Carrie Breeze has gone to Emporia to receive instructions in painting.

Farmers, beware of frauds in every shape, for they are abroad in the land.

Mrs. Dr. R. W. Fisk, of Council Grove, was visiting in Strong City, last week.

Mr. Geo. Gomer sold his steers (twenty one head) to Mr. J. C. Serogin for \$1,185.

The rise in the river, last Sunday, washed out a portion of Mr. A. S. Howard's dam.

Mr. Pat. Raleigh, of Strong City, is plastering the house of Mr. H. S. Lincoln, at Matfield Green.

Miss Ada Pugh has returned from Lawrence, where she was attending the State University.

Mr. J. W. C. Gail, of Illinois, is visiting at his brother-in-law's, Mr. T. B. Johnson, of Strong City.

Mr. A. A. Walters, the telegraph operator, at Strong City, is in the "far West," on a month's leave of absence.

Mr. W. C. B. Gillespie, traveling salesman of the St. Louis Type

Foundry and Paper Warehouse, was in town, Friday.

Married, at Newton, on Sunday, June 1, 1884, Mr. Frank Olinger, formerly of this city, and Miss Nancy Sykes, both of Newton.

Married, at Emporia, on May 25, 1884, Mr. Wm. L. Cazaly and Mrs. Anna Shaft, daughter of Mr. John Barr, of Elmdale, both of Chase county.

The various Fourth of July Committees are working with an earnest that bespeaks a good time at the coming celebration, at the Fair grounds.

About half past 6 o'clock, Saturday morning, while Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Bond, of South Fork, were at town shopping, a man entered their house and took \$15 from the bureau.

Mrs. L. D. Hinckley will leave on this afternoon's train, with her two grand-children, sons of Mr. Ed. E. Hinckley, of Leadville, Col., for a month's visit to that gentleman.

Mrs. Marsell, of Nashville, Tennessee, mother of Mrs. G. O. Hildebrand, of Strong City, and Mrs. Nick Walker, of Neodesha, Kansas, sister of Mrs. Hildebrand, are visiting at that lady's.

Mrs. J. T. Dickinson and her sister, Mrs. McFadden, of Strong City, returned, last Thursday, from a two weeks' visit at Ottumwa, Iowa, and on Monday night, Mrs. McFadden returned east.

While coming down the hill at Spring creek, near the Fair ground, on Monday morning, in a sulky, the horse Mr. Thomas Parvin was driving began to kick, striking him in the breast and on the right arm, inflicting some slight bruises.

On Wednesday evening of last week a special train of twelve coaches loaded with "the boys in blue," and about twenty-five box cars, loaded with their accoutrements, etc., passed west over the Santa Fe railroad, bound for New Mexico.

Flagstones are being gotten out this week at Emslie's stone saw mill for part of the walks on Main street in Council Grove. We think when the Grove once sees the beauty of these sawed stone walks she will have none other, and also find that Strong City is the place to get supplied.—Independent.

The teachers of Chase county, no doubt, will take that lively interest in the Normal Institute this year that they have taken in the Institutes of the past, and make it a grand success, in an educational point of view, as well as being an enjoyable reunion of the teachers. Remember, it will begin June 30.

The following is a list of the petit jurors for the July term of the District Court: Falls township—Sol Varner, J. W. Harvey, Jacob North, W. G. McCandless, Jesse Jones, Joseph Shaw, J. W. Stark, J. S. Stanford, W. H. Moore. Bazaar township—Frank Corbin, P. B. McCabe. Toledo township—C. A. Hancock.

On Friday last Sheriff Griggs arrested L. Turichi on a charge of entering the house of Mr. H. F. Davis, in this city, and took him before Squire F. B. Hunt, who, after giving him a hearing, bound him over in the sum of \$300 to appear at the next term of the District Court, and, in default of bail, he was remanded to jail.

The following is the population of Chase county, by townships, as returned by the Assessors: Bazaar—families, 201; population, 1,165; Cottonwood—families, 220; population, 1,150; Diamond Creek—families, 113; population, 507; Toledo—families, 165; population, 904; Falls—families, 426; population, 2,037. Total—families, 950; population, 5,763.

The Chase County Normal Institute will commence on Monday, June 30th, 1884, and will be conducted by Prof. John Deitrich, of Burlingame, assisted by Prof. J. M. Warren. A printed programme will be sent out as soon as prepared by the Conductor. For further information address MARY E. HUNT, Co. Supt.

Last Saturday, Geo. Payne, a man who had been selling liniment and varnish in these parts, went to the jewelry store of Mr. John R. Kofel and took therefrom a silver watch belonging to Mr. C.

C. Watson. He was followed to Osage City by Under-Sheriff Chas. Houston and brought back here, Tuesday, and yesterday had a hearing before Squire Hunt, who fined him \$25 and costs.

J. R. Blackshore, of Elmdale, a prominent farmer and stock grower of Chase county, was in the city on Tuesday, and says that he will begin cutting Alfalfa grass, this week. He has over two hundred acres of tame grass, and says that it will make a big yield of hay. He says that there is no longer any question as to whether tame grass will be a success in this State.—Last week's Emporia Democrat.

PATENTS GRANTED. The following patents were granted to citizens of Kansas, during the week ending June 3d, 1884, reported expressly for this paper by Jos. H. Hunter, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, 934 F Street, Washington, D. C.: Samuel Dexter Leecompte, Leavenworth, thill coupling; Albertis Martin, Painville, windmill; Geo. H. Herrington and David G. Millison, Wichita, type writing machine.

\$15 Reward. Strayed from A. Z. Scribner, of Bazaar, Chase county, Kansas, one gray mare, coming 3 years old, branded "A. Z." on left shoulder, also one black mare, coming two years old, hind feet white up to hock joints, one fore foot white, nearly to knee, some white on forehead. The above reward will be given to any one giving information leading to the recovery of these animals.

FOR SALE. A stone blacksmith shop with two fires and all necessary tools; also, a residence of five rooms, good cellar and well, and two lots. Apply at this office or to Wm. C. Giese, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

CHEAP MONEY. Interest at 7 per cent., on two, three, four, or five years time, real estate security. Call on Thos. O. Kelley, at Young & Kelley's Law Office. nov23-1f.

CASH. For eggs, butter, chickens and other products, at Pennell's restaurant

BUSINESS BREVITIES. Pay up your subscription. Boots and shoes at Brees's. Wanted, two girls, at the Union Hotel. Good goods and bottom prices at Brees's. Go to the Union Hotel for your ice cream.

First-class organs at E. Cooley's for \$50 cash. jy6-1f Two houses for rent. Apply to M. H. Pennell.

Oranges, lemons, apples and cider, at Pennell's.

You can get your staple dry goods at Brees's.

Go to Howard's mill if you want to get the best of flour.

Fresh goods all the time at the store of Brees, the grocer.

Go to E. W. Brees's for your dressed fish every morning.

Parties indebted to Dr. Walsh are requested to call and settle.

I have a few hundred cash in hand to loan. C. C. WHITSON.

Go to L. F. Miller's to have your Sewing Machines repaired.

Home-made bread, cakes and pies, fresh, every day, at Pennell's.

A car load of Moline wagons just received at M. A. Campbell's.

A car load of Glidden fence wire just received at M. A. Campbell's. oct5-1f

Just received, screen wire cloth and window frames, at Johnson & Thomas's.

If you want to get a good square meal, go to Mrs. M. H. Pennell's restaurant.

Read the Public Sale Advertisement of Hinkle & Harvey, to be found in another column.

Dr. Ewing Smith, Dentist, will be in Cottonwood Falls, Saturday, June 14, to remain one week.

A car load of new improved Bain wagons just received at Hildebrand Bros. & Jones, Strong City. dec6-1f

Dr. W. P. Pugh will continue to do a limited practice; and will be found, at all unemployed times, at his drug store.

Go to Brees's for your fresh staple and fancy groceries, and where you can get the highest market price for produce.

Go to the Star Bakery for all kinds of candies and nuts, cigars and tobacco. J. D. STROUSE, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

Mrs. Laffoon is now offering her immense stock of millinery goods, in Strong City, at prices within the reach of all. Hats at from 25 cents to \$5. d13-1f

Go to Brees's for your fresh staple and fancy groceries and for staple dry goods, and where you can get the highest market price for your produce.

R. F. LAFFOON. Has on hand a full line of Ladies' Cloaks and Delmans, Gents', Youths' and Boys' Overcoats, Which he will close out AT COST! He keeps the Best Line of Dress Goods to be found in the County; Also, a full stock of Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, HOSIERY, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, CLASS, QUEENS, AND WOODENWARE. MRS. E. LAFFOON, MILLINER, Does all kinds of Stamping to Order. STRONG CITY, KANSAS.

"HEALTH AND HOME." Washington, D. C. Sworn Circulation, 70,000. EDITED BY W. H. HALE, M. D.

This is a large eight page, forty column, monthly paper, and is devoted to everything pertaining to Health and Home, Marriage, Social Science, Domestic Medicine, Science, Literature, Art, Economy, Cookery, Hints on Health, Dietetics, and every realm of Modern Science that tends to improve health, prevent disease, purify morals, and make home happy.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 50 CENTS A YEAR. Address—DR. W. H. HALE, Health and Home, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SETH J. EVANS, PROPRIETOR, RED FRONT, NORTH SIDE, Main Street, Cottonwood Falls. LOWEST PRICES, PROMPT ATTENTION, Paid to ALL ORDERS, Good Rigs at ALL HOURS. BOARDING HORSES MADE A SPECIALTY.

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. JARIN JOHNSON, W. C. THOMAS, DEALERS IN JOHNSON & THOMAS, 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, Pear' Corn Shellers, Buford Plows, Farmers' Friend Corn Planters, and Bakers' Vapor Stoves.

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WANTED. From twenty to forty acres of land broke on C. C. Watson's farm on Rock creek. Apply at Ferry & Watson's, in this city. The best flour of all kinds, at E. F. Bauerle's. He says: "Come, and see me."

PUBLIC AUCTION. The undersigned will offer for sale at public auction, in Strong City, on Saturday, June 21, 1884, The following described property: One thorough-bred bull, five years old; twenty cows and calves; thirty 1 and 2-year-old heifers and steers; forty head of full-blood Berkshire and Poland-China hogs; several teams of good work horses; two brood mares with foal; one 2-year-old colt; two superior 2-year-old fillies; two yearling colts. My farm will be offered for sale or rent at the same time. TERMS OF SALE: For sums under \$5.00, cash; above \$5.00, 5 per cent off for cash. Approved notes at 6 months at 10 per cent per annum. JOHN EMSLIE, je12-2f

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, Residence and office, a half mile north of Toledo. jyl1-1f

L. P. RAVENSCROFT, M. D., Physician & Surgeon, STRONG CITY, KANSAS. Office in McIntire's drug store, residence opposite the post-office. Calls promptly responded to. jyl7-1f 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, H. M. Watson and J. W. Stone, M. D. je6-1f

MISCELLANEOUS. THE "ENTERPRISE" MEAT MARKET, L. A. LOOMIS, PROPRIETOR, WEST SIDE OF BROADWAY, COTTONWOOD FALLS. Fresh Meat Every Day, HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR Fat Cattle, Hogs & Dressed Chickens. HIDES AND PELTS. AGENTS wanted for The Lives of the Presidents of the U. S., the largest, handsomest, best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The latest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALL & Co., Portland, Maine. jan1-1f

PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUX & Co., Augusta, Maine. jan27-1f

BLISS' 1845. Illustrated Hand-Book 1884. For the Farm and Garden. 150 pages. 200 illustrations, and a beautiful Colored Picture of Flowers, etc. What, When and How to plant and in full of information invaluable to all interested in gardening. Mailed for 50c to cover postage. Illustrated Novelty List, describing all the latest varieties of Flowers, Vegetables, Grasses, Fruit, Plants, etc. Mailed Free. ORDER NOW. And have on hand when you want to plant. FLOWER GARDEN for \$1.00. 30 packets choice Flower Seeds (our selection), including WILD GARDEN SEEDS (a mixture of 100 varieties of Flower Seeds), for \$1.00. A VEGETABLE GARDEN for \$1.00. 20 pkts. Choice Vegetable Seeds (our selection), including Bliss's American Wonder Peas, for \$1.00. BOTH the above for \$1.75. Gardener's Hand Book telling you how to grow them, sent Free with order. B. K. BLISS & SONS, 34 Barclay St., New-York.

LINCOLN FLORAL CONSERVATORY. Greenhouse, Bedding Plants, Roses, Flowering Shrubbery, Evergreens, Small Fruits, Etc. Extras with every order. Floral Designs, Bouquets, Baskets, Etc. for Parties, Weddings and Funerals a specialty, and sent to any part of the State. Sweet Potato and other vegetable plants in their season. Illustrated Catalogue free. W. B. SAWYER & CO., Lincoln, Nebraska. Telegraph No. 34.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Miss Lillian Smith, aged twelve years, has opened a shooting gallery in Nevada City, Nev. The young lady is a phenomenal shot.

—Daniel Wolford and his twelve grandchildren took the temperance pledge at a Cooper Union temperance meeting in the presence of 1,500 people. —N. Y. Times.

—Miss Eva Mackay, daughter of the bonanza king, is at the head of a society of young ladies who go about doing what good they can among the worthy and deserving poor of Paris.

—The widow of Chief Justice Sprague, of Toronto, Canada, died of grief for her husband. She had been well until she heard of her husband's death, and then took to her bed and died twelve hours later.

—Annie Russell, aged eight years, came from Templemore, Ireland, alone, en route to Mrs. Hussey, Miller's Corner, near Clifton Springs, N. Y. A tag bore her address, and she got to her destination safely. —Syracuse Journal.

—Mrs. Dubay, daughter of General W. T. Sherman, owns a plantation at Pass Christian, Miss., and the place is famous for having one of the richest rose gardens in the entire South, exhibiting more than 350 varieties.

—Patrick O'Regan, who was chief officer of the British Coast Guards over fifty years ago, is living on Brewster street, near City Point, Boston, aged one hundred and four years, and good for many more. —Boston Herald.

—Consul General Everett Frazer, of the Korean Empire, has displayed the flag of that country at his office in New York. The flag is red, with a central figure called the "Tackin Fir"; otherwise, the "Great Extreme," or "The first great cause, least understood."

—There is no judge on the English, Irish or Scotch bench who has attained the distinction won by Judge Daly, of New York, of having held judicial office for forty years. The nearest to it is Lord Fitzgerald, from 1850 to 1882 a Judge of the Irish Queen's Bench, and since a Lord of Appeal. He is sixty-seven years of age. Judge Daly is sixty-eight. —N. Y. Tribune.

—Dr. Henry T. Whitney, a native of Lunenburg, Mass., who, with his wife, has been connected with the mission of the American Board at Foo Chow, China, for seven years, has returned to this country, bringing a Chinese girl, daughter of a wealthy Chinaman, who is to study medicine at Washington, D. C. After completing her education, she expects to return to practice in her native land.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—A burglar alarm clock went off the other night without arousing the family. It went off with the burglar.

—The dog is not so much below mankind, and is certainly to be congratulated rather than commiserated on one thing—he doesn't have to send his collar to a laundry every week. —Lowell Citizen.

—Silver dimes of 1807 are worth thirty cents each. Ah, dear, it seems to us the last time we had must have been somewhere along in that year. But it was only worth ten cents then. —Just our luck. —Dwightton Hawkeye.

—A colored man came into a Galveston newspaper office and wanted to subscribe to the paper. "How long do you want it?" asked the clerk. "Just as long as it is, boss; if it don't fit the shelves I kin kin a piece of myself." —Texas Siftings.

—A ragged little girl in a London school was recently asked why Adam and Eve were turned out of Paradise. She promptly answered: "Because they didn't pay their rent." Her parents had been evicted for non-payment of rent several times within a few months.

—"Boy!" he called as he snapped his fingers at a post-office book-baker, "are you the lad I handed a dollar bill to yesterday get changed, and you beat me out of thirteen cents?" "No, sir."

—"Look out!" "How do you know you ain't?" "Cause do I look like a boy who'd beat you out of a shilling when I could walk off with the dollar." "Stranger, you must have got hold of some poor fellow kid who's just begun business." —Detroit Free Press.

—A well known oil producer told us yesterday of a rather good thing which occurred when he was a boy. He and several other chaps heard a poor woman in a miserable shanty praying for bread, and it was suggested that they procure a dozen loaves and throw them down the chimney. This was done, and after awhile the boys knocked at the door and asked: "Well, auntie, did the Lord send you any bread?" "Yes, indeed," she replied, "and he made the devil's children bring it." —Oil City Derrick.

—Crushing a sereander.—A youth went forth to serenade the lady who loved the best. And at her house his footstep stayed. Until the moon had gone to rest.

He wanted till the morning light; Came dandling o'er the hilltop rim; But no fair maiden blessed his sight, And all seemed dark and drear to him.

With heart aghaw and eyes ablaze He drew much nearer than before, When, to his horror and amazement, He saw "To Lot" upon the door. —Hicksville Republican.

Hired Help.

Mrs. Joolowizze had hired a new and a very green errand boy and she sent him with a basket and some money to get some groceries. When he came back he did not report and she called down stairs to him:

"John, did you get the cabbage?" "That's what you told me to get," he answered, with a lazy crawl.

"Did you get the potatoes?" "That's what you told me to get." "Did you get the starch?" "That's what you told me to get." "Did you get the soap?" "That's what you told me to get." "Did you get the sugar?" "That's what you told me to get." "I know that," she shrieked after the same monotonous reply floated up to her for the fifth time, "but did you get them?"

"No, ma'am, I lost the money, and some damn thief uv a boy stole the basket." —Merchant Traveler.

Italian Methods With Lime-Mortar.

A correspondent of the Builder gives a few details of the Italian method of making and using lime-mortar which are new to us, and of considerable interest, as are nearly all the particulars of construction as practiced by these skillful workmen. In the opinion of the Builder's correspondent, most of the modern Italian processes are identical with those practiced in the same country by the ancestors of the present inhabitants two thousand years ago; and he believes that the good quality of the Roman mortar, which has been proverbial for centuries, belongs equally to that made every day in Naples or Perugia. As everyone knows, the custom among the Italian masons is, on commencing work upon a new building, to dig first a pit, large enough to contain all the mortar required for the work, into which is put lime enough to fill it within a foot or two of the top. Water is then poured in until the pit is filled, and the mixture is left to itself, care being taken only to add water as that first put in is evaporated or absorbed. As mortar is wanted, a portion of the lime is taken from the top of the mass, but the lower portion, which will be used to mix with the plastering mortar, remains undisturbed for years, and acquires a smooth, pasty quality much prized by the Italian architects, who place a value upon the lime which they use for such purposes proportionate to the length of time which has elapsed since it was first slaked. The good effect of this mode of preparation is seen in the perfect stability of the mortar, which never swells or cracks, and, when used in brick work or stone masonry, is never observed to give rise to those disfiguring efflorescences which are almost inevitable with us. On plastering mortar thus made there is no difficulty in laying the fresco colors which are used in Italy, with such splendid effect, but which turn out pale and unsightly patches when laid upon our raw, half-slaked mortar.

With lime treated in this way care can be executed which would be impossible with such materials as we employ. As an instance of this the correspondent of the Builder quotes the battuto roofing which is constantly used to cover costly and important buildings in Southern Italy, and which consists simply in a thick coating of lime-mortar, spread over the timber work, and beaten continually with heavy clubs for ten days or two weeks in order to consolidate it. The climate of Southern Italy is rainy, if not cold, but these roofs, which, if made of what we consider good lime-mortar, would transmit water like a sponge, serve there to protect for centuries the house beneath. The same kind of work is used for floors, taking the place which would be filled among us by cement concrete, and the beaten lime floors appear to be as hard and smooth as anything that we construct with much more costly materials. That this difference in quality between our own and the Italian mortars is due to the mode of treatment rather than the original character of the lime used, is indicated by the fact that many different varieties of lime stone are employed there, according to circumstances of locality or convenience, without any material variation in the result; the Italian workmen having learned that art which we care so little for, the making the best of poor or inferior materials. —American Architect.

Elevated City Railways Cause Eye Troubles.

The introduction of the elevated railways in this city has also brought in peculiar class of optical troubles, due, the judgment of iron dust in the eyes, pedestrians and others who have occasion to travel or pass under the railway structures. Hundreds of such cases are now treated at the hospitals, and most of them are successfully cured, the particles being removed by a gross-shaped instrument about the size of a sewing needle. The pieces are too firmly held to be removed by magnets.

The trains have a high speed between stations, and are quickly brought to a stop. This requires strong braking, which grinds off the iron from the shoes in fine showers, and the iron particles fly in all directions. A magnet applied by us to tops of the crossings attracted a large quantity of very fine iron dust. Each passing train deposits its quota of iron, not only on the crossings, but upon the street below. We passed a magnet along the gutter of the street near the stations, where dust usually accumulates, with the result that large quantities of iron particles were secured upon the magnet. The same experiment was also tried in Broadway, through which no elevated railroad runs, and while iron particles were attracted, the quantity was far less than at the railways. By passing the magnet along a distance of only six feet near a railway station, more iron was attracted than by passing it along an entire block on Broadway.

These particles varied in size from one-sixteenth of an inch to dust so fine as hardly to be distinguished by the naked eye, and were frequently entirely invisible, requiring the aid of the microscope to reveal them. Viewed under the microscope, their dangerous character becomes apparent. The greater part were bordered by a jagged fringe with very fine points, compared with which the point of a cannie needle appeared dull. Not infrequently the projections were hook-shaped and barbed similar to a fish hook, which will account for the difficulty in removing them from the eye, into which they have been driven—the closing of the eyelid and the rubbing which thoughtlessly followed, assisting to more firmly embed them in the cornea.

In order to determine whether iron particles could be attracted while floating in the air, a magnet exposing about one square foot of surface was suspended in mid air under one of the railroad tracks, and although the magnet was by no means a strong one, it attracted to itself iron particles in spite of a strong wind which blew at the time.

Further, the awnings of shop keepers along the lines of the elevated railroad are discolored by iron rust in a very short time, and require frequent renewals, since washing fails to remove the stains which the rust produces. —Scientific American.

Scientific Conceptions and Social Potency.

The first Napoleon's hatred of and contempt for "ideologues" expressed in part the practical man's scorn for mere dreamers, but expressed far more the antagonism of brute force to that subtle ideal force with which it had to struggle in vain. For ideas have their own laws of growth, and as the tender shoot of some vegetable organism will up-leave the heavy sod or split the hard rock, so will the development of some new conception often defy the constraints of material compression. The minute egg of the coral animal may grow into an oceanic islet, or into a reef besides which ships may sail for days, or even into a densely peopled land, with its railways, cities and busy commerce. Similarly, an idea from the brain of some Descartes or Hobbes, some solitary sage of Konigsberg, or a Geneva skull, full of imagination, but empty of morals, may, in the course of a few centuries, transform the aspect of the civilized world. The present is a time when scientific conceptions have a quite exceptional social potency, and we venture to think that some of those who have attained currency merit more attention from non-scientific readers than they have received on account of the relations they bear to temporary politics. We believe that many of the errors of even the most extreme school of Nihilists are the outcome of one recalcitrant and mistaken philosophic idea, apparently quite remote from the sphere of politics. This idea may be shortly expressed as the mechanical conception of the universe. But if we are right in believing that this conception is at the root of such political errors, they have also a common origin from a source which is more remote. They may be considered, in the first place, as developments of the main political error of Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose dreams have had results which now threaten so much of Europe with revolution and anarchy. This main political error is the conception that the art of politics is a mere matter of counting heads, one man being absurdly represented to be "as good as another." Hence arises the profound error of regarding a nation as a mere loose aggregate of similar units, instead of as an organic whole composed of a system of mutually related parts (having very different values and very diverse functions) from the family upward. But this imaginary reduction of one national, organic whole into a mass of separate, similar atoms is really but one of many examples of that modern tendency to regard all action as merely mechanical which has increasingly invaded every branch of knowledge, to the profound detriment of morals and religion. —British Quarterly Review.

Who's a Hoosier!

A story is told by some of the old residents of the State to the effect that the word was first applied to Indians about the time when Madison was the center of a large pork trade, and the farmers for a hundred miles around would drive their hogs there in great droves. The peculiar noise that they kept up in driving the swine—sounded something like hoo-ee! hoo-ee!—led to their being called, by a corruption of the sound, "Hoosiers." The story, if true, would make the origin of the word comparatively recent, and it can not be accepted with credence for the reason that the palmy porkopoly days of Madison were long after the Hoosiers had become known.

The first that is known of the word appearing in print was in 1830, when John Finley, the Wayne County poet, wrote a New Year's poem for the Journal entitled "A Hoosier's Nest," in which a description of the pioneer cabin in Indiana is given. The poem, in the light of one of the traditional stories, gives something of an idea of the manner in which the word came into use. The first few lines read:

I'm not in riding, something west
A stranger found a Hoosier's nest
In other words, a Buckeye cabin.
Just big enough to hold Queen Mab in.
On the borders of a prairie;
And, fearing he might be frightened,
The Hoosier met him at the door.
Their salutations soon were o'er.

It was the custom among the early pioneers in Indiana in traveling through the country to halt a cabin by calling out: "Who lives here?" and "Who's here?" About the time of the treaty of peace with the Indians, in 1818, and when the State was very sparsely settled, travel was attended by great dangers, and no man ever rode away from home without his rifle. As a common precaution of safety, when a traveler saw in the distance the smoke from a camp or cabin fire, he would call out, upon coming within hearing distance, "Who's here?" and from the response he would know if he was among friends. From a corruption of this form of salutation the people of Indiana were called Hoosiers. Doubtless settlers, in writing back to friends at their old homes, would say that they "were among the Hoosiers," and in a few years the appellation sprang into general use. General W. H. H. Terrell, whose researches in the early history of Indiana have been thorough, and who may be accepted as authority, says that this is the true origin of the word, and Governor Wright is credited with saying that it was a corruption of the form of salutation of the early settlers of the Western country. A critical interpretation of Finley's poem seems to give proof of this explanation. —Indianapolis Journal.

—Henry F. Waters, the London agent of the New England Historic-Geographical Society, has discovered among the records of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury the will of Sir George Downing. The Boston Post says: "It is an interesting fact that he, a Salem boy, a graduate of Harvard College in the famous first class of 1642, has given his name to Downing Street, known the world over as the official residence of the Prime Minister of England."

—Troy, N. Y., has a three-legged boy baby. The doctors want to cut one of the legs off, but we think it should be let alone. No doubt when the boy gets a little bigger he will delight to play around railroads and he will not have more than two legs left when he grows up. —Philadelphia Call.

Wheat Meal and Wheat Flour.

Bread, it has been said, is the staff of life. Discussions that spread sound views as to what will make the best bread are of the highest importance, not only in regard to health but intellect and morals also. If one live right he will probably think and act right. Hence, what shall we live upon? is a most important question. The fact that nature constructs the human digestive apparatus and provides fit substances for it to work upon is disregarded by those who contend that art can interfere advantageously in this matter, and the experience of the world is ignored when it is asserted that flour is superior to meal as food.

It ought to be remembered that dyspepsia was quite unknown until after flour came into use, and that it is not now a "national disease" among races and people who do not eat flour. The North American Indians were once as free from disease as any people can be who use flesh as an article of diet. They only bruised their grain between stones. The peasantry of Ireland and Scotland are among the healthiest and best-favored people of the world. They never see flour; seldom meat. Their diet is oatmeal and potatoes. The food of the Grecian and Roman gladiators was figs, nuts and hard bread. The Russian grenadiers, during the Napoleonic wars, were as fine soldiers as were ever marshaled. Their ration was a pound of black bread and a half pound of vegetable oil a day. Captain Howland, of New Bedford said: "The Russian stevedores work eighteen hours a day, eating only coarse black bread and garlic. They are astonishingly powerful, and endure protracted labor far beyond my own men. Many are eighty and ninety years of age without losing their agility or strength; and they are full of vivacity, singing as they work, with all the buoyancy and blitheness of youth." "The Greek boatmen," says Judge Woodruff, of Connecticut, "are very athletic and powerful, blithesome and jovial. They breakfast and dine on coarse bread, figs, grapes, or raisins, and eat no suppers. In Smyrna, where there are no carriages, they carry from four hundred to eight hundred pounds." Lieutenant Paine declares that "one of these carried nine hundred and sixty pounds." Mr. Jewett, of Portland, Me., asserts that a coarse-bread-eating laborer of the Canary Islands carried on board his ship a mass of ballast that four stout American seamen had tried in vain to lift." It is well known that the rice-eating people of the world—the Japanese, Chinese, Hindoos, the people of the Southeast and Southwest coasts of Africa, the Brazilian slaves—are all strong, healthy and long-lived. The laborers of La Guayra carry barrels of beef and pork on their shoulders from the landing to the Custom House, at the top of a hill too steep for carriages. They never use flour or meat. So, the world over, wherever the people live on coarse vegetable food, they are active, strong, healthy, and enduring; but, on the contrary, where the people live chiefly on flour and meat, as in great commercial or financial centers, they are nervous, dyspeptic, weak, and incapable of hardships.

The instinct of animals now domesticated is an unerring guide to food, while man's diet is a mass of acquired habits. Comparative anatomy, however, teaches what his natural dietetic habits are, since all animals having similar digestive organs should feed alike. There is only one class of animals—the anthropoids—that in this respect are like man. The digestive organs of the orang-outang are identical with his, and his anatomical and physiological resemblance to that animal is so marked as to place both in the same dietetic class. In the bones, as to form and number, the muscles, nerves, liver, spleen, and lungs, there is an exact agreement. Their natural food should be the same. Now the orang-outang, unless driven by hunger, never eats anything but uncooked fruit, grain and nuts. He never has dyspepsia, nor diarrhoea, unless fed on flour or meat. The same is true of the whole Simia tribe.

There can be no question about there being a natural adaptation between man and his food, for he lived long before the ingenious devices of art interfered with his natural habits. The celebrated Gustav Schliekense, who made diet the study of his life, said: "Man must enter into direct physiological relations with his food. If the butcher, the miller, the baker intervene, he destroys natural adaptation, for these intermediary agencies render the process unnatural. Every artificial preparation weakens the natural functions and impairs digestion." —Cor. N. Y. Sun.

Fresh Paint.

The current belief among householders that the smell of fresh lead paint is noxious is founded on pretty general experience, but is opposed by the belief, equally current among chemists, that lead compounds are not volatile. A fact recently brought to our notice seems to support the domestic theory. The basis of the useful and popular luminous paint is known to be sulphide of calcium. Now, this compound, when unprotected by varnish, glass, or some other impervious substance, is slowly acted on by the acids of the air and sulphureted hydrogen is evolved, which blackens lead paint. This is well known, and can easily be avoided by proper protection of the paint. But the curious thing is that unprotected luminous paint is found to be perceptibly blackened by the fumes from fresh lead paint. There seems to be only one possible explanation of this—namely, that a surface freshly covered with lead paint does actually emit some volatile compound of lead. We believe that many physicians could confirm this view from their own observations in regard to newly-painted houses. —Lancet.

—Cinnamon Bun: Make your paste just as you would for ordinary buns; roll it out into suitable lengths for the size of your bun, and then butter these rolls well, and as you twist the roll into form, place between the folds some cinnamon, currants and sugar. Then place your buns in the baking pan, strewing white pulverized sugar over the whole. —N. Y. Times.

—Wild hogs are becoming quite numerous in Nevada.

Beckleton's Bees.

Mr. Beckleton's bees swarmed the other day, and the new generation, leaving the hive, went over to an adjoining peach tree, and settled in cone-shape on a peach tree. Having bees, when not managed skillfully, is a painful performance. The bee does not know that the human family admires his proverbial industry, and often stings the man who seeks to establish a home for the bill collector of sweets. The entire neighborhood was aroused when Mr. Beckleton's bees swarmed, and children, both white and black, assembled to see the fun. Mr. Beckleton was not at home when the insect muster occurred, and the management of the affair was taken in hand by the hired gentleman. A spring wagon with an impromptu hive was brought around. The unsuspecting horse, lashing the flies with his tail, soon attracted a scouting party of bees. The poor animal, stung to desperation, kicked and snorted, and breaking from his fastenings, ran out into the street and pawed the ground. A member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, came along, and seeing the horse tangled in his harness, but not observing the bees, approached with kind solicitude.

"It's a shame," said he to the hired gentleman and other persons who stood near, "that you allow this horse to tangle himself in his gear. Whoa! Good Lord!" and waving his hands in the air he struck a trot, while a swarm of bees hovered around his devoted cranium. He ran to the street crossing, thrashing himself with his hat, reaching there just as a car came along. Some of the bees "zipped" the mule, and with a lunge the animal jerked the car from the track and ran against a fence. The only passengers were a fat man who sat reading a pamphlet on the Banting System, and an old maid who carried a little porte-monnaie sachel. A prominent bee went into the fat man's jaw, and a companion buzzed in and saluted the maiden lady on the neck. Banting's book flew out of the window and the beads on the porte-monnaie receptacle rattled as the old maid lifted her skirts and rushed from the car. The pain that a lean man can endure without striking demonstration will bring intensified fits to a fat man. The only passengers were a fat man who sat reading a pamphlet on the Banting System, and an old maid who carried a little porte-monnaie sachel. A prominent bee went into the fat man's jaw, and a companion buzzed in and saluted the maiden lady on the neck. Banting's book flew out of the window and the beads on the porte-monnaie receptacle rattled as the old maid lifted her skirts and rushed from the car. The pain that a lean man can endure without striking demonstration will bring intensified fits to a fat man.

When Mr. Beckleton reached home and learned that his bees had swarmed, he went over to assist the hired gentleman.

"Hold on there," he cried. "Don't fight 'em. Let 'em buzz around. They won't hurt you. See?" as the bees began to buzz around his ears. "Wait a few moments and they'll be quiet." A bee lit on his nose. "All you've got to do is—Gee whizz! whoop!" He ran against the fence and knocked off his plug hat, and in trying to fight off a bee that showed a disposition to settle on his eye, he trod upon the hat and mashed its crown through the brim into the ground. Everybody ran away and left him and, as he wandered around, he struck the peach tree and jarred the buzzing one to the ground. Then he knew that man was made to moan; that life is full of sudden pain and cries. That bravery which would prompt a man to rush forward and rescue a fellow-mortal from a swarm of angry bees has not yet been discovered. Man has many virtues but this self-sacrifice is not one of them.

When Mr. Beckleton reached home, after the bees grew weary of his society, he looked like a beated bondholder, and that evening, as he lay on the floor of his front gallery, a man who saw him said: "Blamed if I don't believe old Thingenbobem will swell up and bust." Oh, no; bees will not sting you unless you molest them. —Arkansas Traveler.

Made it on Oil.

"And you made that suit of clothes out of it?" "That's exactly what I did," replied the thin man, proudly. "My wife's done a little sewing now and then, and had fifty dollars saved up. I went to her and explained how the market was. Told her there was sure to be a boom, and that now was the chance of a life time. You know I have been going pretty ragged lately."

The cold tea man nodded his knowledge of the fact. "Well, I demonstrated to her where there was a fortune in sight if I only had that fifty dollars. She said I'd lose it, but I promised her I wouldn't; that I'd only operate on the safe side, and on a dead-sure thing. So she let me have the money and I went down to the Exchange. Oil was then selling at \$1.10, I knew it would go to \$1.20, because I had the pointers, you see. So I just stepped out and bought this suit of clothes."

"Well?" said the cold-tea man, expectantly. "Well, what?" "Why, where does your oil speculation come in?" "Ain't I got this suit of clothes? Didn't I make 'em on oil? Wasn't I on the safe side of the market? Aint I ahead of it? What's the matter with you?" and the thin man walked off with dignity. —Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—Ella Wheeler's marriage had its romance behind it. When the Army of the Cumberland held its reunion in Milwaukee, Mr. Robert M. Wilcox, a young manufacturer from Connecticut, was present. He had read Miss Wheeler's poetry and wished to see her. It happened that she contributed a poem to the occasion and was pointed out to Mr. Wilcox. On his return home he wrote to her, and, though she had never met him, she liked his letter and replied. A pleasant correspondence followed, and soon a meeting was brought about. It proved a case of mutual love at first sight. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The Prince Imperial of Austria speaks, it is asserted, every dialect known in the Austrian dominions, except Turkish.

—Thirty States and Territories have more men than women, and seventeen States and Territories have more women than men. —Chicago Times.

—A colored preacher in Buffalo gave notice to his congregation, recently that he wanted less shouting and more money in the future. —Buffalo (N. Y.) Express.

—The city fathers at Olean, N. Y., have instructed the police to compel all boys under the age of fifteen years to vacate the streets after 8:30 o'clock p. m.

—A five-year-old girl fell from a third-story window in Cincinnati, recently, but a gentleman passing by saw her coming, caught her in his arms, and saved her from any harm. —Cincinnati Times.

—A couple of Flushing (N. Y.) squirrel-hunters caught a Canadian stoat or ermine, which was nested in a tree. It whipped their dog before they killed it. It is the first known to have been caught on Long Island.

—The adage that "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good" finds a new illustration in the report that the health record of Cincinnati has greatly improved since the flood cleansed the unwholesome districts.

—Johnson Sides, a Plute Indian chief, says that the order of the Virginia & Truckee Railroad, prohibiting the free riding of Indians, is beneficial to the tribe, and that there are less maimed redskins than formerly.

—Until 1823 not a single steam vessel had visited Maine waters, and the appearance of a puffing, smoking steamer in Casco Bay, in that year, terrified some of the superstitious dwellers on the islands and the coast. —Boston Post.

—Lovers of the so-called "blood oranges" will be interested to hear that their favorite fruit having fallen short, certain dealers now prick the skins of ordinary oranges and then subject the latter to a bath of colored liquid. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

—A native Jehu at Catskill has fixed up an old Concord coach and painted on the sides the words "Sally Hoe." Nobody has as yet pointed out to him his mistake, and the vehicle is likely to cause many a laugh this summer as it goes up hill and down dale. —Troy (N. Y.) Times.

—Miss Jennie Cassedy, of Louisville, who is incurably confined to her bed as an invalid, is nevertheless prominent as superintendent of a flower mission, and now she wants to send bouquets to all the prisons, penitentiaries and reformatories in the United States. She thinks it will humanize the inmates while the flowers last. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

—An eccentric hermit woman died recently at Shirley, England, and among her effects an old piano was sold for half a crown. It turns out to be of the year 1730, thirteen years after the making of the first piano in England. Offers of seven hundred and fifty dollars have been made for this antique, which is valuable in the history of piano making.

—One of the only two remaining Roman milestones in Great Britain is in Cannon street, London, the other being in Chesterholm, in Northumberland. There is Roman work about the Tower of London. Until quite recently an old Roman turret was standing within a hundred yards of Ludgate Hill station, and in Cripplegate may yet be seen a splendid specimen of the original Roman wall.

—A report having been generally circulated that a cinnamon bear belonging to Mr. Oram, living in the woods near Fort Montgomery, West Point, N. Y., had been set free, it led to a tragedy recently. A miner who was intoxicated took refuge in Joe Connolly's barn, near by, and one of Connolly's boys, hearing the movement of the man, ran to the house, and, obtaining a shot-gun, fired into the hay where he was lying, and seriously wounded him. —N. Y. Mail.

—From a French State paper, lately brought to light, it appears that in 1770 the following Parliamentary decree was solemnly passed and duly registered under King Louis XV.: "Whosoever by means of red or white paint, perfumes, essences, artificial teeth, false hair, cotton wool, iron corsets, hoops, shoes with high heels, or false hips shall seek to entice into the bands of marriage any male subject of his Majesty, shall be prosecuted for witchcraft and declared incapable of matrimony."

—Jonathan Wheelock deposited in the New Hampshire Savings Bank, in Concord, March 23, 1833, one hundred dollars bounty money which he had received as a Revolutionary soldier. Two other deposits of fifteen dollars each were added to it—April 15, 1834, and April 9, 1835. The money still remains in the bank, and amounted on the first day of January last, with accrued interest, to two thousand and fifty-five dollars and forty-four cents. —Boston Transcript.

—Hugh Fagan, a Utica boy, fourteen years old, went to Albany, N. Y., recently to have a huge tumor removed from his neck. The operation, which necessitated an incision seven inches in length, was successfully performed by two doctors. The excised mass weighed nearly two pounds. Fagan showed wonderful grit both before and after the operation, and refused all stimulants. He was taken to the hospital, where he will remain until the wound is healed. The operation was witnessed by a number of physicians and students. —Utica Herald.

—A very pretty custom, which has since been followed, was introduced at a fashionable wedding recently at the Savoy Chapel Royal, London. The choir formed a procession down the aisle to meet the bride and then walked back before her to their places in the church chanting a bridal hymn. A moral support is thus given to a faltering girl who has usually to walk up the aisle the observed of all observers, and overhearing, perhaps, remarks on the redness of her nose, or some defect in her dress, not very reassuring. After the ceremony the choir again formed in procession and walked before the bride and groom down the aisle to the entrance gate.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Beeswax and salt will make rusty flat-irons as smooth as glass.

—Unless sheep are kept in a uniformly thrifty condition "jointed wool" is the result.

—It is a good plan to let hens run among the currant bushes where there is trouble from currant worms.

—As the weather becomes warmer the water used for drinking must be changed often. Fowls appreciate plenty of it.

—A nice loaf cake is made of one-half cup of butter, one and a half of sugar, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda, the whites of four eggs. Flavor with rose or almond.—Boston Globe.

—Chocolate Frosting: Six tablespoons of chocolate, six tablespoons of sugar, six tablespoons of milk, butter size of walnut; put on the stove, let boil ten or fifteen minutes, stirring all the time; when cold flavor with vanilla; put between layers.—Detroit Post.

—One of the sources from which spring many troubles is the fence corner. If nothing else will reach it try the hoe. It is much better to spend a small proportion of the time at the source of danger than to be constantly at work endeavoring to eradicate the weeds which are fostered and nourished from the fence corners.—Prairie Farmer.

—An excellent way to wash black cambric and calico dresses is first to prepare water for it thus: To four quarts of cold water flow a pint of wheat bran, boil it for half an hour, then strain it and wash the dress in it. Do not use soap unless there are grease spots and then only on those. Blue the starch deeply and iron on the wrong side.—San Francisco Chronicle.

—A correspondent of the New York Tribune says: "If any one has a pear tree that bears spotted or cracked fruit, let him sprinkle wood ashes freely over the soil, beneath the tree, as far in diameter as the branches extend—not a light sprinkle, either, but a liberal dressing. Then wash the bark thoroughly with strong soap-suds (old-fashioned soft soap preferred) with the addition of lime water and a little flour of sulphur."

Fashion Items.

The round waist will take the lead as the bodice par excellence for summer toilettes.

Jet-headed turbans, trimmed with pom-poms and aigrettes, powdered with jet or glittering with jet-beaded laces, will be much worn on the promenade, with stylish costumes of black surah, Ottoman, or gros grain silk.

Cotton Sicilienne, a soft glossy material closely resembling silk, is used as a foundation for dresses made of Oriental and other fancy nets and laces.

Until the sun becomes more powerful, plaids, plain cloth dresses, and tweeds will continue to be worn. The "tailor-made" dresses consist usually of but one fabric, but lately there appears to be a mixture of materials in the formation of these trim lady-like costumes, and sometimes is seen a mixture of these materials. This, however, not in the elegant taste of a dress of one plain color, simply braided or trimmed with flat rows of braid of a deeper shade than the dress fabric. American women seldom or never feel comfortable or well dressed in an entire plaided costume. Plaid dresses in one particular resemble the Paisley shawls once so fashionable. They require the apron and the shoulders of a French woman to wear them with either grace or distinction; but still the fashion for plaids continues, and is likely to do so throughout the season—for many of the new summer goods are made with exceedingly large plaids, some of a very pronounced type, and consequently very ugly.

Hand-painted sashes of silk or satin, in pale or dark colors, will be much worn this summer over simple house dresses of French muslin, organdie and lawn. With more dressy toilettes for the evening, graceful little sleeveless jackets are made to match.

Neckchiefs of fancy-colored or pale cream-tinted China washing silk, dotted all over the surface with small bouquets of red-buds, and bordered with a wide ruffle of Spanish or Oriental lace, are dainty and novel; some of these are so large as to quite cover the shoulders when adjusted, answering very well for a dainty wrap when but slight protection is needed.

By far the most fashionable color to be employed by the modistes this summer in conjunction with the white toiles which are to abound, are pale green, Persian, mauve, and the many shades of yellow, from delicate primrose to deep cerise. White over pale-colored slips will be very elegantly worn. Transparent black dresses will be quite as popular, and the newest mode with these is to line the bodice only with color, the skirts being all of black—the bright color of the bodice lining appearing in the ribbons which loop and hold the soft, full drapings of tunic and underdress.

Very attractive summer toilettes of French embroidered Nainsook are exhibited, the skirt consisting of a deep, elaborately-worked flounce, alternating with tucked spaces, each tuck measuring about an inch and a quarter in depth. The last of the tucks reach up the skirt to within a few inches of the belt line, and there is no extraneous drapery. The waist upon some of these dresses is of the round "Josephine" style, closely shirred; or there is a short basque, trimmed with narrower embroidered ruffles, and a tucked chemisette set into the square opening at the throat. Both styles of corsage is worn with a belt to which is attached a large flat bow and ends of ribbon fastened toward the right side of the bodice, a little to the back and often quite under the right arm.

Embroidery, without doubt, is to rage again this season. Every sort of dress trimmed with this beautiful garniture in some way or other. Every fabric, either silk, woolen, or cotton, comes in patterns with so many yards of embroidery attached. Veilings, French cashmeres, foute, and albatross cloths, and most lovely batistes, silk muslins, or gaudies, and most Nainsooks, embroidered in white or in a variety of pale shaded hues, are each and all displayed, and at the present time the most recherche and attractive dress goods of exhibition.—N. Y. Press.

Work for Clever Girls.

What can the clever country girls do to make a living for themselves and feed independent? Not long ago I was over in Eastern North Carolina and I found the question answered in some places. I found some nice well educated girls cultivating small fruits and vegetables for market. They didn't plant and weed and gathered the crop. I saw an acre of strawberries that two sisters had planted and they made a frolic of it, that is, they went at it with a will, and took a lively happy interest in it, and they gathered four thousand quarts and said they would get a thousand more, and they packed them in the little baskets and the baskets into crates and sent them North, and their sales had averaged thirty cents a quart. Their total expenses for hire of help and cost of baskets and freight to market was two hundred dollars, and this left a thousand for their work and watching and constant care. Well, those girls are proud and independent. Their father had five acres and he was making money—a good deal of money. I never saw a nicer business, nor one so simple and sure. The land was poor and sandy. The rows three feet apart. When the plants get well set a plow opens a furrow close by on each side and this furrow is nearly filled with cotton seed, and then the earth is thrown back on the cotton seed. After that the vines are mulched with fine straw and that is all. I never saw vines as small or berries as numerous. I counted two hundred and forty on one plant. They laid on one another. This vine had been picked three times and there were two hundred and forty left. They frequently picked a quart from three plants and left many not ripe. They pick till eight o'clock in the morning and the girls averaged fifteen quarts by that time. They begin again at four in the afternoon and get fifteen quarts more. When they hire pickers they pay two and a half cents a quart to girls and two cents to boys, for the girls are more careful and do not mash the berries nor spill them and do not eat every big nice one they come across.

But this is not all. These girls have got a crop of raspberries just behind and they will make two or three hundred dollars off of them, and they are growing currants and gooseberries and talk about going into potatoes, beans and grapes and all that; well, why not. Fruit growing is a nice business for girls and so is raising vegetables. Those girls have the advantage of ours for the market is nearer, but I have never seen the time that nice strawberries couldn't be sold at home for twenty cents, and that will make lots of money. And then again the exercise is so good for their health, and the occupation so cleanly and delicate fingers so well. Woman was the first gardener we read about, that is to say she was the first to pick the fruit, and I have always thought she ought to have been forgiven, for her first thought when she found the fruit good was to give her husband some. But he, like an old rascal, went and laid the blame on her and tried to get out of the scrape. Now, there is a chance for our girls to make some money. Let them try a small patch, say one-fourth of an acre. Plant out in August and have a good crop of fruit next spring. It can be done. I heard a Nashville man say that two years ago there was no such business around Nashville as growing berries for Northern markets, but now there was one hundred and fifty bushels shipped a day from one town, the town of Franklin, and they netted twenty cents a quart or six dollars a bushel, and the girls did most of the work. I wish the dear creatures were all rich enough to live without work and only had to work when they felt like it, and I never see ladies of culture and refinement doing drudgery but what it shocks my humanity, and I want a society established for the prevention of cruelty to angels. But work is the common lot for man, and for woman too, and I reckon they are happier for it.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

Dog Teams in Idaho.

During the day of my arrival I saw a few men sweating under the labor of pulling two sacks of flour on a toboggan, and several dog teams. These dog teams are amusing, if not admirable, as a means of transporting freight. They are made up of Indian dogs, collies, mongrels, scrub yelpers, Newfoundlanders and mastiffs, with now and then a bull-dog. The driver goes behind and urges them on with snow-balls, now and then finding it necessary to go forward and make a lazy cur work up to his collar by giving him the light of a packing rope. Poor brute! Probably it is his only light of any kind for many hours. I asked one dog team man what he fed to his dogs, and he said: "Tallow and Indian meal."

"Are they trained?"

"No; we pick up all sorts of dogs and work them in very soon by putting a good dog on the lead."

"Do they ever balk?"

"No; dogs is the blankest fools in the world, while they is the saggiestest animals. Why, them dogs near about pull their toe-nails off comin' up a steep hill, they bark out their delight when I go up and pat them on the head and call them 'good dogs.' Horses or no other animals would 'nt be fed on such taffy. Why, these dogs will stand it to be cussed for miles and then be tickled to death at a pat on the head."

The merchants say the dog teams spoil goods like the mischief. They are all the time tipping them over and rolling them around.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

—The Egyptian Times gives a lengthy definition of the word "Pasha." According to it, the title is derived from two Persian words, which signify "the feet of the Shah," and dates from the days when Cyrus gave to his different officers of State the names of hands, feet, eyes and tongues, according to them. Thus the title conveys in its derivation the idea of military service.

—The "shawlette" is the latest fashionable wrap introduced by the Boston shop-keepers.—Boston Post.

Feeding Chickens.

To feed chickens with the best food in proper quantities at the right time, requires experience, good judgment, and constant watchfulness. There is a great difference of opinion as to what food is best; while some contend that whole seeds are best, others are quite as certain that fine ground meal is best. Why this difference of opinion? May it not come principally from the want of knowledge as to the best method of giving the food?

There is a widespread feeling against feeding whole corn, the belief being very general that to feed it to young chicks is death to them; yet some of the most successful breeders of poultry always feed whole corn to chicks as soon as they are large enough to swallow the smaller kernels, contending that the chicks grow better and keep healthier than on fine meal, which clogs up the crops and very frequently causes death.

From both observation and experience we are fully satisfied that when fine meal is fed great care must be taken to feed with regularity and to not overfeed so as to let the meal get sour. To omit to feed until the chicks are very hungry and then give them all of the fine meal they will eat is dangerous to their health if not to their lives, because they crowd their crops so full it swells and becomes a mass so compact that it falls to pass off, hence the death of the chick. But when whole corn, or other seeds are fed, there is not that danger of souring if left over from one day to the next, so the chicks do not get so hungry as to overload their crops. Of the many thousands of chicks we have raised, and given no fine meal but feeding on whole corn as soon as the chicks are large enough to eat it, we have never lost a single one by indigestion; but when we fed meal we frequently met with losses by indigestion.

Until the chick is a week old smaller seed than corn must be given, or the corn must be cracked; but after the chick is a week old pop-corn may be given, and it will be readily eaten, at least this is our experience covering many years. We are fully satisfied that the health of the chick is greatly improved by feeding whole seed in place of fine meal. For the first few days grass seed, millet, and the small grains make a good healthy food, and in fact after the chicks get older it is good policy to feed a variety, but let the grain be unground. What vegetables or meat are given should be fresh and sweet, in fact young chicks should be given only the best of food. Irregular feeding should be avoided, and also overfeeding. If chicks are to be kept healthy they should be fed with simple sweet food at regular hours, and always furnished with good clean water.—Massachusetts Poultryman.

Vomiting Babies.

There is an absurd idea that a vomiting babe is therefore healthy. It is fortunate, perhaps, that such, when fed, as too many are, with various indigestible articles, can vomit up all such objectionable food; yet it would be still more fortunate if mothers were more judicious and would not use such food. The vomiting is simply to rid the stomach of offending matter, this being the easiest and safest means of disposing of such indigestible food. It is also true that the mother's milk when she is excited, or, still worse, is in anger, or when she has used improper food, may not agree with the little stomach, that stomach preferring nothing at all to such milk, which then is thrown off as a means of avoiding unfavorable results. Or it may be true that when the babe is very thirsty, or unusually hungry, more is taken than can be easily digested, of the only safe means being its ejection. At this time the vomiting is easily affected, not materially injuring the child, though it would be better not to impose this extra labor, giving only what is needed, remembering the small size of the stomach at birth, holding about a wine-glass full. But when the food is improper; or the mother's milk has been made unfit for the stomach, the vomiting is the result of sickness, and then it is not as easy a matter, or not as safe. It should always be regarded as a hint, either that the food is improper, or that too much has been taken.—Golden Rule.

Blue Grass Breeders.

Mr. R. S. Withers, of Fairlawn Stock Farm, Lexington, Ky., writes: "I have such confidence in St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure, that I use it on everything; myself, my horses, my negroes. Everybody who owns a horse, for all kinds of aches and pains, believes in its sovereignty as a cure."

"Oh, mamma," said little Pan, when she saw a baby was shown him for the first time, "can I wear baby's dresses when I grow tall on my own?"—Philadelphia Call.

"Alonso, dear, do you believe in ghosts?" she asked dreamily. "No, darling, I do not," he replied. "Well, Alonso, that's just what I believe in. You've frightened your horse to the magnetic telegraph, and you'd be in Dublin in two minutes if you don't look out."

A WILD WAVE—That of an excited person trying to stop a departing railway train.

Said an absent minded school teacher: "I hear a quiet noise in the right-hand corner of the room. I know very well who the guilty party is, but I will not mention his name. It is Tommy Jones."

This is the season of the year when the young man with the twenty-five cent crocked stockings and low-cut shoes sits cross-legged until the whole lower half of his anatomy goes asleep.—Philadelphia Call.

"MISTHER, misther, what have ye done?" called a native of Wicklow to an Englishman who had just tied his horse to a telegraph pole. "Well, Pat, what's the matter?" "Just this, yer honor. Ye've hitched your horse to the magnetic telegraph, and ye'd be in Dublin in two minutes if you don't look out."

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THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

What This Beneficent Enterprise is Doing for the Education of Indians and Colored People.

The Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., held its anniversary exercises on Thursday, May 22, and the reports made on this its sixteenth year show a good degree of prosperity. There have been on its rolls the past year five hundred Negro and one hundred and twenty Indian students—the former preparing to go South to teach their people, where nearly a thousand already trained in this Institute have established themselves and are doing a great work in the colored common schools, especially of Virginia and North Carolina. Of Indians seventy have already graduated and gone back to their homes in Dakota and in the Southwest, and are employed at the agencies as teachers, mechanics, farmers and hired hands. Not over seven have gone back to Indian ways, and eight have died. On the whole the record of educated Indians who have in the past three years returned from Hampton to their homes has been satisfactory.

The school has been built up since 1868 at a cost of about \$400,000, and is free from debt. It is now seeking an endowment for its annual expenses, which are \$50,000 in excess of aid received from the Government. It is a private, not a public, institution, duly incorporated, and is aided only in a moderate degree by the Government, which helps the Indians only.

The Trustees are making a special effort to secure sixteen thousand dollars to build a new dormitory for colored girls, two hundred in number, who are now greatly crowded and suffering for want of room. General S. C. Armstrong, the principal of the school (address Hampton, Va.), will gladly receive and acknowledge contributions for any of the purposes of the school, which is an attempt to solve two of the race problems of our country. It is conducted on the manual labor plan. Students work out on the farm, or in the shops, at the most of their expenses. They have earned this year over \$35,000. The whole six hundred—a little less than one-half are girls—are literally working out their own salvation. This feature of self-help commends the school to the confidence and interest of all good citizens.

—Baked Beans: Take one quart of beans and soak in cold water all night. Next morning parboil till the skins wrinkle. Then put into the bean pot with a very little mustard, pepper and molasses. Put on top a half-pound piece of lean, salt pork: fill up with warm water and put into the oven. Put in more water as it boils out, letting them get dry towards the last.—The Household.

A colored man went to the Cambridge, (Md.), gas works with a bucket recently and asked for three quarts of gas.—Baltimore Sun.

A PERFECT MEDICINE CHEST. SING SING, N. Y., POST OFFICE, March 19, 1883.

One week ago, while engaged in my duties as Assistant Postmaster, I was taken with a violent pain or kick in my back, and was so painful I could hardly breathe, and I ached all over my body. I immediately sent for an ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER and applied it over the seat of pain; in twenty minutes I was entirely relieved and cured. I have used Alcock's Plasters in my family for over twenty years, and have found them wonderfully effective in curing coughs, colds and pulmonary difficulties. They are a perfect medicine chest; they cure without the slightest pain or inconvenience, never leaving a mark on the skin.—THOS. LEARY, President of Village of Sing Sing, N. Y.

A HEALTHFUL DIETETIC. BOUND BROOK, N. J., April 2, 1883.

You advise placing Alcock's Porous Plasters, in dyspepsia, on the pit of the stomach; in ague-cake, on the spleen; in torpid liver, over that organ; but I really think you should also recommend that one or two Plasters be put over the kidneys. They stimulate, strengthen and act as powerful diuretics, thus casting out many poisonous acids and salts. I have had fever and ague; all remedies I took produced little or no effect until I put an Alcock's Porous Plaster over each kidney; their action being more than doubled, the malaria was quickly washed away. I have also had several attacks of rheumatism and two of gout, and by applying the Plasters over the local pain, and also over the kidneys, I again found your Plasters wonderfully efficacious. H. K. THOMAS.

Beware of imitations. "Alcock's" is the only genuine Porous Plaster.

SERVANT—"Master, master, the house is on fire." "Oh, tell your mistress of it; I don't meddle with household affairs."—Golden Days.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap Is a reliable remedy for local skin diseases. Any physician acquainted with it will say so.

The greatest mis take in a young woman's life is her husband.—Detroit Free Press.

ALL weakness and ill health owes its origin to an impure state of the blood and a weakness of the urinary and digestive organs. A medicine that will strengthen these organs, and at the same time purify the blood, will assist nature in curing nearly every disease that human flesh and blood is heir to. Such a remedy is Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, and although it possesses no cathartic or diuretic effect, it will soon establish a regular habit of body as well as cure weakness of the kidneys, indicated by urinary sediments, nervousness, etc.

What the hungry fish said to the angler: "If you're not too busy, drop me a line."

The question whether young women shall pursue the same line of studies as their brothers, seems to find its chief objection in their different physical constitutions. Arguments on this subject are usually handled on both sides; but the perfect adaptation of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to the cure of ailments attending the feminine organism needs no argument; its works are its proof.

"BUCKET-SHOPS" are probably so-called, because they make their customers turn pale.

Whatever portion of the time you take, Sunday is always the rest of the week.

POKER-players borrow money from their uncle to pay their ante.—Chicago Tribune.

A THRILLING EPISODE.

A Locomotive Engineer's Instinct—How He Saved A Train and How He Saved Himself.

On one of the darkest and stormiest nights of the recent unusual winter, the express on one of the leading New York railroads was moving westward from Albany. The engine's headlight threw a strong reflection in advance, but the storm was so blinding it was almost impossible to distinguish anything even at a short distance. Under such circumstances instinct necessarily takes the place of sight. All seemed to be going well, when, in an instant, the engineer reversed his engine, applied the air brakes, and came to a full stop. Why he did so he could not tell any more than any other man on the train, who was a disinterested bystander and dead and to the wondering inquiry of his fireman he simply said: "I felt that something was wrong." Seizing a lantern he swung himself down from the cab and stepped forward to investigate. Everything appeared to be right, and he was about to return to his engine when his eye caught sight of a peculiar appearance at the end of the road next to him. Braving the accumulated snow away, he looked a moment, and then uttered an exclamation of horror. The rails on both sides had been unspiked and would have turned over the instant the engine touched them. What inspired this attempt at train-wrecking is unknown, but it was presumed the confederates of some prisoners who were on the train hoped, in the confusion of an accident, to deliver their friends.

Engineer John Donohue, of Albany, to whom wonderful instinct was due the salvation of the train, when asked by a newspaper writer why he stopped his engine, said: "I can't tell why. I only know I felt something was wrong."

"You have these feelings often when upon the road?" continued the writer.

"No, very seldom, although for the past twenty years I have been in a condition to catch apprehension at almost anything."

"How is that?"

"Why, I have been a victim of one of the worst cases of dyspepsia ever known. I have not been confined to my bed, as like thousands of others, I am compelled to work wretchedly or not. Indeed, when it first began I had only a loss of appetite, a faint headache, and a general feeling of a bad taste in the mouth, but I finally got those terrible craving and gnawing feelings that make life so unbearable and are known as general debility."

"I tried physicians until I became discouraged. I gave eight different ones fair tests, but none of them benefited me. I bought all the proprietary medicines, but they failed, likewise. It looked pretty dark for me so far as any more peace or enjoyment in this world was concerned, and I became tired of life altogether."

"You certainly do not look that way now."

"Oh, no, indeed, I am in perfect health now, and the only 'I' I propose to continue so. My nervousness is entirely gone; I can sleep night; the aching numbness has disappeared; the pale, sickly appearance has given place to the color of youth, and I have readily put on flesh. This is what has been accomplished by means of Warner's Tonic. If I can be cured I after a chronic illness of nearly a quarter of a century I believe all suffering in a similar manner can be restored by using the same great remedy."

Such is the testimony of a man who has met and removed unseen danger on his road but could not remove the danger from within his own system until brought face to face with the great preparation above named which did so much for him and can do as much for those who require it.

LADIES' hats may be cheaper this spring than last season, but we notice that they cost higher than ever.—Norristown Herald.

Cancer for Fourteen Years! SPARTANBURG, S. C., March 14, 1884.

I have for 14 years been a sufferer from a running sore on my face that every day I called a CANCER. I have used over \$50 worth of medicine and found no relief. About four months ago I bought one bottle of Swift's Specific from Dr. H. E. Heintzel, and since have bought five others, have taken it all, and they have cured me utterly and well! My face is as free from a sore as anybody's, and my health is perfectly restored. I feel like forty years had been lifted off my head. Very respectfully, ELIZA TRIPLETT.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

A KNOCK-DOWN argument—"I shall never be found out, and I need the money more than the boss does."

From Death's Door. M. M. Devereaux, of Ionia, Mich., was a victim to the disease known as Bright's disease, and he suffered terribly. My legs were as big as my body and my body as big as a barrel. The best doctors gave me up. Finally I tried Kidney-Wort. Four or five days a change came over me, in eight or ten days I was on my feet, and now I am completely cured. It was certainly a miracle. All druggists keep Kidney-Wort, which is put up both in liquid and dry form.

A GOTRAMP youth calls his girl "Ice-Cream" because she is cool and sweet.—N. Y. News.

Why do we neglect a cough till it throws us into Consumption and Consumption brings us to the grave? Dr. Wm. Hall's BALM is sure to cure if taken in season. It has never been known to fail. For every ill the disease is conquered. There is no better medicine for pulmonary disorders.

A ROCKLAND woman calls her husband "a glacier," because he moves so mortally slow.—Rockland Courier.

SCROFULA, Scald-head, Tetter, Rose-rash, False-measles, Nettle-rash, Lichen, Ringworm, Itch, Dry-Itch, Shingles, and all diseases of a scrofulous nature are cured by bathing the diseased skin with Papillon Skin Cure. Sold by druggists.

LONG-WINDED preachers may not be very musical, but they are great composers.—Texas Siftings.

The Simple and Perfect Dyes. Nothing so simple and perfect for coloring as Diamond Dyes. Far better and cheaper than any other dye. 10c. Druggists sell them. Sample Card for 2c. Adams, Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

WHEN a map is bent on evil there is generally something crooked about him.

OFFENSIVE incrustations and ulcerated nostrils are permanently cured by using Papillon Catarrh Cure. By druggists.

BANKS and base-ball clubs differ in their fondness for runs.—Oil City Derrick.

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

WOMEN, all women, are beautiful—in the dark.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, one dose of Piso's Cure will give you a night's rest.

5,000 Agents Wanted Double Quick!! To sell the First Asthetic Balm.

BLAINE AND LOGAN. By H. J. RAYBURN, Blaine's personal friend and preference as author. The people demand this work, the most reliable, complete, interesting and reliable. Richly illustrated.

Containing Fifty Steel Engravings, (nearly 100 pages), a history of former Presidents, Election Laws, Statistics, etc. etc. Will be First Out. Sell Everywhere. Price 25c. Sent by Mail. Write to HUBBARD BROS., 415 Main street, Kansas City, Mo. P. S.—Outfit ready. Send for more and save time.

PAPILLON BLOOD CURE.

It is not an alternative. It restores the blood to a healthy condition. For all diseases of the liver, stomach, bowels and kidneys, as liver complaint, dyspepsia, flatulency, hemorrhage, jaundice, constipation, colic, vomiting, nervousness, wakefulness, back-ache, neuralgia, and sick-headache, fits of epilepsy, anemia, or poverty of the blood, chlorosis, especially in young females, suppressed or painful menstruation, wakefulness, and female weaknesses, this medicine is absolutely certain. Being purely vegetable, it can be taken into the most delicate stomach. A number of recent testimonials are profuse in praise of this excellent remedy. Its properties are safely cathartic, acting more directly upon the liver. It is very palatable. Price, \$1.00 per bottle, six for \$5.00. Directions in ten languages accompany every bottle. For sale by all druggists.

SPRING

Is the season in which bad or poisoned blood is most apt to show itself. Nature, at this juncture, needs something to assist it in throwing off the impurities which have collected by the sluggish circulation of blood during the cold winter months. Swift's Specific is nature's great helper, as it is a purely vegetable and safe tonic.

Rev. L. B. Paine, Macon, Ga., writes: "We have been using Swift's Specific at the orphan's home as a remedy for blood complaints, and as a general health tonic, and have had remarkable results from its use on the children and employes of the institution. It is an excellent tonic, and keeps the blood pure, that the system is not liable to disease. It has cured some of our children of scrofula."

Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to applicants. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. New York Office, 120 West Twenty-Ninth St.

ROSTETTER'S

Fortify the system. All who have contracted and witnessed the effect of Rostetter's Stomach Bitters upon the weak, broken down, despondent victims of dyspepsia, liver complaint, fever and ague, nervous debility, or premature decay, know that in this bitter there is a principle which reaches to the very source of the trouble, and drives out the impurities, and restores the system to its normal condition. It is sold by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

NATIONAL REPUBLICANS.

The Eighth National Republican Convention Assembled at Chicago and Presented Candidates for President and Vice-President...

The Republican National Convention to place in nomination candidates for President and Vice-President, assembled at Chicago...

Charles W. Clisbee, of Michigan, was also reported by the committee for Secretary and elected by the Convention. A resolution to bind each delegate to support the nominee...

At the evening session the Committee on Credentials announced that they would not be able to report before morning, and a resolution was presented that five hundred tickets for admission be distributed...

As the Committees on Credentials and Resolutions were ready to report, the Convention adjourned until Thursday morning at eleven o'clock.

When the Convention assembled the Committee on Credentials reported that they had in almost continuous session since their appointment...

The grateful thanks of the American people are due to the Union soldiers of the late war, and the Republican party stands pledged to suitable pensions for all who were disabled...

The Republican party favors a policy which shall keep us out of entanglements with the foreign nations, which gives us the right to expect that foreigners shall refrain from meddling in American affairs...

We demand the restoration of our navy to its old time strength and efficiency that it may in the severest test protect the rights of American citizens and the interests of American commerce...

We call on Congress to remove the burdens by which American shipping has been depressed, so that it may again be true that we have a commerce which leaves no sea unexplored and which makes no law superior force.

Resolved, That appointments by the President to offices in the Territories, should be made from the bona fide citizens and residents of the Territories.

Resolved, That it is the duty of Congress to enact such laws as shall promptly and effectually suppress the system of polygamy within our territory and divorce the political from the ecclesiastical power of the so-called Mormon Church...

The stability of our institutions rests upon the maintenance of a free ballot, an honest count, and a correct return, and we denounce the fraud and violence practiced by the Democracy in the Southern States...

Resolved, That in future Republican National Conventions representation by delegates shall be as follows: Each State shall be entitled to four delegates at large and two additional delegates at large for each Representative at large...

The Republicans of the United States in National Convention assembled renew their allegiance to the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution...

It is the first duty of a good Government to protect the rights of its citizens. The Republic is the property of its own people. The largest diversity of industry is most productive of general prosperity...

When the Convention assembled in the evening, the Chair announced that under the rules the order now is the presentation of candidates for President. The Secretary called the roll of States, and when Connecticut was reached, Mr. Brundage took the stand and nominated General Joseph R. Hawley...

When Ohio was called, Judge Forker nominated John Sherman. Then the roll proceeded until Vermont was called, whereupon Governor Long took the stand and put in nomination Senator George F. Edmunds...

The regulation of commerce with foreign nations and between the States is one of the most important prerogatives of the General Government, and the Republican party distinctly announces its purpose to support such legislation as will fully and efficiently carry out the constitutional power of Congress over interstate commerce...

We favor the establishment of a National Bureau of Labor, the enforcement of the eight-hour law and a judicious system of general education by adequate appropriations from the national revenue whenever the same is needed.

The Republic party, having its birth in a hatred of slave labor and a desire that all men may be truly free and equal, is opposed to the carrying of our working men in competing with any form of servile labor whether at home or abroad...

The reform of the Civil Service auspiciously begun under a Republican administration, should be completed by the further extension of the reformed system already established by law to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable...

The public lands are the heritage of the people of the United States and should be reserved as far as possible for small holdings by actual settlers. We are opposed to the sale of large tracts of these lands by corporations or individuals...

The demand of Congress for the speedy recovery of land grants which have lapsed by reason of non-compliance with acts of incorporation in all cases where there has been no attempt in good faith to perform the conditions of such grants.

The Republic party favors a policy which shall keep us out of entanglements with the foreign nations, which gives us the right to expect that foreigners shall refrain from meddling in American affairs...

We demand the restoration of our navy to its old time strength and efficiency that it may in the severest test protect the rights of American citizens and the interests of American commerce...

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The friends of each candidate, as his name was presented, sent up enthusiastic cheers. The proceedings continued until nearly two o'clock in the morning, when the Convention adjourned until eleven o'clock Friday.

The convention assembled at the appointed hour, and soon after being called to order proceeded to take an informal ballot by States.

THE FIRST BALLOT. The following is the total vote on the first ballot:

Table showing the first ballot results for James G. Blaine, John Sherman, and other candidates across various states.

A second ballot was taken without material change.

THIRD BALLOT. The following is the total vote on the third ballot:

Table showing the third ballot results for James G. Blaine, John Sherman, and other candidates across various states.

When the State of Ohio was called, Judge Forker arose and said: "For what I suppose to be the best interests of this party, I presented the name of John Sherman to this convention; also, suggesting it to be for the best interests of the party, we have until now favorably and most cordially supported him..."

The secretary then announced the result of the fourth ballot for President as follows: Whole number of delegates, 820; whole number of votes cast, 116; necessary to a choice, 411.

THE FIFTH BALLOT. The following is the total vote on the fifth ballot:

Table showing the fifth ballot results for James G. Blaine, John Sherman, and other candidates across various states.

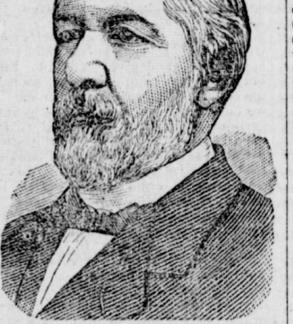
The Chairman at this point, finding himself unable to make his voice heard in the confusion which prevailed, handed the

written announcement to the Secretary, who read it as follows: "James G. Blaine having received the votes of a majority of all the delegates elected to this convention, the question now before the convention is, shall the nomination of Mr. Blaine be made unanimous?"

The tremendous shout of eyes set up by the vast multitude clearly demonstrated the fact that the nomination was unanimous. Adjourned until evening.

LOGAN FOR VICE-PRESIDENT. At the evening session John A. Logan, of Illinois, was nominated, and without any other names being mentioned, the Senator was chosen for the second place on the ticket.

Brief Sketch of Mr. Blaine. James G. Blaine, the Republican nominee for President, was born on January 31st, 1830, at the Indian Hill farm in Washington County, Pa.



JAMES G. BLAINE, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT.

ing a decided mark as a magazine and newspaper writer. In 1853 he went to Kennebec, Maine, where he had been asked to assume the management of the Kennebec Journal. Shortly afterward he accepted the control of the Portland Advertiser.

John A. Logan, nominee for Vice-President, was born in Jackson County, Ill., February 9, 1826. He has been prominently before the country since early manhood.

John A. Logan, nominee for Vice-President, was born in Jackson County, Ill., February 9, 1826. He has been prominently before the country since early manhood.



JOHN A. LOGAN, NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

Exposing a Mesmerist. GALVESTON, TEX., June 6.—A lively sensation was created here by the exposure of Prof. E. G. Johnson, who has been doing the town for over a week as a mesmerist.

Lincoln, Neb., Items. LINCOLN, NEB., June 6.—A laborer on a gravel train, James Tighe, about twenty years of age, unmarried, fell between two cars near Pleasantdale at seven o'clock last evening, and was instantly killed.

Miss Cora Peters, a young lady of twenty-two, has been missing from her home at Vevay, Ind., for a week. She was sent by her mother for some groceries and never returned.

Helpful Hints. When oats or other feed get low in the granary, instead of straining to reach them nail a stout strip to a bucket or box, with which they can be easily lifted.

The Irrepressible Blackberry. The luscious blackberry is a general favorite, and is very palatable and healthful when used in various ways.

Miser and Speculator. Your miser starves himself and does no harm to others. Your banker who gambles in great schemes dresses and lives like a gentleman—like a great many gentlemen put together, and all of them very rich—and when he falls he drags down with him thousands of well-to-do individuals, and along with them the business and other legitimate interests which give employment to thousands of laboring men and women.

The Retort Cousteau. When a certain bill was under discussion in the Thirty-third Congress, Mr. McMullen, in advocating the reduction of the amount to be appropriated, alluded to the remarks of the gentleman from Ohio, not the one (Mr. Giddings) who bellowed so loudly, he said, to his sleek-headed colleague (Mr. Taylor).

THE GENERAL MARKETS. KANSAS CITY, June 10, 1884. CATTLE—Shipping Steers, \$5 00 to \$5 30. Native Heifers, 4 25 to 4 75. Native Cows, 3 25 to 4 75.

ST. LOUIS. CATTLE—Shipping Steers, 6 25 to 6 75. HOGS—Good to choice, 5 10 to 5 35. SHEEP—Fair to choice, 2 20 to 4 50.

NEW YORK. CATTLE—Good shipping, 6 20 to 6 60. HOGS—Good to choice, 5 10 to 5 35. SHEEP—Fair to choice, 2 20 to 4 50.

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