

Chase County Curant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

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

VOLUME VIII.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1882.

NUMBER 18.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The "Antigone" of Sophocles is to be produced next March by the students of University College, Toronto, Canada.

ABOUT a thousand million dollars of our national debt have been paid since the war ended. France has now nearly treble our debt, and Great Britain more than double. Even Spain has a bigger debt than that which remains of ours.

It must have been the poet Child's day off when the Philadelphia Ledger contained such prosy punning as this: "After the Gas Trust bosses found Select Council Gates set to their liking it was a dead open and shut game for them."

A SECOND Advent preacher made converts of a congregation of United Brethren, excepting two members only, at Isabella, Michigan. One of the two who held out against the movement was the pastor, and his office was given to the new man.

The authorized manufactory of playing cards in St. Petersburg is stated to produce 24,000 packs per day. Estimating the working days of the year at 300 this gives a total of 7,200,000 packs as the annual consumption of this article in Russia.

Mlle. JEANNE BONAPARTE, daughter of the late Prince Pierre, is to be married next month to the Marquis de Villeneuve Bargemont, the scion of a staunch legitimist family. The lady's dowry is to be 1,000,000 francs, given by her brother, Prince Roland Bonaparte.

The report of the Municipal Chemical Laboratory of Paris for the month of December shows that of 400 samples of wine which were purchased and analyzed only seventy-nine could be described as good; 175 are said to have been "passable," while 146 are qualified as bad, and thirty-nine as injurious.

CINCINNATI's present bent is toward music. Next week she is to have a "musical festival," with Patti, Mapleson's opera company, and a great chorus of her own singers. Over \$75,000 worth of tickets have been sold by auction, the premium on each season ticket ranging from \$2 to \$15, and the total receipts will probably reach \$150,000.

SOME benevolent woman of a Philadelphia suburb built an orphan asylum, and then found that there were no orphans to fill it. They have applied to the guardians of the poor for a detail of children from the almshouse, but they are shut out from a supply from that source by some provision of the poor laws. In this dilemma they think of turning the asylum into something else of a charitable sort.

THE Roman Catholic priests of the Pittsburgh diocese have begun to carry out the policy of their church, in the matter of secret societies, against the Knights of Labor, a trades organization of rapid growth and great numerical strength. In a conference on the subject, the clergy agreed to refuse absolution to all members of the order, and formal notice of this action has been given in sixty congregations.

A LETTER of Cardinal Bonnechose, archbishop of Rouen, who has just returned from Rome, describes the position of the pope, and says it is evident that his holiness can not remain in his present situation. He urges the Italians to solve the difficulty themselves by choosing another capital and leaving Rome to the pope, in order to avert his departure from the Eternal City. But the prevailing Italian sentiment is not exactly in accord with that of his eminence.

THE published statistics of suicides in France during the first three-quarters of 1881 exhibit once more that increase in the number of cases which has been observed for several years past—a circumstance the more remarkable since the population has, during this period, remained almost stationary. In 1878 the number was 6,434; in the past year it is calculated that it will exceed 6,500. In the space of thirty years past the proportionate increase is stated to have been about 78 per cent.

DR. MAX BARTEL, in the new number of the Berlin *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, publishes an article which deals solely with one of the varieties of "human monstrosities" occasionally exhibited to gaping heasants in all European countries and to Bowery museum haunTERS here—the bearded lady. Secular, sacred, legendary, and mythological history are all brought into service by the learned ethnologist, in order to prove the historical significance of the female with man's chin and cheeks. He traces her appearance in art and legend from the time of the Assyrian monuments to that of medieval Christian iconography.

NEWS IN A NUT SHELL.

EVENTS OF THE PAST WEEK FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

The Cream of the Two Hemispheres Carefully Condensed and Classified—An Interesting Budget of Personal and Miscellaneous Information.

Washington.

GRITEAU will probably be sentenced next Saturday.

MR. BLAINE will deliver the eulogy upon the late President Garfield before congress, February 27.

SCOVILLE now issues an address to the American people asking for funds to prolong the agony.

THE district attorney will ask to have Friday, June 30, fixed as the date of Guitau's execution.

THE removal of Marshal Dill of Arkansas, has been ordered by the president, who will probably nominate Thomas Davies as his successor.

A BILL has been introduced in congress making the president ineligible for a second term, and granting a pension of \$6,000 after the first time.

IT is predicted that the present session of congress will be noted merely for the large number of bills introduced and the small number disposed of.

IT is said that President Davis of the senate, favors the admission of the southern portion of Dakota as a state, and says it is not a partisan matter.

FRIDAY has been set as the day for hearing arguments for a new trial in the Guitau case. At that time the jurors will be heard under oath as to the signatures on the margin of the *Critic*.

IT can be stated on excellent authority that the sub-committee of the ways and means committee to which was referred all tariff bills introduced in the house, has decided to make a report to the full committee in favor of a tariff commission.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

GRITEAU is hopeful of a new trial.

SAMUEL HAMILTON, a prominent Canadian railroad man, died of fever contracted during a western trip.

THE entire Missouri delegation at Washington is urging the appointment of John F. Cabill of St. Louis, as minister to Mexico.

SENATOR MORRILL expresses the opinion that the Senate will not go on to the supreme bench if he had the opportunity.

CAPTAIN BEN EYSTER, who was convicted of the murder of Schumacher, in Chicago, and has been granted a new trial, was released on \$10,000 bail.

EACH of the jurymen in the Guitau case will present an affidavit that he did not allow himself to be tampered with, and did not read a newspaper during the progress of the trial.

A. D. BROWN, a respected citizen of Plymouth, Wisconsin, who had long suffered from a malignant tumor in his stomach, actually starved to death. A fast of sixty-one days was almost unbroken.

GENERAL FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Union Generale bank of Paris has suspended.

THE Russian authorities are assisting Melville, of the *Leopold* crew, in his search of the missing men.

ENGLAND and France are believed to have given all the European powers reassuring explanations of their united note to the khedive of Egypt.

THE bodies of Huddy, a process server, and his nephew, who recently disappeared from the neighborhood of Ballinrobe, Ireland, have been found in Loughmask, in a bog, where they had been sunk by means of large stones. The place where the bodies were found is near the house of a man named Corrigan, who is now under arrest on suspicion.

THE East.

TWO MORE victims of the Shannondale disaster are dead.

JENNIE CRAMER's body has been resurrected for further analysis.

FRIDAY evening a child was run over and killed by a K. C. L. and S. train near Ottawa Junction.

IT is thought now that the idle Portage and Superior railroad workman will resume work quietly.

MRS. JOHN CONNER of Washington, was shot while standing at a window of her residence. A drunken watchman was arrested on suspicion.

THE West.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, is to have free postal delivery.

BURGERS blew open the post office safe at Kankakee, Illinois, and secured \$1,000 worth of stamps.

MRS. G. P. DORRIS of St. Louis, was found murdered, and her grand on is suspected. Part of her jewelry is missing.

KEING, the celebrated St. Louis murderer, is sentenced to be hung February 25. He has made a most remarkable fight for his life, but justice has finally overtaken him.

IT is feared that owing to the agent of the Merchants' Dispatch line in Chicago having made numerous contracts at the "cut" rates since the truce was signed between the trunk lines, the railroad war will be recommenced, especially as shippers who had no pre-truce contracts are paying 50 per cent higher rates than those who have them.

THE South.

A \$15,000 fire occurred at Atlanta, Georgia, Monday night.

At Rome, Georgia, Monday, there were three inches of snow, and it was still snowing.

GROUNDS for the Sullivan-Ryan fight have been selected on the Mobile railroad between New Orleans and Mobile. February 7 is the date.

A PETITION has been presented in the senate signed by the residents of, and visitors to, Hot Springs, Arkansas, for its improvement, and asking \$600,000 for an appropriation therefor.

A NEW MEXICAN saloonist killed his bar keeper, and propping the body up in a corner, continued selling drinks as if nothing had happened. The crime was discovered and the slayer fled.

WE can not understand why days of hesitancy and delay will be indulged in when a few doses of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will ease and cure the worst cough or cold. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

ANELPIS.

[Buffalo Express.]
There are days in the womb of the Ages,
And nights in the west by the Sea;
And life blazes hope on the pages,
But hope is all dead within me;
Though the days gleam with gold in the
Ages,
And the stars stoop to slyer the Sea.

There are flowers in the fields of the morning,
And nightingales weeping all night;
There is love that is lost without warning,
And love that is dead with delight,
But mine were the flowers of the morning,
That fell from my hands before night.

There is dew from the lips of the daisies,
But none for the lips of despair,
My life, and her love, and her praises,
Are mute as marble cut prayer—
There are songs for the months of the
daisies,
But none for the mouth of despair.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Some Advice on General Subjects of Particular Interest.
[Boston Transcript.]

When your daughter performs a task in an ill fashioned manner, always say "There! I might as well have done it myself in the first place," and then take the work out of her hand and do it yourself. This will encourage the girl not to try to do the thing next time she is set about it.

Never permit your son to have any amusement at home. This will induce him to seek it in places where you will not be annoyed by his noise.

There is no place like home. Impress this truth upon your children by making home as disagreeable and unlike any other place as possible.

Never neglect the lock on the pantry. Some boys have probably turned out first class housebreakers, all on account of this judicious treatment in earlier childhood.

Be gentle and courteous before company; but if you have a temper, let your children have a taste of it as often as convenient. A mother should never practice deception upon her brood.

Talk slighting and about your husband to your boys and girls. This will make them respect their father.

Tell your child he shall not do a thing and then let him tease you into giving your consent. This will teach him what to do on subsequent occasions.

Make promises to your children and then neglect to keep them. This will lead your children not to place too much reliance upon your word, and shield them from many disappointments.

Tell your children they are the worst you ever saw, and they will no doubt merit your appreciation.

Cold Bed Rooms.

One evil accruing from the cold sleeping room is the excuse it offers for imperfect ventilation. It is so dreadfully cold at best, that if the doors or windows are thrown open even for a few moments through the day, one feels morally certain he will freeze to death at night; and hence the bed room is left closed day after day, with no chance for the inside air to escape or the outside air to get in, save such as small cracks between sashes and about windows afford.

And what kind of air do we breathe in consequence? Air so impure and vitiated that the only wonder is that it does not kill us on the spot, instead of deferring this result to some distant but no less certain day. The seeds of disease are sown in the system, to grow and produce their fruitage by and by.

Another disadvantage of the cold sleeping room is the necessity it engenders for a great amount of cover—an array of quilts and blankets that weighs upon one like lead, but fail to keep out the cold. Such a weight of bed clothes is both wearying and weakening, particularly to the young and frail. You wake in the morning feeling as if you had changed places with Atlas, and had been holding up the world on your shoulders through the night. All this may be avoided by having sleeping rooms so arranged that a little fire can be built in them at need. This does not mean that it is necessary to keep a fire all day, or every day. But whenever the weather is damp or intensely cold, fire should be made, and allowed to burn briskly for at least two or three hours before bed time, to dry out the air and dry and warm the bed, after which it may be allowed to go out, though if very cold it is better to replenish with fuel, close the dampers and leave to emit a slow heat through the night. By doing this and lowering one of the windows an inch or half inch at the top, you can be comfortable and have fresh air at the same time; when—if other bodily conditions are favorable—you will sleep the sleep of the just and awake in the morning, not tired and frozen and out of sorts, but rested, happy and refreshed.

The Leading Strings Fallacy.
[Popular Science Monthly.]

From the moment a child is born, he is treated on the principle that all his instincts are essentially wrong, that nature must be thwarted and counteracted in every possible way. He is strapped up in a contrivance that he would be glad to exchange for a straight jacket, kept for hours in a position that prevents him from moving any limb of his body. His first attempts at locomotion are checked; he is put in leading strings, he is carefully guarded from the out door world, from the air that would invigorate his lungs, from the sports that would develop his muscles. Hence the peevishness, awkwardness and sickness of our young aristocrats. Poor people have no time to imitate the absurdities of their wealthy neighbors, and their children profit by what the model nurse would undoubtedly call neglect. Indian babies are still better off. They are fed on bullbeef, and kicked around like young dogs, but they are not swaddled, they are not cradled, and dosed with paregoric; they crawl around naked, and soon learn to keep out of the

way; they are happy, they never cry. If we would treat our youngsters in the same way, only substituting kisses and bread for kicks and beef, they would be as happy as kids in a clover field, and moreover they would afterward be harder and stronger. Every week the newspapers tell about ladies tumbling down stairs and breaking both arms; boys falling from a fence and fracturing their collar bones. From what height would a young Comanche have to fall to break such bones—not to mention South sea island children and young monkeys? The bones of an infant are plastic; letting it tumble and roll about would harden the bony tissue; guarding it like a piece of brittle crockery makes its limbs as fragile as glass. Christian mothers reproach themselves with neglecting their duty to their children if they do not constantly interfere with their movements, but they forget that in points of physical education nature herself is such an excellent teacher that the apparent neglect is really a transfer of a pupil to a more efficient school.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Experiments in Feeding Pigs—Don't Whip a Frightened Horse.
[New York Herald.]

An extensive breeder, after cooking food for eight or ten years, goes upon record in favor of cooking, and expresses the belief that one fourth of the grain is saved thereby. The following experiment is given in his case: Two sows, of the same litter, and the same every way, except in weight, were selected. No. 1 weighed 292 pounds, and No. 2 weighed 280 pounds. No. 1 was fed for seventeen days on cooked, unground corn, and from the consumption of two bushels and twenty-one quarts, gained thirty-six pounds. No. 2 was fed for the same time on raw whole corn, of which she consumed three bushels and thirteen quarts and gained thirty pounds. Another instance is given in which shoats were fed on raw and cooked corn for six weeks, and result being that while those fed on raw corn gained ten pounds to the bushel, those fed on cooked corn gained fifteen pounds to the bushel—results which are certainly worth the candid attention of breeders. And these are only a few of many experiments which have resulted similarly. If there are no different results from apparently just as fairly conducted experiments, it would seem that there would be nothing more to say upon the subject. But there are opposite results recorded. On the farm of the Agricultural college of Iowa, pigs of the same breed and alike, were fed in separate pens respectively on dry corn, soaked corn, oiled corn, dry meal and cooked meal, and the gain per bushel fed was as follows: Dry corn, 12.26; soaked corn, 9.33; boiled corn, 10.00; dry meal, 11.06; cooked meal, 10.46. In this experiment, after fifteen bushels had been fed, the gain was as follows: Dry corn, gain, 13.00; soaked corn, 10.24; oiled corn, 10.80; dry meal, 13.48; cooked meal, 9.47. In the first case, dry corn produced the best results, and in the next, dry meal.

Don't Whip a Frightened Horse.
[Scientific American.]

It seems to be a characteristic failing of most coachmen to lay the lash on a horse that exhibits fear at an object in the street or beside the road. Mr. English, president of our society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, says in the organ of that society, why every reasoning being ought to know, and that is never to whip your horse for becoming frightened at any object by the road side, for if he sees a stump, a log, or a heap of tan bark in the road, and while he is eyeing it carefully, and about to strike you with the whip, it is the log, or stump, or the tan bark that is hurting him in his way of reasoning, and the next time he will be more frightened. Give him time to smell all of these objects, and use the bridle to assist you in bringing him carefully to those objects of fear.

Farm Notes.

—One seed firm in England has twenty acres devoted to raising mignonette seeds.

—Professor Brewer, of the Sheffield scientific school, New Haven, says: "On account of the value of our straw and of the stalks of our corn for feeding, it is found that an acre of corn, wheat or other grain pays as large a profit here as at the west, and that the labor of each man is as well or better paid."

—To prevent store show windows from sweating when the gas is lit in the evening, apply to the glass evenly a slight film of pure glycerine and you will not be troubled by the "sweating" complained of. Glycerine used in this way will also prevent the formation of frost on the glass in cold weather.

—The value of cheese as a food is not properly understood to-day in America. Beef steak free from bone is very similar in composition to cheese; both are muscle producing matter; beef, however contains more than double the water which cheese contains, and besides the latter requires no cooking.

—Fire brick should be laid in a thin mortar made of fire clay, rather than in a lime and sand mortar, such as is used in ordinary brick work. In laying up these portions of a boiler furnace requiring fire brick, provision should be made in the original wall for replacing the fire brick, and without disturbing the outer brick work.

—The Flemish farmer scrupulously collects every atom of sewage from the towns; he guards his manure like a treasure, puts a roof over it to prevent rain and sunshine from spoiling it, he also gathers mud from rivers and canals and the excretions of animals along the highways for conversion into phosphates.

—The Brun electric light will illuminate Rome, Georgia, at a cost of \$1,800 a year.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Some Nice Little Stories About Cats and Their Troubles.

There was a man named Ferguson, He lived on Market street; He had a speckled Thomas cat, That couldn't will be best; He'd catch more rats and mice and such, Than forty cats could eat.

This cat would come into the room And climb upon a chair, And there he'd sit and lick hisself, And purr so awful queer That Ferguson would yell at him— But still he'd purr severe.

And then he'd climb the moonlit fence, And look around and howl, And spit and claw another cat Alongside of the howl, And then the both would stroke their tails, And jump around and howl.

And all the mothers in the street, Waked by the horrid din, Would rise right up and search the'r babes And so he tried the hoodlack out, Into the midnight air; But this voracious Thomas cat, Not one cent did he care.

And as for Mr. Ferguson, "I was more than he could bear, And so he tried the hoodlack out, Into the midnight air; But this voracious Thomas cat, Not one cent did he care."

For still he yowled and kept his fur A steady flap on end, And his old spine a double 'up As far as it would bend, As if his hopes of happiness Did on his lungs depend.

But while a curving of his spine, And waiting to attack A cat upon the other fence, Soon threw him into a crack; And this 'ere speckled Thomas cat Got tumbled in the back.

When Ferguson came down next day, There lay his old feline, And so he tried the hoodlack out, Although he had had time; "All this has come," said Ferguson, "Of curving of his spine."

Now all of you whose tender hearts This painful tale does rack, Do not be kind to this 'ere cat, To glittin' up your back.

The Brighton Cats.
[St. Nicholas.]

Did you ever hear of the Brighton cats? No? Well, that is strange, for they are very famous fellows, I assure you. If you were to go to Brighton, in England, you would soon know all about them. They are trained pussies, and they are not only very good actors, but what is more pleasant still, they seem to enjoy their own performances very much. Their master loves them dearly, and every day they jump on his shoulders, and, rubbing their soft cheek against his beard, purr gently, as if to say: "Ah, master, dear, if it were not for you, how stupid we should be! You have taught us everything." Then the master laughs and strokes them, before he sets them at work. At last his quick command is heard: "Pussies, attention!"

Down they jump, their eyes flash, their ears twitching and eager, their very tails saying—"Aye, aye, sir!" "Pimpkins, to work!"

Pimpkins is a painter; that is, he has learned to hold palette, brushes and mallet in one paw, and a brush in the other, which you'll admit is doing very well for a pussy. With his master's help, he is soon in position, perched upon a stool and painting for dear life on the canvas before him. There is always a very queer looking picture on the easel unfinished, and pussy daubs away at it when visitors are by; but when asked whether he did it all or does his master.

Meantime the two other pussies, whom we must know as Tib and Miss Moffit, obeying a motion from the master, seat themselves at the table and begin a lively game of chess. The chessmen stand in proper order at first, and both pussies look at them with an air of unconcern. Tib moves his man. Then Moffit moves hers. On comes Tib again, this time moving two men at once. Instantly Moffit moves three. The game now grows serious. Moffit's men press so thickly on Tib's that suddenly he gives all of them a shove, and Miss Moffit is checkmated!

After this all the pussies are, perhaps, requested to wash for their master. And they do it, too, in fine style, though, when they are through, Tib and Pimpkins generally scrubable for a bath in the tub, while Miss Moffit hangs the clothes on the line to dry.

After work comes play. Miss Moffit and Pimpkins have a little waltz, and Tib slides down the balusters. Sometimes Tib amuses himself by drawing the cork from his master's ale bottle. And then if the foaming ale happens to be unusually lively, it makes a leap for Tib, and Tib rubs his nose with his paw for half an hour afterward.

Are they ever naughty? Yes, indeed. But even then their good master is gentle with them. He never whips them, but simply looks injured and orders them to "do penance." Poor Tib and Moffit—for they are generally the naughty ones—how they hate this! But they never think of such a thing as escaping the punishment. No, indeed; they jump upon a chair at once, and, snatching their eyes, stand two images of misery until their master says they may go down.

"They're too wise to be right," said an old apple woman one day, as she looked at them. "It's unnatural—cuttin' about and actin' like Christians as they do."

An Amusing Story.
[Young People.]

A Polynesian missionary took a cat with him to the islands of Ramongat but puss, not liking her new abode, fled to the mountains. One of the new converts, a priest, who had destroyed his idol, was one night sleeping on his mat when his wife, who sat watching beside him was terribly alarmed by the sight of two small fires gleaming in the doorway, and by the sound of a plaintive and mysterious voice. Her blood curd-

ling with fear, she awoke her husband, with wifely reproaches on his folly in having burned his god, who was now come to be avenged on them.

The husband opening his eyes saw the same glaring lights, heard the same dismal sound, and, in an agony of fright began to recite the alphabet, by way of an incantation against the powers of darkness. The cat on hearing the loud voices felt as much alarmed as she had caused, and fled in the darkness leaving the worthy pair much relieved.

A short while afterward Puss took up her quarters in a retired temple, where her "mews" struck terror into the breasts of the priest and worshippers who came with offerings to the gods. They fled in all directions, shouting, "A monster from the deep! a monster from the deep!" to return with a large body of their companions in full war array, with spears, clubs, and shields, and faces blackened with charcoal. The cat, however, was too nimble for them, and escaped through the midst of their ranks sending these brave warriors flying in every direction.

That night, however, Puss, tired of her lonely life, foolishly entered a native hut, and creeping beneath the coverlet under which the whole family were lying, fell asleep. Her purring awoke the owner of the hut, who procured the help of some other models of valor, and with their assistance murdered poor Puss in her tranquil and confiding slumbers.

But cats, though thus at first misunderstood, were afterward welcomed in Rarotonga, which was devastated by a plague of rats. The missionaries imported a cargo consisting of pigs, cocoa nuts and cats.

A youthful clerk who was once appointed to make out an invoice of shipments on a Mississippi steamer, was perplexed by the item of "Four boxes of tom cats." On inquiry, the mystery was solved. "Why," said the indignant sutler, "that means four boxes of tomato catsun. Don't you understand abbreviations?"

Proof Everywhere.

If an invalid or sick person has the least doubts of the power and efficacy of Hop Bitters to cure them, they can find cases exactly like their own in their own neighborhood, with proof positive that they can be easily and permanently cured, at a trifling cost—or ask your druggist or physician.

GREENWICH, February 11, 1881.

HOP BITTERS CO.: SIRS—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me. LEROY BREWER.

THE MARKETS.
NEW YORK.

Beaves, native steers..... \$9 01 1/2 12 50
Sheep, common to choice..... 5 09 1/2 7 77
Hogs, live..... 5 09 1/2 7 77
Flour, good to choice..... 4 90 1/2 6 75
Wheat, No. 2 red..... 1 45 1/2 10 40
Corn, No. 2 white..... 75 10 70 1/2

Beaves—(Go 1 to fancy..... \$5 00 6 20
Native cow..... 3 25 10 4 25
Texas..... 2 25 10 4 25
Sheep, common to choice..... 3 25 10 4 50
Hogs, common to fancy..... 6 01 10 7 00
Butt, good to choice..... 2 00 10 18 00
Wheat, No. 2 red, cash..... 1 45 1/2
Rye..... 35c
Oats..... 6 1/2 10 12 1/2
Butt, dairy..... 44 10 4 c
Butt, dairy..... 30 10 25c
Eggs..... 28 to 32c

KANSAS CITY.

Beaves—Extra native steers..... \$5 00 10 5 25
Butt, native cow..... 2 75 10 3 50
Butt, Texas..... 2 00 10 3 75
Corn, No. 2 white mixed..... 64 1/2 10 6 20
Hogs, No. 2..... 1 2 1/2
Wheat, No. 2..... 1 61
Wheat, No. 2 white mixed..... 64 1/2
Oats, No. 2..... 45c
Butt, medium to choice..... 2 00 10 30c
Butt, No. 2..... 17 1/2 10 30c
Butt, per pound..... 5 10 6c
Pork..... 38 1/2 10 25 00
Lard..... 13c
Hams..... 13 1/2 10 15 1/2

Twenty Years a Sufferer.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—Twenty years ago I was shipwrecked on the Atlantic Ocean, and the cold and exposure caused a large abscess to form on each leg, which kept continually discharging. After spending hundreds of dollars, with no benefit, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery," and now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my feet to the ground.

I am yours, WILLIAM RYAN,
87 Jefferson street, Buffalo, N. Y.

An Accommodating Railroad.
[Wheeling Register.]

The railroad which is to run from Wheeling to Charleston, West Virginia, is asking for the free right of way through the farms on the line of its route. The agents inserts in the deed conveying the right of way, where that is given freely as one of the conditions of the cession, that the railroad company shall stop at least one train each way—on being flagged—at the point on the farm to be agreed upon to take up or put off either passengers or freight. This will give every man on the line or the road a station of his own—he and his family can step on the cars at his own door to ride to the city or the nearest village to do business, or even ride to the next neighbor's on an errand or a visit.

THOUSANDS of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" was made known to them. In all those despondent cases causing headache, dragging down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from "internal fever," congestion, inflammation, or ulceration. By druggists.

—A great revival is in progress in the Hawaiian islands. The missionaries say there has been nothing like it since the great revival of 1838.

The original "Little Liver Pills" are Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," and are extensively imitated. They cure sick and bilious headache. Private government stamp with Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait mark the genuine. By druggists.

—The original "Little

The Chase County Court.

Official Paper of Chase County.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher.

The Omaha Bee annual review has named this office. It is a beauty.

Guitou was sentenced, last Saturday, to be hung in the jail enclosure in Washington City, June 30, 1883, between 12 o'clock, m., and 2 o'clock, p. m.

Potter county, Pennsylvania, has not a mile of railroad in it, but it can always be counted upon for a rousing Democratic majority.—Emporia News.

Right there is where the News is badly off the mackerel kit. For many years past, Potter county has been reliably Republican, by majorities ranging from 600 to 1,000.—Troy Chief.

THE JACK McDOWELL HANGING.

WOODHULL, CHASE CO., KAS., Jan. 30, 1882.

To the Editor of the Courier:

This is a frontier sketch, and I hope that it will be interesting to our old settlers, and also to the new ones. Chase county was not the only county that went through all of the trials of border troubles. It was on a cold November evening in 1866, that the stage from Topeka drove up to the front of the Grove House, in Council Grove, and two good looking young men alighted therefrom; and Jim Watkins, the kind hearted land-lord and proprietor, took charge of their satchels, and showed them into the comfortable office of the hotel. They registered as Jack McDowell and James Seafie. No body in the Grove was acquainted with them. Their names did not sound as if they were bad characters; and they ran everything high for some time.

Brooks Robinson's saloon was where they could be found most of the time, in a game of draw poker; or, if there was no game on hand, McDowell would have his feet on a card table; and, at the same time, he would be relating things that happened in Missouri during the war. He would generally have quite a number of "sports" around him; and he would not forget to tell them how many men he killed while he was bushwhacking. I remember one afternoon he was playing "pitch pump," for the drinks, and he told the whole crowd how he killed a young man in a gambling house in St. Joseph, Missouri. He said they were gambling, and the young man disputed his word during the game, and that he grabbed the young man by the hair of the head and dragged him across the gambling table and plunged a large dirk knife into his back three or four times. He told this as if it was some great joke. After that he was looked upon as a terror; those of the "bloods" who were supposed to have "sand in their craw" always avoided him; they thought he was on the shoot, and his path was left clear. At any of the balls or parties he was looked upon as a kind of prince; and he always did as he pleased.

It was early in February, of 1867, he hired a livery team from the stable of Pollard & Roberts, to go to Junction City. He said he had a large amount of money due him there, and that he wanted to go there and collect it, and that he would be gone about a week or ten days. The livery men supposed he was all right, and they let him have an outfit that cost about six hundred dollars. One week passed, and then a second; and at the close of the third week the livery men began to "smell a mouse." One of them started for Junction City, and on his arrival there he was surprised to hear that McDowell had been there, but had left for parts unknown; and that while there he had tried to sell the buggy and team. Mr. Pollard then sent telegrams to different places in Missouri and Nebraska. The Sheriff at Omaha saw a man that answered the description of McDowell, and one evening he "gobbled" him up; and in about a week McDowell was brought back to the Grove under arrest. The evening he arrived he had a preliminary examination before Squire Stephenson, and was put under \$1,800 bond, which he could not give; but he

kept on telling, while under arrest, what a desperate man he was. He said if he was sent to the penitentiary, he would come back and kill Mr. Stephenson, the Justice of the Peace, and that he would see the time when he would have a lariat around old man Hayes's neck, and would drag him through the streets.

At that time there was no jail in the Grove, and three men would guard McDowell in the day time, and there at night. Right across the street, opposite Conn's stone store, in an old log building, was where he was guarded at night. It was on an exceedingly dark Saturday night, that he was under guard at the hotel until 10 o'clock, when they went to the lonesome log building, to retire for the night. A bed was lying in one corner of the room on the floor, and on it the unfortunate man lay down and was soon asleep. The guards sat down around a rickety table and began to play cards. 12 o'clock came, and everything was as still as death outside—not a footstep could be heard in the log building; all that could be heard was the tick of the clock, or one of the guards in the game say: "I order you up." One o'clock came, and so far all was well; but, all of a sudden, a knock was heard at the door; one of the guards responded to the knock and opened the door; a crowd of men, with their faces blacked, rushed in with pistols leveled on the guards, and said: "You men, Stop!" But they did not stop; but "lit out" at the back door, and left the unfortunate prisoner to take care of himself. McDowell raised to his feet and looked at the men. It was supposed he thought they were some of his gang, who had come to rescue him.

Close to town there is an old wagon bridge; and on Sunday morning there was a sight that should be a warning to all young men. McDowell was hanging at the end of a 20-foot rope; and he hung there until 12 o'clock that day. Finally he was pulled up on the bridge, laid in his coffin, and, in the evening, was laid to rest in his small homestead west of town.

Dr. Beach examined his neck, and found it was not broken. It was supposed that he was pitched head foremost off the bridge.

About two weeks afterwards George Brooks, a stage driver between the Grove and Topeka, said that he saw about twenty men near Wilmington, a little town about 30 miles east of the Grove; and that they inquired where the Grove was, how many lived there, and other curious questions. Everybody in town supposed they were guerrillas from Missouri, that were coming to avenge the death of McDowell. The citizens began to arm themselves. In the evening a large crowd of men gathered at the Grove House; and they made Gov. Isaac Sharp (better known as the large, respectable Democrat of the Third District) their Commander-in-Chief. Every road leading into town was guarded. If a farmer happened to be in town, he was drafted into service, and would have to carry a musket all night to protect the town. Ten men were sent to guard the bridge, and among the number was your writer, who was only a boy then, and who, like all boys, had a great deal of "flip." We had orders to chain the bridge at both ends, so as to check the speed of the supposed enemy. The order was carried out to the letter; and we were all standing about at the middle of the bridge, each one giving his views of the situation, when, all of a sudden, the sound of horses' hoofs was heard at the east end of the bridge; then it sounded like something fell, making a terrible racket. "They are coming," said some fellow; and we all broke and ran, as if it was every fellow for himself, and the devil catch the hindmost. We forgot the chain in front of us, and every one of us, in our flight, ran against it, and fell in a kind of split shape; but we gathered ourselves up, and ran for our dear lives to the hotel. Then there was excitement, until a man rode up on horseback, and asked what "dam fools" it was that put chains across the bridge. Said he: "The men who did the trick were on the bridge when my horse fell; for I heard them running away; and," he added, "I can whip any one of them." After the condition of things were explained to the

much offended man, he said: "That is all right;" and, with a face on him as long as a new spade, he rode off.

There is one thing positively certain, that if McDowell had made no threats after being arrested, he would never have been swung to the end of a 20 foot rope on the old wooden bridge. So, those who are in the habit of telling how desperate they are, I hope, will heed the warning, and escape the doom. Joe.

A CONFLAGRATION.

Eight Buildings Destroyed. \$10,000 Worth of Property Wiped Off of Existence.

The Greatest Fire that ever Visited this City, and Some of Our Citizens Needing Help.

About 1:30 o'clock, Monday morning, fire was discovered on the weather boarding on the north side of the old McGinley building, owned by Mr. S. W. Smith, just in the rear of the little room on the north side of the building, and the alarm of fire was sounded, but before the people of the city could be aroused the devouring elements had laid in waste a grate portion of the business portion of our town. The fire was discovered by Messrs. S. F. Kendall and Joe Keys, who room over the meat market, on the opposite side of the street. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary; or, as the boys who lived in the building had put some hay near the foundation of the building, it may have started from a cigar that was thrown away after being of no more use to the smoker. Hardly had the alarm been given until the building was entirely in flames, and the heat became so intense that the wagon maker's shop and blacksmith shop north of it was soon ignited; and the wind which had been blowing from the south-east suddenly changed into the south and began to blow almost a gale, and the flames began to lap across the roof of the McGinley building, hissing and crackling as they first mounted heavenwards and then descended towards earth, bidding defiance to those who by this time had gathered on the street, and also ignited the carpenter shop of M. P. Strail, which stood immediately north of that building. From Mr. Strail's shop the fire was communicated to Mr. Wm. Giese's blacksmith shop; from whence it proceeded to a building owned by Mr. Leroy Martin and occupied by Mr. I. B. Vail as a sewing machine office, and from there it leaped almost with the velocity of thought to the warerooms, lumber yard and stable at M. A. Campbell; and in less time than it has taken us to write this the entire block, on the east side of Broadway, between Main and Friend streets, with the exception of two small buildings on the south end, was in flames. However, by the superior exertion of the women, without whom life to man would be unbearable and even more desolate than is now the waste place left by that fire, and who worked with an earnest that some men had not, carrying water when men stood with their hands in their pockets, together with the brave hearts and hands of other men, much of the furniture, tools, farming implements, lumber, etc., on that side of the street was rescued from the fire and saved to their owners.

An open space south of the old McGinley shops, and the street at the north end of the block stopped the fire from spreading further. The McGinley building was occupied by Dr. R. Thomas, Mr. Chas. H. Carswell and Mr. S. W. Smith, its owner. The loss of Dr. Thomas in millinery and household goods was \$3,000; on which he had \$1,500 insurance. Mr. Smith's lost \$1,200 on his house, and \$150 in furniture and clothing. He had an insurance of \$500 on the building, which was mortgaged for \$300. Mr. Carswell's loss, in furniture, library and papers, was about \$500. Mr. Carswell is however, very thankful that he escaped with his life, as the fire had started right under the stairway that led from his room door to the ground, and all that side of the house was in flames before he was waked up,

and his room was full of smoke when he waked. When he waked he jumped out of bed and tried to get out at the door, but it was locked and he did not know where he had laid the key. He then felt, exhausted, to the floor, but, soon rallying his strength, he grabbed a chair and threw it through one of the front windows, which gave him an opportunity to breath freely, and he then hoisted the north window to his room and threw his bedding and clothes out through it, but, being afraid to make such a long leap, he went out on the front veranda and climbed down one of the posts, in his night clothes. The loss of Mr. M. P. Strail was about \$1,000; no insurance. The loss of Mr. Wm. Giese was about \$600; no insurance. The wagon maker and carpenter shop just south of the McGinley building had just been purchased from Mrs. W. H. McGinley by Mr. M. C. Newton. Loss \$500; no insurance. Mr. L. Martin's loss was about \$200; no insurance. Mr. I. B. Vail's loss about \$50 no insurance. Mr. M. A. Campbell's loss was about \$2,956; no insurance.

Those who feel the loss from this fire the most are Messrs. Strail, Giese and Smith, and there is now a collection being taken up to put these men on their feet again; and every citizen should contribute his mite towards that end.

THAT FEATHER BED.

To the Editor of the Courier: As a feather bed that was thrown out of Mr. J. P. Caldwell's on the night of the fire was afterwards found at Mrs. Arndt's, and the question has arisen, how it got there, I will state that said bed was lying in front of the postoffice, with Mr. C. H. Carswell upon it, after he had made his narrow escape from being burned to death, and it was taken into Mrs. Arndt's with Dr. Thomas's household goods, etc., under the impression that it was the Doctor's. L. W. HICK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Missouri Pacific Railway. Passing through the most enterprising portions of Kansas and Missouri, the beautiful Indian Territory and Texas, with a solid steel track to and from the Union Deposits of St. Louis, Hannibal, Kansas City, and St. Joseph, Mo., and Atchison and Leavenworth, Kansas, and Denison, Texas, making close connections in these depots with the following lines leading to all parts of the United States. Passengers who purchase Tickets over the MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY have

No Change of Cars AND DAILY TRAINS

BETWEEN THE FOLLOWING CITIES: Kansas City and St. Louis, Leavenworth and St. Louis, Atchison and St. Louis, St. Joseph and St. Louis, Fort Scott and St. Louis, Fort Scott and Hannibal, Fort Scott and Kansas City, Emporia and St. Louis, Junction City and St. Louis, Denison and St. Louis, Denison and Hannibal, Denison and Kansas City, Sedalia and Omaha, Kansas City and Logan.

RECLINING CHAIR CARS FREE.

BESIDES FIVE lines of Pullman Sleeping Car and handsome Day Coaches, with Toilet Rooms and the latest improvements, heated by pipes, and thoroughly ventilated, carpeted, and with colored attendants.

The Missouri Pacific Railway Has a Steel Track, the Miller Platform, and the Improved Automatic Air Brake on all its passenger trains. It is in every respect

A FIRST-CLASS RAILWAY.

For Maps, Time Tables, and interesting reading matter concerning the Missouri Pacific Railway and its connections with other Lines, which will be mailed FREE, address: JAMES D. BROWN, F. CHANDLER, Ass't Gen. Pass. Ag't, Gen. Pass. Ag't, A. A. TALMAGE, General Manager, 422-44 ST. LOUIS, MO.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED FLORAL GUIDE

For 1883 is an Elegant Book of 130 Pages, two colored plates of Flowers, and more than 1,000 illustrations of the choicest Flowers, Plants and Vegetables, and Directions for growing. It is handsome enough for the center table or Holiday Present. Send on your name and Post-office address, with 10 cents, and I will send you a copy, postage paid. This is not a quarter of its cost. It is printed in both English and German. If you afterwards order seeds deduct the 10 cents. VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world, and the "Floral Guide" will tell you how to get and grow them. "Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden," 175 pages, 6 colored plates, 500 Engravings. For 60 cents in paper covers; \$1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English. "Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine," 32 pages, a colored plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price, \$1.25 a year; five copies for \$5.00. Specimen Numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents. Address JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

SYNOPSIS OF STATEMENT OF AMERICAN CENTRAL INSURANCE CO ST. LOUIS, MO DECEMBER 31ST, 1881.

Table with financial data: Cash Capital, Reinsurance reserve, Total Assets, etc.

CAMPBELL & GILLETT, HARDWARE, STOVES, TINWARE, IRON.

Steel, nails, horse shoes, horse nails. A full line of wagon and buggy material. Irons and wood pumps. A complete line of steel goods, forks, spades, shovels, hoes, rakes, handles, &c.

TIN SHOP.

We have in our employ a tinner of long experience, and are prepared to do all kind of work in this line, on short notice, and at very low price.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

We have a good stock of breaking and stirring plows, cultivators, harrows, wheelbarrows, &c.

Agents for the Well Known Wood Machine and the Celebrated Thomas & Coats' Sulky Hay Rakes.

We keep a full line of

PAINTS AND OILS.

GLIDDEN FENCE WIRE.

We are sole agents for this celebrated wire, known to be the best now in use. We try to keep a full line of everything generally called for by the farmers and we have it all, and we have them all for patronage, and favors of the part, we desire a continuance of the same.

MAIN STREET, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.



WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R. R. IS THE GREAT CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE EAST & THE WEST! This main line runs from Chicago to Council Bluffs, passing through Joliet, St. Louis, Hannibal, Rock Island, Davenport, West Liberty, Iowa City, Marengo, Brooklyn, Grinnell, Des Moines (the capital of Iowa), Stuart, Atlantic and Avoca; with branches from Bureau Junction to Peoria, Wilcox Junction to Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Elgin, Holman, Centerville, Princeton, Trenton, Galena, Cambridge, Leavenworth, Atchison and Kansas City; Washington to Sigourney, Ottumwa, and Knoxville; Keokuk to Farmington, Bennington, Monticello, Independent, Eldon, Ottumwa, East-ville, Okawville, Pella, Monroe, and Des Moines; Newton to Monroe; Des Moines to Indianola and Winneton; Atlantic to Leona and Audubon; and Avoca to Harlan. This is positively the only Railroad which crosses and separates a through line from Chicago into the State of Kansas.

ANNOUNCEMENTS. I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace in Falls township, at the election, February 7, 1882. We are authorized to announce H. C. Robison as a candidate for Justice of the Peace for Falls township, at the ensuing election. We are authorized to announce W. S. Smith as a candidate for reelection to the office of Trustee of Falls township, at the ensuing election. ATTORNEYS AT LAW. C. H. CARSWELL, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS. Loans made on improved farms, at 7 per cent interest. C. N. STERRY, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, EMPORIA, KANSAS. Will practice in the several courts of Lyon, Chase, Harvey, Marion, Morris and Osage counties in the State of Kansas; in the Supreme Court of the State, and in the Federal Courts therein. F. P. COCHRAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, COTTONWOOD FALLS, CHASE COUNTY, KANSAS. Will practice in all the State and Federal courts and land offices. Collections made and promptly remitted. J. L. SPEER, T. H. GRISHAM, ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW, Office at Court-House, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

MONEY.

7 and 8 Per Cent! CALL ON W. H. HOLSINGER.

SEWING MACHINES

FOR SALE; Apply at THIS OFFICE.

GOLD

Great chance of making money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Chase County Courant

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

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS. THURSDAY, FEB. 9, 1882.

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

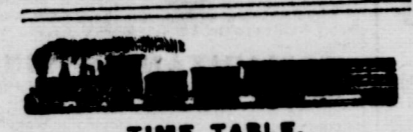
Terms: per year \$1.00 cash in advance; after three months \$1.75; after six months, \$2.00. For six months, \$1.00 cash in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for advertising rates: 1 week, 2 weeks, 4 weeks, 8 weeks, 1 month, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year. Includes rates for 1/2 column, 1/3 column, 1/4 column, 1/5 column.

Local notices, 10 cents a line for the first insertion; and 5 cents a line for each subsequent insertion; double price for black letter.

CITY AND COUNTY NEWS.



TIME TABLE.

Time table for East and West mail services, listing destinations like Cedar Pt., Emporia, and Safford with departure and arrival times.

DIRECTORY.

Directory listing State Officers (Governor, Lieutenant Governor, etc.), County Officers (County Commissioner, etc.), City Officers (Mayor, Police Judge, etc.), Churches (Catholic, Methodist, etc.), and Societies (Knights of Honor, etc.).

COURANT CLUB LIST.

Table listing subscribers to the Courant with their names and addresses.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

Subscribe for the COURANT. St. Valentine's day, Feb. 14. Mrs. Judge Speer is visiting in Jefferson county. Mr. Geo. Babb has returned from his trip to Texas. Mr. P. Q. Bond, of Chicago, was in town this week. Mr. Jake Mann's mother is lying dangerously ill at his house. Read the law card of Speer & Gresham in another column. Mr. Fred. Shipman has returned from his visit to Marietta, Ohio. Mrs. J. V. Sanders, of Emporia, visited friends in this city, Sunday. Mr. A. Ferlot, who has been sick with fever, is again up and about. Mr. Frank Gilman and family have gone to Boston, Mass., to live. A protracted meeting is now being held at the Methodist church in this city.

Subscribe for the official paper, that does your county printing for one dollar a year. Mrs. M. E. Breese has sold her interest in the firm of Doolittle & Breese to J. S. Doolittle.

There was a very pleasant dance at Mr. Geo. W. Hills, in Strong City, last Thursday night.

Ex-Sheriff Johnson has bought the old Catholic church, and will transform it into a residence.

Mr. W. F. Holmes, who has a railroad contract just this side of Topeka, was in town, Saturday.

A poem and the programme of the next meeting of the Teachers' Association are crowded out, this week.

Four new locomotives were taken through Strong City, last Sunday, for use on the Santa Fe road, in New Mexico.

The whites and Negroes had a row in Strong City, last Friday, began by the Negroes. The whites were victorious.

Mr. F. P. Cochran returned, Monday evening, from Cedar Point, where he had been attending to some law business.

Mr. M. M. Young and family, who have been at Argentine, near Kansas City, for some time past, returned to this city, last Thursday.

Miss Lizzie Doyle, sister of Mrs. M. M. Young, stopped off here, to see her sister, last Saturday, on her way from New Mexico to Emporia.

The festival at the Congregational church, last Friday night, for the benefit of Rev. W. B. Fisher, was a success financially, as well as being very enjoyable.

If the ground hog came out of his hole on the 2d of February, he certainly saw his shadow and got scared and went back into his hole to remain for six weeks, when the cold weather will be over.

Mr. M. M. Kuhl and wife, nee Anna Trich, to whom he was married at Green Bay, Wis., Dec. 28, 1881, arrived here last Friday morning, and have gone to house-keeping in the house lately occupied by Mrs. W. H. McGinley.

Mr. John Madden, a lawyer, formerly of Florence, but now of this county, will deliver a free lecture in this city, on Friday evening, February 10, at 7:30 in the Congregational church, on "Manly and Patriotic of Mind."

Mr. M. P. Strail lost his account books in the late fire, and he desires us to say that he stands sadly in need of money just now, and if parties who have accounts with him will come in and settle according to recollection it will help him out considerably.

On Thursday evening of last week C. C. Watson was arrested by Under Sheriff Johnson, on a warrant sworn out by O. C. Pratt, the charge being of a felony, in destroying a chattel mortgage. Friday the case was laid before Squire Robison's court and Mr. Watson was held to answer, to the sum of \$1,000. The case was then taken before Judge Whitson on a writ of habeas corpus, when it was found the warrant was so defective as to render it inoperative, as well as the charge being based on a section of law having no connection with the case, and Mr. Watson was discharged.

TOWNSHIP ELECTIONS.

FALLS TOWNSHIP. The following is the vote polled in Falls township, at the election, last Tuesday: For Trustee—W. S. Smith 143, W. H. Holinger 100, L. P. Sany 73. For Treasurer—H. N. Simmons 289, Arch. Miller 19. For Clerk—Arch. Miller 281, H. N. Simmons 19. For Justices of the Peace—H. C. Robison 183, John Miller 163, M. H. Pennell 161, Nathan Stout 86. For Constable—N. A. Dobbins 297, J. G. Winters 88, G. K. Hagans 22, J. Johnson 13. The following parties were elected Road Overseers: District 1—H. Campbell and H. Judd; 2—W. H. Springer, 3—A. Taylor, 4—C. McDowell, 5—Geo. George, 6—J. Cunningham and J. Watson; 7—J. Madden, 8—J. H. Scribner, 9—Geo. Coletti, 10—G. K. Hagans, 11—A. B. Moore.

COTTONWOOD TOWNSHIP. The following parties were elected in this township: Trustee—W. Peck; Treasurer—F. Bernard; Clerk—C. Hobart; Justices of the Peace—O. H. Drinkwater and M. E. Hunt; Constables, Not Public, C. C. Smith.

DIAMOND CREEK TOWNSHIP. The following parties were elected in this township: Trustee—O. G. A. For Trustee—W. S. Smith 143, W. H. Holinger 100, L. P. Sany 73. For Treasurer—H. N. Simmons 289, Arch. Miller 19. For Clerk—Arch. Miller 281, H. N. Simmons 19. For Justices of the Peace—H. C. Robison 183, John Miller 163, M. H. Pennell 161, Nathan Stout 86. For Constable—N. A. Dobbins 297, J. G. Winters 88, G. K. Hagans 22, J. Johnson 13. The following parties were elected Road Overseers: District 1—H. Campbell and H. Judd; 2—W. H. Springer, 3—A. Taylor, 4—C. McDowell, 5—Geo. George, 6—J. Cunningham and J. Watson; 7—J. Madden, 8—J. H. Scribner, 9—Geo. Coletti, 10—G. K. Hagans, 11—A. B. Moore.

BAZAR TOWNSHIP. The following parties were elected in this township: Trustee—J. S. Smith; Treasurer—Frank R. Smith; Clerk—L. Leonard; Justices of the Peace—J. H. Jackson and J. Kelley; Constables, Trustee and Wm. Sharp.

TOLONO TOWNSHIP. The following parties were elected in this township: Trustee—A. Bailey, Treasurer—J. H. Miller, Clerk—J. J. Miller, Constables—J. H. Miller, J. J. Miller.

of the Peace, Jas. Kitchen and P. M. Jones; Constables, Blake Wallace and J. Hoskins.

BIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT BURNS

BY MISS MINNIE ELLIS.

Robert Burns, the son of William and Agnes Burns, was born, January the 25th, 1759, near the town of Ayr, Scotland. His ancestors were of plebeian origin. His low birth was always a sore point with him; and he lamented the fact that his ancient, but ignoble blood had flown through scoundrels since the flood. His surroundings were of the humblest description. He was evidently not born to life's honey and wine, but only to its vinegar and pepper. William Burns, the father, was a very intelligent man, and seems to have desired but to provide his children with a home and a thorough education. He was assisted in the latter task by Mr. Murdoch, a pedagogue of no mean ability. Burns gave no signs of budding genius in his youth, unless it was the Byronic moroseness that, like Elijah's mantle, is transferred from one poet to another. His father was by avocation a gardener; but in his intense desire to keep his family together, he leased a farm, thereby hoping to, at least, keep the wolf from the door; but the land being of the poorest description, and he, a very babe in worldly skill and prudence, became each year a little in debt, till at length, his affairs were so entangled that he was unable to straighten them. He died, leaving his wife and family to untangle the snarl and his incapacity had made. For some time after the father's death the family drifted till, at length, they moored at a farm near Mossiel, where Robert and his younger brother, Gilbert, set themselves resolutely to retrieve their fortunes. Robert was a rapid and energetic worker, outwielding all competition in the harvest field.

He was especially proud of his plowing which earned for him the sobriquet of the "plow boy poet." When he was about nineteen years old he went to a noted school at a smuggling town near the western coast. It was here that he formed those habits that did so much toward marring his after life. It was about this time that he developed the germs of poetical genius. "Holy Willie's Prayer," a satire upon two Calvinistic priests, gained him some local fame. His dissipated form of life had reduced his finances to ebb tide. He was actually contemplating sailing to Jamaica, when, as a last resort, his friends urged him to publish his poems. He did so and received for them 20£. At the instigation of a friend he decided to abandon his Jamaica trip and to go to Edinburgh where he hoped to secure the publication of a second edition. Burns set out for Edinburgh in November of 1786, and arrived there in two days, having performed the journey on foot. He was soon launched into the literary and fashionable circles by the aid of his kind friends, Mr. Saucie, and James, Earl of Glencairn. He published a second and larger edition of poems. He finally settled with his publisher, Mr. Creech, and, finding himself in possession of nearly 500£ after he had defrayed all his expenses, he then resolved to engage in farming for the remainder of his days, and, with this object in view, leased from a Mr. Miller the farm of Ellieland, on the banks of the river Nyth, six miles above Dumfries. Through the influence of some friends, he had secured the office of exciseman, and desiring to combine agriculture with his official duties, he built a house on his place, and began making improvements. His vivid imagination, a ready pictured rapid promotion and a life of ease and prosperity; but his excise duties occupied more of his attention than his agricultural pursuit. His love for the flowing bowl and convivial society also rendered him unfit for manual labor. He at length grew tired of his farm, and his salary as exciseman being increased, he removed to Dumfries. His rooted antipathy to moving in a groove led him into many imprudences, some of which were construed by his superior officers into open revolt. He received a public rebuke and an inquiry into his sentiments.

He retained his position, but was informed that present promotion was out of the question, and future promotion depended upon his own conduct. His falling health and gloomy prospects removed the last restraint, and he plunged headlong into the most reckless dissipation. A prey to sickness and remorse, his mortal career was soon ended. To the last he retained his splendid powers of mind undimmed. He died universally beloved; for, despite his errors, which were of the head rather than the heart, he was a great man and true. His poems varied from the gay and lively to the severe; but whatever theme he discusses it is a living reality, whether the mirth of a peasant family gathered round their family hearth, the dance of a bonny lassie over the heather, or the vagrant fancies of a group of peasants returning from toil, you feel the breath of the heather on your cheek, and can see the golden broom waving in the wind, and hear ringing in your ears the sound of auld Ayr's drumlike waters. The Cotter's Saturday night, Tam O' Shanter's midnight raid, his odes to Highland Mary, and his lament to James, Earl of Glencairn, are his best productions, and will keep his memory green as long as the hardy sons of toil stand a wall of fire to guard their much loved isle.

ROBERT BURNS. The following is the response of F. P. Cochran to the toast "Robert Burns," at the celebration of the 123d anniversary of the birth of Scotland's poet, at the Union Hotel in this city, Jan. 25, 1883, and which was crowded out of the COURANT last week: My FRIENDS: The time allotted me in which to prepare or say something that might entertain, please the ear, fascinate the thought, or enchant the vision of our friends here assembled, touching the history of the illustrious poet's 123d birthday we to-night celebrate, has been too short to present to you, in all of its completeness, the deserving notice and review of the poet and the poet's life, who, on the 25th day of January, 1759, was born in a small roadside cottage (which still stands) about a mile and a half from the county town and bay of Ayr, on the southwestern Scottish coast. The name of Robert Burns has become a household word among all the English-speaking people, and takes rank with all the poets of departed greatness. Coming up from the rank of God's humblest poor, roared not in the lap of luxury, by dint of strenuous efforts and a cultivation of God-given power, Burns sang to the civilized world, taught is and was, and symbolized the idea to the civilized thought that God in a flower, a brooklet, or a running rill. He was, as has been truly said, "nature's poet." Possessed from early education of the superstitions of his time and race, he knew much of the songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, witches, brownies, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elflands, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, catraps, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other nonsense. All of these were of use to him in the poet life, for what would "Tam O'Shanter" amount to without its legendary wonder so brilliantly exemplified therein. Burns was a poet, statesman, farmer, who

"Walked in glory and in joy, Following his plow upon the mountain side." Who but a Burns could write "A Cotter's Saturday Night," a fitting tribute to a louse, a mouse, or an earldom; a thing, a king, a kingdom, an epitaph, a satire, a eulogy, a national anthem, and an influence that bespoke the true ring of liberty that, once echoing among the hills of dear, delightful and historic Scotland, found its reverberation in the ultimate among and in the queenly valleys sitting at the foot of kingly hills in our own delightful Kansas—America. May we, throughout and as the cycles of time do bring another meeting, revolve and say that as the poet has laid it in the address of Bruce to his army at Bannockburn, when over liberty is abridged or in ailed, and in the pureness that is found in our highland and lowland home, "Lay the proud usurper low, Tyrants fall to every foe, Liberty's in every blow, Let us be free or die!"

of all charges, except imprudence. He retained his position, but was informed that present promotion was out of the question, and future promotion depended upon his own conduct. His falling health and gloomy prospects removed the last restraint, and he plunged headlong into the most reckless dissipation. A prey to sickness and remorse, his mortal career was soon ended. To the last he retained his splendid powers of mind undimmed. He died universally beloved; for, despite his errors, which were of the head rather than the heart, he was a great man and true. His poems varied from the gay and lively to the severe; but whatever theme he discusses it is a living reality, whether the mirth of a peasant family gathered round their family hearth, the dance of a bonny lassie over the heather, or the vagrant fancies of a group of peasants returning from toil, you feel the breath of the heather on your cheek, and can see the golden broom waving in the wind, and hear ringing in your ears the sound of auld Ayr's drumlike waters. The Cotter's Saturday night, Tam O' Shanter's midnight raid, his odes to Highland Mary, and his lament to James, Earl of Glencairn, are his best productions, and will keep his memory green as long as the hardy sons of toil stand a wall of fire to guard their much loved isle.

Barren entirely cleared himself

MASQUERADE BALL. There will be a masquerade ball in Music Hall, on Monday evening, February 20, 1882; tickets, \$1. Any one wishing to obtain costumes can do so by calling on Joe Ollinger, at the barber shop, and leaving their orders with him in time for him to send for them, he having made arrangements for the same.

NOT QUITE A MURDER. At the City Meat Market you can always find Messrs. Daub & Schlaudecker, ready to exchange the choicest cuts of beef, pork and mutton, as well as sausage—especially bologna sausage, head cheese, liver wurst etc., for cash. They pay the highest price, in cash, for hides and pelts.

THE GENUINE SINGER. The most popular sewing machine in the world; 538,609 sold in 1880—excess over any previous year, 107,442. Buy no other; it is the strongest, the simplest, the most durable sewing machine ever yet constructed. For price and terms call on or address I. B. Vail, agent, Cottonwood Falls.

There will be a meeting of the stock-holders of the Chase County Agricultural Society held in the County Treasurer's office in this city, on Saturday afternoon, February, 11, 1882, at 1 o'clock. It is time now to begin making preparations for the fair next fall, and, for this reason, there should be a full meeting of the stock-holders. As business of great importance to the society will come before the meeting, it is to be hoped every stockholder will be present. Our fair, last fall, was such a one as reflected great honor upon this county; and, by beginning in time, we can make the fair this coming fall far superior to that of last fall; so let us take time by the forelock in this matter.

BUSINESS BRIEVITIES. Subscribe for the COURANT. A desirable residence for sale. Enquire of C. C. Whitson. Read the public sale advertisement of Mrs. C. Vetter, in another column.

House, sign and carriage painting done by L. W. Heck, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. ja26-3m* There will be a public sale at Cal. Baker's, on South Fork, on Tuesday, February 28, 1882. Just received at Campbell & Gillett's a car load of Gliddon's fence wire; also, a car load of Smith wagons. ja22-tf

Dr. W. P. Pugh will continue to do a limited practice; and will be found, at all unemployed times, at his drug store. A red heifer, taken up by the Pound Master, will be sold at 2 o'clock, p. m., Saturday, February 11, 1882, at the City Pound.

If you want to buy a threshing machine, spring wagon, sewing machine, organ, piano, vapor stove, riding saw, or fanning machine, call at this office and see if you can't make money by getting them of J. S. Doolittle & Son buy their goods for cash, and are determined not to be undersold by any house in the Cottonwood valley; so, give them a call.

Four hundred and eighty acres of land 8 miles east and 1 mile south of Matfield Green, in this county, is offered for sale for \$2,000. Apply to John DeWitt, at the Hinkley House, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. no24-tf

Farmers and others can always get a good meal at the old Hinkley House, kept by S. A. Vail. There is a good feed stable in connection with the hotel; and prompt attention will be paid to horses put in stable for feed. de15-tf

L. Martin & Co., having concluded to move to California, that Italy in America, where the very air is health itself, and the blue canopy of heaven, in all its grandeur and magnificence, seems to say to the inhabitants of that State whose climate is a continual spring time of loveliness: "Really, my children, you are in a garden of Eden, and enjoy ye its fruits of good health and all the other blessings that it will yield for all who enter its boundaries," have quit advertising, and are now selling their goods at cost, for cash, preparatory to getting ready for their departure for the elysian fields and pastures green of the golden commonwealth.

JO. OLLINGER, Central Barber Shop, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS. Particular attention given to all work in my line of business, especially to ladies' shampooing and hair cutting. Cigars can be bought at this shop.

A week is your own town. \$5 out for it free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Ready or, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to HALLET & CO., Portland, Maine. de19-17

PHYSICIANS. J. W. STONE, M. D., Office and room at Dr. Fughr's drug store, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS. W. P. PUGH, M. D., Physician & Surgeon, Office at his Drug Store, COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAS. A. M. CONWAY, Physician & Surgeon, Residence and office a half mile north of Toledo. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1882.

PUBLIC SALE. I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, commencing at 10 o'clock, a m. on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1882, on C. C. Watson's farm, on Rock creek, the following described personal property: 5 cows, 1 heifer, coming two years old, 1 yearling heifer, 1 year old, 1 horse, coming five months, coming six years old, 1 set of new buggy harness, 1 set of old harness, 1 new Smith wagon, 1 low-wheel'd wagon, 1 riding plow, 1 breaking plow, 1 mowing machine, 1 cutlery, 1 mowing machine, 1 stulky hay rake, 1 good hay rack, 1 harrow, 1 set of good quaggy tools, 1 set of good quaggy tools, a quantity of corn, a lot of good barrels, about 15 tons of hay, more or less, and a lot of other articles, too numerous to mention. TERMS.—Five dollars and under cash; over five dollars, six months' time, with approved security. Mrs. C. VETTER. W. S. SMITH, Auctioneer.

8-1-2 Per Cent. Money. \$500,000 To Loan on Improved Farms. Cheapest Money in the County. INTEREST, 7 PER CENT; COMMISSION, 1/4 PER CENT. In Sums to Suit Borrowers, on Long or Short Time. No Delay; Money is Paid when Papers are Executed.

White & Hancher, 422 of FLORENCE KANSAS. DEBT business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you \$12 a day made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted every where to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. Another business pays you nearly so well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address: IREY & CO., Augusta, Maine. dec20-17

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MICA AXLE GREASE. Patented 1874. Composed of the best of Mica for lubrication, the BEST and CHEAPEST lubricator in the world. It is the best because it does not burn, but forms a highly polished surface over the axle, reducing friction and lightening the drive. It is the cheapest because it costs no more than inferior brands, and one box will do the work of two of any other Axle Grease. It is equally as well for Engines, Mills, Gearings, Thrashing Machines, Corn, Barren, Carriages, Bicycles, etc., as for Wagons. It is GUARANTEED to contain no Petroleum, and will not burn the axle. Write for Catalogue of Mica Axle Grease, and other valuable information, to PETER HENDERSON & CO., 35 Cortlandt St., New York.

ALL WILL BE WELL.

All will be well! Since first this ball in its appointed orbit rolled, That blessed truth our God by all His holy prophets has foretold.

AN OLD MAID'S MISTAKE.

One summer night, or rather about 2 in the morning, Miss Brindleton—who had imprudently opened her window (it looked on to a garden at the lack of her house) before going to bed, on account of the heat—was awakened by a noise, and starting up she saw a burglar in her room.

Undaunted, Miss Brindleton—though she could no longer see him now for the glare—stared straight before her and asked, "Well, what are you doing?"

No answer being vouchsafed, the advocate of woman's rights continued: "That watch of mine is not a valuable one to anyone except myself, for it is a gift; but I have a much more precious one down stairs which I will give you if you will leave me this one, and I should like you to leave me those rings, too; I will give you the worth of them in money."

"Yes, I desay," grumbled the burglar, "you want me to let you get up that you may raise an alarm and have me nabbed."

"I give you my word of honor that if you go out of the room while I put on a dressing gown, I will take you down stairs and raise no alarm at all."

"If you did, I'd mightily soon quiet yer with my jenny," growled the burglar. "If you feel so strong what have you to be frightened about?" retorted Miss Brindleton, logically.

"Well, yer, you're a bit plucked, I must say, I'm not used to this kind of involuntary admiration; and with noiseless steps, for he had taken his shoes off, he stole out of the room and waited on the landing while Miss Brindleton glided out of bed and put on a peignoir.

Miss Brindleton used to keep her check book, money and other valuables in a desk that stood in her study on the ground floor. Thinking, however, that it was best to show no signs of fear, she walked straight to her desk, unlocked it and was about to hand the man a massive gold watch, set with diamonds, which had belonged to an uncle of her's, when the burglar addressed her thus in a low, sheepish tone: "Look here, miss, I don't want to take yer watch; I'm alone in this job, so I'll be satisfied if yer pay me off with £20—that'll do for me."

"Twenty pounds, you say?" returned Miss Brindleton calmly, and taking up a small gold bag she began to count out a number of sovereigns. "Five, ten, eighteen, twenty."

"You've made it twenty-one," said the burglar, honorably pushing back a superfluous coin while he pocketed the rest. "And, now, Miss, I'll go, and I'm much obliged to you."

"I think I had better let you out through the front door, that will be more convenient for them climbing out of the window," said Miss Brindleton; "allow me to add that I am sorry to see a man of your size and strength engaged in such dishonest work as this. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Ah, miss, it isn't everybody that can be honest by meyer wishing it," replied the burglar, as he followed Miss Brindleton into the passage, and he made the lady a respectful and rather mournful bow as she ushered him out.

"I shall remember you, my man," muttered Miss Brindleton to herself, as she closed the door and put up the chain and presently she returned to her room to reflect on what had just happened, and to ponder on what she ought to do next.

Her nerves were somewhat unstrung, and she would have liked to indulge in the feminine luxury of a good cry, but, surmounting this weak temptation, she decided that the best thing for her to do would be to go off to the police station and give information against the burglar. Accordingly she dressed, stole quietly out of the house, and undeterred by the fear of walking through the streets alone at night she betook herself to the station and made a full statement of her adventure to the officials on duty. Now, it so happened that about half an hour before a policeman on his beat had noticed a man answering to the description of the burglar, counting some sovereigns under a lamp post, and he had afterward seen this man enter a low lodging house, presumably to sleep there. So it was suggested that Miss Brindleton should remain at the station while the policeman repaired to this lodging house. Miss Brindleton, contentedly accompanied with a seat and a cup of coffee in the inspector's room, and in about forty minutes had the satisfaction of seeing her burglar brought in, secretly handcuffed between two constables. The man gave a start when he saw her, and as she dictated her charge in a clear, composed voice, he muttered:

"I shouldn't have expected this of you, miss; no, I shouldn't."

"You did not expect that I would leave you unpunished for breaking into

my house, did you?" asked Miss Brindleton, with some scorn. "I have acted square by you, miss," said the burglar. "I might have took yer' watches and other things, but I went off quietly with the money yer gave me and I never laid a finger on yer. 'Taint handsome of yer, miss; I thought you was a better sort."

For the burglar's good opinion of her Miss Brindleton cared little. She turned her back on him and, accepting the politely proffered escort of the inspector to her house, rejoicing that she had done a very clever thing in a prompt, satisfactory manner. Not a soul in the house except herself had been disturbed by the night's events, and, as Miss Brindleton let herself in with a latch key, the first intimation which her sister and servants got of the burglary was when she told them of the facts herself at breakfast.

The servants uttered exclamations, trembling, and the younger Miss Brindleton screamed, but presently, when Phoebe had become more composed, she fell to thinking, and all at once said: "Sophie, do you think it was quite right to give that burglar in charge, after he had behaved so well?"

"Do call it good behavior to break into my house and steal £20 from me?" inquired Miss Brindleton, in grave surprise.

"Well, but Sophie, he had your life in his hands, you know, and if he had stung you and then made off with all your things he might never have been caught, whereas now he will be sent to prison for years."

"That is a weak sentiment," retorted Sophie, in her primmest tone. "I was bound to get this man apprehended for the protection of others."

Phoebe said nothing just then, but she remained unconvinced, and often afterward she alluded to the burglar in pitying terms. The man's name turned out to be Raggles, and Phoebe would speak of him as "poor Raggles." This poor Raggles was in time arraigned at the Old Bailey and sentenced to penal servitude for seven years. As he left the dock he once more turned to Miss Brindleton, who was in court with her sister, and said: "It warn't kind of you, miss; you don't help a chap to be honest, you don't, if you had let me alone after giving me them 'twenty pounds, I should never have forgotten it, and it might 'a' been the saving of me."

"Oh, Sophie, how dreadful!" muttered the soft-hearted Phoebe, nestling close to her sister. "Don't you think you might asked the judge to take off some part of the poor man's punishment?"

"He has not got a day more than he deserves," replied Sophie, with her lips set. Her heart was quite as tender as Phoebe's, and it felt very sore just then for the wretched Raggles; but Miss Brindleton thought that any outward display of sentiment was undignified, so she kept her feelings to herself.

Raggles became a forbidden topic. Nevertheless, Sophie Brindleton did not feel quite happy about the man when she thought of him all alone.

"Six years past. One night—a summer's night, as on the first occasion—Miss Brindleton was again awaked by a burglar. She sat up in bed, rubbed her eyes, and recognized Raggles.

"I've got a ticket-of-leave," said this fellow, gruffly. "You know me, I desay. Now, just come down and give me all you've got in your drawers, or I'll smash your head in. Look sharp."

"Why, you're Raggles!" stammered Sophie, unable to say any thing else.

"Yes, I'm Raggles, and a nice trick you served me six years ago," answered the burglar, with a curse. "Now, turn out of bed and come down; I've got your purse, watch, rings, and other things in my pocket, but I'm not going to leave the house till I've got all your money and silver plate, and if you squeal, by golly, I'll wring yer neck."

Poor Sophie sat up in her bed bereft of speech. Her sister Phoebe was married now and no longer lived with her; she had only two female servants in the house, and it would have been useless to scream. But, on the other hand, she happened to have £2000 in bank notes and £3000 worth of jewelry in her desk—valuables which were to have been sent next day to the bankers.

"I'll take every thing you've got," she stammered in her agony.

"I'll take every thing you've got," she stammered in her agony. "And now look alive."

Half an hour later a queer scene might have been witnessed in Miss Brindleton's parlor. Raggles had packed up a small portmanteau, which he had purloined from Miss Brindleton, every article of value which Sophia possessed, and, fatigued by his labors, he was lolling in an arm chair, while Miss Brindleton, with trembling hands, poured him out a glass of sherry.

"Now go down on your knees and swear an oath to me," laughed the ticket-of-leave man, who, having tossed off his first dram, was holding out his glass for a second. "Swear that you won't peach against me, or I'll cut off your hair, and your ears afterwards."

"I swear," faltered Sophie, who, seeing Raggles' face so terrible, had dropped on her knees.

"That'll do," said the ex-convict. "You are an honest woman, and wouldn't tell a lie. If you did, though, one of my mates would find you out, though, and do for yer."

Saying this, Raggles shouldered his portmanteau, all tied up in a bundle, and walked out of the house. He has been living at large ever since. Miss Brindleton has not dared to inform against him, not even to speak about him to her sister Phoebe.

Men Who Paint.

At the Grosvenor gallery I observed a young man with unmistakable rouze upon his cheeks. I am told that the fashion of making up the complexion is by no means unknown among our gilded youth. While young women imitate men in the masculinity of their attire, empty headed young men perhaps deem it advisable to endeavor to maintain the true balance of things, by making their faces resemble those of girls. It is a noble and knightly enterprise, chivalric and worthy of all praise.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City save baggage and expressage and carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Central Hotel, nearly opposite the Grand Central Depot, 450 elegant rooms, single and in suits, fitted up at an expense of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to \$1 and upwards per day, on European plan. Elevators. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots.

STILL ANOTHER.

A Social Sensation Which Promises to Be Lasting.

The recent startling events in society circles, including one killing, one libel suit, one fist fight, a prospective duel, and an assault upon a choral Lothario in a locked office, have scarcely become cool as matters of news, when another of remarkable proportions, and exceedingly painful in some of its details, is sprung upon a public only too willing to listen to such matters. A few weeks ago a young lady, well known in three upper circles, received, amongst other acquaintances, a very fascinating gentleman who was traveling for a Chicago firm, and who was temporarily stopping in town. A violent flirtation began, and within a very short time marriage and household duties were abandoned. One evening on the wedding night, while riding along Taylor avenue, heard moans issuing from a hedge on that thinly built street and noticed two horses standing tethered near by. He found a lovely young girl prostrate on the ground and a stylishly dressed young man standing by. He explained that the saddle girth of her mare had broken and had thrown the lady to the ground, spraining her ankle badly. Leaving the girl in charge, he rode rapidly away and soon returned with a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, with which the limb was well rubbed. The result was immediate relief. And one of the early events in the autumn will be a comedy, in which a lady, gentleman and clergyman will be the cast.

Speaking of comedy, almost every one is acquainted with J. H. Shewell, the excellent young actor who plays first low comedy with John McCallum next season. He used to confine his efforts to "Roman citizen," "first murderers," "player kings," etc., but, being ambitious, has made legitimate advance. Mr. Shewell says: "No one but professional comedians appreciate the artist's constitution is pure in making up, and while overburdened at times, again the light material and drapery used expose one to very severe attacks of the weather, for many theaters are very unheated and unventilated. I have used St. Jacobs Oil, and among them your most obedient. My especial trouble is rheumatism, from which I have been a severe sufferer, and have experienced various remedies in my travels. I came across St. Jacobs Oil. It has been of invaluable service to me, and is a God send. I would not be without it, and you can rest assured that during the coming season a portion of my troupe will be a supply of this unequalled liniment."

Mr. Eddy Hamilton, of the Grand opera house and Ular's Cave, is a young gentleman well known to the theatrical profession and the respective patrons of those places. He is a most peculiar character, and is most peculiar, and opens a new case for the inestimable remedy spoken of. "I had been riding on horseback all one afternoon," said Mr. Hamilton, "and was pretty well tired out in getting to my horse, and my right leg severe wrenched, but as it did not inconvenience me at the time, I paid no attention to it. In a very short time, however, an excruciating pain came on in the vicinity of the hip—this recurring every ten minutes and seeming to grow worse with every recurrence. I went to a doctor, who made an examination and said nothing at all. But I knew better, for I could hardly walk. He gave me something to bandage my leg, but it did me no more avail than so much water. Late in the evening I was attending to my duties at the Cave, and limped so badly that several asked me what was the trouble. A friend advised me to get St. Jacobs Oil, and told me I had undoubtedly strained a leading sinew. It was too late that night to get the medicine, and even after I got to bed it was like a severe cramp, coming at periods, and passed a miserable night. Early in the morning I purchased a bottle of the Oil, and saturating a silk handkerchief with it, bound it around the affected part. It seemed to work its way right in and found the sore place. I was quiet all day, and kept applying the Oil. In the evening I was straight as a die and no trouble from the strain have I noticed or experienced since."

The Cincinnati Enquirer gives this as the latest chapter in the Blackburn-Burbridge correspondence: "Hi, there! A couple of you hold the other fellow; one can hold me." But to the unprejudiced observer it looks as if a small boy could prevent either of them from doing anything more violent than inflicting tedious letters on a suffering public.

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia, and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against "bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

A quest wishes to know whether it is proper to walk on the inside or on the outside of his wife when on the street. On the inside, by all means. Nine-tenths of the wife beaters are sent up for walking on the outside of their hash preparers.

HEALTH, hope and happiness are restored by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for all ailments connected with the female system, such as Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Insupportable Depression and Indigestion.

The best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, better, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all kinds of skin eruptions, freckles and pimples. Be sure you get Henry's Carbolic Salve, all colors and antiseptic. Price 25 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Where Cripples Are Relieved. Mr. Quigley of Cameron, Mo., has had a son badly crippled from white swelling of the knee joint. He is now under treatment at Drs. Dickerson & Stark's Surgical Institute at Kansas City, and is rapidly recovering.

"Rough on Rats." The thing desired found at last. Ask druggists for Rough on Rats. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed bugs. 15c. boxes.

MEN'S MARIPEPONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood making, force generating and life sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also in all feeble conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute diseases, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

LAWRENCE, KAR., June 1, 1881. I have used your Dandelion Tonic in connection with malarial disorders with admirable results. If I may judge from my own experience, it is a very effective remedy. Past or of Plymouth Church.

LEIS DANDELION Tonic will ward off typhoid fever and typho-malaria. It is also the best tonic that can be taken when recovering from a severe sickness.

The People Want Proof. There is no medicine prescribed by physicians of solid by druggists that carries such evidence of its success and superior virtue as Bache's German Syrup for severe coughs, colds settled on the breast, consumption, or any diseases of the throat and lungs. A proof of that fact is that any person afflicted can get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try its superior effects before buying the regular size at 75 cents. It has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and its wonderful cures are astonishing every one that use it. These doses will relieve any case. Try it. Sold by all dealers and druggists everywhere.

To MAKE new hair grow, use Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum. This natural petroleum hair renewer, as recently improved, is the only thing that will really produce new hair. It is a delightful dressing.

From J. B. Thomas, Esq., Cashier of Loroy C. Partridge's Banking House, OVID, N. Y., November 7, 1881. I take pleasure in saying that I have used DR. THOMAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT in my family for over thirty years, and I believe there is no other liniment equal to it for man or beast, being very powerful, and it is free from all poisons, GREASE or UNPLEASANT SMELL.

DR. THOMAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT, C. O. D. I have used it for several years, and I believe there is no other liniment equal to it for man or beast, being very powerful, and it is free from all poisons, GREASE or UNPLEASANT SMELL.

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USE LEIS DANDELION TONIC. THE GREAT BLOOD & LIVER PURIFIER. A SURE CURE FOR Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Langour, Nervous Exhaustion arising from overwork or excess of any kind, AND FOR Female Weaknesses.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS. A SURE CURE FOR MALARIAL POISONING AND FEVER AND AGUE, AND A SPECIFIC FOR OBSTINATE CONSTIPATION.

NEW RICH BLOOD. PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS. A SURE CURE FOR MALARIAL POISONING AND FEVER AND AGUE, AND A SPECIFIC FOR OBSTINATE CONSTIPATION.

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. A SURE CURE FOR MALARIAL POISONING AND FEVER AND AGUE, AND A SPECIFIC FOR OBSTINATE CONSTIPATION.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. A SURE CURE FOR MALARIAL POISONING AND FEVER AND AGUE, AND A SPECIFIC FOR OBSTINATE CONSTIPATION.

MAKE HENS LAY. An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable.

CONOVER BROS., KANSAS CITY AND NEW YORK, Manufacturers of the "CONOVER BROS." PIANOS, AND GENERAL AGENTS FOR "STEINWAY" AND "WEBER" PIANOS.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC. A SURE CURE FOR MALARIAL POISONING AND FEVER AND AGUE, AND A SPECIFIC FOR OBSTINATE CONSTIPATION.

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DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists.—Price, 25 Cents.

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