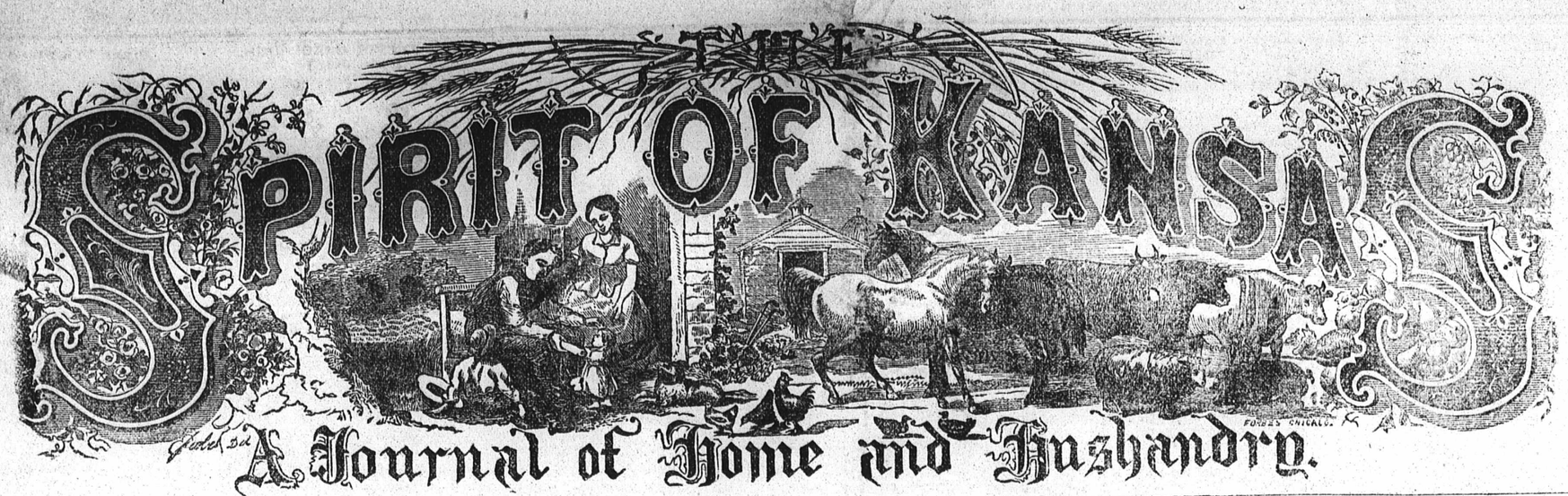


VOL. XIII—NO. 24. LAWRENCE, KANSAS, MARCH 8, 1884. WHOLE NO. 611

THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

An Iustrated Farm and Home Weekly Newspaper.

KIMBALL & STEVENS,
Publishers,
Lawrence Kansas.

The SPIRIT OF KANSAS aims to be a first class family Journal, devoted to farm and home affairs, and to all industrial, social and moral interests that go to make up the greater part of our Western Life. It will be found useful to those engaged in any of the departments of rural labor. Its miscellaneous, original and selected, will be such as will interest and instruct. Its editorial page will treat of matters relating to our social, industrial, and political life, wherever and whenever the interests of the great working masses appear involved, and always from a broad, comprehensive and independent standpoint. We shall endeavor to make a paper representing the great west.

Our regular subscription price, for single subscibers will be as usual $1.25 with liberal reduction to clubs

Agents are wanted in every county in the west to whom commissions will be given that will enable them to coin money

ADVERTISERS.

Can have but a limited portion of our space. The SPIRIT will be a paper for the reader and the space we have to spare for advertising will be valuable, but in proportion to circulation will be cheaper than that of most other papers of its class.

Rates, 10 cents per line of space each insertion agate measure, 14 lines to an inch

The ground in many places is frozen to the depth of fourteen inches. A great many farmers and gardeners are anxious to know how long this state of affairs will exist. It is best not to know the time when a change will take place but quietly wait for the wagon It will come.

Four men came down last week and took the largest one in the herd of buffaloes at Bismarck away to Topeka, where before this time he has been executed, and his remains divided among his friends. For more than two years he had been growing vicious and defied everything that crossed his path. In the summer season he was allowed the freedom of the pasture, but with this he was not content. He would allow no person in this enclosure. For the past month it has been deemed necessary to remove him from Bismarck.

It is no uncommon thing to hear of swindlers in different localities who generally make their points among that class of persons who are unable to resist their efforts and nefarious schemes. A few weeks since some peddlers canvassed Grant township in the interest of a house in Chicago, as they claimed. These men were selling dry goods of all kinds, from an overcoat to a pocket handkerchief. They claimed to have imported goods which had been smuggled from London, and consequently could sell them about twenty-five per cent. less than any of our Lawrence merchants. Before they commenced their canvass they found it necessary to to know the standing of these farmers; for they sold their goods on one and two years time, and took their notes. After they had made a sale they would take the notes to some Lawrence bank and sell them at a discount of 25 per cent. This is one way of swindling. A few days since some book agents were selling Bibles in this city, and claimed to be Bible students. But upon examination it was found that they had never read a book in the Bible. One of these book agents had visited a house not less than three times, and this was always when the owner was absent. The last time this book agent called, he insulted the good lady because she would not buy a Bible, while at the same time there were no less than three of these books on the book-case, near by. The gentleman who lives at this house where this transaction took place, has served a few years in the army, during which time he participated in several successful engagements, and more than a hundred times slept on "his arms," and is willing to do so again if his house is invaded. This might be called another way of swindling. If these two classes of swindlers wish to make their business respectable, they should make but one call, and have that as brief as possible.

Hard to Believe.

It is hard to believe that a man was cured of a Kidney disease after his body swollen as big as a barrel and he had been given up as incurable and lay at death's door. Yet such a cure was accomplished by Kidney-Wort in the person of M. M. Devereaux of Iona, Mich., who says: "After thirteen of the best doctors in Detroit had given me up, I was cured by Kidney-Wort. I want every one to know what a boon it is.

Western National Fair Association.

The board met pursuant to adjournment, at the office of the secretary. The members were, Messrs. Evatt, Steinberg, Van Hoesen, Hughes, Leis, Allen, Brown, Buckingham, Holman, Heath, Rice, Clarke and Conger, who were sworn in office by W. A. Harris.

The election of officers being in order Dr. Evatt was nominated for president of the association for the ensuing year, and was unanimously elected, but declined in favor of Judge Allen, of Leavenworth.

A motion was made and carried that a vote of thanks be tendered Dr. Evatt, and the same put upon record, for his untiring efforts in making the fair of last year such a grand success.

The following persons were elected vice presidents:

First vice president, Dr. Wm. Evatt; second vice president, Gen. John A. Rice; third vice president, W. W. Dickinson; fourth vice president, W. W. Walton; fifth vice president, J. B. Abbott.

R. W. Cunningham was placed in nomination and unanimously elected secretary for the ensuing year.

The following gentlemen were elected to fill various positions, but declined to serve: W. A. Harris, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Livermore and Mr. Hinton. The following named gentlemen were then elected in their stead: L. Bullene, Thos. Bain, S. E. H. Drought, S. C. Usher and John C. Ellis.

The salary of the secretary was fixed at $1,500, he to pay his own clerical help.

The following named gentlemen were elected as an Executive Committe: I. N. Van Hoesen, Wm. Miller. L. Bullene Dr. Evatt, and R. J. Brown, of Leavenworth.

Several bills were here read and allowed.

The matter of the election of a general superintendent was left to the executive committee.

A communication from the secretary elect, accepting the position, was received and read.

The question of preparing a premium list was left to the executive committee, who will probably report at the next meeting.

The secretary was then authorized to re-rent the office occupied by him for another year.

Mr. Geo. Leis chairman of the committee on stock, read their report, which was adopted, and the secretary instructed to issue stock to parties entitled to the same.

On motion, the association adjourned, to meet the last Tuesday in March.

The Flood at Cincinnati.

Noted among the many exciting and interesting incidents in connection with the late Ohio river flood at Cincinnati, was the fact that the Ohio & Mississippi Railway was at no time out of running order. This road was the only line making direct connection for the West, without excessive delay. Even at the gloomiest period, when alll other Western roads were cut off, the indomitable pluck and energy of the managers of that line asserted itself; organizing a yawl transfer from the end of the Eighth street line of cars, they carried passengers rapidly, and with perfect safety, to the only available landing place in Cincinnati, at Storrs station, on the O. & M. road, where there were in waiting elegant and commodious steamers, which made three trips each day between Cincinnati and Aurora, in both directions, thus affording their patrons, instead of the usual provoking delays and additional heavy expense, caused by high water, a most enjoyable excursion of twenty-five miles, giving them a full and magnificent daylight view of the Ohio, as it has never been seen before, and probably never will again, and making intermediate connections at Aurora for all points West, Northwest, South and Southwest.

COLORLESS AND COLD.—A young girl deeply regreted that she was so colorless and cold. Her face was too white, and her hands and feet felt as though the blood did not circulate. After one bottle of Hop Bitters had been taken she was the rosiest and healthiest girl in the town, with a vivacity and cheerfulness of mind gratifying to her friends.

In place of the poke we will have a modified Dunstable called the Mignon.

The nutritive properties of Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic sustains the body without solid food. Colden's; no other.

W. C. T. U. DEPARTMENT.

OUR COLUMN.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

OFFICERS OF LAWRENCE UNION.

Mrs. Drusilla Wison, President.
Mrs. Martha J. Byers, Vice President
Mrs. A. M. Goodnoe, Recorder Secretary.
Mrs. M. J. Eldemiller, Treasurer.

Regular weekly meeting, every Friday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church at half o'clock, p. m. We earnestly solicit the personal interest of the ladies of Lawrence and their attendance upon these meetings.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. KATE R. HILL.

For the Lawrence NEWS.

I.

Yes; still look up, Oh! sinking hearts,
And ye, whose courage fails;
Hope with this clear-cut truth ne'er parts,
That might with right prevails,
And woman's heart and woman's hand
May rescue love and save the land.

II.

Not only around the fireside hearth
Her dainty feet must tread;
But in the lowly paths of earth,
She, by the Christ-child led,
May woo, e'en from the Tempter's side,
Some souls for whom the Savior died.

III.

"Shame on the heart" that weakly grieves
O'er the "accursed cup."
And from white harvests brings but leaves,
Or empty hands holds up:
This holiest work to mortals given,
The Lar to Paradise has riven

IV.

Rouse up, then, woman to thy toil,
Good seed though long cent med,
Hath budded oft on earthly soil,
And then in Eden bloomed.
And this that thou doth lightly prize,
May win that SURE home in the skies.

Manhattan, Kansas.

A Wreck of a Man

What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute man — the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first steps in an honorable career not taken; in himself a lazar-house of diseases; dead, but, by a heathenish custom of society, not buried.

Rogues have had the initial letter of their title burned into their hands; even for murder. Cain was only branded on the forehead; but over the whole person of the debauchee or the inebriate the signatures of infamy are written. How nature brands him with stigma and opprobrium; How she hangs labels all over him, to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example; How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame, as if to bring him upon his all-fours with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptile's crawling; How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent upon obliterating all traces of her own image so that she may swear she never made him! How she pours rheum over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks as with a trumpet, "BEHOLD A BEAST!"

Such a man may be seen in the streets of our cities every day; if rich enough, he may be found in the saloons and at the tables of the "upper ten;" but surely to every man of purity and honor, to every man whose wisdom as well as whose heart is unblemished, the wretch who comes cropped and bleeding from the pillory, and redolent with its appropriate perfume, would be a guest or a companion far less offensive and disgusting.—[Horace Mann.

LITTLE MARY.

Sitting by my pleasant fireside, listening to the winds as they sweep unceasingly by, and with a moan through the cedar branches without, I was thinking of the many children who read this paper, and I wondered if they all had cheerful homes, bright fires, and kind parents whom they loved, to shield them tenderly from these bitter storms.

Dear children, I believe you are earnest temperance workers in the Band of Hope, and I know that you with your bright young Christian lives, will be the future hope of our country. Ere many years shall have swept into the unreturning past, we, your elders, will have passed from active life and you will have taken your places in the front ranks of christian temperance work, in business, in all the affairs of our loved and glorious country.

While my thoughts were absorbed in your present, and your future lives, dear children, it occurred to me to relate to you a circumstance that came under my own observation, of a sweet little girl whom I knew many years ago. When I was a child, many stories and histories of Scotland fell in my way, and were eagerly read, creating in my childish heart a love for that noble and daring people. I loved to read and think of the powerful clans and warrior chiefs who lived in the mountain fastnesses; of the beauties and grandeur of their rocky Highland homes as portrayed in the descriptions of the word-painter, Walter Scott. In olden times deadly feuds used to exist between bands and clans of this nation of warriors, but times are happily changed there, and it is now the land of learning and religion.

The people are peaceful, and have the name of having the best schools and colleges in the world.

You can see on your maps where this historic country lies. Look at its history; for somewhere among these craggy rocks grand mountains, and beautiful blue lakes, the first few years of little Mary's life were passed. Many wild legends and stories came to the child's ears of the bold acts of her brave and knightly ancestors. But in her secluded mountain home knowledge came, the newspapers drifted there, and through them the parents heard of a fertile land, far away, beyond the stormy Atlantic, a land overflowing with every choice thing, where numberless broad acres were lying wild and idle for want of strong hands to till them.

So gathering up their worldly treasures the child herself the chief, they embarked for America. After a tedious and stormy voyage, they landed upon our shores, strangers in a strange land. Everything was new to them, and so different from what they had known in their own country; sickness and poverty overtook them, and then came strong temptation to the noble-hearted father, in the hope of the intoxicating cup. The demon met him at every corner, thirsting for his soul. At last he yielded and fell. To the once happy wife and daughter came this heart-crushing sorrow. The young mother soon faded and died, the father, too, in a few short months was laid by her side, and little Mary was doubly an orphan among strangers. The little girl shared the common lot of the poor, the homeless and friendless, carrying with her the opprobrium that always attaches itself to the drunkard's child. Surely a hard fate had fallen upon this gentle young girl.

Thus she lived a few years, until at last her aged grand-parents arrived from Scotland, sought her out and never more did Mary want for home and friends. At school she was a sweet-tempered, obedient, and obliging little girl, dearly loved by every one. She never grew discouraged and [illegible] over hard lessons, but with [illegible] kept on studying and trying until the task was accomplished.

When I used to meet her in the school room, I could not forbear laying my hand upon her sunny curls and repeating the sweet name, "Mary." Many years have passed since then, and little Mary is a woman now. And what kind of a woman, do you ask? I will tell you. Her husband, for she is married, has wealth, and she is surrounded by all that is luxurious and beautiful. But her whole soul is absorbed in one object. —charity. She devotes with untiring energy the greater part of her time, her talents, and much of her means, to this mission. She is the founder and head of a school and Home for orphan children. It is delighful work for her to gather in the little waifs, clothe and feed them, and enjoy their happiness. No fear for herself comes to her as she goes out into the streets where the most degraded people dwell, and where poverty and filth and evil bear sway. Her loving heart goes out in sympathy for all. In the drunkard's hut, comforting the sorrowing, talking to the little ones, visiting the sick, a helper to all. Yet, with what tenderness, does she care for those unfortunate little children whose parents are addicted to drunkenness and in her unwearied exertions in behalf of these she has smoothed many rough paths for little feet to tread. Is not her life beautiful? Yes, filled full of the most beautiful devotion, carrying sunshine and happiness wherever her presence comes. S. A. W.

I can safely recommend Ely's Cream Balm for the cure of Catarrh. Cold in the Head, etc. Before I have used the first bottle I purchased I find myself cured. At times I could scarcely smell anything and had a headache most of the time.—HENRY LILLY, Agent for the American Express Co., Grand Haven Mich. (Price 50 cents.)

Weather Report for February.

[Prepared by Prof. F. H. Snow, of the University of Kansas, from observations taken at Lawrence.]

This month, although nearly five degrees colder than the February average, has been exceeded in average coldness by four Februaries in the past 16 years, '74, '75, '81 and '83. The minimum temperature, however, was high, having been lower in ten of the preceding Februaries. The rainfall and humidity were nearly normal, the cloudiness was excessive, and the wind velocity was considerably above the average. The peculiar sunset afterglow of the preceding months was occasionally observed, but had apparently disappeared before the end of the month.

Mean Temperature—58.03 degrees, which is 5.18 degrees below the February average. The highest temperature was 57 degrees on the 25th; the lowest was one degree below zero on the 13th, giving a monthly range of 58 degrees. The mercury reached the zero point but once. Mean temperature at 7 a. m., 21.86 degrees; at 2 p. m., 33.43 degrees; at 9 p. m., 28.41 degrees.

Rainfall—Including melted snow, 1.13 inches, which is 0.20 inch below the February average. Rain fell 4 days and snow on 4 days. The entire depth of snow was two inches. There was one thunder shower. The entire rainfall for the two months of 1884, now completed, has been 2.41 inches, which is 0.12 inch below the average for the same months in the preceding 16 years.

Mean Cloudiness—54.33 per cent. of the sky, the month being 8.27 per cent. cloudier than usual. Number of clear days (less than one-third cloudy), 9; half clear, (one to two-thirds cloudy) 8; cloudy (more than two-thirds) 12. There were four entirely clear days and eight entirely cloudy. Mean cloudiness at 7 a. m., 63.10 per cent.; at 2 p. m., 50 per cent.; at 9 p. m., 49.166 per cent.

Wind—N. W., 26 times; S.W., 20 times; N. E., 18 times; S. E., 15 times, S., 4 times; W., twice; E., once; N., once. The total run of the wind was 11,742 miles, which is 841 miles above the February average. This gives a mean daily velocity of 464.89 miles and a mean hourly velocity of 16.87 miles. The highest velocity was 54 miles an hour on the 18th.

Barometer—Mean for the month, 29.158 inches; at 7 a. m., 29.193 inches; at 2 p. m., 29.137 inches; at 9 p. m., 29.145 inches; maximum, 28.469 inches on the 9th; minimum, 28.587 inches on the 18th; monthly range, 0.882 inch.

Relative Humidity—Mean for the month, 72.3; at 7 a. m., 80.8; at 2 p. m., 56.4; at 9 p. m, 76.6; greatest 100 on two occasions; least 27, on the 2nd. There was one fog.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Troches, 12c. Liquid, 50c.

Ladies approve smoking the "Little Joker" tobacco.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarr, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousand of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Long lace pelerines will take the place of fichus on in-door toilets.

Last winter I found positive relief from Catarrh with Ely's Cream Balm. Was troubled for years. I have no doubt a thorough use of Cream Balm will cure a great majority of cases.—E. D. NORTON, Ithaca, N. Y, (See ad.)

A pretty new walking hat of fine Milan straw is called 7—20—8.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Yes "The Fling Dutchman" that's the name of it. We mean the new three wheel Sulky Plow that is creating such a sensation and drawing such crowds of people to examine its merits at the Implement House of G. R. Gould & Co. It is both novel in name and novel in design, and is constructed upon a scientific principle never before applied to sulky plows, by the use of which the draft is so greatly reduced that two ordinary sized horses can easily do the labor, where it required three to perform with old styled plows. It is an old saying and as true as ancient that "THE MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEASTS." Hence Farmers who have any regard for the welfare of their team will do well to examine this before buying. Also while there you will do well to examine their immense stock of goods just in, which is complete in every detail in their line. All goods warranted and a "SQUARE DEAL" guarranteed. Don't fail to call at their store.

Nos. 170 & 172, Mass. Street.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.—And true economy requires the use of pure goods at a reasonable price rather than adulterated at less. De Land's Chemical Baking Powder is absolutely pure and the price is reasonable. It contains only Grape Cream Tartar and pure Bi-Carb Soda.

Surplice waists will be used on the soft, wool dresses of young girls.

Ministers Sound its Praise.

Rev. Mr. Greenfields, Knoxville, Tenn writes as follows: "Samarian Nervine permanently cured my son of epileptic fits." Here's food for thought. Sold by druggists $1.50.

Guipure de Genes is a new lace which has the appearance of embroidery.

I had severe attacks of gravel and kidney trouble, was unable to get any medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters, and they cured me in a short time. A Distinguished lawyer of Wayne Co. N. Y.

Silver jewelry of a heavy type in sporting designs is a fashionable fancy.

Quantity and quality. In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. Ioc at all druggists. Wells Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

Soft silk with India designs is employed in the spring wraps of Ricamier pattern.

Howenstein & Co., Parkersburg, Ia., say: "All who have used Brown's Iron Bitters pronounce it an excellent medicine."

A veiling in fine Ottoman ribs is very lovely in combination with taffeta glace.

John Early, Marshalltown, says: "I have taken Brown's Iron Bitter for dyspepsia and general debility with beneficial results."

Heather in bloom will be a favorite garniture for the new Milan straws in champignon.

MOTHER SWAYNE'S WORM WAFERS.

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

Moliere waist coats will be belted in the future.

Nobody should neglect a cough.—Take Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar instanter.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

Dinner and reception toilets for young ladies have demi-trains.

Faded hair recovers its youthful color and soft, silky texture by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam.

Everybody should smoke the "Little Joker."

DEBILITATED MAN.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, impotence, Sexual Dibility, cured by "Well's Health Renewer." $1.

The Anne Boleyn cap is the dead dress of the hour.

It Seems to Satisfy

A family want, and I wonder how we ever got along without Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cured me of nervous prostration, and I have used it since for all sorts of complaints in our family. Mrs Jines, Albany.

A dressing to beautify gray hair every family needs. Parker's Hair Balsam never fails to satisfy.

All sorts of redingotes will be fashionable this season.

The "Bon ton" walking hat bids fair to be a great spring favorite.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. KITZPATRICK.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

Spring dresses in velvet combinations will frequently have pompon garnitures.

FOREIGN BEAUTIES.
[Journal Amusant.]

A Parisian One.

Changing His Shirt.
[N. Y. Times.]

A Frenchman traveling by railway in England, was very anxious to change his shirt in order to make a visit after the train had arrived at its destination, without taking the trouble to go to a hotel. His guide book indicated a tunnel on the road, and he asked the guard how long the train would be in the tunnel. The guard mistook the question, and, supposing he asked how long before the train would reach the tunnel, answered briefly: "Half an hour." The carriage in which the Frenchman was traveling contained several ladies and gentlemen. The traveler got down his valise, unlocked it, and made everything ready for a change of apparel while they were in the tunnel. As soon as they entered it he pulled off his shirt and prepared to put on a clean one, but imagine his surprise on discovering that the train remained only three minutes in the tunnel instead of thirty! As they came out into open daylight he was smiling in their midst in a condition quite unfit for a mixed company of ladies and gentlemen.

The Gutta-Percha Chicken.
[Chronicle-Herald.]

"Here," said an excited man entering a grocery store, "what kind of a chicken was that you sent to my house? It certainly wasn't the one I ordered." "Great Scott," exclaimed the grocer, "if that boy hasn't made another mistake. He went and gave you one of those gutta-percha ones that we keep especially for boarding-houses. Did the paint boil off?"

Ratiocination.
[London Punch.]

Country Doctor—"Did you take that bottle of medicine to old Mrs. Gambridge's?—because it was very import——"

Doctor's Boy—"Oh, yes sir. And I'm pretty sure she took it, sir!"

Country Doctor (after a pause)—"What do you mean by that, sir?"

Doctor's Boy—"Well, I see the shutters up at the 'ouse as I passed this mornin' sir!"

A Little More Curved.
[Fliegende Blätter.]

Customer.—"You will cut those pantaloons according to the fashion plate?"

Tailor.—"Oh yes, only a little more curved."

Diabolical Puns.

"What color would you dialogue?"—*The Hatchet.*

If the leg were about eight or nine inches in circumference and about three feet long, and we were within reaching distance of the perpetrator of such a pun, we'd endeavor to dye it blood red.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

Oh, wood you?—*The Hatchet.*

Why They Hurried.
[N. Y. Commercial.]

"Why does the train run so much faster than yesterday?" asked a passenger on a branch of the Wabash railroad of the conductor. "We are in Missouri to-day," was the reply, "and we always get out of this state as soon as possible."

Came South to Die.
[Texas Siftings.]

William Norton, the Arctic explorer, who helped Kane to discover the open polar sea, died recently in Alaska. Arctic explorers, as a general thing, do not come that far south to die.

He Passed the Question.
[N. Y. Morning Journal.]

"Papa, is Ash Wednesday the day the cart calls for the cinders in the back yard?" asked a Long Island boy.

His father smiled, and put the question by until the good pastor called.

Objects to a Rival.
[Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.]

It is said that the reason why Bismark objects to the American Hog is that he doesn't propose to have a rival while he lives

The Strategy of Tiger Tom.
[New York Sun.]

Thomas Ochiltree, the Texan,
Youngest born and dearest darling
Of the Auburn-tressed Aurora;
He, the terror of the Brazos,
Tiger Tom of the Nueces,
Glory of the Rio Grande,
Wonder of the present congress;
Who, alone and quite unaided,
Set the Lasker ball to rolling;
When he heard how Otto Bismarck
Scorned, and flouted, and defied him,
Striking at him through the congress;
Thomas Ochiltree, the Texan,
Roared, and flamed, and spoke in fury;

"Order out the old Dictator,
And the ancient Amphitrite,
With the Puritan to keep them,
And the wild Miantonomoh!
Let the fearful Roachian navy
Guard the mouth of the Potomac—
Filled with stones, and slyly sunk there!

"Give me, then, the Tallapoosa.
Well supplied with fresh provisions,
With the choicest wines and liquors,
While I cross the raging ocean,
And proceed to pluck the feathers
From the double-headed eagle.

"I will mix a drink for Otto,
With the whisky of Kentucky,
With the mint of old Virginia,
With the sugar of the tropics,
Such as gently shall allure him
From the thorny path of warfare.
Then the double-headed eagle
And the schwein Amerikaner
Sweetly shall lie down together,
Never thinking more of Lasker
Or the fear of trichinosis.
Aye, and Tiger Tom shall lead them."

"Chinese" Gordon.
[London Judy.]

How he entered Khartoum.

Receiver Wanted.
[Wall Street News.]

In one of the northern counties of Ohio, a company which was manufacturing agricultural implements had occasion to borrow $5,000. Some of the stockholders, being of a tricky turn, decided to beat the lender of the money out of it, and a Toledo lawyer was asked for his advice.

"You can do it very easily," was his bland reply.

"How?"

"Why, one of you go into court with an affidavit that the business is not being properly managed, and ask to have me appointed receiver. I can beat the man out of his $5,000."

This was done, and, as one of the victims was saying the other day:

"Yes, sir, he beat the man out of that money slick as a whistle."

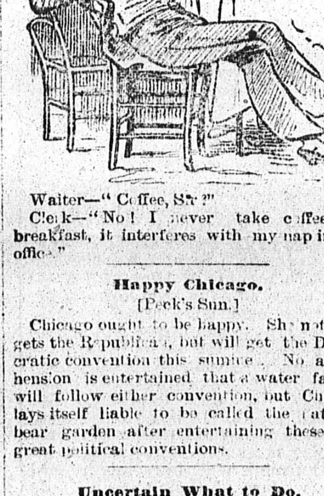
"How?"

"Why, by beating the rest of us out of every dollar we had. The man who gave us the advice now owns and runs the business."

Recipe for Pancakes.
[Peck's Sun.]

A young housekeeper writes for a recipe for making pancakes. If there is anything more than another we know how to make, it is pancakes. Take a cup of flour, one pint of warm water, mix thoroughly and cook over a thorough fire until it becomes thick. Then remove and let it stand for an hour to cool. Take a strip of canton flannel and cut in round pieces about the size of a tea plate. Smear both sides with the flour and water mixture and bake on a hot griddle. Serve with molasses labeled maple syrup. This, of course, is not the family style. We got our information by dissecting a pancake built at an uptown restaurant, and it can be relied upon.

A Sinecure.
[Petit Journal Pour Rire.]



Waiter—"Coffee, Sir?"

Clerk—"No! I never take coffee for breakfast, it interferes with my nap in the office."

Happy Chicago.
[Peck's Sun.]

Chicago ought to be happy. She not only gets the Republican, but will get the Democratic convention this summer. No apprehension is entertained that a water famine will follow either convention, but Chicago lays itself liable to be called the national bear garden after entertaining these two great political conventions.

Uncertain What to Do.
[Philadelphia Call.]

"See here, my friend, that dog of yours killed three sheep of mine last night, and I want to know what you propose to do about it?"

"Are you sure it was my dog?"

"Yes."

"Well, I hardly know what to do. I guess I had better sell him. You don't want to buy a good dog, do you?"

Along the Ohio.
[Eugene Field.]

The river is up, the channel is deep,
The wind blows steady and strong;
A-straddle the roof we'll gloomily keep
Our vigils while floating along.

To people ashore it is pleasant to think
Of life on the frolicsome wave;
'Tis awful to one without victuals and drink
And a glimpse of a watery grave.

You lubbers can prate of "waters so blue"
And winds "blowing steady and strong;"
But we who are swamped by this hullabaloo
Are singing a different song.

A Celebrated Actor.
[London Judy.]

Henry Irving, of whose legs Oscar Wilde says: "One is like unto a dream, the other, a sublime poem."

Gen. Washington's Explanation.
[Washington Hatchet.]

Gen. Washington being a Mason was frequently detained at the lodge until very late. One night he went home, hung his boots over a chair, and laid his trowsers under the bed, and as he crept quietly into bed his affectionate wife remarked:

"George, you have been drinking."

"You're mistaken, Martha," replied the general. "You're mistaken."

"But I smell it," insisted Mrs. Washington.

"Deed, my sweetness, you're mistaken. What you smell is bay rum the barber put on my hair."

Mr. Washington, satisfied with this explanation, turned over and went to sleep, and the general, putting his finger on the side of his nose, whispered to himself:

"It's a cold day when the Father of his Country gets left."

She'll Disfigure Him.
[The Judge]

"Oh, say Neville, if you should ever prove untrue to me, I think I would disfigure you for life with a bottle of vitriol!"

Talmage's Texas Rival.
[Texas Siftings.]

There is an old negro in Austin named Uncle Nace, who is a regular attendant at the church of the Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter. Meeting his pastor the other day, the latter said:

"You seem to enjoy my sermons mightily, Uncle Nace, considerin' you am so hard ob hearing," shouted the clergyman.

Uncle Nace nodded understandingly.

"Kin yer heah me when I preaches," bellowed the colored prelate in Uncle Nace's ear.

The old man shook his head.

"Whaffor den does yer come to de church?" howled Baxter.

"Bekase I likes ter see you cut up dem monkey shines, and saw de air wid yer arms."

No Assets.
[Texas Siftings.]

Russia has made a formal demand on Turkey for the expenses of the late war. Although backed in her demands by the other great powers, Russia will find it extremely difficult to collect the amount, owing to the plucked condition of plucky Turkey.

She Was Insulted.
[Life.]

"Mrs. Mulrooney, you are charged with assault on Mrs. McGinniss; what have you to say?" said his honor.

"Troth and faith, yer worship, I was goin' down Perril sthreet paycible an' quoite when I met Missus Mugginty.

"'Good mornin',' Mrs. Mugginty,' sez I.

"'Good mornin', kindly,' sez she.

"'Where wor ye?' sez I.

"'Down at the Fulton market below,' sez she.

"'Phat hev ye in the bashket?' sez I.

"'Fish,' sez she.

"'It shmells,' sez I.

"'Ye lie,' sez she.

"Wid that I dhrun off an' hit her a welt for sphakin' such an unmannerly word to a Mulrooney, from Ballynahinchiskin; bad cess to her.'"

Texas Fashion Note.
[McKinney Black Waxy.]

The mustangy looking bangs, which The Clarksville Standard says make a woman look like an unruly cow with a board tied over her eyes, are to be changed now for a mop of frizzes, to be set high upon the head *a la* crow's nest.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND.
[Life.]

If instead of being the 152d this were the 25th anniversary of his birth, is it possible he would have appeared thus?

We refuse to believe it.

The Lime Kiln Club.
[Detroit Free Press.]

As the meeting opened the president announced that the following spring mottoes would be hung on the wall during the coming week:

"Pay cash."

"Deal on de squar'."

"Sell your dog."

"No man kin sit on de fence an' plant onions."

"Time wasted am shillin's lost out of a hole in de pocket."

"If it am pollyticks against 'taters, take de 'taters."

"An hour wid a saw-buck am more valuable dan an hour wid a stale man."

"De man in debt am a swimmer wid his butes on."

AN IMPOSTER.

Immediately after opening word was received from the Outer Guard that a colored man giving his name as Prof. Barone Plunkett, and his residence as Memphis, had arrived in Detroit for the purpose of delivering a lecture on science before the club.

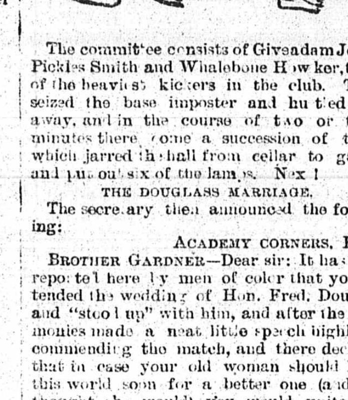
Brother Gardner replied that he had never heard of any such person, and asked if the name was known to any member. No one could recall it, but it was decided to admit the stranger and listen to his remarks.

The moment the so-called professor entered the hall a dozen members rose to their feet and shouted out that he was a white man in disguise. The unusual length of heel in a colored man was a sign, and he forgot to turn his toes as he walked. In a minute the false wig was torn from the man's head, and it was plainly seen that he was white. Then a painful silence followed, broken at last by the voice of Brother Gardner as he said:

"White man, did you want anything in pertickler in dis hall?"

"I thought I'd have a little fun," was the sulky reply.

"An' so you shall have! De committee on sole leather will escort de gem'len down to de alley dar an' see dat he am given a proper send-off."



The committee consists of Giveadam Jones, Pickles Smith and Whalebone Howker, three of the heaviest kickers in the club. They seized the base imposter and hustled him away, and in the course of two or three minutes there came a succession of thuds which jarred the hall from cellar to garret and put out six of the lamps. Next!

THE DOUGLASS MARRIAGE.

The secretary then announced the following:

ACADEMY CORNERS, PA.

BROTHER GARDNER—Dear sir: It has been reported here by men of color that you attended the wedding of Hon. Fred. Douglass and "stood up" with him, and after the ceremonies made a neat little speech highly recommending the match, and there declared that in case your old woman should leave this world soon for a better one (and you thought she would) you would unite your hand with some white woman, or words to that effect. It is said you made inquiries about the Hon. F— D—'s second wife's unmarried sister, etc.

Did you then and there declare that all prominent members of your club, such as Waydown Beebe, Giveadam Jones, Trustee Pullback and even Rev. Penstock had advised you to make a "Nepolian" of yourself —get divorced—and they would follow suit? An early reply to the foregoing will relieve the minds of an anxiously waiting public with pulse seventeen below zero.

Respectfully yours,

ARTEMUS BELLFOUNDER.

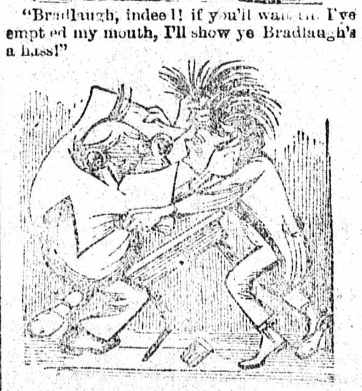
"Let me say in reply," answered the President, "dat I did not attend de marriage menshuned, neither has I eber remarked de remarks imputed to me. Nevertheless, if Fred Douglass or any odder man of color desiahs a white wife, an' kin secure one in the reg'lar way dat brides am secured, it am nuffin to anybody outside de fam'ly relashuns.

"So far as dis club am consarned we take de color straight, an' we mean to continer dat way. If it should be known heah dat Whalebone Howker, who am a widower an' lookin' fur a second wife, had become de husband of a white society belle, he would probably be axed to vacate de red stool on which he has so long reposed, but we shouldn't blame him mo' dan do woman. When I git ready to trade my ole woman, who am at least two shades darker than tar, fur de slickest white woman dat eber run a man in debt, I'll gin de Lime-Kiln Club a month's notice."

New York Commercial:—In eternity Keely and his motor will have all the time they want.

ALL ALONGER BRADLAUGH.
[London Judy.]

"Bradlaugh, indeed! if you'll wait till I've empted my mouth, I'll show ye Bradlaugh's a hass!"



"You'll do nuffin' o' the sort, young man; so there!" Whack!

Getting slightly tragic.—"For one or both of us the time has come."—(*Richard III.*

Result: both on us for forty shillings or a month.

A Mouse in the Room.
[Drake's Trav. Magazine.]

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she backed into a corner and stuck her head straight out in front of her. "My dear, there's a mouse! what are we going to do?"

"I should judge from the width of your mouth that one of us was going to catch him!" replied Mr. Spoopendyke, springing from the chair and grasping his cane. "Where is he? Show him to me!" and Mr. Spoopendyke rattled around under the bed with his stick, and then charged the table.

"There he is!" yelled out Mrs. Spoopendyke, looking around cautiously and then springing into a chair. "Call a policeman! Don't go near him! We'll all be murdered in our beds!"

"Look here!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, "going to sit up in that chair like a frog on a float until that mouse issues cards to show where he transacts business? If ye can't talk out his geography, point your measly finger at him, will you?"

"Can't you see him?" gurgled Mrs. Spoopendyke, to whose distorted imagination the mouse filled the whole room and lapped over. "There he is! Ow-w-w! Here he comes! There he goes! Whee-e-e-e!"

Mr. Spoopendyke made a lunge in the direction indicated by his wife's stony glare of horror, got the cane between his legs and rolled tumultuously into the closet.

"Do I give the impression of having got him?" he yelled, as he looked out and saw his wife sliding up the back of the chair, like a reversed avalanche.

"There he goes! Ho-o-o-e-e-e!" interrupted Mrs. Spoopendyke, with a prolonged shriek.

Mr. Spoopendyke looked around him with dazed eyes and spied the mouse for the first time.

"Whoop!" he roared as he plunged for the corner, and he banged his head against the wall as the mouse darted between his feet.

"He's climbing up the chair! Take him out! Scald him! Burglars!" piped Mrs. Spoopendyke, with her knees in her neck and her hair on end.

"What's the matter up there?" exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke, "a thousand feet above the level of the sea, got some kind of a notion that you're a fancy sunset, haven't you? Think you only need a candle and an emetic to be an active volcano, don't you? Well, you don't—! Hi, there! Got you now, have I?" and he made a dive under his wife's chair after the mouse. "Got some kind of a scientific impression that the combination of mercantile intelligence, known to the banks as Spoopendyke, isn't to be relied on as a phenomenon in the *role* of amateur rat trap, haven't you?" and Mr. Spoopendyke gave a vicious jab at the mouse with his stick and found himself stuck under the chair.

"Is he dead?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, watching the gyration of her husband's limbs.

"Get up!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, trying to extricate himself.

"Hear me! Get—!" and with a mighty effort Mr. Spoopendyke upset the chair, bringing his wife down on him like a bundle, while the mouse went up the chimney.

"Did you hurt yourself dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, still dreading the reappearance of the mouse. "You did splendidly. I really think you have scared him away for good."

"Do, do ye?" grinned Mr. Spoopendyke, with a horribly pleasant expression of visage. "Had time since it happened to think it all over, haven't ye? With your celerity of thought and ability to impart what you know, you only want a tin staircase inside of you and a fire-fly in your fist to be a doggasted Bartholdi Statue of measly Liberty enlightening the World! The next time you see a mouse around these premises, you get up an sit on him until I get ready to commence. You hear!" And with this verbal letter of instruction, Mr. Spoopendyke projected himself into his night-shirt and filed himself away between the sheets.

Drunk In a Plug Hat.
[Puck.]

This world is filled with woe everywhere you go. Sorrow is piled up in the fence corners on every road. Unavailing regret and red nosed remorse inhabit the cot of the tiechopper as well as the cut-glass cage of the millionaire. The earth is convulsed with the universal sob, and the roads are muddy with tears. But I do not call to mind a more touching picture of unavailing misery and ruin and hopeless chaos than the plug hat that has endeavored to keep sober and maintain its self-respect while its owner was drunk. A plug hat on a sad prosperity and shine forth joyfully while nature smiles. That's the place where it seems to thrive. A tall silk hat looks well on a thrifty man with a clean collar, but it can not stand dissipation.

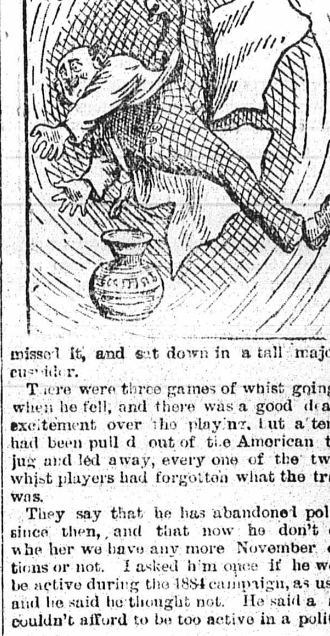
I once knew a plug hat that had been respected by every one, and had won its way upward by steady endeavor. No one knew aught against it. Those evenings, in an evil hour, it consented to attend a banquet, and all at once its joyous career ended. It is nothing but a dishonored and coarse egg, cast everywhere after that.

The demon rum is bad enough on the coatings of the stomach, but it is even more disastrous to the tall hat. A man may mix up in a crowd and carry off an overdose of valley tan in a soft hat or a cap, but the silk hat will proclaim it upon the house tops and advertise it to a gaping, wondering world. It has a way of getting back on the rear elevation of the head, or over the bridge of the nose, or of hanging coquettishly on one ear, that says to the eager-eyed public: "I am chock full."

I cannot call to mind a more powerful lecture on temperance than the silent pantomime of a man trying to hang his plug-hat on an invisible peg in his own hall after he had been watching the returns three years ago. I saw that he was excited and nervously unstrung when he came in, but I did not fully realize it until he began to hang his hat on the smooth wall.

At first he laughed in a good-natured way at his awkwardness and hung it up again carefully; but at last he became irritated about it, and almost forgot himself enough to swear, but controlled himself. Finding, however, that it refused to hang up, and that it seemed rather restless anyhow, he put it in the corner of the hall with the crown up, pinned it to the floor with his umbrella, and heaved a sigh of relief. Then he took off his overcoat and, through a clerical error, pulled off his dress-coat also. I showed him his mistake and offered to assist him back into his apparel, but he said he hadn't got so old and feeble yet that he couldn't dress himself.

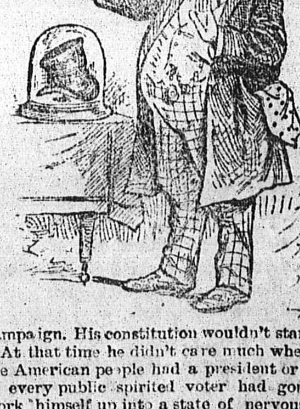
Later on he came into the parlor wearing a linen duster, with the belt drooping behind him like the broken harness hanging to a shipwrecked and stranded mule. His wife looked at him in a way that froze his blood. This startled him so that he stepped back a pace or two, tangled his feet in his circumference, clutched wildly at the empty gas-jet, but



missed it, and sat down in a tall majolica cuspidor.

There were three games of whist going on when he fell, and there was a good deal of excitement over the playing, but after he had been pulled out of the American tear-jug and led away, every one of the twelve whist players had forgotten what the trump was.

They say that he has abandoned politics since then, and that now he don't care whether we have any more November elections or not. I asked him once if he would be active during the 1884 campaign, as usual, and he said he thought not. He said a man couldn't afford to be too active in a political



campaign. His constitution wouldn't stand it.

At that time he didn't care much whether the American people had a president or not. If every public spirited voter had gone to work himself up into a state of nervous excitability and prostration where reason tottered on its throne, he thought that he needed a reform.

Those who wished to furnish reasons to totter on their thrones for the national committee at so much per tot could do so; he, for one, didn't propose to farm out his immortal soul and plug-hat to the party, if sixty million people had to stand four years under the administration of a setting hen.

BILL NYE.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

NEVER FAILS.

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

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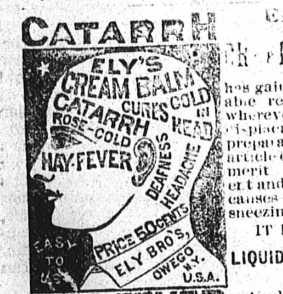
CATARRH



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IT IS NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF

HAY-FEVER

Apply by the finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications.

A thorough treatment will cure.

Unequaled for COLD in the HEAD, Headache and Deafness, or any kind of mucus membranal irritations. Send for circular. By mail, prepaid, 50c. a package—stamps received. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists.
ELY BROTHERS, Owego, N. Y.

BAD BLOOD

SCROFULOUS, INHERITED, CONTAGIOUS.

In 1870 Scrofulous Ulcers broke out on my body until my breast was one mass of corruption. Some of these ulcers were not less than one and one-half inches in diameter, the edges rough, ragged and seemingly dead, the cavity open to the bone and filled with offensive matter. Everything known to the medical faculty was tried in vain. Gradually the bone itself become diseased, and then the suffering began in earnest. Bone ulcers began to take the place of those hitherto on the surface. I became a mere wreck. For months at a time could not get my hands to my head because of extreme soreness.

COULD NOT TURN IN BED.

Knew not what it was to be an hour even free from pain. Had reason to look upon life itself as a curse. In the summer of 1880, after ten years of this wretched existence, I began to use the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after two years' persistent use of them the last ulcer has healed. The dread disease has succumbed. All over the breast where was once a mass of corruption is now a healthy skin. My weight has increased from one hundred and twenty-three to one hundred and fifty-six pounds, and the good work is still going on. I feel myself a new man, and all through the Cuticura Remedies.

JAMES E. RICHARDSON,
Custom House, New Orleans

Sworn to before United States Commissioner
J. D. CRAWFORD.

TO CLEANSE THE BLOOD

of Scrofulous, Inherited and Contagious Humors, and thus remove the most prolific cause of human suffering, to clear the skin of disfiguring blotches, itching tortures, humiliating eruptions and loathsome sores caused by impure or poisoned blood, to purify and beautify the skin, and restore the hair so that no trace of disease remain, CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, Diuretic and Aperient and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great skin cures and beautifiers, are infallible. They are the only remedies that succeed when physicians and all other means fail.

GREAT BLOOD MEDICINE

The half has not been told as to the great curative powers of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I have paid hundreds of dollars for medicines to cure diseases of the blood and skin, and never found anything yet to equal the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CHAS. A. WILLIAMS.
Providence, R. I.

Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, 15c. Sold by all druggists. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

CATARRH

COMPLETE TREATMENT $1.

A single dose of Sanford's Radical Cure instantly relieves the most violent Sneezing or Head Colds, clears the Head as by magic, stops watery discharges from the Nose and Eyes, prevents Ringing Noises in the Head, cures Nervous Headaches, and subdues Chills and Fever. In Chronic Catarrh it cleanses the nasal passages of foul mucus, restores the senses of smell, taste and hearing when affected, frees the head, throat and bronchial tubes of matter, sweetens and purifies the breath, stops the cough and arrests the progress of Catarrh towards Consumption.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, of all druggists for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

For the relief and prevention, the instant it is applied, of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Coughs, Colds, Weak Back, Stomach and Bowels, Shooting Pains, Numbness, Hysteria, Female Pains, Palpitation, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Bilious Fever, Malaria and Epidemics, use Collins' Plasters (an Electric Battery combined with a Porous Plaster) and laugh at pain. Twenty-five cents everywhere.

ALL FOR 30 CENTS.

1 pkg. each of Sugar Trough gourd, Prize Head Lettuce, Acme Tomato, *Choice Pansy, and blotched and striped Petunia. I have grown the gourds by the acre to hold from ... to five gal's. each. With each order ... will send my treatise on fence ... TEN Dollars to any Farmer. Address* WALDO F. BROWN, BOX 71, OXFORD OHIO.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

GRAVITATION.

There is a force in tone and tree,
In the quiet air and sea,
In the calm splendor of the sky,
And in the white cloud drifting by,
In earth and sun, in farther space,
Wherever life has form and place,—
A force invisible, yet not hid
From the clear soul that dwells amid
A cosmos of creative thought,
Whose purpose is divinely wrought.

Yet we who think know little of
This force, unknown, I deem, to love—
The human chain we cannot weigh
And cannot measure. But we say
That love is in the tender heart
And brings together lives apart,
And holds them locked as though they were
Only for whose vibrations stir
To one desire, to one delight:
Ah! love is mystery, love is real.

And so, by this omniscient power
The dews which glisten on a flower
Are found together; there are tides
In the blue sea that are held divides
And transportations of the air;
All things and motions everywhere
Have that deep harmony which turns
Chaos to unity; sunlight burns
With the orbit of its star:
Worlds roll, and we are what we are.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

AT THE PLAY.

We sat and looked on the glittering stage—
The man that I loved and I.
We saw the actors rave and weep,
And love, and hate, and die.
The curtain fell and a tender joy
My passionate being filled;
While overhead the music swelled,
Floated, and throbbed, and thrilled.

And he—he whom that I loved so well—
By a tender impulse led,
Told me a story sweet and fond;
For I was his friend, he said.
He showed me a picture fair as day—
Dear God! why should I tell
How over all life's hope and joy
Despair's dark curtain fell.

And all around the mirth went on—
To me it seemed so strange,
Such change could come into my life,
And all the world no change.
I wondered, seeing all their smiles,
I, with my hope so mad—
What all those foolish women found
To make them gay and glad.

And when once more upon the stage,
The curtain rose again,
They gave their ready smiles and tears,
To mimic love and pain;
Yet, had they gazed upon a scene,
With sympathies untaxed,
From real life's greater drama, in
That act between the acts.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

HOW BABIES BEHAVE AT SEA

But few of the babies are sick, at sea,
They always get over it quick, at sea;
And when the gale rises
The babes of all sizes
Laugh, gallop and dance,
And joyfully prance;
And that is how babies behave, at sea.

They play every juvenile game, at sea,
Repeat every trick they can name, at sea
Small sympathy offer
To mothers who suffer,
Of fathers in bed
Who wish they were dead;
And that is how babies behave, at sea.

Infesting the halls where we dine, at sea,
They take hold of hand in a line, at sea;
And when the ship lurches—
Some lower deep searches—
They shout as they slide
To the opposite side;
And that is how babies behave, at sea.

The vessel recovers herself, at sea,
'Mid laughing of each little elf, at sea;
They jump around ready
To slide again—steady!—
Away they all shoot
With yells to the foot;
And that is how babies behave, at sea.

The cushions and pillows they take, at sea,
And out of them vehicles make, at sea,
They pull up the edges,
And use them for sledges,
Then rush down the hall
Till they're stopped by the wall;
And that is how babies behave, at sea.

They play every juvenile game, at sea,
Rehearse every trick they can name, at sea,
Small sympathy offer
To mothers who suffer
Or fathers in bed
Who wish they were dead;
And that is how babies behave, at sea.

W. A. CROFFUT.

That portion of the earth's surface which lies west of the Mississippi and south of the Arkansas river has gone in on negro dialect literature wholesale. A private letter from a Little Rock editor says that nearly every man in the south has become inoculated with this malignant virus, believing it to be the straight and solid road to success. He has on hand some five or six bushels of dialect drivel, which will he sell without ... sent at five cents a bushel. "The governor of Arkansas is the only man in the state who has not become a manufacturer of negro dialect, or 'funny nigger,' in the vernacular of the office, and we are hourly expecting a cargo from him," says the disheartened editor.

Donn Piatt has become a farmer, and only wields the pen when under inspiration. He knocked off from regular journalism, he says, "in order to live like a gentleman, and die, if possible, like a christian, which is not newspaper work."

A new novel on mormonism, accredited to the wife of a United States Senator, is soon to emanate from a Boston publishing house. It is said to have elements of excitement in it equal to "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Will Hubbard Kernan, once of The Okalona States, is now editor of the Sunday Free Lance at Leavenworth. It is not necessary to say that that lance has a particularly keen blade.

Dr. John P. Newman is the author of a book on Babylon, soon to be published in the "Standard Library" series.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

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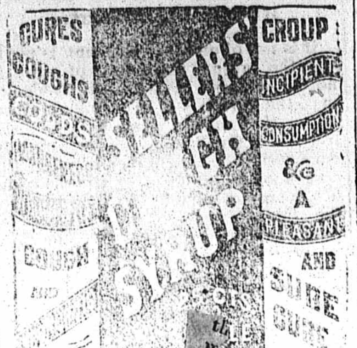

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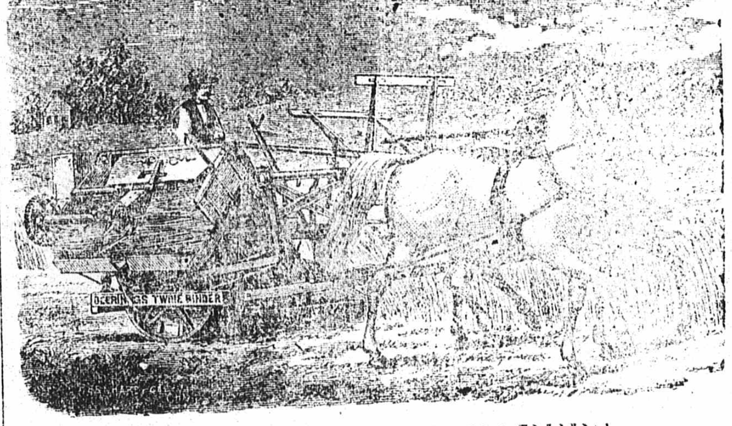

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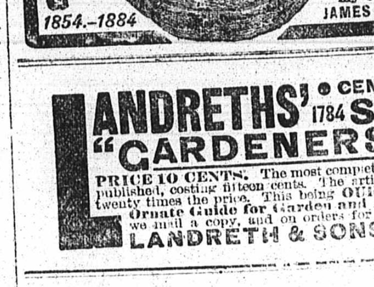

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SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

NEAER mind this kind of weather. Spring will put in its usual appearance about the 20th day of March.

THE new prohibition bill of Iowa has been signed by the governor, and the law will go into effect the first of July.

MR. FUNSTON'S great majority has had the effect of making the democrats and free-traders call a halt. Mr. Morrison's bill will not be passed, and tariff will cut a small figure in the coming campaign. If capital cannot be made on this question in the Second Kansas District, it cannot be done anywhere. That is the way the argument runs.

THE prevailing mouth and foot disease that is now proving so destructive to cattle in many places, is supposed by some to have its origin in the extreme and prolonged cold weather, in which the feet of the animals became frozen and softened, and that the disease thus engendered is communicated to the mouth through feed that has been trampled upon.

THE raisin growers of California have forwarded a petition to Congress asking an advance of from two to three cents a pound in the duty on imported raisins. Next we may hear of a proposition to impose a heavy tax on sunlight in our houses, which is now admitted free. What a boom this would give to the manufacture of gas, candles and oil, and thus give many thousand persons employment in the product on of these articles. If some fool free-traders should object to the cost, and agitate for a repeal of this tax on natural sunlight, they could easily be silenced by referring to the many thousands of workmen that would be thrown out of employment by a change of policy, and the loss that would necessarily ensue to those who had their capital invested in the production of gas, tallow, beeswax and oil.

THE telephone is coming more and more into generel use, enabling persons in different and distant cities to converse together. It is being used also to convey musical sounds. The Register office recently had the pleasure of listening to a concert telephonically performed. The music was on two harmoniacs, and every note could be heard distinctly. "Home Sweet Home," a jig, "Arkansaw Traveler," and "Money Musk" were played. "The music was fairly enchanting, coming over the wires in such a way, nothing could be sweeter than it sounded." We expect to hear some day of music halls being constructed on the plan of whispering galleries, and connected by telephone with different residences throughout the city, so that all in those dwellings may enjoy the mu ic equally with those present at the concert hall.

ORATORICAL POWER.

An exchange says of Wendell Philips: "He was the great orator of the anti-slavery cause. In the stormiest period of the abolition movement, when anti-slavery speakers were hissed by the populace, when rotten eggs were hurled at them, when mobs threatened and sometimes assailed them, he never quailed nor lost his presence of mind. He was no ranter. In the tempest and whirlwind of passion, with a furious mob responding to his every sentence with a storm of hisses and opprobrious epithets, he kept magnificently calm, and he lashed his antagonist as with a whip of scorpions, launching upon them his scorn and defiance, he did it like a gentleman."

In this connection it will be proper to give another paragraph which is going the rounds: "On one occasion during the war, when Anna Dickinson had moved an audience to alternate cheers and tears, Wendell Phillips, who had spoken at the same meeting, said to her: 'Anna, I would give much to be able to make people cry as you do. Why cannot I do it?' 'I suspect the reason is because you never cry yourself.' was the answer."

INDIA.

The increasing importance of India as a wheat producing country is wonderful. In four years her exports of that cereal have increased 3,000 per cent. or from 1,656,726 cwts. in 1879 to 15,714,-982 cwts. and in six months of 1883, the end is not yet, for there are thousands of square miles of wheat growing lands in India, as yet untouched by the plow. England appreciates the value of such a dependency as this and is actively engaged in furnishing her Indian toilers with the best agricultural machinery at her command. One feature of India's growth in wheat culture is the effect it will have on that pursuit in other countires, and especially in the United States. If India drives us out of foreign markets, we shall have to depend on home consumption, which will either lessen the profits of the business or compel greater diversity of farm production. This fact is not likely to disturb the serenity of Old England in the least, but another fact, in connection, is likely to do so, and that fact is that Russia has for a long time been aware of the value of India, and since 1878 has been quietly preparing to wrest it from its present owner. She has occupied, one after another, nearly all the provinces lying between her rightful boundary and the English possessions, and is now within 400 miles of the latter. A struggle for the possession of India seems unavoidable and, with immense resources on either side, it is doubtful how or when it will end.

THE Kansas City Journal is greatly improved in its new dress. It is taking its place among the wonderful newspapers of the day.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE IN ENGLAND

The department of state has received information from the United States consul at Birmingham, Eng., that the foot and mouth disease is among cattle in almost every county in England. The secretary of the treasury has requested the secretary of state to notify the United States consuls in Great Britian not to certify invoices of cattle unless, after examination of the animals by a veterinary surgeon, they are satisfied that the animals are free from disease.

HIGH LICENSE—HOW IT WORKS.

Comptroller Gurney, of Chicago, estimates that only 600 saloons in that city will take out the $500 license to sell liquors and wine, while 2,400 will take out the $150 license. Being asked how he made the estimate, he replied, "On my knowledge of human nature." "I think, said he, "that one out of five saloon keeper will sell whisky fraudulently." This is the famous High License (Harper) law of Illinois, which the Legislature of that state passed at its last session, after long delay and strenuous opposition, which is to right the evils of intemperance. The supreme court has recently decided this law to be valid. The saloon keepers, it would seem, will render it inoperative and void, so far as the high license part is concerned. One of the great objections to prohibition, on the part of license men, has been that it will promote lying and deception, presumably by persons selling fraudulently, and by their customers. If valid against prohibition, it is much more so against license. Persons, in the above case, contract with the state to pay $150 a year for license to sell beer, and then, under cover of that license sell whatever intoxicants their customers call for, and thus the business of lying, deception and fraud is constantly practiced, under the apparent sanction of the state or municipal government.

SENATOR BENJAMIN HARRISON,

Of Indiana, Who will Go into the Next Republican Convention as a Candidate for the Presidential Nomination.

Although it is not generally known to the public, the friends and admirers of Senator Harrison are working in a quiet way to secure the Indiana and other state delegations to the Chicago Convention next June. Mr. Harrison has been frequently mentioned as an available candidate for the republicans, but he has refrained from advancing his personal interests through public "booms," and when the convention assembles it will be surprised at the strength the Indiana senator will develop for the head of the ticket. There is no doubt but Mr. Harrison, if nominated, would carry Indiana, Ohio, and New York, and thus practically secure the success of the republican party. In view of his increasing prominence in this convention, we give this week a portrait of the senator with a brief

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Benjamin Harrison, of Indianapolis, was born in Hamilton county, Ohio, August 20, 1833. After graduating at the Oxford, Ohio, University, and having studied law two years in Cincinnati, in 1854 he selected as his future home Indianapolis, where he has since resided, and has been one of its most prominent lawyers. In 1860 he was chosen by the people as Reporter of the Supreme Court of Indiana, but at Lincoln's famous call for 75,000 volunteers, Mr. Harrison enlisted and was commissioned as a second lieutenant. He then organized Company A., of the 70th Indiana Volunteer Infantry, and was commisssioned Colonel on the completion of the regiment. While in the field he was promoted to be Brigadier General, and was mustered out in June, 1865. Upon his return to Indianapolis he resumed the duties of court reporter, and served four years. In 1876, he was the republican candidate for Governor but was defeated; and in 1879 was appointed on the Mississippi River Commission. In 1880 he was elected United States Senator to succeed Joseph E. McDonald, and took his seat March 4, 1881.

Concentrate Vitality.

All excitants, to radical cure, must be innocent. The art consists in continuing their use until matters in the system contrary to health are removed. Health finds happiness in the mere sense of existence.

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GET BRANDRETH'S PILLS! Be put off with no other! and follow the printed directions, and health will surely bless you.

Wheat and Corn Growing.

It is not often the statement is made that the largest production of crops is not necessarily the most profitable; in fact, the tendency is to urge high farming by thorough cultivation and by the free use of fertilizers, without care ully considering the relations between the cost of such high farming and the value of the crop obtained. Prof. Jordan, of the Pennsylvania State College, recently said in regard to the question, "How can the production of cereal crops be economically increased?" that the profits coming from increased production rapidly decrease or stop when that increase reaches a certain moderate number. "The maximum crop that is profitable will vary with soil and locality. The area of farm land in Pennsylvania that can be made to yield profitably more than thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre is very limited in most localities. Every bushel above that yield will cost in time and fertilizers more than its value. It is unbusiness-like to strain every point for a large crop when a smaller one will bring greater profit."

During nineteen years the reported wheat yield of Pennsylvania has never exceeded sixteen bushels per acre, and has often fallen far below that. The average cost of production, as reported, was $2 .11 per acre for wheat and 22.39 for corn, but these figures, Prof. Jordan thinks, are too high. On the college farm carefully kept accounts showed an average cost of $11.20 for wheat and $1 .15 for corn production. Adding interest and taxes would bring these figures up to $18 and $1 per acre respectively. A crop of less than eighteen bushels of wheat or of thirty-five bushels of shelled corn per acre would not balance this outlay. Considering these two crops by themselves, and not as part of a system of rotation, they are produced at a loss.

While he does not intimate that "a little farm well tilled" may be more profitable, under some circumstances. Prof. Jordan sees that there are grave objections to the solution offered by many authorities of the problem of growing grain profitably. "If a farmer can cultivate the many acres in a slipshod way only, and can find paying employment for his working force when not engaged at home, he had better rent out his acres or sell and land and let a portion of them lie uncultivated at a loss. But economy always covers the time of the men and teams in cash and as such, it would be better to get small yearly fertilizing the larger area. Small area will then be more suitable to the farmer who depends almost entirely on hired labor.

"The grave objection to this solution is that with small area the possibilities of business successes in agriculture are limited. The possible profits on ten acres are twice as great as the profits from five acres under similar conditions. Agriculture offers no exception to the general rule that a small business pays small gross profits. "A little farm well tilled" is not a sound maxim for grain farmers. They need to work their farms harder for an increase of production on increasing areas. His land and buildings are the farmer's fixed capital. His stock, machinery and the money used in his business are his floating capital, and this last is often too small when compared with the first. If it be objected that many farmers own their farms, and that is about all, the answer must be that their lack of capital is just as fatal to the highest success in farming as it is in other business. Large income only comes from the investment of large capital.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Infants' Outfits.

There is very little change in the style of making infants' outfits. Formerly a mother dressed her babe in pure white and that of the finest and sheerest quality, until it was at least four or five years of age. Now a child of two years has dresses of a warm texture, such as cashmere, merino, etc., and into these a touch of color is often introduced, which makes the little one look more comfortable, while the ones with flannels, cashmeres and merinos in all colors. Infants' dresses are made of nainsook and linen lawn, with tucks, and trimmed with lace and embroidery, and have sleeves. The robe style of making infants' dresses is not so popular as formerly. The are now more often trimmed above the hem at the lower edge with embroidery, insertion, tucks, puffs or lace. The skirts, which are gathered to the yokes, are long and very full. The newest cloaks for infants are of white surah, in Mother Hubbard style, with yokes of the finest embroidery and cuffs to match. The long, loose cloaks are usually made of white or light-colored cashmere and are trimmed with embroidery. There are other handsome cloaks made of cotton and brocaded silk for summer they are usually pique, either plain or embroidered. Some of these are shaped like a long, double cape, but the newest and the most liked are of the Mother Hubbard style, with the straight breadths shirred into the yoke, and the long sleeves shirred at the wrist. The prettiest caps for babies are those of the closely fitting cottage shape, which are made of embroidery that is done in an open pattern, representing wheels or stars that resemble the designs in open braid laces. Bows of satin ribbon are added at the top and at the back. The pretty French caps are as popular as ever and are worn by both girls and boys. There are comfortable-looking crocheted jackets of white, pale blue or pink zephyr in pretty designs, with a border in shell pattern. Dainty little hoods of worsted with silk netting over them are also provided for their comfort, and little soft socks of zephyr or silk are in colors to match their sacques or hoods. To complete the baby's outfit is a leather case lined with bright satin, containing a hair brush, comb, powder box, a rattle and a ring for cutting the teeth, all of celluloid.

The first short dresses worn are of nansook, with high neck and long sleeves. These can be made from the long dresses used by the child previously as long dresses. Sashes are entirely out of fashion for babies; the dresses are loose and unconfined. At the age of two years the guimpe and Mother Hubbard and English princess dresses, made of colored material, are worn, and white is only used for best dresses or special occasions. For the summer, percales, chambreys, lawns, Scotch ginghams in delicate shades, plain Turkey red cottons and neat figured sateens, are worn with white muslin guimpes. This may be a separate high-necked waist, gathered to a belt, with long sleeves, made of muslin, tucked and embroidered, or else the yoke and long sleeves may be permanently attached to the colored material. The little slips can be given this effect by putting a puff over the arm at the shoulder and by edging the yoke with embroidery. The guimpes of fine embroidery are pretty with dresses of buff, pink, cream color or baby blue cashmere. The guimpes of embroidered muslin or nainsook are suitable for the cotton goods, such as chambrey, batiste, Scotch gingham and linen lawns. White muslin slips can be utilized as guimpe and petticoat, over which these low necked dresses of cashmere or muslin can be worn. A look of scantiness should also be avoided in young children's dresses. For rough country wear dresses of flannel have simulated guimpes of the same. For little girls just in short dresses, there are small yokes with lace plaited inside. A very pretty wrap for these little ones for the spring is a half length straight sacque of red, garnet or electric blue cloth, with white braid in rows on the edges, and large white pearl buttons. There are other long coats that cover the entire dress, and are made of flannel or cloth and have box plaits below the waist. With these coats large collars of white embroidery, braid lace or grenadine are worn.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Cultivation of Currants.

The currant has always been a universal favorite, not so much, perhaps, because of the real nature of the fruit as because of the extreme hardiness of the bush, which hitherto has withstood a good deal of neglect, with little or no attention. After once planting them in some remote corner of the garden, or under the fence, they are left severely alone. But with the currant, as with other things, as soon as they become scarce, the demand for them will increase, and better prices rule. My plan of cultivation—which I do not claim as the best, but which has always succeeded with me—is simply this: As soon as the leaves are off the bushes in the fall, I go through them with a sharp knife and trim out the old branches and any of the new that show signs of borer, and cut back all new shoots one-third. I then rake up all the wood that has been cut out, and burn it to make sure of destroying all insects that might cling thereto. This done, I work in deep—usually with the spade—three or four shovelfuls of good, well-rotted barn manure around each bush, to the space of about three feet; the ground between the rows is now either plowed or spaded, and the whole given a liberal top dressing of light manure, and the work is done for the winter.

As soon as the first worms appear in the Spring—which is early I take a heaping tablespoonful of powdered white hellebore, and thoroughly wet it with boiling water—a quart or so. I now turn this to a pail of clean cold water, stirring constantly all the while, till every particle of the powder is well mixed. It is ready now for application to the bushes, which is done with a large watering pot, taking great care to thoroughly sprinkle every bush; repeat this as often as the worms reappear. Usually two applications, one early in the Spring, and the other just before the fruit ripens, are sufficient to keep down the worms. Keep the ground around them mellow and free from weeds, and if at any time through the summer a branch is seen to wilt, it is immediately cut away and burned, as such is the "sign of the borer."

Following this method of cultivation, I have never lost a bush or had a poor crop of fruit. And I bespeak the same success to any who will take the same trouble for the sake of this delicious fruit. It will pay.—*Practical Farmer.*

Trimming Apple Trees.

Those who did not finish trimming their apple trees before Christmas, have had but little opportunity to do it since; the rough cold weather of the last half of December and most of January, has driven the orchardist into business that would keep him warmer, than would the work of trimming trees. Sometimes there are pleasant days in February in which this work can be comfortably done; when there are they should be improved, because if the work be left until March, the sap begins to start, so that when a large limb is cut off, it is kept so wet by the running sap, that it is difficult to cover the wound with anything that will stick, thus leaving it exposed to the changes of the weather until the leaves begin to open; then it could be covered, but as a rule, if not done when the limb is cut off, it is neglected until decay commences, when it is too late to prevent serious injury.

While it is no doubt best to cut off all large limbs from fruit trees at a season when the sap will not flow from the wound, there is no doubt that a tree can be trimmed at any season, without serious injury, if particular efforts be made to cover the wounds with some waterproof material, as soon as the season arrives when it can be made to adhere to the wood. It would be better to trim at the most unfavorable season, if good care be taken to cover the large wounds, than to trim at the most favorable season, and neglect to protect the wounds made by cutting off large limbs.

To trim trees well, requires both patience and skill, especially when it becomes necessary to cut off large limbs. To saw them off and let them split down within two thirds cut off, is to make a wound that will require years to heal, if ever it does. When a large limb is to be cut off, it should first be cut or sawed from the under side, thus preventing it from splitting. When the limb is off, sufficient time should be spent to smooth off the wound with a sharp paring chisel, so that when the wound begins to heal the new wood will begin at once to cover it; but if it is not pared off, it will take years for the new wood to grow up to the edge of the wound.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

—The first man a convict sentenced from Texarkana, Tex., met when he arrived at the Penitentiary was the person he had helped to send there while on a jury at the previous term of court.

History in the Schools.

A disposition has at last become manifest among school authorities to undertake a reform in the methods of teaching American History in the public schools. That they have awakened to the importance of the study and to the necessity of reform is gratifying. In Indianapolis the agitation has been confined to the history of the Civil War, which, it appears, has been almost entirely neglected. But this neglect is simply a single defect among many. Whatever may be the method of instruction employed it needs no investigation to assure us that it is unsuccessful. Conversation with the average schoolboy will demonstrate that the system is a failure. It is one thing to know the relation between the Fourth of July and the Declaration of Independence, but it is another thing—and inestimably more essential—to know the motives that inspired the colonists to the declaration. It is one thing to know that Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson lived and were great men in their day; but it is another thing—and a great deal more important—to know of the Hamiltonian and Jeffersonian theories of government, in what respects they differed, the relations sustained by these contemporary statesmen to the General Government, and how far each succeeded in perpetuating his doctrines. The pupil who leaves school without adequate knowledge of the motives of the revolutionary fathers, the actuating and precipitating causes of the separation from the thralldom of kingly rule, comes into his majority so poorly equipped for the duties of citizenship that the chances are most decidedly in favor of his proving a very dangerous voter. During the period when his mind is most impressionable when his heart is most easily touched when his imagination is most easily kindled by the stories of the brave struggles of the forefathers for liberty he has failed to adequately learn the one great vital lesson of his country, and becomes the easy prey of the demagogue. Plunged immediately on leaving school, into the whirl of business cares and responsibilities, he has neither time nor opportunity to familiarize himself with those blood-bought facts, without knowledge of which he has no moral right to cast a vote. He very easily learns to seek the ballot-box, only to record that which his self-respect dictates. Practically ignorant of those fundamental principles which underlie the whole fabric of the Republic, he has no clear idea of the differences between this Government, which was meant to insure the largest individual liberty to the citizen, and those of the old world, out of which come hundreds of thousands of hurrying immigrants every year. And when we consider the vast annual aggregate of this immigration; when we reflect that these new comers are not imbued with the true American spirit and can become good citizens according to the American standard only by association, it is no wonder solicitude should be felt that the boys and young men, born in the land should be kept keenly alive to the genius of American institutions.

In this day, when the spirit of agnosticism is abroad in the land; when reformers of all kinds are trumpeting their new creeds in every community; when it is the fashion with a certain class of writers to speak lightly of the heroes of the past when party strife waxes continually fiercer; when monopolies are aggressive, and labor clamorous; when the air is full of new and strange influences that affect the welfare of every citizen, when precedents for novel policies in law and government are established every day—when all these things are demanding the attention of the citizen, is it not most essential to the perpetuity of the Republic that the young should be made to know just what warning posts the fathers set up in the wilderness? The question should appeal most forcefully to every man who is proud of his American citizenship. To implant this essential knowledge in the minds of the young is the responsible duty of the teacher of History. A grander field of tutorage there can not be than this. It is by no means necessary that the youth of the nation be made to see nothing good in other government systems. But they should be made to know what their fathers wrought and the blood it cost. It is most important that they, enjoying the fruits of revolution, should learn that freedom is not indigenous to any soil, and that there is danger in departing from the precepts of those who dearly bought that which, though most glorious in benefit, may be most easily lost. The man who votes to amend a Constitution without knowing why that Constitution was framed and no other—without knowing why so much was guaranteed in a bill of rights no more and no less—is as dangerous an element in the body politic as can be imagined. When great corporations are constantly demanding new franchises and privileges; when so many law-making bodies are asked to shut their eyes to constitutional restrictions; when the rights of the States are constantly in jeopardy; when each year the General Government seeks new authority—much depends upon the school-teacher, overworked miserably-paid as he usually is.

A little less Latin and Greek, and more History in the schools more monuments in the highways to illustrate patriots, and the next voting generation would be more fitted to insure the permanent influence of those principles by which, in one century, the people of the United States have come to be the most prosperous of all the peoples of the earth. A little more History in the schools and we shall see less of effeminacy among the young men of the time. A little more History in the schools and it will be easier to kindle into flame the national sense of outrage. A little more History in the schools and the less danger there will be from plotters against society and social forms; the greater will be the sense of public security; the more stable will everything become: the more vigorous will be the national development: the stronger and more healthful the general growth. The nation that has no annals may be blessed; but the nation that has annals must keep them, for its own salvation, ever fresh in the minds of its people. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!" But it is well to know why vigilance should be exercised against what enemies, and the value of the thing in custody.—*Gus. C. Matthews, in The Current.*

FOREIGN.

The Parnellites Preparing for Another Agitation in Ireland—Insanity of Nellis.

English Shipowners Threaten Secession—West India Planters Want Reciprocity with America.

The Lasker Matter—The War in Tonquin—Canadian Copyright—Disorders In Russia.

LONDON, March 8.—The Parnellites are irritated at the refusal of the Government to reopen the Irish land question, and intend to begin forthwith a great agitation in Ireland, to make strong appeals to the Irish to demand an amendment to the Land Act, and open subscriptions to a special fund for agitative purposes. Michael Davitt's services will be secured. A conference of leaders will be held at Easter to discuss the programme. Shipowners threaten to register vessels under a foreign flag if the proposed shipping bill becomes a law. This bill was foreshadowed in the Queen's speech, and introduced by Joseph Chamberlain, President of the Board of Trade. Its object is to provide for the greater security of life and property at sea. Nellis, the Irishman who surrendered to the Greenock police recently and professed to give the names of the murderers of the Earl of Leitrim, has been adjudged insane and sent to a madhouse. West Indian sugar traders have been urging Lord Derby, Colonial Secretary, to include the British West India colonies in the "favored nation" clause of the treaty of 1815 with America, or allow the colonies to enter into reciprocal commercial relations with America under the treaty between Great Britain and America, similar to the treaty of Spain and America. Lord Derby replied that there is no prospect of negotiations for such an inclusion leading to any result, and the Government is not prepared to allow the colonies to enter into reciprocal agreement with America. The remains of Jerome Collins will be escorted to Cork by a guard of honor, consisting of fifty blue jackets, ten officers, and two pinnaces. A model of the Jeannette ice-bound was landed with the coffin. The latter was wrapped in the American flag.

GERMANY.

BERLIN, March 8.—The *Dutsche Tagblatt* publishes an array of comments derogatory to Minster Sargent, made by certain American newspapers at the time of that gentleman's appointment. In the Reichstag, after the President had been re-elected, that functionary announced the death of Lasker and other members during recess. The deputies remained standing while the announcements were being made. Rickert, Independent, speaking, as he explained, on the order of the day, expressed thanks in the name of Lasker's friends for the many tokens of sympathy received. He was particularly grateful to the American Congress for the action of the House of Representatives. The President informed Rickert that he was departing from the order of the day. A somewhat stormy debate took place. It is generally regretted that Lasker's name was made the subject of stormy discussion. The conduct of the President of the Reichstag is generally commented on. The council of the royal household has instituted proceedings against Dr. Van Bulow for publicly insulting Van Holsen, Director of the Royal Theatre. The *Tagsblatt* says Sargent will not be recalled until after a new President is elected when it is possible he will be appointed to St. Petersburg.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Later advices from Tonquin state that General Meliot, commander of the French land forces, with his staff, has crossed from Hanoi to the right bank of the canal of the rapids, to effect a junction with General Negrier, who has left Haidzuong for Bacninh, another column advancing to the north so as to cut off the retreat of the Chinese. Fighting at Bacninh is imminent. Measures have been taken to blockade the delta and suppress piracy.

Agrarian disorders are reported in Southern Russia, the Cossacks violently resisting efforts of the Government to collect taxes.

The rebel, Osman Digna, refuses to negotiate, and ignores flags of truce sent out from Suakim. Graham is already beginning to advance against Osman.

A bill has been introduced in the Canadian House of Commons to amend the present Copyright law, by placing dramatic authors in the same position as to copyright as other authors, copyright to be vested in the author's heirs for fifty years after his death.

The Cahokia Horror.

ST. LOUIS, March 8.—The skull of the peddler murdered near Cahokia, Ill., several days ago, and which has been missing since the remains were discovered, was found in a hut near the place where the mutilated body was found. A negro named Brown lived in the hut, and he and his wife were arrested for complicity in the murder. A bloody axe was also found in the hut, and other evidences of the murder. Brown made a partial confession implicating two other men in the affair, and the Deputy Sheriff started to Cahokia to arrest them. There were also found in Brown's hut, besides the skull mentioned above, several bones of the leg and feet of a man and a number of articles belonging to a peddler's stock in trade. There is no longer any doubt that the mutilated body found some days ago was that of a peddler, and that he was most brutally murdered, apperently for plunder; that an attempt had been made to burn the remains, but this failing, the mangled body was buried, but not deep enough to escape discovery.

Coal Oil Failure.

NEW YORK, March 8.—A. L. Lowrie, a member of the Oil City and New York Petroleum Exchange, has failed for 100,000 barrels, and has closed out his account. At Oil City the failures of Rice & Rider and A. F. Hemings are also announced. At the National Petroleum Exchange the oil market was weak and demoralized. Pipe Line certificates went down to 98½.

Stupendous Fraud.

LONDON, March 8.—Two members of the firm of Parker, solicitors, Bedford Row, London, have absconded, having misappropriated their clients' title-deeds. Liabilities between £1,000,000 and £2,000,000. They had borrowed £500,000 pounds for various speculations.

Rugg, the Assassin.

NEW YORK, March 8.—Two indictments for murder, three for assault with intent to kill, and one each for robbery and burglary, were found against Charles A. Rugg, the colored assassin of Long Island.

Killed.

EL PASO, TEX., March 8.—A mine explosion occurred near Dragoon Summit, A. T. One man was killed and one wounded.

SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

A MAIDEN'S DREAM—SONG.

The Prince is coming, coming,
O, wind, do you hear?
The Prince is coming, coming,
With sword and shining spear;
O, all ye blooming grasses
You'll know it when he passes,
The sun will shine so clear.

The Prince is coming, coming,
O, fields put on your green!
He has a wondrous palace,
And I shall be his Queen;
You'll know him, wild-bee rover,
For when he smiles the clover
Will blush in rosy sheen.

The Prince is coming, coming!
Away with toil and care!
I'll bind the red, red roses
All in my bonny hair.
O birdies, sing your loudest!
O roses, blaze your proudest
And make me passing fair.

The Prince is coming, coming,
Across the bright blue sea.
O robin in the tree top,
Do you his great ship see?
His sails will be the whitest,
His pennons stream the brightest,
The day he comes for me.

The Prince is coming, coming;
O, daisies would you see?
Crowd closely all the roadside,
And find how grand we'll be
With breeze-tossed plumes a-dancing,
And snow-white palfreys prancing,
To church across the lea.

Then we'll go sailing, sailing—
O bright will be the day
With all the waves a-glancing
And all the winds at play.
O, breezes blowing after,
Crowd full our sails with laughter
As we go down the bay.

Mattie Pearson Smith, in The Continent.

MR. CRAMTEXT'S NEW COAT.

It was the second ring of the door-bell. Ellen, the "help," was busy getting breakfast, to which Mrs. Cramtext had gone down to give the finishing touches, so, putting aside my book, I went down to the door in person.

"The Reverend Mr. Cramtext, I presume," said a melancholy looking youth, raising a very high hat, swathed in a deep weed.

I bowed assentingly.

"May I have the favor of a few words with you?" he asked pensively.

I was about to request him to say them at once, and besides, to make them as few as possible; for, though Dorcas is a model minister's wife the adjective, if it be one, is meant for the wife, and not the minister—she has her housewifely vanities as well as another, and they're quite as easily wounded, too; so I knew, if I wanted the morning coffee sweetened with her smile, I mustn't spoil it by keeping it waiting.

But the young man's manner was exceedingly sad, and his heart seemed too over-burdened to be unloaded in a moment; hence, at the risk of Dorcas's displeasure, I invited him into the study.

"What can I do for you, my young friend?" I inquired, inviting him first to be seated.

Depositing a neatly folded parcel on the floor, he took out his handkerchief and applied it to his eyes. For some seconds his frame shook with emotion. Then wiping his eyes hard, he recovered himself with an effort.

"My poor father—" he began.

Again the handkerchief went up and the voice went down.

"Calm yourself," I said, soothingly, adding the customary text in relation to "our light afflictions, which are but for a moment."

"My poor father," he resumed, seemingly a little comforted, "died a week ago. His labors in the vineyard—"

"Was he in the wine business?" I interrupted, my Temperance principles taking the alarm.

"He was a clergyman," replied the youth, reproachfully, "whose labors had so exhausted his health that his physician declared the only hope lay in a change of air, to obtain which he was traveling, with me as his companion, when suddenly he grew so much worse that we were forced to stop, and in a brief space death put a period to a useful and blameless life, and deprived an unhappy son of the best of fathers.

"The money we had with us little more than sufficed to pay the medical bills and funeral charges; and I am now thus far on my way to carry to my bereaved mother the sad tidings of our mutual loss, without the means of proceeding further.

"I have not come to solicit charity," he hastened to add. "I have in this parcel"—opening it, and unfolding a new broadcloth coat of ministerial regulation cut—"an article belonging to my late father which I would gladly dispose of even at a sacrifice, and it being suitable only for a clergyman I venture to offer it to you."

I happened to be in need of such a piece of apparel. Dorcas had been hinting for some time that my pastoral usefulness would be decidedly enhanced by a better coat, and by close pinching we had saved up nearly enough to supply the want.

Had I been in affluent circumstances, I should have cheerfully relieved the needs of a deceased brother clergyman's son gratuitously. But not being in a condition to warrant such liberality, the best I could do would be to accede to his proposal and purchase the proffered garment, provided the terms and fit suited.

Calling up Dorcas, I explained the case. The coat was tried on. It fitted beautifully in front. The straitest of our sect, could find no fault with the straightness of the cut, and the single file of bombazine buttons, marshaled in close order down the right breast, looked a very phalanx of orthodoxy. Dorcas pronounced the rear view equally perfect. All it needed was a little "taking in" at the left armpit, which any competent person could do in ten minutes; and Deacon Dorrity, whose secular vocation was that of a tailor calling in just then, fully corroborated Dorcas.

How much was the price, was the next question.

"I think father never wore it more than once," said the young man—"though it may have been twice. I'll call it twice, to be on the safe side. It cost twenty-five dollars; but, of course, having been worn *some*, there should be a reduction."

He hesitated. It was apparent he feared to name a price lest it should be too much. It was gratifying to witness such scrupulous adherence to rectitude under the sore temptation of want.

"Do you think twenty dollars would be fair?" I said, coming to his relief.

"It is more than I should have dared to ask," he replied; "but if you think it right, I shall be relieved to accept it."

On these terms the transaction was concluded to our mutual satisfaction. The sorrowing son was provided with means to continue his sorrowful journey, and I had a coat, as good as new, at some saving of cost.

Ellen rang the breakfast bell, and Dorcas joined me in pressing the stranger and the deacon to join us at the table, but both declined on the ground that they had already breakfasted. And after much warm hand-shaking and a cordial exchange of blessings the former went his way.

I had been honored shortly before with an invitation to participate in a protracted meeting to be held about a hundred miles away, under the auspices of an old college classmate. And now that I had a decent coat to my back Dorcas insisted on my going. She possessed a good deal of wifely ambition, and had set her heart on my speedy rise in the church to which she seemed to think the only thing requisite was a more widely diffused knowledge of my gifts.

Of course Dorcas had her way, and everything was got in readiness for the journey. I picked out my best sermon and touched it up a bit here and there, somewhat improving the rhetoric if not the doctrine. If it should only impress the hearers half as much as it did myself I couldn't fail of doing good.

I wanted to travel in my old coat, but Dorcas wouldn't listen to it. A clergyman's appearance, she insisted, should, at all times, comport with the dignity of his calling. I could wear my duster in the stage-coach, but must be sure to remove it whenever I stopped.

Had I been going as a missionary to Timbuctoo Dorcas could scarcely have been in a greater fidget. I shall not risk incurring the charge of exaggeration by hazarding a conjecture as to the number of times she packed, unpacked and repacked my hand-trunk, or by divulging her views as to the number of night and day shirts, white ties and throat lozenges required for a week's ministerial campaign. How to get such an unlimited quantity into a limited space was a problem solvable only by feminine ingenuity.

I confess to a feeling of relief when the hour came to kiss Dorcas good-by and take my place in the coach.

Half an hour had elapsed, and I had just gotten comfortably settled down in a corner of the back seat, when all of a sudden I started from the revery into which I was being gently jolted.

Wasn't I like the man who went shooting and forgot his gun? Hadn't I left my sermon behind? I remembered laying it out before starting, but recollected nothing further. I began a hurried search, and couldn't help an exclamation of relief as my hand encountered the precious document in my inside breast pocket.

The journey was without incident till the last day, which was Saturday, when suddenly the coach collapsed a wheel. Fortunately the accident occurred at the entrance of a populous village, where the passengers could be made comfortable pending the repairs.

A wheelwright was sent for, who, after a careful diagnosis, declared that it would take at least half a day to get the vehicle on its legs. I must either, then remain where I was till Monday, or continue my journey on the Sabbath, which was against my principles. I had recently made the sin of Sunday-traveling the subject of a set discourse, and felt obliged to practice my own teachings as well for consistency's as for conscience' sake.

I was inwardly deploring the necessity of spending the coming Sabbath in the promiscuous society of a village tavern, when a grand looking gentleman accosted me:

"I presume, by your garb," he said, "that you are a clergyman, and being of that calling myself, and conjecturing your averseness to proceeding on a journey under circumstances which may carry it into the Sabbath, permit me to tender you the hospitality of my roof till Monday."

I thankfully accepted the offer; and shortly after myself and hand-trunk were snugly bestowed in Brother and Sister Gushinggood's best room.

Though an entire stranger to both, I could scarcely have been more hospitably received had I enjoyed their intimacy for years. In the course of the evening Brother Gushinggood and I discovered that our views completely harmonized on certain important questions then actively mooted; and before the hour of retiring he pressingly invited me to occupy his pulpit on the morrow. I saw no strong reason to decline; for though I had brought but a single sermon with me, and should be obliged to repeat it at the protracted meeting, the two places were sufficiently distant to insure that the audiences would be wholly different.

Before lying down I took out the sermon to run it over, as was my custom of a Saturday night. Every brother knows that to read a sermon creditably, one can not be too familiar with it.

At the first glance I started with surprise. It wasn't my sermon at all! I must have forgotten the latter as I had feared, and this must be one of the dead minister's left in his coat pocket.

I glanced it over and found it a well-compacted discourse on a popular topic. Why not use it? It was an excellent production and might do great good, of which the world was not to be deprived merely because the author was dead. Besides, it had fallen into my hands as a sort of Providential treasure-trove, in which I felt I possessed at least a usufructuary title.

But I must hurry on to the point at which I rose in Mr. Gushinggood's pulpit next morning with the newly-discovered sermon carefully smoothed out and neatly deposited between the Old and New Testament in the big Bible on the reading desk.

I began in my best manner. By repeated perusals I had so familiarized myself with the manuscript that, with the aid of an occasional prompting glance, I was able to clothe the words with the freshness of apparently extemporaneous delivery.

The opening sentences were received with respectful attention; but pretty soon queer looks began to be exchanged, and one sedate-looking gentleman actually winked at another at the close of one of the best-rounded periods. The most pathetic passages, instead of eliciting tears, excited smiles; and the peroration, which was highly pathetic, was received with a broad grin, and more than one dainty handkerchief was raised, not to choke back a sob, but to stifle a titter.

I sat down indignant, and left Brother Gushinggood to continue the exercises. He did so with a brief of paper, decidedly wanting in unction, from which the usual complimentary allusion to "the excellent discourse to which we have been privileged to listen," was studiously omitted.

Before the giving out of the final hymn I expected to hear the customary announcement of a collection to be taken up "for the benefit of the brother who has just addressed us." On the contrary, *this* was what Brother Gushinggood said:

"Not long since, when I had occasion to make a visit to a distant town, the house at which I stopped was robbed. Among other articles taken was a coat of mine with a sermon in the pocket. To that sermon we have just listened; and I observed you all recognized it, for it is not long since I preached it here myself. The stolen garment is on that man's back. I identify it as fully as I do the discourse which he has just had the effrontery to deliver. I believe he is an impostor and a thief, who has assumed his present character for the purpose of victimizing the unsuspecting portion of the religious community. You will now receive the benediction, and at the conclusion Constable Haler will please step this way."

Which Constable Haler very promptly did; and it was in *his* company, followed by the body of the congregation, that I left the church.

As the procession passed along the street we met the Sunday coach coming in. Through one of the windows I caught a glimpse of Deacon Dorrity. Ordinarily I should have felt inclined to read him a homily on the wickedness of traveling on the Sabbath. As it was, my joy at seeing him knew no bounds.

"How are you, Mr. Cramtext? I hardly expected to overtake you here," said the deacon, catching sight of me as he alighted.

In a few hurried, excited words I explained my plight. He heard them, I thought, with unbecoming levity, for it was some time before he could speak for laughing.

"Well, *well*, what a joke!" he exclaimed.

I confess I didn't see it.

"But here comes Brother Gushinggood," continued the deacon, as my late host made his appearance.

The deacon and he proved to be old friends; and the former, as the reader will recollect, having been present when I bought the coat, of course the whole matter was quickly cleared up.

Dorcas, learning that the deacon was coming that way, and would pass through the town where the protracted meeting was held, had charged him with the delivery of the forgotten sermon, which at the instance of Brother Gushinggood, who insisted on my continuing his guest, and wearing his coat till my return home, I delivered in his church that evening to an appreciative audience, and had my feelings further soothed by a liberal collection.

I never made another venture in posthumous coats or dead men's sermons.
—*N. Y. Ledger.*

The Old Gentleman's Mistake.

"Nice child, very nice child," observed an old gentleman, crossing the aisle and addressing the mother of the boy who had just hit him in the eye with a wad of paper. "How old are you my son?" "None of your business!" replied the youngster, taking aim at another passenger. "Fine boy," smiled the old man, as the parent regarded her offspring with pride. "A remarkably fine boy. What is your name, my son?" "Pudd'n' Tame!" shouted the youngster, with a giggle at his own wit. "I thought so," continued the old man, pleasantly. "If you had given me three guesses at it, that would have been the first one I would have struck on. Now Puddin', you can blow those things pretty straight, can't you?" "You bet!" squealed the boy, delighted at the compliment. "See me take that old fellow over there!" "No no" exclaimed the old gentleman, hastily. "Try it on the old woman I was sitting with. She has boys of her own, and she won't mind." "Can't you hit the lady for the gentleman, Johnny?" asked the fond parent. Johnny drew a bead and landed the pellet right on the end of the old woman's nose. But she did mind it, and rising in her wrath soared down on the small boy like a blizzard. She put him over the knee, reversed him, ran him backward till he didn't know which end of him was front, and finally dropped him into the lap of the scared mother, with a benediction whereof the purport was that she'd be back in a moment and skin him alive. "She didn't seem to like it, Pudd'n'," smiled the old gentleman softly, "She's a perfect stranger to me, but I understand she is matron of a truants' home, and I thought she would like a little fun; but I was mistaken." And the old gentleman sighed sweetly as he went back to his seat.—*Jerseyman.*

—A young man recently entered a Hartford street car, carrying three roses, one white, one green, and one salmon colored. They attracted much attention, especially the green. The owner finally explained that all three were white that morning, and that the coloring had been done by putting the stem of one into green ink, and the other into red ink. The leaves were beautifully colored, and the coloring would not rub off, but it seemed as if nature had done the work. The process only required ten minutes.—*New Haven Register.*

—The intermarrying of white people and half-breed Indians seems to be growing in popularity. Only two weeks since Miss Rebecca Hobbs, Matron in the Government school at Santee Agency, took a young Santee-American as a husband, and now Rev. S. D. Hinman takes to his bed and board a young woman of like birth, Miss Mary Merrick, of Santee Agency. The bride is understand to be heir to a goodly slice of the Santee Indian Reservation when it shall be parcelled out.—*Springfield (D. T.) Times.*

A Hong Kong Cat.

A remarkable cat story is told by Captain Howland, commander of the American ship Red Cross, which is now lying at the east side. The Captain states that two years ago his ship was lying at a wharf at Hong Kong taking in a cargo, when a red cat made its appearance, and finally jumped on board the vessel. It made its appearance at intervals for several days, when at last the ship, having finished loading, left the port, the cat going with her. During the voyage she was rarely seen, and it was a mystery to the crew what she found to subsist on, as it was not presumed there were many rats or mice aboard. When she did come around, however, all hands would spare no pains in providing her with food. She would then mysteriously disappear, and at times four weeks or more would elapse ere she would show her handsome form on deck.

This was kept up for nearly two years, when all hands complained that they had not seen her for a very long time, and but for her previous lengthy disappearances, fears would have been entertained for her safety. Time wore along, however, and still there were no signs of puss, so she was given up as lost. A few weeks ago the Red Cross arrived at Astoria and commenced discharging her cargo. By this time the existence of the poor cat had slipped the memory of nearly all on board, and when even thought of by her most ardent admirers it was as an incidence of the past. During the process of unloading, however, the body of the unfortunate pet was found, wedged in between two heavy pieces of iron, which had rolled together while the ship was tossing about in a rough sea. After officers and crew had taken a last look she was consigned to a watery grave. As a matter of course this was considered the last of the Hong Kong feline but in this they were very much mistaken, as the conclusion will prove. In a few days the Red Cross came from Astoria and made fast near where the bark Carrie Winslow was lying. In conversation with Captain Barrett, of the Carrie Winslow, Captain Howland told him about the red cat, which it may be well to state was of a very peculiar color, and when once seen would not be forgotten. After the Red Cross had been in this port a few days the cat made its appearance on the Carrie Winslow, this time in a half starved condition. Captain Barrett saw her, and from Captain Howland's description was sure it was the same one, which proved to be the case. The latter had stated that the cat was a good mouser, so Captain Barrett thought he would keep her on board his bark, supposing that Captain Howland had been mistaken in thinking that she had been thrown overboard while at Astoria.

Miss Puss was very dainty while aboard the Winslow, refusing everything but milk to eat, but the captain and mate would gladly furnish this in order to keep her. One day Captain Barrett went into his stateroom and found the cat on his bed. This was too much for the captain, and thinking he had had enough of her company, picked the cat up by the tail and threw her into the river, the skin and hair leaving the tail and remaining in the captain's hand.

About a week ago, it will be remembered, the Carrie Winslow, having secured a charter, left Eastport, for Westport, where she is loading lumber for the river Plate, South America. The work of loading was progressing finely, when a few days ago the same cat was seen running rapidly across the middle deck, with its hairless tail sticking up straight. She was first seen by the second mate, who rushed up and reported the fact to Captain Barrett. The captain told him he was mistaken, but it was not long before she was again seen, and the captain is positive it is the same one, the color being peculiar, while the bare tail adds additional weight to the matter.

She is now seen very often on the bark at Westport, and the mate told Captain Barrett that some disposition will have to be made of her, or he will not go to sea on that vessel. Captain Morrison, of the Indiana, who knows the others well, informed the reporter that there is not the least doubt in his mind as to the truthfulness of the story, and it is a very strange cat, to say the least. No doubt it is one with "nine lives."—*Portland News.*

One Widow's Great Woe.

There is nothing remarkable about her. She is a shriveled, pinched little widow, whose thin, rusty black garments and faded veil of crape have withstood the storms and sunshine of the six years that have passed by since she put on mourning for her lost husband. He had been a generous, dashing sailor, who spent his little earnings to make his family comfortable, and when he went down at sea she dropped all her old luxurious ways and went forth to earn a living for the two little girls that were left to her. By going out to nurse the sick and by taking in sewing when not otherwise employed, she managed to keep the children with her, and last fall, when the younger one began to go to school and brought home little words of praise and encouragement from her teacher, there was not a happier mother in Boston than the one who occupied the modest tenement on Northampton street. Work and the responsibility of supporting her children respectably had dulled her great sorrow, and the desire to rear them to honest womanhood was something to keep up her flagging spirits and cause hope to spring and grow from what had at one time seemed the depths of despair. Merry Christmas was not celebrated with more joyfulness anywhere than in this little family; the turkey was small and the dolls were inexpensive, but they were as much to these two children and their hearts were as grateful for the gifts as though the treasures of Aladdin had been showered upon them. It was the last Christmas they were ever destined to see. On New Year's day the eldest—she of the curly hair and eyes that were black and merry, like her father's—died of scarlatina, and in one week from her death the other one, who was so tall and demure, and who looked like a little woman in spite of her infantile years, was laid beside her sister in Forest Hills.

The widowed mother went through it all, watched at their sides by night and day, saw them toss and moan in delirium, gave them soothing medicines, smoothed their feverish pillows, ever whispering words of comfort and cheer, and when all hope was gone still held their pallid hands and closed their sightless eyes without a tear. On the day after the last one was buried she bought two simple bouquets of pinks and ferns, and taking them to the cemetery placed them on the graves of her "babies," as she was in the habit of calling them. The following day her pilgrimage was repeated, and the next and the next and the next. Her habits were so regular that no matter how cold or how warm it was, or how many stayed at home on account of the weather, the conductors of the Egleston Square line of horse-cars felt sure of having at least one passenger every day. These visits were made early in the forenoon, and after she had finished this duty he would wander around on the various streets of the Highlands, looking at the children as they romped and played, and asking every one she met if they had seen anything of her babies. After removing the old bouquets and replacing them with fresh ones, she would make a circuit of the burying-place and then walk down Washington street as far as Dudley street. Then instead of going home she would turn up Warren street to Grove Hall and return by the way of Blue Hill avenue, peering anxiously into the face of every little girl she saw, and asking her if she had seen her Hattie and Mamie. "My Mamie had hair like yours," she said to a child in Winthrop street, curling her tresses fondly on her fingers and matching them with a lock which she held in her hand; "but hers was nicer than yours; see, it is as fine and yellow as threads of gold. I have lost her somewhere and my other baby went away a week ago and more, and I want them to come home. You looked like her when I first saw you but your eyes are not so bright, nor your hair so fine. I don't want to trouble you any, but if you see my babies anywhere will you tell them that their mother is at home waiting for them? Their books are on the stand, and their supper is growing cold; tell them to come at once, for I know they will catch cold. Thank you, dear, I know you will not break a poor mother's heart." And, kissing the surprised child, she went on as earnest as ever in her fruitless search.

When the City of Columbus disaster occurred she appeared deeply affected, and followed the newspaper accounts of its horrors with an interest that seemed strange for a person who had no friends among the passengers or crew. In addition to her usual perambulation of streets and daily visits to the cemetery she called at all the undertakers' rooms and at the morgue on Grove street, asking if they had found the body of her husband.

"I know he is dead," she would say, "but I want to see his face and know that he has a decent burial. If my babies only knew that their papa was dead, they would come home and comfort their poor mother and never run away again."

It was after the disaster that she began to buy three floral offerings and take them to Forest Hills instead of the two she had been wont to carry, and, although she never gave any explanation for her conduct, everybody knew that the extra bouquet was for her husband, whose loss at sea six years ago this last disaster had newly impressed upon her shattered intellect, causing her to believe him among those who were on the City of Columbus.

When she began to meander the streets, looking in at the school houses and questioning the girls she met in her mild, earnest manner, residents along her route were afraid of her, and some talk was made of having her arrested and sent away for insanity; but when the story of her sorrows became known this idea was at once abandoned, and those who were most suspicious are now her pitying friends and vie with one another in deeds of kindness to her who is so anxiously searching for those she will never find.—*Boston Globe.*

Matrimonial Collisions.

The collision of husband and wife is so frequent as to have a literature to itself. In this case the man, though he suffers also, suffers much the least. He can, if he is severely disappointed, get mentally away; he can form new friendships, he can harden himself until he is more or less apathetic, he can put affection, which makes the true string of such unions, away from him, and so, with his coolness restored, can go on and find life endurable. He is free to strive, though the striving is useless. The woman—we are speaking throughout of the good—can not get away, either from the house, or, what is more important, from herself, can not strive without loss of self-respect, can not enfranchise herself into her own sense of right, her own necessity to herself of concealing her disappointment from her own heart. She can not be quietly discontented, or coolly disappointed, or patiently callous. The condition is imperative and she must suffer daily, hourly, perhaps through life, from a cause which even a mental change, possible to be made if duty did not forbid, would either remove or, at least, diminish to much smaller proportions. A woman so situated can not be either serene or genuinely happy, can at best be resigned, feeling all the while how harsh destiny is, yet how irresistible, because it exerts its force not from outside, but straight on her own heart. "I must bear," says the husband to himself, and he bears; "I ought to cure it," says the wife, and it is incurable. The pain in the one case is disappointment, the pain in the other that of contention with the inexorable, which yet you know it is your duty not to contend with. Patience is usually the medicine; but Griselda, whatever else she may be, is not serene, and Griselda is but a fairy tale.—*London Spectator.*

—A decided sensation was created at a masked ball in Stamford, Conn., the other night, when "Oscar Wilde" and "Uncle Sam," on unmasking and saluting their white lady partners, were found to be 'Professor' Dudley, a coal-black bootblack with dudish proclivities, and Henry Carpenter, another negro equal to the emergency. The "lark" of the negroes was undertaken in revenge for some disparaging remarks to which they took exception.—*Hartford Post.*

NEWS NOTES.

Ten towns in Kingston, N. Y., voted no license.

The Sheriff is in possession of the *Gazette* office, at Davenport, Iowa.

There is considerable excitement and uncertainty in the coal oil market.

The cable report of a combination of European Powers against Great Britain is pronounced false.

It is reported that W. B. Cash, the desperado of South Carolina, has taken to the swamps of the Peedee River.

An effort is being made to erect a monument to Red Jacket, the noted Indian chief of former days at Waterloo, N. Y.

The examination of Jud Crouch and Dan Holcomb for the murder of the Crouch family, has begun at Jackson, Mich.

The German Minister at Washington has received the rejected Lasker resolutions and Bismarck's letter accompanying them.

Prince Krapotkine has asked to be allowed to remain at Clairvaux as being near Paris. He will then be able to obtain scientific documents to assist him in his researches.

The Italian ambassadors are instructed to confer with the powers in regard to the proposed European demand upon the United States Government to legislate against dynamiters.

William W. Wharton, Clerk and Commissioner of the United States Circuit and District Courts and United States Shipping Commissioner at Pensacola, Fla., has absconded, being a defaulter.

The British steamer Gladiolus arrived at New York recently from Newcastle, Eng., after a most stormy passage of twenty-two days. The vessel was a pretty sight, being covered with ice from stem to stern.

The railroad coal miners at Shaner's Station slope mines, near Pittsburgh, Pa., resumed work at a reduction of half a cent per bushel, and also signed a contract to continue at the same rate for one year.

In the Waller-Birdsall controversy, at New Haven, Conn., Birdsall adds a chapter by publishing their correspondence during the last campaign, as the only "course open," owing to the "duplicity of the Governor."

Serious charges have been made by the bar against [illegible] of Oshkosh, Wis., complaining [illegible] release of prisoners, etc. He is a candidate for re-election, and is opposed by G. Gary, the bar candidate.

Governor Cleveland, of New York, is unearthing a system of swindling by which the State is defrauded of thousands of dollars. The "system" seems to be the old Tweed trick of certifying to excessive amounts for labor performed.

The tack factory of S. P. Hollister, at Pittsburgh, Pa., has been sold to a syndicate of Eastern capitalists, who, it is said will form a monopoly for the manufacture of tacks. The works will be abandoned and the machinery taken East.

It is stated that Western shippers will meet in New York soon, to decide how much anthracite the West will take next year, and the prices. It is thought the West will take 4,000,000 tons during 1884. Prices will be maintained at all hazards.

It has leaked out that $27.000 was stolen from the office of the Paymaster of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad at Chicago, on the 1st inst. The matter has been kept quiet, for the purpose of aiding the detectives, but no arrests have yet been made. The Paymaster was discharged for negligence.

MARKET REPORTS.

Grain and Provisions.

ST. LOUIS, March 8.

FLOUR—Unchanged.

WHEAT—Higher; No. 2 red, $1.10¼@1.10½ cash; 1.11½@1.11⅝ May; $1.10½ June; $1.01¼@1.01½ July; 98@98¼c the year; No. 3 red, 99½c bid.

CORN—About steady; but inactive; 48¼@48⅜c cash; 48¼@48⅜c March; 47⅛@47¼c April; 50⅜@50⅝c May; 51⅜c June; 51⅜c June; 52⅜c July.

OATS—Firmer and slow; 33⅝@34⅛c cash; 34¼c bid April; 35¼ asked May.

RYE—Quiet at 58c bid.

BARLEY—Steady at 55@80c.

PROVISIONS—Firmer and more inquiry. Pork, jobing at $17.87½. Bulk meats—Long clear, $9.10@9.25; short rib, $9.25@9.35; short clear, $9.50@9.55. Bacon—Long clear, $9.80; short rib, 9.87½@9.90; short clear, $10.12½. Lard nominal at 9.25c.

PRODUCE—Butter unchanged. Eggs easier at 18@18½c.

CATTLE—Receipts, 1,500 head; shipments, 1,500 head: quiet and little changed; exports, $6.50@7.00; good to choice, $5.80@6.40; fair to medium, $5.25@5.75; corn-fed Texans, $5.00@5.75.

SHEEP—Receipts, 1,000 head; shipments none; common to medium, $3.00@4.25; good to choice, $4.25@5.25; fancy, $5.50; Texans, $2.75@4.75.

CHICAGO, March, 8.

FLOUR—Quiet and steady.

WHEAT—active and higher; March, 91@91¼c; April, 91⅝@91⅞c; May, 96¼@96⅝c; June, 98⅛@98¼c; July, 99¼@99⅜c; No 2, spring, 91¼@92½c; No. 3, 78@80c; winter, 99c@$1.01.

CORN—Fair demand and firmer; cash, 50⅞@51⅞c; March, 50⅞@51⅛c; April, 51⅛@51⅜c; May, 55⅛@55⅞c; June, 56½@56⅝c; July, 58⅛@58½c.

OATS—Steady and higher; cash, 32c; March, 31c; April, 31¼c; May, 35⅛@35½c; June, 35¼@35⅝c; the year, 29½c.

RYE—Quiet and steady at 58½c

BARLEY—Dull at 63@63½c

PROVISIONS—Pork fair demand and firmer; cash, $17.60@17.65; May, $17.75@17.92½c; June, $17.82½@17.97½; July, $18.02½; the year, $15.77½.

LARD—Fair demand; 5@10c higher; cash, $9.30@9.35; May, $9.42½@9.50 June, $9.50@9.60; July, $9.60@9.65. Bulk meats firm; shoulders, $7.25; short rib, $9.20; clear, $9.85.

PRODUCE—Eggs, 21@22c.

CATTLE—Slow and steady; exports, $6.25@7.00; good to choice shipping, steers, $5.80@6.30; common to medium, $5.10@5.70; corn-fed Texans, $5.00@6.00.

SHEEP—Steady; fancy lambs $6.00@6.60; inferior to fair, $2.50@4.50; medium to good, $4.50@5.00; choice to extra, $5.00@6.00.

NEW YORK, March 8.

FLOUR.—Unchanged.

WHEAT.—Market easier; No. 2 red, $1.08@1.13; No 3 red, $1.02½@1.03¾.

CORN.—A shade better; No. 3, 60c; March, 61¼@61¾c; May, 64@64½c

OATS.—Firm; mixed western, 40½@42c.

PROVISIONS.—Pork Dull, $17.50@17.75. Lard weak at 9.62½c.

PRODUCE—Eggs steady at 23@23½c.

KANSAS CITY, March 8.

WHEAT—There was a firmer market to-day on 'change, with values higher. Cash No. 2 red was nominal and March sold at 83½c; April sold at 87⅞c; May was nominal, as also No. 3 red and No. 2 soft.

CORN—This market was also stronger to-day with sales of cash No. 2 mixed at 41¼c; March was nominal and April sold at 42¼c; May, June and July were nominal.

OATS—No. 2, cash, 29c bid, 29⅝c asked; March, 29⅜c; April, no bids, nor offerings; May, 31c bid, 31¾c asked. Rejected cash, no bids nor offerings.

RYE—No. 2 cash, 47⅝c bid, 50c asked; March, 47c bid, no offerings; April, 47½c bid, no offerings. Rejected cash, no bids, nor offerings.

FLOUR—There is a steady market. Quotations are: Fine, ⅌ 100 lbs. $1.00. Superfine ⅌ 100 lbs. $1.05. Extra ⅌ 100 lbs. $1.10. XX ⅌ 100 lbs. $1.15. XXX $1.30 @1.40. Family, $1.60@1.70. Choice, $1.90@2.00. Fancy, $2.20@2.30. Patent, $2.65@2.85. Rye, $1.50.

PRODUCE—BUTTER—Receipts light and market active. Choice creamery, 28c; good creamery 25c; fine dairy in single package lots, 20c; store packed good in single packages, 12@14c; common, round lots, 6@7c. Roll—choice, 17@18c; good 11@12c; medium, 7@8c. Eggs—Receipts fairly large and demand fair at 16½c per dozen.

PROVISIONS—Prices are for job lots. Dry salt meats—Shoulders, 7½c; clear sides, 9⅝c; long clear sides, 9⅝c; clear rib sides, 9⅝c. Smoked meats—Shoulders, 8¼c; long clear sides, 10¼c; rib sides, 10¼c clear sides, 10¼c

CATTLE—The market to-day was firm and active with upward tendency. Shipping steers, $5.60@6.25; butchers' steers, $5.15@5.25.

HOGS—The market showed a weaker feeling; prices ranged from $5.85@6.75.

The Bald-headed Man in Church.

[Liverpool Courier.]

Old Mr Collamore is very deaf. The other Sunday, in the midst of the services Mr. Hoff, who sits immediately behind Mr. Collamore, saw a spider crawling over the latter's bald head. His first impulse was to nudge him and tell him about it, but he remembered that Mr. Collamore was deaf, so he lifted up his hand and brushed the spider off. He didn't aim quite high enough, and, in his nervousness, he hit old Collamore quite a severe blow. The old gentleman turned around in a rage to see who had dared to take such a liberty with him and Hoff began to explain with gestures. Mr. Collamore, in a loud voice, demanded what it meant. It was very painful to Hoff. The eyes of the congregation were upon him and he grew red in the face. "There was a spider on your head." "A white place on my head, hey? S'pose there is, what's that to you? You'll know what it is to be bald-headed yourself some day." "It was a spider," shrieked Hoff, while the perspiration began to roll off his face. "Certainly it's whiter,' said Collamore, "and got more in it than yours. But let it alone—do you mind? You may let my head alone in church." "Mr. Collamore," shrieked Hoff, "there was a spider on your head, and I brushed him off—this way,' and Hoff made another gesture at Collamore's head. The old man thought he was going to fight him then and there, and hurling a hymn-book at Hoff, he seized the kneeling stool on the floor of the pew and was about to bang Mr Hoff, when the sexton interfered. An explanation was written on the fly-leaf of the hymn book, whereupon Mr. Collamore apologized in a boisterous voice, and resumed his seat. They think of asking Mr. Collamore to worship elsewhere.

Wilkes Booth's Ride.

[Washington Critic.]

"What did Booth ride?" asked the reporter.

"Old Sorrel Charley, the best saddler ever seen in this country. I doubt if the world ever produced his equal. Of course he came from Kentucky. All great saddlers do.'

"Did Booth buy him?"

"No, he hired him."

"And what became of him?"

"We never heard."

"Was the hire paid?"

"In the sense that Booth had been a good customer only."

"What were Charley's points?"

"All that a saddler ever boasted. He wouldn't pull a pound, but a good rider could single-foot him down from Capitol hill to our stable with a full glass of water in each hand and never spill a drop, and at better than a four-minute gait, too. Booth knew him well, and could ride him like a picture. I doubt if he suffered even with his broken limb as much as has been said."

"How far was the ride?"

"Down to Dr. Mudd's that night, full twenty miles away. Sheridan's gallop from Winchester, I'll bet, was a fool to that ride. When I heard in the morning what horse the assassin rode, I said: 'They who pursue will follow, and only follow.'"

Cocoanuts as Food.

The Fiji Times, in speaking recently of the value of the cocoanut as food rations states that a vessel left San Francisco with 400 passengers for Sydney, and in consequence of running short of stores put in at Samoa, where a large quantity of cocoanuts were obtained. The weather became so severe that the remainder of the passage consumed eighty days, so that men, women and children were reduced entirely to a cocoanut diet and were obliged to be contented at last with one per diem for each adult. "Notwithstanding this diet," says the report, "not a life was lost, and not a single case of sickness occurred, all the passengers landing in a healthy and well-nourished condition."

Consumptive Birds.

[Exchange.]

In a preliminary paper read before a recent meeting of the London Pathological society, Mr. Sutton and Dr. Hemage Gibbes described an investigation now being made by them into tuberculosis of birds. They find that the disease is very prevalent among birds, and that it sometimes becomes epidemic. The effects do not exactly correspond to those produced in man by consumption, but the parasite present in both cases seems to be the same. The disease virus appears to be introduced with the food, and the birds most liable to be affected are common fowl, peacock, grouse, and other grain eaters.

Mars' Moons.

[Exchange.]

A remarkable feature of the two satellites of Mars, which were discovered about six years ago by Prof. Asaph Hall, is the proximity of the inner one to the planet, its distance from the centre of the latter body being about 6,000 miles; and from the surface less than 4,000. "If," said Prof. Newcomb, "there are any astronomers on Mars with telescopes and eyes like ours, they can readily find out whether this satellite is inhabited, the distance being less than one-sixtieth that of the moon from us."

How Very Bold.

[Exchange.]

Miss Maria Pickaflaw (talking behind her fan to her sister)—The idea of Dolly Debut's wearing that heliotrope dress! Miss Jane Pickaflaw—Why, it strikes me as very becoming. Miss Maria (snappishly)—Becoming! Of course! Did anybody say it wasn't? But don't you know it takes a faultless complexion to wear that color, and for Dolly Debut to appear in that dress is as much as to say she considers her complexion perfect. Miss Jane—How very bold of her, to be sure!

When They Get Miffed.

[Exchange.]

When a Boston girl gets miffed at her husband she says: "Base tyrant, I shall leave thee and fly to my father." When a western girl becomes similarly affected she simply says: "Old man, I'm going to get up and get, and if you don't like it you just climb up on your eyebrows and see if you can stop me."

Real Estate Transfers.

C. F. Vogel to Charles Curr, lot 4, in block 71, 6 in 7, 18 in 129, 6 in 128, 2 in 192, 4 in 228, Eudora. $50.

Samuel F. Frazer to Emily L. Johnson, lot 175 Kentucky street, Lawrence. $650.

Stephen Studebaker to Charles W. Sur[illegible], northeast fractional quarter of northwest fractional quarter of section [illegible], township 14, range 19, and northeast quarter of southeast quarter of northwest quarter; in all 50 acres, Willow Springs. $1000.

Washington Mercer to James Victor, [illegible] lot 53, addition 5, North Lawrence. $125.

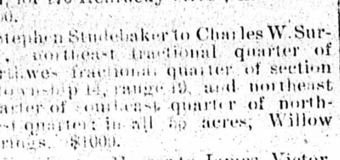
H. E. Barr [illegible] to B. S. Petefish, southwest quarter of section 5, township 12, range 20, in Grant township. $3,000.

[illegible] and H. A. Slaughter to Hattie F. Bodie, lot 30, Rhode Island street, Lawrence. $800.

E. S. Chapman, heirs, to Joanna Spring, lots 55 and 57, addition 2, North Lawrence. $700.

Robert Owens to John J. Jones, south [illegible] lot 6, and east 23½ feet of north half of lot 8, Massachusetts street, Lawrence. $6,000.

Victor Eckman to Peter Landgran, southeast quarter of northeast quarter, of section 23 township 13, range 20, Eudora. $500.



The Emperor Louis Napoleon smoked only the finest cigars the world could produce. Prof. Horsford says the Emperor's cigars were made specially for him in Havana from leaf tobacco grown in the Golden Belt of North Carolina, this being the finest leaf grown. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is made from the same leaf used in the Emperor's cigars, is absolutely pure and is unquestionably the best tobacco ever offered.

Thackeray's gifted daughter, Anne, in her sketch of Alfred Tennyson, in *Harper's Monthly*, tells of her visit to the great poet. She found him smoking Blackwell's Bull Durham Tobacco, sent him by Hon. James Russell Lowell, American Minister to the Court of St. James.

In these days of adulteration, it is a comfort to smokers to *know* that the Bull Durham brand is absolutely pure, and made from the best tobacco the world produces.

Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is the *best* and purest made. All dealers have it. None genuine without the trade-mark of the Bull.

GAIN

Health and Happiness.

How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?

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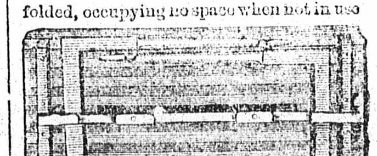

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THE RICH AND POOR.

Bill Arp Philosophizes about Their Peculiarities.

How the Rich Got Poor and the Poor Got Rich—"Nabor Cobe's" Philosophy—Time as a Doctor.

I don't mind a poor man getting rich if his children w ident put on so many airs about it. Their airs dont hurt me, but then when they get uppity and bigoty over poor folks it's a reflection on their daddy and mammy. I know some rich folks who never had any parents, I reckon, for they never mention 'em. I like those folks rise in the world and better their condition, but they should do it modestly and not go back on their ancestors. Vanity is the fool of fools. There are very few things that will justify vanity. Making a big pile of money wont do it. But if a man makes it by industry and honesty, and then uses it for a purpose that does good in the world, he might be vain a little, just a little, with reason. But his children have no right to be vain about it—they dident do it; and even if they manage to keep the money their father left 'em they deserve no credit for that. Most any fool can make money when he has money to start on. Money will make itself; it dont need any help. I know a family that inherited a hundred thousand dollars from an old grandmother, and they never earned a dollar in their lives; but they put on airs and strut around like they were better than their neighbors, just because they have an income of six thousand dollars a year.

But the most ridiculous vanity of all is the vanity of our southern people who used to be poor and uneducated and have gotten rich since the war. There are lots of them down south. The results of the war made an opening for them, and they have come to the front. They had nothing to lose. They had energy and pluck and dident wear store clothes and dident want no carriage nor piano; and so they drove sharp bargains with those who did and built up on the general wreck. The old stock of rich folks were broken down and had nothing much but land and there was a mortgage or two on it, and they couldn't work it for they never had worked and didn't know how. They were blood stock and blooded stock has to be groomed and pastured and kept for display on great occasions. Our old aristocracy was an aristocracy of common sense and had abundant leisure; and Solomon says that in leisure there is wisdom, and so these men were not bothered about making money and had time to think and study and develop and they became our law makers and judges and statesmen, and they were sublime men and stood up like giants in the land. They gave tone and dignity and character to the southern people, and set up mind over matter, culture and manners over money.

But the war broke most of them up and brought about a new order of things. The common people knew how to work, and they went at it. They dident have much education, but they were good traders. The sharpest of them soon got into the town and cities and built up rapidly. They are a clever people, too, and make good citizens. They made good soldiers in the war. They fought for the rich men's niggers, but they dident want to do it. Poor folks don't like niggers any more than niggers like poor folks. They dont like one another now.

These sharp traders got rich—some of them are big rich for this country. They are running the financial machine and have established money as the new base line for society, and this new line is as visible as the color line, and as hard to cross. Money moves the multitude now. The old stock look on with wonder and disgust. Most of them are dead, and their children are struggling against the current, but children's children are catching the infection and falling into line. Money-making is a disease, and our people have taken it just like taking the small-pox. It don't kill 'em, but they are all to be pitied. Like small-pox, the disease is worse in the towns and cities, for one man affects another man, one family another family, by contact. We poor farmers in the country havent got it bad yet. We live too far apart and are too poor to aspire to anything but vittels and clothes. We never think about piling up money. Our ambition is to keep even and make buckle and tongue meet. My nabor Cobe says he is about even with the world, for he owes about as much as he don't owe—and there are a good many in Cobe's fix.

But these poor folks who have gotten rich are right ambitious. The old man keeps pegging away and talks about his hosses and his liverry and the purty blossoms in the garding, but his family swell up amazingly. Mrs. Wilkins has been right sick and she told me the doctor said she had the new ralgy, but she believed it was an ulster in her nose. Well, that is all right, and I do like Mrs. Wilkins. I used to go to her daddy's house to get plums when she and her sister Polly were spinning and weaving barefooted, but their feet always looked clean—yes, they were clean. Her children are powerfully stuck up now. The boys are at college and the girls go to the springs for their health. They don't go barefooted. The old folks used to worship in a country meeting house and sit on puncheon benches and sing through their noses; but they have got a velvet cushioned pew in a city church now, and Janette, who used to be little Jane, sings in the choir. That's all right, too, if they dident put on so many airs over poor folks. There were two boys who grew up together and were good friends, and one went off and got rich and the other kept poor, and after twenty years the poor one went to see the rich one in his fine house and found the family at dinner, and everything was fine and fashionable and they had blue finger bowls, and the rich man was mighty glad to see his old friend and set him down to the table and the poor fellow was thirsty and tired and drank out of the finger bowl, and the rich man drank out of his and his wife drank out of hers, just to keep the poor man from feeling mortified. Well, I like that. That was true politeness. But the children of our rich poor folks will learn how to do after a while. By the time they bump around against the people and lose about half their money they will haul up and put on the breaks. The pendulum is always swinging. Generations play at see-saw, up to-day and down to-morrow. There is a law of compensation that governs everything, and folly cures itself after awhile. Old Father Time is a wonderful doctor. Anno Domini will tell.

BILL ARP.

TWO GREAT ORATORS.

Donn Piatt's Recollections of Phillips and Corwin.

An Ante-Bellum Episode in Cincinnati—The Courage of the Great Reformer—Corwin as King of the Stump.

In that divine faculty of thinking loud on one's legs so as to sway a crowd, I am not sure that Wendell Phillips was not the foremost of orators. He was strangely gifted for such a role, owing all he possessed in that line, not to the asy magnetism, as we call it, which gives popular control to some orators in their mere presence but to the force of intellect and the force of character that win through the hardest of thoughtful processes.

I write this without the advantage given of ever having had the happiness of hearing Mr. Phillips. I tried on two occasions, and both speaker and hearer were separated by the audience being mobs, and illustrating in their conduct that the American eagle is given frequently to laying rotten eggs.

I saw enough him to know that he was a man of cold, quiet temperament, who relied entirely on his array of facts and force of reasoning to win his way before a crowd. I gathered, moreover, that his moving impulse was more in hate of the oppressor than his love of the oppressed.

Sumner was of this sort. It is told of Julia Ward Howe that she once called on Charles to aid a poor African strangled on the stormy streets of Boston. He responded in words to this effect:

"Madam: My life is now given to securing justice to the race I have not the time to spare for individual cases of suffering.

"CHAS SUMNER."

The witty sister of Uncle Sam Ward had this rebuff framed and hung in her drawing room, and underneath the visitor could read:

"From Charles advice God Almighty has not yet reached this plane of lofty indifference."

Whittier alone, of all this class, put feeling for the slave and forgiveness for the master in his work.

To understand this, so far as Wendell Phillips is concerned, one has to remember that to a man of superior intellectual qualities and attainments there is nothing so insulting as the aggressive injustice of an ignorant class.

I made two efforts, as I have said, to hear this renowned orator and failed through the violent intervention of the audience. In neither case was it a violent effort of a few to silence or break up a gathering. In both instances a large majority of the audience gave Wendell to understand that it would not have his abolition talk at any price.

The last occasion was significant, for it occurred at Cincinnati very shortly before the awful civil war broke out, which we are fond of asserting was inaugurated and carried on to the bitter end for the sole purpose of emancipating four million of slaves.

This is a falsehood that history, ever amiable to popular wishes, hastens to put on record.

The war was inaugurated to destroy the Union by the South. How little slavery had to do with this one realizes when he remembers that in the border slave states, where the institution of slavery, as we called it, suffered most from escaped slaves, the ordinance of secession failed to obtain and the war was unpopular; while in the interior, where a slave never got away alive, the war spirit was rampant.

On the very eve of that terrible appeal to arms Ossawatomie Brown, who wrote the emancipation proclamation on the mount in old Virginia long before Lincoln was thought of, was hanged with the almost unanimous approbation of the American people. And about the same time I made one of a vast crowd collected at Pike's opera house, Cincinnati, to hear Wendell Phillips on "the sum total of all iniquity, known as human servitude."

The house was packed from pit to gallery with men, and for nearly an hour before Phillips appeared there hung a feeling of deadly antagonism to the abolition cause that found expression only in the faces of the main body seated at the front, and unuttered threats on the outskirts in the rear, as in the approach of a storm can be seen the black bank of still clouds along the edge of which plays the lightning, while the low rumbling thunder is scarcely audible.

If I remember rightly, Judge Stallo appeared with Wendell Phillips upon the stage. I cannot say positively that it was Judge Stallo, but I well remember that the introductory address was extremely brief. The introducer evidently did not seek to improve the occasion, but after putting Wendell to the front, prudently but gracefully withdrew. His address was followed by a slight rustle of applause that seemed to awaken a thousand snakes, for the hisses started up and swept over the audience in a way to tell instantly the feeling of the crowd.

I can see now that tall, slender, intellectual looking man as he stood firm, yet gracefully, gazing undismayed at the enemy. He paused for an instant, as if measuring the crowd, with a face calm as a child's, and yet with a subtle expression of amused contempt.

Audience and orator seemed spell-bound. The very reporters occupying the place of the orchestra—those Cossacks of the pen, who shortly after rode, under fire, to the front for reports of victories or defeats—men made by nature to snatch items from the very cannon's mouth, held their pencils suspended, as if for once impressed as ordinary spectators.

The spell was broken by Wendell Phillips' first uttered word. The frightful noise that followed and went up was not a roar. It sounded to me as if lightning had struck a thousand store boxes. It was blasphemy broken into a million of fragments, jarring and defacing each other. It was utterly wild, loud and senseless.

For a second the orator stood calmly as before, looking at the wild tumult before him, and then he leaned forward as if addressing the reporters. Of course he could not be heard, but the knights of the quill, quite as cool as Wendell, rose and leaned forward. At that instant a shower of eggs came from the rear and fell upon the stage. One of these savory savings of the hennery struck Wendell Phillips on the breast and he quietly wiped the contents from his person with his handkerchief. The reporters, however, either through accident or design, received the larger part of these projectiles from the barnyard, and their rage was ludicrous.

The shrinking attempt of a few women in the center of the house to escape seemed to stir all into stormy life. The entire mass now rose, gesticulated and struggled, all the while vociferating to the extent of their lungs.

Soon appeared to the observant eye a number of men, probably fifty or one hundred, making their way from the rear of the crowd to the front. They pushed through and tumbled over the mass, as if under command, or moved by one impulse. Pike, the proprietor of the opera house, a cool, quiet man, who had been secundating as to the probability of a mange to his building, now put his mouth to Judge Stallo's ear and shouted:

"If you want to prevent bloodshed get that man away. These fellows are armed."

Stallo started forward, accompanied by six or seven gentlemen. They surrounded Wendell Phillips, and moving back, much against the orator's will, disappeared behind the scenes. From the Phillips was taken in one door street, got in a hack, and was driven to Judge Stallo's charming residence, where he remained all night.

For hours after and an ugly crowd of roughs held the street in front of the opera house, the police unwilling or not daring to interfere.

The pluck of Wendell Phillips was his great characteristic. This was illustrated in the way he turned his back upon his class in New England and took, without hesitation, upon himself the odious name of abolitionist.

I have no wish to underrate our Yankee brothers. They have given us about all we can claim of literature and science; and the indomitable energy and enterprise that made our material progress a wonder to the world are of New England birth. But there is no denying that the law of caste is more firmly imbedded in that hard, rocky soil than in any other part of the earth. To be a poor man in New England is to be a poor devil, and all that is done there in as charity is done from a sense of duty, and not from the generous impulse that opens the road to heaven.

Wendell Phillips was born, through three or four generations, in the Mayflower. He was wealthy and well born, according to New England ideas of such poor stuff. To turn from his class and avow himself an abolitionist, therefore, outside of respectability, called for more courage than to face a crowd armed with revolvers and made odorous by dead cats and decayed eggs.

He did this, and he did something more. Although the friend of the negro and the enemy to his class, he remained an aristocrat. Ordinarily when a man gets to be revolutionary in principle he becomes a *sans culotte* in practice. As style is thought in writing, so did these reproducers are character in life. But our orator was as cultured and reserved among no hoot and long-haired, wild-eyed, fanatics as he would have been had he remained a Mayflower.

Writing of Phillips as an orator, I labor under the disadvantage of ignorance in not having heard him speak. I am told that on the stump he was cool, quiet and conversational; that he owed nothing to personal magnetism, and won his way through a concise, terse, incisive process of spoken thought, enlivened throughout by, not flashes, but a glow of genial humor, that had as much laugh in it as the crater of a volcano. To hold a crowd in this way demands a high order of genius, and probably had I heard him I should have ranked the orator as the foremost of our land.

As it is, my memory reverts to a man whose magic sway of the multitude, as an orator, gives him a place above all others, not excepting Daniel Webster and the mythical Patrick Henry. I refer to Thomas Corwin, of Ohio. He was the king, in right of prowess, of the stump. Without a day's schooling he was the best educated man I ever encountered, through the training he had given himself. The associate, through all his early life, of roughs—men he had to thrash into respect for himself with his fists—he was a gentleman in thought, heart and manner. I have seen him sway a crowd, passing them from laughter to tears, from stupid apathy to the wildest enthusiasm, with an ease that seemed miraculous.

The man, however, who was at home before a mixed crowd of ignorant people was a power in the senate, and he could pass from the bar of a country tavern to the table of a diplomat and be the ruling spirit of both places. A public man at a time when Clay, Webster, Calhoun and Benton were leaders, he lost nothing in the association. On the contrary, while with them in the senate he was a marked feature of that body in the pinnacle of its power, when senators made the senate, and not as now, when the senate makes millionaires unpleasantly conspicuous.

Corwin's best work was impromptu, and done before shorthand put to record the impulsive utterances of the orator. Under the circumstances what I write sounds like exaggeration. Unlike Webster, with Corwin the pen seemed to clog or paralyze expression. His fame, therefore, would have died with him but for two efforts. One of these, his reply to McCrary in a defense of Harrison, lives as a specimen of his wit; the other, an attack on the brutal injustice and selfish greed of the invasion of Mexico, will remain through all time an honor to our nation, as it is an imperishable record of a good name.

To appreciate this last mentioned effort of Corwin, one must realize the condition of the popular mind under a popular form of government while a war was in progress. That the war was an infamy, so far as we were concerned, is now recognized, but no man dared say as much then. Henry Clay was a brave man. Daniel Webster had a stout heart in him, but both, if they did not openly shrink from denunciation, kept an ominous silence while voting supplies to carry on the war.

It remained for Corwin to come to the front and face the people in their cowardly wickedness. No patriot now can read that speech without quickened heart beats and a glow of pride over its eloquent utterances.

He sleeps in death without a monument of bronze or marble and his mouldering dust seems to realize what he once said to me:

"If you would succeed in life, my boy, you must be solemn—solemn as an ass. All the great monuments of earth were built to perpetuate the memory of solemn asses."

DONN PIATT.

Peculiarities of Tennyson.

[Cor. Philadelphia Press.]

Tennyson passes most of his days at Farringford, surrounded by the lovely and romantic scenery for which the Isle of Wight is noted. He spends on an average six to eight hours a day in his library engaged in literary work. Orders are always given that he shall not be interrupted except for most momentous reasons, and he never is; for the members of his family and his servants think his making of a line of quite as much importance as the creation of a new world—an opinion which, it is needless to say, he fully shares. Perhaps if his wife—she was family Sellwood—were dying she might venture to have him informed of the fact during his hours of work. She would not be willing that his sanctuary should be profaned for any less cause, because she religiously believes that William Shakespeare is scarcely the equal of Alfred Tennyson. If she were capable of forming or cherishing any other opinion, it is doubtful if he would live with her. She probably preserves her connubial place by the most rapturous worship and the most absolute self-effacement.

There have been awful instances of the invasion of Tennyson's library while he was in the throes of composition, owing to the relaxed vigilance of his domestic dragons. The scenes that followed can hardly be described. The poet, in his wrath, raged like mad, threatening to destroy the intruder, and literally tearing the little hair he has left. The very idea of interrupting Alfred Tennyson in his hours of divine inspiration seemed to him monstrous beyond belief, a hideous crime eternally unpardonable. He has never, I believe made any physical assault upon an unfortunate intruder, though it would have been supposed, from his furious demonstration, that he could be appeased with nothing short of homicide.

Bulwer's Gypsy Love.

The recently published autobiography of Bulwer-Lytton furnishes some interesting facts about that peculiar character. Before leaving Cambridge he had enriched his experience with some vacation adventures, including an encounter with a highwayman, a night in a lonely cottage where an attempt was made to murder him, and an amour with a pretty young gypsy, in whose camp he spent five or six days of romantic dalliance.

"One morning she was unusually silent and reserved. I asked her, reproachfully, why she was so cold.

"'Tell me,' she said abruptly, 'tell me truly, do you love me?'

"'I do, indeed.' And so I thought.

"'Will you marry me, then?'

"'Marry you?' I cried aghast. 'Marry? Alas! I would not deceive you—that is impossible.'

"'I don't mean,' she cried impetuously, but not seemingly hurt at my refusal—'I don't mean as you mean—marriage according to your fashion; I never thought of that; but marry me as we marry.'

"'How is that?'

"'You will break a piece of burnt earth with me—a tile, for instance, into two halves.'

"'Well?'

"'In grandmother's presence. That will be marriage. It lasts only five years. It is not long,' she said pleadingly. 'And, if you want to leave me before, how could I stay you?'

"Poor, dear child—for child, after all, she was in years and in mind—how charming she looked then. Alas! I went farther for a wife and fared worse."

Wait a Moment.

[Wall Street News.]

My son, you have got a few thousand dollars to invest. You are crazy to buy stocks, or to speculate in wheat or cotton, and your days and nights are full of pleasant thoughts of enormous profits. J. Gould didn't have your capital to start with, and now he thinks he owns eleven states. Vanderbilt only had hundreds where you have thousands, and yet he owns eleven of the other states and a brick house which is positively rat-proof. At your age Villard was a poverty-stricken clerk, and Russell Sage was inventing the three-legged milk-stool.

But, go slow, my boy. Any idiot can buy stock and futures, but it takes a long head to buy what is certain to return big profits. Fight shy of railroad stocks. Don't think of investing in silver mines. Keep clear of wheat and corn and cotton. Don't fool with canal shares, county bonds, navigation stocks, nor flying-machines. Be reasonable. Don't expect to make money too fast. Go into business with an undertaker for a year and let the market settle. Start a corner-grocery and get some idea of how codfish fluctuates. Establish a bucket-shop and learn how to manipulate the market. Open a liver-pad foundry and learn patience, humility and how to skin your fellow-men.

Drinking Liquid Fire.

["Durandal" in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The young men behind the bar have to work like beavers to wait on the men who rush in on their way home. Many of them are very expert and quite showy. This is particularly the case at this season of the year while making hot apple toddy. The bar-tenders vie with each other in picturesque manners of mixing this drink. They pour part of the liquor in each glass and then light it.

As the spirits flame up they toss them from one glass to another until there is a semi-circle of fire above their heads. Then they slam it down on the bar, blow it out, and the customer gulps it down under the impression that he is enjoying it. It nearly scalds him to death, and he is quite convinced that he is swallowing liquid fire. The tears start from his eyes and he clutches the glass convulsively, but he is bound to down the liquor like a man, but more properly like an idiot. It's a cruel drink.

Rabbi Wise's Lecture: It is no mistake to maintain that the citizens of any country are as patriotic and law abiding as the members of its families are affectionate and dutiful among themselves.

THE COMIC ARTISTS

Cartoons and Their Designers and Builders.

The Talent for Caricature and Where It Is Found—The Obscure People of the Pencil Who Furnish Ideas for Famous Artists.

The methods of the art of caricature are but little understood by the public. Everybody laughs at the funny cartoons without giving a thought to the toil and study which produced them. Who can associate toil with humor? Fun always seems to have been spontaneous, uncompelled, irresponsible. Nobody can think of it as having been "wrung from a vain veins," and the serious thought of art and letters. But it is. The cartoon which is so screamingly funny that even the lawless people try to laugh when they look at it is not always "dashed off" by the artist with envible ease. Unhallowed inspiration though it be, it comes into life through pain.

Neither does the renowned creature whose name adorns one of its corners always originate it. Sometimes the grocer's clerk, the carpenter who comes to fix the refractory doors, the printer who gets home from work jaded and worn in the early morning hours are the authors of the pictured burlesques at which everybody laughs. Themselves grave to grimness, they have a faculty for seeing the humorous phases of life and depicting them. They *never* look like funny people. What humorist ever did? Sometimes the thin old man who sings ancient hymns in a cracked falsetto while he does odd jobs spends his evenings in working out idea for funny pictures; or, perhaps the college student has a sneaking appetite for burlesque art, and with the assistance of midnight oil he evades the commentaries and the prophets while he indulges it.

Anyway, the funny cartoon, or the main idea of it, is usually born in some other brain than that of the man who puts his name upon it. The regular cartoonist, or special artist of an illustrated paper, daily receives from ten to fifteen roughly drawn designs to choose from. They are sent in from various sources, from near and far, and embrace every variety of idea known in the realm of the grotesque. He selects one and works it out carefully. If it is a full page picture that he needs he enlarges it and goes into detail. It is published in his name, and the "constant reader" thinks he is a most versatile and tireless genius, and pays homage to the brain that can invent such fresh and flawless fun day after day. The truth is no man could depend upon himself for this kind of stuff more than a week or so without fetching up at the madhouse.

At The Graphic office the crude designs are stacked up in formidable array. Few are chosen and many are left. Some are of such subject matter as will "keep" without losing their point. If they are considered worthy they are held for "stock," to be used sometimes when there are no good fresh "nits" at hand. Others, being things of a day, are worthless if not used while their points are timely. The designer is, of course, the loser. He is only paid for what are accepted, and even then the figure of his remuneration is not stimulating. Three or four years ago a designer for a full-page cartoon, if accepted, brought its author five dollars. Now, The Graphic gets all it wants and about five times more than it can use, at two dollars and a half apiece, and this scale of prices is general.

A young man named Connelly, who clerks in a lamp-store opposite, furnishes The Graphic with more ideas for cartoons than any other contributor. He averages about four a day, and attends to his regular business faithfully at the same time. Another architect of caricatures lives in Plainfield, N. J. He is devoting himself entirely to his art, and sometimes prepares his drawings for the lithographer. It is expected that he will rise to what the reporters call "eminence," in his profession. Usually, they say, the most prolific designers do not climb up in their art. They go on furnishing ideas at two dollars and a half apiece until their stock of humor is exhausted and the world becomes as odorous to them as a cypress swamp. Making fun for the public is no funny business at all. Often it is exceedingly dismal pastime.

Even the celebrated Nast was not often the inventor of the astonishing cartoons which made him famous, they say. The story that is now afloat about him is rather curious. It is said that in the first flush of his fame the Harpers' made a contract with him for life at $10,000 a year: He was to work exclusively for them. Recently Mr. Curtis has seen fit to bury the fruits of Mr. Nast's genius in the oblivion of a pigeon hole week in and week out. The artist fulfills his part of the contract by sending a weekly cartoon to the office, and the Harpers' fulfill theirs by sending the artist his salary. But Mr. Nast's light is effectually hidden under Mr. Curtis's disapproving bushel—hidden without hope. He is dead to the world, as far as the work of his pencil is concerned, a most disheartening situation for an ambitious man. A few other famous cartoonists who have sold the exclusive use of their *names*, but not their pencils, to one paper, work for other journals whenever they please, but sign their pictures with fictitious names or initials.

The designers have need of more than mortal patience sometimes. They suffer from that debilitating malady called hope deferred, which so frequently and cruelly afflicts young writers. They send in their drawings and do not know whether they are accepted or not until they see them in print, and very often the interval is discouragingly long. When that exhilarating hour comes they call at the office and receive their pay. They do not garner a grain of glory in the work. The originator of the idea must be content with his $2.50, and seeing that his work has been deemed fit to bear the name of a successful artist. Under these circumstances it is not remarkable that they do not soar into great heights. The little matter of daily bread keeps them close to earth and busy in another order of industry.

The people of the pencil tell of a young German who sent a sketch to Puck when that sparkling journal was new. After he had lost hope in regard to its fate, it appeared as a full page cartoon, and was a great hit. The aspiring young artist was delighted with the praise he heard bestowed upon his unknown work, and fondly fancied that his remuneration would correspond to the popularity of his design; but when he called for it pay he only received $5. That reduced his artistic aspirations to a cooler temperature which he has never outgrown.

A young Blackburnian named Hamilton left his anvil in an Ohio village and came to New York to scratch out his destiny with a pencil. He had never taken a lesson in drawing in his life, yet he now holds a good situation in the art department of The Graphic.

One of the best designers of political cartoons with The Graphic ever had was Thomas Grand, who died last summer. He had charge of the editorial page, and knew nothing about drawing, though he knew a great deal about almost everything else. He had a fine sense of humor, and when he saw a political situation which could be effectively burlesqued in a cartoon, he made a few unsightly scrawls here and there on a piece of paper, labeled them "the eagle," "Ben Butler," "Uncle Sam," or whatever the case demanded, wrote out a brief description of the picture, as he had it in his mind, and handed it to the special artist, then Mr. A. B. Frost, now of the Harpers. Then began what the other Graphic people facetiously termed "Frost's Agony." The Grand idea would not always shape up satisfactorily in the Frost brain. During the first stage of study the artist sat bolt upright and held the paper containing the scrawls and labels at arms' length in front of him. That attitude became generally understood as "acute pain"; but when the paper was laid flat on the table and the artist, holding his head between his hands, leaned over it while the veins in his forehead stood out like whip-cords, it was known that the agonizing stage of brain-racking had been reached. And this is the way picture fun is constructed—fun which has unsophisticated fancy bubbles into existence without either thought or pressure.

Caricature is an art that, so far as I can learn, women do not often take to. Occasionally they produce something wildly and deliriously funny in drawing; but they do not adopt it as a profession. Perhaps it is because they are not often endowed with a very strong appreciation of humor. Painting and drawing are indisputably within the most prescribed "sphere" of womankind. But caricature does not attract them. They will patiently paint azaleas and golden-rod on milk pitchers and Chinese jugs a lifetime and call it art; but anything in the line of humor they don't consider elevating. However, one woman wrote over the regular signature and furnished a series of interesting humorous pictures to The Graphic called "Scenes in a Western court."

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

THE CANE CARRIER.

The Destruction which Attends him on Stairways.

One of the most dangerous foes to society outside of the criminal classes is the man with a cane. His intentions are not bloody but his path is. As an implement of destruction and dismay, the cane is far in advance of dynamite. It is an inanimate wolf in sheep's clothing. It is sly, treacherous, insidious. It looks as harmless as a China dog and is as dangerous as a liar. Its work of assassination is not carried on openly in the glare of the day on the public streets. It selects its airways, gloomy halls, crowded platforms and steamboat gangways for its darkest deeds.

No one ever goes up or down stairs in a perpendicular position. The law of inclining degrees that it must be held horizontally under its owner's arm. This attitude is dangerous for the people behind it, but the man who carries it is unconcerned by their woes. He never so much as turns around to beg pardon when an eye falls at his feet, or the cane goes through the heart of a baby. Old men and young men are perforated like camphor skin jackets and fall groaning at his side. Women suffer great demoralization of toilet and much bodily peril from the cane's fatal tripping jags, but he goes airily on his bright sunny way.

And he is never called to account for his work of slaughter. A cane seems to have rights which even the law respects.

A dainty inoffensive seems this toy of the trifler with the people's privileges! It has the appearance of innocence. It is even supposed to be aesthetic. Its mission is to sustain the brain, not the body of its owner. It is not strong and aggressive in appearance; it is slender and delicate though deadly. It goes with faultless attire and a pale intellect.

The cane carrier has no murderous intentions. Often his face is as mild as a flower. His path is strewn with the wounded and dying, merely because the cane lies to travel horizontally, and he is obliged to bear it. Nobody ever heard of a cane foregoing any of its inalienable rights to facilitate the comfort of human beings.

It is as dangerous on stairways as an infuriated bull-dog; but no action is taken against it. The "ready revolver" and "petulant pistol" are legislated against and frowned upon by everybody; but the cane, though an agent of pain and death, escapes both judicial and social reprimand. It even figures in fights occasionally without losing its respectability.

The man who perennially wears a cane does as much damage as a drove of Texas steers and never answers for any of it. With the law on his side he goes on gay, hopeful and happy while the people are sacrificed.

EBON OLIVER.

Science is beginning to take some notice of human feet. Heretofore fashion has had them exclusively in its distorting care, and they only progressed in the direction of deformity. The present movement looks toward the annihilation of the shoemaker. A revival of Lord Palmerston's remedy is suggested. He said to Dowie that "shoemakers should all be treated like pirates,—put to death without trial or mercy"—as they had inflicted more suffering on humanity than any class he knew.

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STEWART'S HEALING POWDER. SOLD BY HARNESS AND DRUG STORES. Cures all open SORES on ANIMALS from any cause.

WASHINGTON.

Ex-Senator Spencer Testifies in the Star-Route Investigation—Why He Opposed the Ring.

Bringing the Sioux Reservation Into Market for Forfeiture of the A. & P. Unearned Grant.

Newspaper Copyright—The Muddle in New Mexico—A New Territory—Congressional Proceedings.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8.—Ex-Senator Spencer, of Alabama, now a resident of Nevada, was examined by the Springer Committee concerning the Star-route investigation. "Early in January," he said, "I went from Nevada to New York on business. One day while walking on Broadway I met James, then Postmaster at New York, and he asked me to accompany him to his office. I did so, and when at the office he told me he wanted to go into Garfield's Cabinet as Postmaster-General, and asked me to aid him. I said I would be glad to assist him, and afterwards did render all the aid I could. When he had been appointed Postmaster-General I said to him that he had an opportunity few men had in a lifetime to make a great reputation. He asked how, and I replied he could make the Postoffice Department self-sustaining the first and the next year could reduce postage to two cents. 'How?' he again asked. 'By breaking up the Star-route ring,' I replied. I took a pledge from him that what I said should be confidential. Witness afterward made up his mind that beyond saving the Government two or three million dollars a year the investigation would be a failure. He received no pay for what I was doing, and paid little attention to the subject, and in the latter part of March, 1882, went to Nevada and remained until June. Spencer then gave an account of his return to New York, his being subpoenaed to appear in Washington, his coming here and remaining two weeks, of his efforts alone and with Secretary Chandler to secure an interview with George Bliss. While sitting in one of the hotels with Secretary Chandler, Bliss came to the latter one day. They went out and talked two or three hours. "I interrupted them several times, but Bliss said he did not want to see me. He told Secretary Chandler he desired not to see me until I went on the stand, and if I didn't swear to what he expected he would cross-examine me. I remained here till court adjourned, went to New York and showed Senator Conkling the subpoena. He said it was not in legal form, and advised me to go and attend to my business. I asked if my staying in Washington had not waived my rights to leave. He said no, and I followed his advice." Witness referred to the testimony of ex-Postmaster-General James, in which he said Spencer told him Dorsey had gone to Senator Spencer's room and said: "See how I do business," whereupon he placed $5,000 or $6,000 in an envelope, put it on the table, and Brady came in, took the envelope and money, and left. "I did not say that I had seen Brady and Dorsey in a room together. I never saw Dorsey pay Brady anything. James was mistaken. We have talked so much on the Star-route investigation he may have got things mixed. If I made such a statement I must have been drunk. I am not in the habit of getting drunk." "Then you understand," asked Stewart, a member of the committee, "that the statement of James concerning the payment of money by Dorsey to Brady was made out of the whole cloth?" "I certainly never heard of the payment of the money. Dorsey at one time was very bitter on Brady and was anxious for his removal as the Second Assistant Postmaster General. Witness then testified concerning the Star-route prosecutions. "I always felt," he said, "that the Government took the most complicated case. I felt as if it was masquerading before the public, and couldn't see why so complicated a case should be taken when there were some that were not so complicated. I don't think anybody was even prosecuted except the Dorsey combination, and that held about fifteen per cent. of the expedited Routers, in my recollection the smallest per cent. Spencer said he was anxious to break up the Star-route ring to vindicate Hind, formerly contractor, now a resident of Decatur, Ala. He would be persecuted while contractor, witness asserted, and the latter was anxious to see persecutors come to grief.

THE SIOUX RESERVATION.

Senator Dawes reported to the Senate from the select committee appointed to examine into the condition of the Sioux Indians in Dakota, the original bill to provide for the division of a portion of the reservation of the Indians of that Territory into separate reservations, and to secure relinquishment by the Indians of the title to the remainder. In consideration of this relinquishment, the seventh article of treaty Sixty-eight, securing to them the benefits of education, shall continue in force twenty years from date of the passage of the act; the Secretary of the Interior shall purchase and supply them with milch cows, not exceeding twenty-five thousand, and bulls not exceeding one thousand, and one hundred thousand dollars shall be set apart as a permanent fund for their benefit, to bear interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, one-half of such interest to be applied to the promotion of industrial and other suitable education f - Indians, and the other half in such a manner and for such purpose as the Secretary of the Interior shall from time to time deem most likely to contribute to their advancement in civilization, and toward self support.

LAND FORFEITURES.

The House Committee on Public Lands decided unanimously to recommend the forfeiture of land granted the Atlantic & Pacific Railway lying east of the junction of that road with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, and lying west of Mojave, Cal., and which has not been patented to the road. Mr. Anderson moved that the entire grant to the road be forfeited, but the proposition was received by but two votes, those of himself and Mr. Shaw. The lands amount to about 40,000,000 acres. The road has earned about 10,000,000 acres.

THE NEW MEXICAN MUDDLE.

The Senate Committee on Territories considered the resolution providing for an inquiry into certain alleged irregularities in the organization of the Legislature of New Mexico. The advisability of sending a subcommittee to the territory to make an investigation was decided against for the present, the committee directing the chairman to first call upon the executive departments and the Governor of the territory for the information in their possession. Senator Harrison received a dipatch from Governor Sheldon, of New Mexico, stating that the organization of the Legislature was strictly regular and according to law.

NEWSPAPER COPYRIGHT.

[illegible] Committee of the two houses on [illegible] morning took up and discussed [illegible] Newspaper Copyright bill. [illegible] general impression with [illegible] of the committee that as the matter opened up a new and important question the fullest information obtainable should be had, and with this object in view, leading journalists and newspaper proprietors be called upon to give their views to the committee at an early day.

ACQUITTED.

The sailors attached to the United States Steamer Speedwell, charged with having robbed the dead bodies received from the wreck of the steamer City of Columbus, have been honorably acquitted.

The Senate Committee on Territories has agreed to give the name Lincoln to a new Territory which it is proposed to make out of the Northern portion of Dakota.

Congressional.

SENATE.

Mr. Williams moved to discharge the Committee on Military Affairs from further consideration of the bill to regulate the retiring of army officers. Agreed to. A bill passed appropriating $250,000 for the erection of a fire proof building for a hall of records. The Senate passed the bill reported by Mr. Garland, from the Committee on the Judiciary, constituting a majority of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States to be a quorum of the court instead of six judges as heretofore. The bill also prohibits the judge who heard a case at a circuit court from sitting on the Supreme bench when the case comes up for appeal. The Senate took up for consideration the bill for the relief of the heirs of Maurice Grivot. The bill provided for repayment to the heirs of Grivot about $700, constituting a bank deposit seized by order of General Banks in New Orleans on his taking possession of the city. Mr. Conger strenuously opposed the bill upon the ground that it was the entering wedge for a large number of claims of a similar character. If Congress commenced to pay such claims it would be called upon in a voice it could not misunderstand to stop it. A protracted debate ensued, a motion by Mr. Ingalis to indefinitely postpone was voted down and the bill passed; 40 yeas, 9 nays. Mr. Plumb, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported favorably the House bill declaring forfeited the lands granted the Texas Pacific Railroad Company, and stated that the minority of the committee desired the privilege of submitting at their convenience their views in dissent, and the majority reserved the right to present hereafter their reasons in support of the bill. Adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE.

A bill was reported granting a pension to the widow of General Francis P. Blair. The Speaker announced unfinished business to the further consideration of the bill authorizing the retirement of Alfred Pleasanton with the rank of Colonel. Mr. Steele moved to recommit the bill without instructions. Carried; yeas 122, nays 115.

THE KANSAS CATTLE PLAGUE.

Return of Governor Glick from the Infected District of Woodson County.

TOPEKA, March 8.—Governor Glick has returned from Woodson County, where he had been investigating the new mouth and foot disease among the cattle, and says that he found the situation bad enough, indeed. In answer to a reporter's inquiry, the Governor said that an immense meeting of citizens was held at Neosha Falls. At that meeting a committee of six was appointed, with Lieutenant-Governor Finney as its chairman. They were instructed to adopt quarantine regulations, at once establish a dead line and see what can be done towards raising money enough to buy up all the diseased cattle and kill them off. The Governor further stated that he made a proposition at the meeting that if Lieutenant-Governor Finney, their State Senators, Legislators and prominent stockmen would give their names as security, he would execute a State note to them for the amount of money required with the understanding that he would recommend at the next session of the Legislature the amount to be appropriated by the State. He also advised that the Commissioners of Woodson County make a similar vote and appropriate it out of the amount of money in the county treasury. The committee was to have a meeting, and His Excellency felt confident that they would act upon his suggestion. As yet the disease is confined to one neighborhood, a locality about five miles square and one hundred head of cattle are afflicted, but it is spreading very rapidly and unless checked soon is likely to become a serious epidemic.

An Incredible Story.

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 8—A terrible murder was reported to the Coroner. A Jewish family named Hirsch, consisting of mother and four children, who had professed the Christian religion and been ostracised by their own race, lived on a farm near Baker's Station, nine miles from the city. Rosa Hirsch, a daughter, about twenty-four years old, has been insane for several years. She was loose in morals and, though not married, had a son. Her conduct was a source of great annoyance to the family, especially her brother, who is seventeen years old. Brother and sister have had frequent quarrels recently, and they concluded to fight it out to the death. The girl armed herself with a large pocket knife and her brother took a sharpened case knife. They locked themselves in a room of the house and fought till the girl fell dead, almost literaly hacked to pieces. The brother took the body of the murdered sister and then left on the first train, saying he was going to Texas.

The Turn of the Flood.

MEMPHIS, TENN., March 8.—A special from Helena, Ark., says: At last the river here has commenced falling, the decline during the past twenty-four hours being one inch. Another break occurred in the levee at Old Town Ridge, which carried in its force the store owned by Hildreth & Fisher, on the N. V. Johnson place, destroying the stock of goods valued at $3,000, besides damaging plantations in the immediate vicinity.

A Determined Incendiary.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 8.—In the Harmony Church section of Laurens County the school-house was burned by an incendiary. Soon after another was erected, and it was laid in ashes. A vacant store was then converted into a school-house, and a watch put upon it, but the incendiary for the third time successfully plied the torch and eluded capture. The Governor has offered a reward for the fire fiend, and the residents of Harmony Church are building a fourth school-house.

Stealing by the Car Load.

ST. LOUIS, March 8.—W. A. Graham, coal agent, and Robert Benzel, foreman of the passenger car yards on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, were arrested for selling the company's coal and pocketing the proceeds. They operated in car load lots, and as they are believed to have been engaged in the swindle for some time, they probably have made a handsome thing out of it. Graham is well known all along the line and has borne a high character.

Michigan Sheep Breeders.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., March 8.—The Sheep-Breeders' Association of Southwestern Michigan held its annual meeting here. The officers elected were: President, S. B. Hammond, Kalamazoo; Vice-President. W. G. Kirby Galesburg; Secretary, George S. Piers

A SUMMARY INQUEST.

A Coroner and Constable Stop A Funeral Procession—Agitation of the Mourners.

The Body Stripped Shows Nine Gastly Wounds—A Jury Impaneled On the Spot.

A Wounded Man Nursed in the House of His Enemy—Repeatedly Stabbed And His Cries Smothered.

SAVANNAH, GA., March 8.—Coroner Sheftall put in his appearance at a colored funeral which was in progress five miles beyond the city limits. He was accompanied by the Constable. Without offering an explanation, the Coroner stepped up to the coffin, pulled off the shroud, and stripping the corpse to the waist, displayed nine ghastly wounds, around which the dead man's blood had formed hideous clots. The mourners prepared to stampede, but no one was allowed to depart. Impaneling a jury from the crowd, and calling witnesses whose names were in his possession, the Coroner began an investigation, which ended in a verdict of murder. It was developed that the victim was William Dunn, and the occupants of the house in which the funeral was progressing were Jerry Hagins and his daughter. An illicit intimacy between Dunn and Hagins' daughter was the cause of a fight which occurred at Hagins' house a week ago Saturday night. Dunn was worsted and started for home. Thirty feet from Hagins' threshold he fell against a tree for support and shouted for help. Colored people who rushed to his side found him bleeding and fainting. Carrying him into Hagins' house, an examination was made and one gash, inflicted by a knife, was found in his breast Dunn rallied, and said the wound did not amount to much, and was left in the care of Hagins and his daughter. A day or two later they reported that the wound had healed, but that Dunn was ill with pneumonia. Afterward they announced that his death had resulted from the disease. Ugly rumors reached the Coroner, and led to the investigation and disclosure that Hagins had slowly killed Dunn, inflicting the wounds during the time he was lying helpless in bed, and stifling his cries for aid by smothering him with pillows. Hagins is in jail, and will probably hang.

LUCKY JOE WILSON.

A Desperado Feigns Death and Escapes From Prison.

LENOIR, N. C., March 8.—One of the most adroit escapes known in criminal history was effected by Lucky Joe Wilson, a famous chief of a gang of desperadoes infesting this State. Wilson was after many fights, caught, tried and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. Recently his counsel obtained an appeal to the Supreme Court. The following morning the Warden of the jail entered his cell and found Lucky Joe lying on his mattress, which was suffused with blood, as were the prisoner's shirt and mouth. His eyes were open and staring, his jaws fallen, and his limbs cold. Help was summoned and the body was carried from the cell into an outhouse and laid out for burial and placed in a plain coffin. The mother and sister of the deceased staid by the coffin and kept watch over the remains. At dusk, when every one had left the apartment save his sister, she was horrified to see the "corpse" rise from the coffin, put his hands ominously to his lips, and bolt from the room into the night. She screamed and fainted. The ruse was not discovered until an hour after, and Lucky Joe had succeeded in eluding all pursuit. A visit to his cell showed how artfully the escape had been planned. Wilson had killed a chicken and smeared himself with the blood, and, ripping open the mattress, concealed the chicken in it. He had scraped in a lot of snow and ice from the cell window and kept his hands and feet well frozen in it up to the time when he heard footsteps in the corridor, when he had thrown it in a bucket; therefore, when the jailer entered, he found the man's feet and hands so cold as to leave no doubt of the prisoner's death.

Railroad Accident.

KANSAS CITY, March 8.—Early this morning two freight trains on the Wabash road collided near Arnold, a small station, four or five miles east of the city, causing several hours delay to the incoming Hannibal & Rock Island passenger trains. From all that can be learned the accident was purely the result of stupidity on the part of one of the engineers, who failed to observe the signal flags on the first train that passed him. Just before daylight the first section of freight train No. 97, west bound, arrived in the yards, displaying signals that showed the second division was following close behind. The engineer on the extra failing to observe the signals pulled out for the east. Near Arnold the train came in sight, but owing to the fact that the Hannibal tracks run beside the Wabash, neither engineer thought of danger until it was too late to avert an accident. Both trains were heavily loaded and were making good time, and when they came together the crash could have been heard for a mile around. There was a sudden mingling of lights, a loud crash, and then a huge mass of wrecked cars shot into the air and fell again in a heap of ruins. The engineer and fireman stuck to their posts and escaped without any serious injury. One of the firemen was pinned under the debris, but was rescued by the engineer.

Held For Trial.

PHILADELPHIA, March 8.—William G. Jones, Assistant Superiniendent of the Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph Company, Thomas J. Fahy, a telegraph operator, and Charles L. Howell, a stock broker, are held for trial upon the charge of forcible entry into the office claimed by the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The Merchants Protest.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 8.—At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce resolutions were adopted protesting against the intention of the Government to confiscate all duty-paid merchandise over three years in bonded warehouse. A memorial has been telegraphed to the Secretary of the Treasury requesting a delay of ninety days.

What is It?

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 8.—A monster has been captured in Chester County which has the head of a lion and the body of a goat. It was captured by a party of coon-hunters, but not until it had killed five dogs.

A Curious Mistake.

NEW ORLEANS, March 8.—John H. Stone nominated by the Republicans for Attorney General, declines. He says he is a Democrat and will support the Democratic nominee

GROSSLY WRONGED.

A Young Girl from Finland is Victimized Because of Her Ignorance of the English Language.

CHICAGO, March 8.—Lizzie Rieny is a young girl, a native of Finland, and has lived in America but a short time, speaking little or no English. She tells a somewhat hard story of the treatment she has received here, in a bill filed in court. In November last, she alleges, she engaged as a chambermaid to Ferdinand Wistawill, proprietor of the Denver Hotel, at No. 5 North Wells street. She remained there but a short time, but during her stay exhibited a large amount of money, several hundred dollars, to the servants and others in the house. After working a few days, she concluded to visit some friends, and went away, remaining a week or more. She had been expecting a letter from her "young man," who lived somewhere in Ohio, and returned to the hotel for it. The letter had come there, but Wistawill told her he had not kept it, and it has never been found. Though she seemed much distressed about the loss of the letter, she started to go away again, but the landlord detained her, charging that she had stolen various articles from his boarders. She was arrested and locked up at the Chicago avenue station. Justice Kersten was unable to hear her case for several days, owing to the inability to get an interpreter who understood the Finnish language, and Lizzie was kept in durance vile during that period. Her ignorance of the English language prevented her making any strong defense, and she was held in bail to the Criminal Court. Her case came up before Judge Gardner on the the 26th of last month. S. R. Keogh, the girl's counsel, secured a trial without a jury, and Judge Gardner discharged her, expressing the opinion that she had been grossly wronged. During her imprisonment her money, which she had left in her trunk, was taken out, but some napkins and other articles belonging to the hotel were found in her trunk. The court expressed a belief that the things had been placed there by enemies, with the intention of injuring the girl. Miss Rieney has began an action against Wistawill for false arrest and imprisonment, claiming $5,000 damages.

A RUFFIAN'S RETREAT.

Two Officers Have a Desperate Struggle With a Villain in a Cave.

READING, PA., March 8.—Two officers had a fearful encounter in a cave at Tuckerton, six miles from here, with Gallagher, a well-know character. Gallagher is the man who was accused of committing an indecent assault upon a little girl named Mary Blumm, from the effects of which she has been hovering between life and death ever since. Gallagher was liberated several weeks ago, since which time the girl's mother had been receiving scurrilous and threatening postal cards with Gallagher's name attached. The officers went on his track, armed with a warrant charging him with criminal libel. They espied their man at Tuckerton and made for him. Gallagher took to his heels and disappeared into a cave just discovered near the village. This contains many chambers, and has already been explored many hundred feet. Gallagher knew the ground better than his pursuers. They met in a large inner chamber, dark as pitch. Gallagher was armed and drew a bead on the officers. He fired, the bullet grazing the head of one of the officers, and then dropped to the ground, laying perfectly still. They could only locate him by the glittering of his pistol. One of the officers then fired in rapid succession while the other crept up in the rear and attacked him. The three then had a desperate hand-to-hand encounter, but Gallagher, who is a powerful young fellow, was finally overpowered, handcuffed, and brought to this city and jailed.

Threats of Lynching.

OURAY, COL., March 8.—Father Servant, pastor of the Catholic Church at this place, was sent a written notice that it would be well for him to leave the country. The communication is supposed to have come from the vigilantes who hung Mike Cuddingan and wife. At the time of the lynching, Father Servant was very emphatic in denouncing the lynchers, both from the pulpit and otherwise. The reverend gentleman was the one who took the murdered child from the Orphans' Home in Denver and placed her in the keeping of the Cuddigans. Threats were freely made of lynching Father Servant at the time, and he left the country He returned here two days ago, and the threats against his life being repeated, he placed himself under the Sheriff's protection. He stopped at the Delmonico Hotel the first night, but last night the Sheriff kept him company in some unknown place, the officers fearing an attack. There is great excitement, and if any harm should befall Father Servant, there is no telling where the matter would end, as the Father has of course the larger element of the population at his back.

Indiana Prisons and Asylums.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 8.—The State Board of Health is collecting statistics from various counties upon the condition of the prisons and asylums for the poor. Some of reports describe a frightful state of affairs. In a wealthy northern county the poor asylum is in a building inadequate to the demands, which is badly ventilated, and not as good as a cattle shed. The Superintendent is doing all in his power, but the county is not properly providing for the asylum. The physicians in charge write that the condition of the indigent poor is lamentable; that he is disgusted with the state of affairs which he cannot remedy. In one of the western counties seventeen insane poor are confined to their cells in straight-jackets. Another county reports among other things that the house beds are neither clean nor free from vermin. The heath board will endeavor to have improved the sanitary condition of these institutions.

Failures.

NEW YORK, March 8.—The business failures throughout the country the last seven days, reported by R. G. Dunn & Co., are 272, of which 216 are in the United States, and fifty-six in Canada. The increase for the United States is twenty-three and for Canada fourteen, as compared with last week. Failures are on the increase in the Middle and Pacific States especially, and in Canada, where the figures are higher than have been reported for years.

Moonshiners' Revenge.

RICHMOND, VA., March 8.—It is reported that the moonshiners hanged an Internal Revenue informer in Floyd County. As Floyd is far from the railroad or telegraph it is impossible to verify the story.

Hanged.

LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA., March 8.—Noah Jackson, a negro, was hanged for the murder of his fifteen-year-old wife last July. The execution was witnessed by two thousand people. Jealousy was the cause of the crime.

Dean Murray.

PRINCETON, N. J., March 8.—Dean Murray, at the close of a lecture to the Seniors of Princeton College, stigmatized the charge against him as utterly baseless. The feeling is still strong.

IF the politicians again attempt to spring the tariff question, they should be referred to the Second Kansas district.

BETHANY COLLEGE, Topeka, will be soon considerably enlarged. Kansas schools are flourishing, like everything else.

MARY CLEMMER, the gifted Washington correspondent of the Independent, says that the American House of Representatives is a finer body of men than the English House of Commons. Mr. Funston will not dishonor the body, notwithstanding the little sneers of Tom Fenlon and Joe Waters.

THE Protestant nations are the ones that now exhibit the greatest vitality. The Mohammedan nations have long been in the decline. The Roman Catholic nations are following them. Russia, the representative of the Greek Churches, next to the Protestant nations in power and influence, and with age, and a growth of liberal ideas, may yet rival England in its advance upon the heathenism of the East.

COMING TO KANSAS.

A correspondent writing from Grayson county, Kentucky, says:

"I think it probable I can send you some yearly subscribers before long. There is great excitement in this county, and there are several of my friends and acquaintances preparing to remove to Kansas this spring, and some are ready to start now and others will leave in April."

We are receiving many such letters as the above, many more we venture to say than any other publisher in this city. We call the attention of our real estate men to this fact, and any of them who are using our columns for advertising purposes can have many names of writers of similar letters by calling at our office.

FREE TRADE'S BLACK EYE.

The result of Saturday's election ought to be a squelcher to the free trade nonsense. It was a very weak policy to spring the question at all. It was not a vital question. It was not one in which principle entered, nor was it one of national policy. It was one that by common consent, with here and there an exception, is held in abeyance.

But Mr. Riggs, and his friends saw fit to make it a local issue. In doing this they followed the parting advice of Horace Greeley. The result is of national importance. Mr. Haskell became very prominent as a leader on the side of protection. He won his last election, in a contest with N. F. Acers on that issue The question had been discussed thoroughly and ably. The people of the district understood it as well as in any district in the United States. They are intelligent and thoughtful. It is purely an agricultural district. One, more favorable to the free trade side could not be found in all the land.

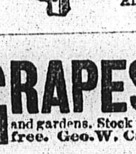
Yet, in the face of all this, there has never been such a victory in the state as this one. It now looks as if the people had made up their minds, once for all, to speak on this question so there could be no misunderstanding the popular will. That voice will go thundering over the nation, and its influence be felt in every corner of the country. If free trade is so beaten in the Second Kansas District, as not to present a recognizable form, where can it expect to be endorsed? It is not likely to put up its head again in Kansas.

Messrs. Ely Bros., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.—Enclosed please find money for four bottles of Cream Balm. I tried it on a man who could not smell at all After using your balm for six days could smell everything.—J. C. MATHEWS, Salem, N. C. (Price 50 cents.)

Everybody should smoke the "Little Joker."

A great deal of gilt thread is found in spring laces, embroideries and braids.

Established 1840. THE CELEBRATED "BRADFORD" PORTABLE MILL. CORN, WHEAT & [illegible] FLOUR MILL MACHINERY. Send for descriptive Circular Address plainly THOS BRADFORD & CO. 174, 176, 178 W. Second St., CINCINNATI, O.



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GRAPES My Specialty. Nursery established 27 years. Vines of over 100 best, new and old varieties for vineyards and gardens. Stock fine. Prices low. Catalogues free. Geo. W. Campbell, Delaware, Ohio.

"THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST." SAW MILLS, ENGINES THRESHERS Horse Powers. (For all sections and purposes.) Write for Free Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

LIFE LOANS AT 4 PER CENT. Principal need never be paid so long as interest is kept up. No security required except for interest, and then only personal. These loans are for poor or men of moderate means, in amounts of $100, $500 FOR LIFE. Send 4 cent for particulars. W. ROBERTS, Manager, 195 W. 5th St. Cincinnati, O.

PLAIN TRUTHS

The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the *only* sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that *nothing* but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will *not* blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively not injurious.

[illegible] Baltimore, Md. [illegible] 12, 1880. [illegible] recommended [illegible] BROWN'S [illegible] tonic and re[illegible] daughter, whom [illegible] convinced was [illegible] Consumption. [illegible] daughters by the [illegible] under the care of [illegible], I was loth to [illegible] could arrest [illegible] of the disease, but, [illegible] surprise, before my daughter [illegible] one bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, she began to mend [illegible] quite restored to former [illegible]. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted [illegible] said "Tonics were required," and when informed that the elder sister was taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."

ADORAM PHELPS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

2806 Lbs. W'ght Of Two Ohio IMPROVED CHESTER HOGS, Send for description of this famous breed, Also Fowls. L. B. SILVER, CLEVELAND, O.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES 5 SPLENDID VARIETIES $1 all labeled, your CHOICE. 12 for $2. 19 for $3. 23 " 4. 35 " 5. 75 " 10. 100 " 13. Strong Pot Plants, for immediate bloom, delivered safely by mail post-paid to all points. WE GIVE AWAY In Premiums and EXTRAS more Roses than most establishments grow, and are the only concern making a SPECIAL Business of Roses. Sixty Large Houses for Roses alone. Our New Guide, a complete Treatise on the Rose, 70 pp, elegantly illustrated, sent FREE. THE DINGEE & CONARD CO. Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co. Pa.

[illegible] & Return to us with TEN CTS. [illegible] by mail A GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS [illegible] One Month, [illegible] Certainty. [illegible] St. N. York.

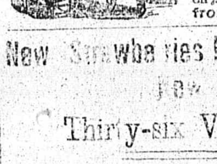
VIRGINIA Farms for Sale. Catalogue free. Maps of Va. [illegible] H. L. Staples & Co. Richmond.

U. S. STANDARD. JONES OF BINGHAMTON 5 TON WAGON SCALES, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box, $60 and JONES he pays the freight—for free Price List mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.

DEITZ SEED CORN Early Mammoth double-eared yellow Field Corn, the Best of 20 years' selection. 3 lbs by mail, paid, $1; one peck here, $1; 1 bus. $3; 5 bus. $10; 100 bus. $150. Sample 10c. G. A. DEITZ, Chambersburg, Pa.

THE SUGAR HAND BOOK A NEW AND VALUABLE TREATISE ON SUGAR CANES, (including the Minnesota Early Amber) and their manufacture into Syrup and Sugar. Although comprised in small compass and *furnished free to applicants*, it is the BEST PRACTICAL MANUAL ON SUGAR CANES that has yet been published. BLYMYER MANUFACTURING CO Cincinnati O. *Manufacturers of Steam Sugar Machinery, Steam Engines, Victor Cane Mill, Cook Sugar Evaporator, etc.*

GRAPE VINES. Nursery established 27 years. Over 100 varieties. Also, Strawberries, Raspberries, Gooseberries, Currants, &c. Prices low. Quality best. Catalogues free. Geo. W. Campbell, Delaware, Ohio.



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New Strawberries! New Raspberries! Thirty-six Varieties!

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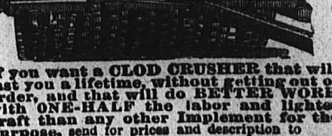

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