

Chase County Courant

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

CUTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

WHEN THE CORN'S A-TALKIN'

Gentle ovum, gentle ovum!
I've a hummer, hain't ye now!
With yer point on like the nation...

relations to give to the world, but unfortunately they are lost, and the table of our real expenses does not help me to reproduce them. Ah, well! I fear that, could I present it to you, it would be robbed of its illusions and, like the rose which the cunning alchemist re-

without having a stable in the house, as they always did. Now I think it shows an envious disposition to always be making fun of a romantic idea just because you didn't think of it yourself, but I punished her by putting my revolver in sight in a hole which I dug for it in the wall. She dared not take it away, so she always passed by on the other side of the room. We got water from a well belonging to the Herders, who tried in every possible way to soften the hardships of our lot, though Thompy always pretended there were none— that spoiled bread, no fresh meat, no fruit, and all the horrors of canned goods were fun. We got fresh vegetables occasionally from our neighbors, as we had no garden, it being too late to make one. When I complained it was not pleasant, to say the least, to be reminded of our Pilgrim mothers and other pioneers. Because they had to eat nasty messes is no reason that I can see for my liking them.

I believe she was more afraid of the revolver than she was of that horrible beast. After that the two families got sort of mixed up. Mr. Herder, mixed by us all, struggled slowly back to life. Mrs. Herder could not do enough for Thompy, and as for that George Bradley, he acted as though she belonged to him. I began to realize about this time that the prospect of our model old maid's hall was growing beautifully less. It did not improve my temper when the cold weather began to threaten and we with a whole month yet to stay. When November 4th came it found us fairly snowed in with no possible hope of escape. Of course there was no use fretting, but that was no excuse for the exaggerated cheerfulness with which Thompy met this misfortune. The long winter days, hopeless and relentless, dragged by. There were two people, though, who did not find the days too dark, or the winter too long, but it is rather slow fun for a third party to watch the progress of love-making through a long Dakota winter.

Dungeon Life. There is or was lately (1871) a Polish lady, the Countess of K—, living in Paris. She wears a very singular brooch. It is encircled by twenty precious stones, on a ground of dark-blue enamel, covered in the center by glass. And what does this brooch contain? A portrait or a lock of hair? No, only four common pins bent together in the form of a star! And she wears this in memory of her husband, a Polish nobleman, who was put into prison because he was thought to be a secret enemy to the Government. It was a dark, deep dungeon, far down under the ground. He had no one to speak to, for no one was allowed to see him but the keeper of the prison, and he, of course, was not permitted to converse with his prisoner. Days, weeks, months passed on, and he was still left in his dungeon. He was most miserable, and feared that he should lose his senses, for his reason seemed to be giving way. Oh! if he had only some hope—some one thing to relieve his misery. Feeling all over his coat one day he found four pins, and he actually wept for joy; yet what could four pins be to him? He took them from his coat and threw them down on the floor of his dungeon, and then he went down on his hands and knees and felt all over the floor till he found them again. When he had succeeded in this he scattered them again on the floor, and could you have gone into his dungeon you would have found him groping on his hands and knees for his four pins. When, after six years' imprisonment, he was set free, they still found him groping in the dark for his four pins. It was all his work. Nor would he leave his prison without taking his pins with him. They were his best friends, because they had given him something to do in his solitude and confinement, and his Countess had made them into a brooch which she valued more than gold. They had preserved her husband's reason.

ship. After the battle it was my duty, as a matter of form, to report the result. I found the Admiral, evidently in a mood of great irritation, raving up and down his cabin—pens and papers scattered over the table. "Sir," I said, "I have the pleasure to report to you that the Ship—has struck and is our prize." "Receiving no answer, I repeated the words; still the Admiral gave no heed. In a tone that no doubt indicated annoyance, I was beginning a third time, when the old fellow struck in, sharply: "Yes, yes, I know; we've fought a battle and won it; but the worst of it's to come!" "May I ask what is that?" I inquired. "Yes," he said, pointing to the scattered papers; "there's that letter to the Admiralty!" Not long after Mr. Hall was telling this story to another naval officer, who gave a pendant to it. "Once sailed with a Captain who was ordered on a three-years' cruise. He received a state paper with a long string of instructions—to do this, that, and the other. "On his return it was his duty to make his report. How to do it was another thing. He cut the matter short by taking the paper that contained his instructions, and adding to each item the single phrase: "Done't! Done't!" "He then signed the document and sent it to the Lords of the Admiralty." —Youth's Companion.

MY QUARTER SECTION.

We were friends. We had together in one of our ward schools for six years. Together we had defied the petty tyranny of the man whom an insupportable Providence had placed over us in the capacity of principal. Together we had prepared the "Spreads" and "Blowouts," generic names for the official show of examination papers, drawings, etc., that are exhibited to the world of admiring parents as the individual and collective result of the genius of their individual and collective progeny. In the long vacations we had gone on various excursions together, read the most approved educational and literary works, and, in short, wintered it and summered it together for six long years. Of course we had planned always to live together and keep the most delightful of "old maid's halls," and—well, we were all that is meant by the term intimate friends. I think it was in March of 1882 that the idea struck us. I do not remember what paper it was that illumined our darkness; however, that is of no consequence. It was a wet March morning and I was standing in the hall of the Sixth Ward school house, trying to dry my ragged skirts at the register and feeling well, as though it would be eminently safe for the future candidates for the Presidency to cultivate the foreign acquaintance of walking Spanish that day, when Miss Arabella Thompson came in with a wet umbrella in one hand and a paper in the other. Thompy was always funny. It would have taken a veritable deluge of forty days and forty nights to have made her willing to acknowledge that it was bad weather. "She came in smiling with a bright "good-morning," and, without waiting for me to air my eloquence on the subject, she began: "See here, my dear, I have the brightest plan you ever heard of for our vacation," and she proceeded to unfold her paper and her plan. The paper contained a glowing account of the opening splendors of the mighty Territory of Dakota, and the unparalleled chances of making a fortune and gaining a home by going out to the vast, unoccupied prairies and "taking up a claim," just picking it up, you know, so easy and comfortable. Then followed a statement of the laws regarding the acquiring of the various kinds of claims, homestead, pre-emption and timber claims. "You just go out there, enter your claim, put up a sod house, live in it six months, prove up, pay \$1.25 an acre, and you have your claim to live on or to sell."

Long about this present time, when the fellow snatched his posies, only sweeter than the roses, An, the man in a quick a springin', An, the fellow with a flourish, An, the sweetest harvest rhyme, An, now come to think, I reckon, As I'm sayin' now my say, I mention that in a twinklin' It's the best that's ever drinkin' In the good that God has given As makes a life—a joy, And his ever—A joy, —S. L. McManus, in Current.

How we enjoyed the journey from St. Paul to our destination! It was here that we had our first glimpse of the lovely prairies, gorgeous with the red hills of the North and a thousand other flowers that crossed the waves of the prairie-grass stretching away in endless succession as far as the eye could reach. I remember distinctly the first spell I had of sinking of the heart. It was when I saw, in the midst of a vast plain, a lone, forlorn little speck away off toward the horizon that was some one's home, not another dwelling in sight in all that wide lonely prairie; the next was when we reached Lawnsdale and found that the city consisted of two tents and a woodshed. It was evening when we passed through Moorhead and Fargo, and the luminous ball of electric light shining high over the latter city looked weirdly beautiful. We reached our destination in the dim twilight of a summer morning, and stopped to get breakfast and rest a little before starting on our tour of investigation preparatory to taking up our claims. Somehow it did not seem so easy as it had at home and not a quarter as romantic, but Thompy was as enthusiastic as ever, and when I said that I wished I had brought a few trees along in my trunk to improve the landscape a little—she said it was wider without and what we wanted was the sunshine. After interviewing the land agent and a lot more work and bother we finally started over the prairie on an ox-cart. The agent said he thought he knew a place we would like, where we could have our land joining and the other part of the section occupied by a man from New York who had his family along and his brother-in-law. Did you ever ride after an ox team? I hope so, for if you have you will appreciate many privileges that you would perhaps otherwise pass over as but slight advantages. We moved through the prairie (but that was all) and looked at the wide monotonous landscape. After the first hour I remarked to Thompy that I thought I had better go into camp on the wagon as we seemed to be about as far as when we started, but Thompy said she liked it, that she was always afraid of fast horses, and she could see as much exercise in all the scenery she wanted from her perch on the ox-cart. Pretty soon she did get all the scenery she wanted, and then that exasperating girl pulled out a microscope, and proceeded to analyze flowers, just as aggravatingly cheerful and happy as though she were at a picnic. Along in the afternoon we came to the place of the man from New York, and here we got some dinner and were shown the glories of a sod house. We had seen them at a distance before, but nothing like this. This was a veritable palace of a sod house, with real windows and papered walls, with partitions of unbleached muslin trimmed with Turkey red that looked very pretty and home-like. Thompy went into raptures over it, and regretted deeply that we had not brought something along for our walls. I didn't see as she needed to display our ignorance before that strange woman, but that was just her all over—not a bit of proper pride. After dinner we went with the ox team to inspect the other part of the section, which the woman said she hoped we would like, as she wished we might be neighbors; she found it rather lonely being eight miles from town and no near neighbors. I couldn't see as it made any difference where we took up our claim; it all looked alike to me, and I was beginning to think it might prove a white elephant anyway. We went to town to get the necessary papers and a man to help get the houses ready, for we were to have one apiece, and we wanted to investigate the little store. The woman from New York, whose name was Herder, said that her husband and brother would do all they could to help us, and in a short time our houses were ready for us to enter and take possession of our long-dreamed-of claims. They didn't look very inviting, I can tell you. We could find no paper to cover the unsightly walls, and our furniture was of the scantiest. We could not make both houses look inviting, so we used mine for a kitchen, though we conscientiously slept in it half the time. They were very near together and not far from our neighbors. When we were fairly settled and had had our first meal I told Thompy that I felt like the Swiss family Robinson; she laughed and said she didn't see how I could feel like the whole family

An Envious Wife.

Prof. Ramey Bumpus was arrested last week on a charge of assault and battery, and was arraigned before Judge Muckle, that learned man of much justice. Colonel Max Hoyett, the aggrieved, made a statement which clearly showed that the assault was unprovoked, and a judge less wise than Muckle might have fined Prof. Bumpus without heeding the statement of the defendant. "Judge," said the professor, "I will make a statement of my case. Then we shall see whether or not my violent actions were inspired by an impulse of the avenging just. I am a professor of psychology, and receive a salary of thirty dollars per month. I rent a small cottage where wife and I live and enjoy ourselves as well as could be expected under the thirty dollar circumstances, but truly did the wise Roman, Metellus Numidicus, say: 'We can not live comfortably with woman and can not live at all without her.' But for one thing, our life would be happy enough to answer all purposes. Every evening Colonel Max Hoyett persists in driving by my house. He has a beautiful turnout. When my wife sees it she becomes envious. Sometimes, while we are sitting among the vines on the porch, taking of tender poets and writers of glowing prose, Colonel Hoyett and wife dash by in their glittering buggy. In a moment all is changed. My wife becomes morose and snappish. 'Yes,' she exclaims, 'that man who runs a bone mill and gathers up spoiled meat for a soap factory can ride out in his fine buggy, but you and I sit here like an unsightly load.' 'My dear, I don't sit like a load. I do not sit with my hands and feet on the floor.' 'Don't you try to make fun of me on thirty dollars a month. You used to say that knowledge is power, and I believed you, but now I know better.' 'I try to be pleasant and reply: 'Oh, knowledge is power, my dear, but of course it is no so powerful as spoiled meat.' 'Well,' she snapped, 'I'd rather have a little less knowledge in my house and a little more meat of some kind. With that,' she flounced away, and during the entire evening we are miserable. After enduring this as long as I thought forbearing virtue demanded I called on Colonel Max Hoyett and explained how I was situated. I told him if he would select some other street it would be a great favor, and, in my opinion, would, in the language of the pulpit, have a great tendency toward redeeming a lost and envious world. He smiled superciliously and said that he would think about it. 'By the way,' he continued, 'I am going to drive out now, and as my wife is not going I can take you home.' I declined, but he insisted. The boy came around with the team, and after he had promised that he would stop when within two blocks of my house and let me get out I consented. Away we went like the wind. 'Hold on, said I, and let me go down.' He pretended as though he were trying to stop, but, confound him, the horse dashed forward and carried me past my house. My wife, who was sweeping the gallery at the time, looked up and saw me. She dropped the broom and I saw that she was in a rage. As soon as I was able to get out I walked back to the house." "Don't you come in here," she exclaimed. "Oh, yes, I can't go out riding, but you can. Knowledge is power, eh?" and she threw a stick of stove-wood at me. Without further argument I sought the Colonel and mauled him. "Your defense is good; your cause is just," said the Judge. "I know what an envious wife is. I once lived in Kentucky. Near me lived a man who owned a fine cow. My wife wanted the animal, and envied the man who owned her. I was poor, and was not able to buy the cow, but my wife would let me see no peace." "What did you do?" asked the professor, after a few moments' silence. "Why, sir, I stole the plucky cow and left the State. Call the next case, Mr. Officer." —Arkansaw Traveler.

Writing a Report.

It is not every hero who can write a readable report of his victory. Caesar's famous announcement: "I came, I saw, I conquered," is as terse as it is impressive. But the Roman, as his "Commentaries" show, could write clearly and forcibly. Commodore Perry paralleled Caesar's comprehensive brevity in his dispatch announcing the victory of Lake Erie, written on the back of an old letter: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." General Taylor, a good soldier but a poor writer, was fortunate in having on his staff an officer who wielded a ready pen. His reports, it used to be said, made Taylor President. Mr. S. Hall tells, in his "Retrospect of a Long Life," two good stories which illustrate the trials of a brave sailor when called upon to report his deeds in writing. At a public dinner some years ago Mr. Hall was seated next to an aged naval officer, who made some remark as to his neither eating nor drinking. On his telling the officer that it was because he was appointed to make a speech during the evening, the latter said that it reminded him of an Admiral with whom he had sailed, and related the following anecdote: "We had fought and taken a French

A Prose Poem.

Softly the moon shed its silvery light upon the evening air. The difference between a goose and the moon is that the goose sheds feathers. This is less romantic, probably, but good goose feathers are worth seventy cents a pound more or less. They stood beneath the silent stars, Arthur and Evangeline; not the goose and the moon. She in the glory of young womanhood, and he in a fifty-dollar suit of clothes. It is astonishing what trust tailors put in manhood. "Oh, Arthur," she sighed, "let us flee from this place; from the wrath of an angry father and the torturing taunts of a mercenary mother." At this season, she should have said "let us musquitto from this place, etc.," but a young woman in love can't tell a flea from a musquitto, and we must not censure too severely. "Ah, Evangeline, would that it were possible!" "But it is possible, Arthur. We can fly beyond the sea, the deep blue sea, which lies between us and happiness, and beneath the sunny skies of Italy in the dolce far niente of that lotus land, we may build about us a beautiful palace, whose foundation shall be love, and whose superstructure shall be the perfection of earthly bliss." The girl had spent all her chewing gum money on ten-cent novels, and all her time playing Pauline in an amateur dramatic club. "Ah, darling, the picture you paint is too lovely for realization," he wailed. Of course he knew she painted. Any fellow can tell that when he gets close to a girl. "Why, love? Oh, Arthur, why?" "Because, dearest," he agonized clear down to the knees of his pants. "I haven't money enough to buy tickets across the briny, and the walking on that road calls for gram shoes, which I am also unable to put up collateral for, during the present depressed condition of trade." "Be trade," she shrieked, and they parted forever. —Mercantile Traveler.

BAYARD ON THE STUMP.

An Excellent Speech by the Delaware Senator.

Senator Bayard to the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Democrats—The Contrast Between Blaine and Cleveland.

In the course of a recent address to the Democrats of Brooklyn, N. Y., Senator Bayard made these telling points:

A FALSE ISSUE. The condition of our country presents for our consideration economic and political problems which demand a wise and reasonable solution at the earliest possible moment.

It is clear to me that if this line of argument is to be followed, it is necessary to create and to foster between the capital and labor of the country, or between different classes and employments of our citizenry, a state of strife and discord.

A MASTER OF PRETEXTION. Now, Mr. Blaine in his famous letter has laid down his position and Mr. Cleveland, you know, is a master of pretextion.

THE CHIEF DEFENSE. On the contrary, I make bold, in direct opposition to the statements and claims of Mr. Blaine, to aver, and call the result of history to my witness, that the tariff is not created by an unjust system of laying tariff taxes.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION. Think for one moment of the class and character of men who have been authorized to represent the Government of the United States to the Southern people.

A POLICY OF INJUSTICE. Fellow countrymen, the war for the supremacy of the Union ended in the complete overthrow of its opponents nearly twenty years ago.

Look at Virginia. O shade of Washington! a sacred tomb at Mount Vernon! Witness there the sacrifice of State obligations, the degradation of every function of State government.

Look at the Cash family in South Carolina—robust and manly and successful, the class who have been painted as the Southern man—ruffian in broadcloth—yet young Cash they are called.

Look at Chalmers in Mississippi, gazetted for years by the Republican press as the murderer of colored troops at Fort Pillow.

Look at the South. There, I arraign at the bar of an honest and patriotic public opinion the men and the party who have devised and continue a policy of injustice and alienation toward nearly every State of this Union.

Well-posted Democrats say that New York State is good for at least 40,000 majority for Cleveland.

REPUBLICAN STEALAGE.

The License Which Politicians Take with the Truth.

Secretary McPherson's Recent Statement Contradicted by History—Some Facts Which Can Not Be Controverted.

McPherson, Secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee, has gotten out a handbook which states that the statistics under the Democratic Administration were greater than under Republican Administrations.

And now, in conclusion, one word as to the candidate. I have referred to Mr. Blaine early as a public man and the public opinion of his action whilst in office is all that I shall criticize.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE. And now I come to the character of the Democratic candidate. If any man has improved to him a corrupt use or intent of public power, I never heard it, nor, I think, have you.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE. This has brought him in sharp and positive conflict with vigorous and able men, and has shown them all to have never held an opinion, recognized by the slightest evidence, upon his own faith, or his personal truth, honor or integrity.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION. The force of Mrs. Lot M. Morrill's sharp denunciation of Mr. Blaine by appeal to the South, is to the brother of the South.

A Morrill Question. The Republicans have tried to break the force of Mrs. Lot M. Morrill's sharp denunciation of Mr. Blaine by appeal to the South.

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POLITICAL ITEMS.

It looks very much now as if Blaine, who has described prohibition as a local issue, would be merely a local issue himself after the 4th of next November.

The New York Herald puts it neatly. It says that the election returns show that Blaine is about 4,000 votes less popular in Maine than R. B. Hayes, the well known hen raiser of Vermont, O.

The Republicans realize the fact that Mrs. Lot M. Morrill's testimony is very damaging and are leaving no stone unturned to break it down.

A wealthy manufacturer recently said that Ohio must and would be carried for the Republicans, if it took all the money in Boston to do it.

The latest Republican consoler is the young lady who has set her wedding "the day after Blaine is elected."

The dispatches say that "in each town in Michigan which General Logan has passed through, the schools have been closed and the day recognized as a holiday."

Mr. Hendricks, during the long period of his retirement from public life, has not been an indifferent or unphilosophical observer of passing events.

He makes no mistake in the accuracy of the impression that old bottles are not fit to hold new wine.

The "Stalwarts" who like Conkling, are out of politics in New York, have not sympathized with the candidacy of Blaine.

The latest defense of Blaine in the railroad matter is the worst of all. It is urged now that he was an innocent man who fell into the hands of the sharpers, Fisher and Caldwell.

"I thought every citizen of this country knew my husband was at rest, I am in mourning for him; but, as much as I mourn his death, I thank my Father in Heaven that He called him before the party he loved so well, and did so much for, had so disgraced itself as to nominate so wicked and corrupt a man for the highest office within the gift of the American people."

Playing With Edge Tools. The man who has given Blaine the most trouble in this campaign is that most intrusive and clear-headed and honorable gentleman, James Mulligan.

The National Democratic Committee make an appeal to the supporters of Cleveland for funds. If one hundred thousand letters in the mail transmitting a dollar each, the sum will but just equal the amount of the check said to have been drawn by Jay Gould and placed at the disposal of Mr. Blaine's confidential managers.

With a lively sense of favors to come Jay Gould can well afford to back Blaine's election with one hundred thousand dollars.

Knowing the circumstances which related to the present, the only way to Mr. Blaine, but not knowing your views on a voter, I write as I think, and remain very truly yours.

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The Revolution in the West.

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Republican intolerance, bad faith, greed and corruption have gradually prepared the way for a great revolution.

The French Revolution was seening the work of a night. The uprising of July 12, 1789, took Paris by surprise.

The pending political revolution in the West has had ample precedent. The Republicans have provoked agricultural labor, while driving railroads over its neck and pampering favored interests.

It is desirable that the wave of political revolution should come from the young and vigorous West.

It will be the most desirable because it will honor on its crest the rugged honesty of the broad prairies.

It will be a victory all the greater and more significant if won by States which are marching on like an army of giants and which have remained faithful to the Republican party as long as it was faithful to itself.

Rosecrans' Charge on Blaine. The following letter from General W. S. Rosecrans to Rev. J. S. Early, based upon an editorial paragraph in a morning paper, explains itself:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 24.—Rev. Dear Father: I have never found much reason to trust a man who openly denies the religion in which he was educated.

The circular states that "nearly they have four United States Senators of whom "was elected by the use of \$100,000 of rent money."

By the goodness of the interest involved, the prominent board take one line one chooses for President a man whose credentials assure every one he is trustworthy.

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Youths' Department.

THE FROGS WHO WISHED A KING.

THE FROGS WHO WISHED A KING. VERIFIED FROM AEPH'S FABLES. Once long, long ago— How long I do not know— A nation of frogs there was—a favored race Who lived away from the shore...

FAITHFULNESS.

Ralph Warner and Joe Curtis were next door neighbors. The doors were not very near, for both lived on farms, and the two houses were the eighth of a mile apart. The farm on which Ralph lived was a large and rich one, but Ralph was not rich. He was only a poor orphan boy, who worked for Mr. Harris, the owner of the farm. Joe Curtis was an orphan, too. The farm on which he worked was owned by Mrs. Douglas, a widow lady. It was a small one, so small that sometimes this boy was all the help she had.

Ralph found Joe bringing in the wood for the next morning. "Joe," he said, "will you ask Mrs. Douglas if you can go to the river with me?"

Joe gave a very ready assent. He assured Mrs. Douglas that the chores were all done, and received her permission to go with Ralph. Knowing something of Joe's habits, Ralph said, just as they reached the gate, "Are you sure the chores are all done?" "Yes, I believe so," was Joe's careless answer. "The barn doors are open. Doesn't Mrs. Douglas expect you to shut them at night?"

"It doesn't make a bit of difference, and she won't see them, for they are out of sight from the house." "I should shut them, if I were in your place," said Ralph; and then, the barn reminding him of eggs, he asked: "Have you brought in the eggs, today?" "No, I forgot to look. But the hens don't lay every day, so Mrs. Douglas won't think anything about it."

"Let's see if we can't find any, before we go to the river," said Ralph. "I like to hunt for eggs." They went, and soon found several. Ralph, not satisfied with this, continued to look around, and soon discovered a nest with ten eggs of which Joe had no knowledge. "Only think! I have found sixteen!" said Ralph, exultingly, after counting them. "Worth looking for, I am sure." Two years passed, and each of the boys went on his own way; Joe neglecting his duties with little or no compunction, if he felt sure his unfaithfulness would not be discovered, and Ralph performing every duty carefully; and, during this time, the difference between the two boys seemed of little account. Ralph seldom got even a word of approbation from Mr. Harris, and Joe usually contrived to escape censure.

At the end of the two years Mr. Harris received a visit from an old friend, who was a very busy man when at home, and it was a great treat to him to spend a whole week in a quiet country farm-house. He was a close observer, and one thing which did not escape his notice was the faithfulness with which Ralph did all his tasks. He spoke of it to Mr. Harris. "Yes, Ralph is a pretty good boy," said Mr. Harris, rather carelessly, as if it were a matter of course. "I wonder if you know how few boys there are as faithful as he is?" was his friend's reply. "I want a good, honest, faithful boy," said a friend to this gentleman, about two weeks after his return home. "Did you chance to find such an article while you were in the country?" The gentleman's thoughts turned at once to Ralph, and he answered: "I did see such a boy. I never saw one more faithful and trustworthy." And then he told him all about Ralph. "Do you think I could get him?" "Very likely you may, if you try." He did try, and the result was that Ralph found an excellent situation, which proved to be the first stepping-stone to a successful career in the business world.

Naming the Baby.

"We must give our boy a courtly name as well as appropriate name, dear," said Mrs. Johnson. "True, love, I have already hit upon a name," replied Mr. Johnson. "We shall name the boy Algernon St. Albans." "But I fancy his mother ought to have a say in the matter, Elijah. I have selected Conrad Harald De Ponsoboy." "I have fully made up my mind, Jane, that I shall name the baby."

"My wishes, then, Elijah Johnson, are to have no consideration paid them whatever?" "Your wishes and mine are not often identical, Jane Johnson." "Perhaps you will submit to an arbitration, then, Mr. Johnson; for I shall not tamely submit to your will in this instance." "I fancy that I will have to be the upshot of it, Mrs. Johnson, because I shall not give in to you this time." "Well, unless you prefer a separation, Johnson, we had better call in our respective relatives and submit the case to them."

"A separation, if you will, woman, but not until after our son has been christened." Then the uncles and aunts, two grandmothers and two grandpas, and various other connections were summoned for the christening. They gathered early so as to have the name all settled on in time for the minister. The two grandpas approved of Mrs. Johnson's beautiful selection. The two grandmas fell in love at once with Mr. Johnson's choice. The uncles and aunts laughed at both propositions, and searched in a body through a "Language of Names" book from beginning to end, only one uncle standing aloof, and he was to act as the infant Johnson's god-father. They were worse off when it was over than when the arbitration began. In the midst of the discussion, and just when Mrs. Johnson was about to appeal to Mr. Johnson's sense of harmony by declaring that the family patronymic ought to have a redeeming adjunct in the shape of the baby's given name, the minister was announced, and the proceedings commenced, with everybody at their wits' end to know what on earth they were going to call the child, except the uncle god-father, who at the proper moment whispered "John" to the clergyman, and thus settled the whole business. "John Johnson," he declared, during the subsequent festivities, "might not suit a fellow like Oscar Wilde, a high-toned, up-and-up handle. But that's my name, and it ought to be good enough for my nephew. My theory is that it don't matter what a man's name is in this world. It's the man that gives glory to the name, not the name that gives the glory to the man, and if you make your way among your fellows, amass wealth or a hieive distinction, you may be Simon Snooks or Lazarus Longway, and not a soul will shake you because it doesn't happen to be Montague Montague or Dilton Delectable."

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson led off with the heartiest applause at Uncle John's little homily. "A Wedding in India. Our readers will be interested in the following account of a wedding in India, written by Mrs. Morrison, of the Ambala mission. When I last wrote to you we had been to a very grand wedding. The father of the bride is Head Master Kirpa Kam of the Sadr mission school in Ambala cantonments. Kirpa Kam lives, however, in the city of Ambala, which is five miles away from the cantonments. He is a Brahmin. His little daughter Dropte was the fair bride. She was united in matrimony to Sri the handy housewife. The bride was with her mother and several female relatives, her father, Kirpa Kam, went to fetch the little bridegroom, who is just ten years of age; and here let me say, the little bride will be ten years old on her next birthday. The bridegroom, with two or three relatives, was seated on an elephant. The howdah was a very fine one: carved wood thickly overlaid with silver, belonging to the King and lent for the occasion. The elephant, with its train, went slowly along through the narrow streets of the city toward the house of the bride. Following in carriages were friends and relatives of the bride and groom. There was such a crush of people on the road that it was dangerous to walk in their midst. What do you think a number of people were carrying? A long piece of cloth fastened to two bamboo sticks, one stick held in each hand. It looked at first as if they were carrying banners in a procession. They turned out to be a sort of net, by which the owners would catch coins thrown by the riders of the elephant broadcast through the crowds. Both roofs and streets were crowded. At first the coins thrown were coppers; as they got nearer to the bride's house, small silver coins were thrown. In the narrow street close to the house there was a terrible crush, because large silver rupees were thrown. At the head of this lane we had to alight from our carriage in order to make our way through the crowd and pass the elephant, to reach the house where the festivities were going on. There was one policeman and several other men making way for us, or we might have been crushed. There was a grand feast of candy that afternoon, and at night the little bride and groom were married. Two or three days after the wedding the father of the bride distributed native sweets to his acquaintances in cantonments. The wedding of Sri Niwas and Dropte has cost a great deal of money—several thousand of rupees. Her husband's family are very rich, and if Sri Niwas lives Dropte will never know want, but have riches and affluence for her lot in life. But if Sri Niwas should die, then—ah, me! for Dropte—she becomes a Hindoo widow, drudge of her husband's family, with no brightness in her life.—Interior.

Seeking Thrifty Wives.

Castle Garden in New York, where immigrants are landed, is visited every day by men who are seeking wives. Some of these men, strange as it may appear, find young women willing to marry them, although in some instances they scarcely know each other's language. "Anybody might suppose that men in this country would not have to seek wives in that way. Everywhere there can hardly hope to get married. They are in such numbers that many of them cannot be ignorant of the reason the men who seek wives do not seek them. Men who go to Castle Garden are not poor men and tramps whom no one wants to marry. They are in nearly every instance well-to-do farmers, who want wives to be of some assistance to them. They have no fancy for the merely ornamental girl. They want a woman who can make bread and perhaps look after the dairy. They therefore do well to seek them among the thrifty people who come from abroad. We raise cooks and dairy maids in this country in very rare instances. There are not enough of the domestic kind to supply wives to all those available people who insist that a wife shall be no deadhead in the family enterprise. American girls make excellent wives in general and are not incapable of intelligent management, but they do not make good servants.—Philadelphia Times.

Charles Reade's Faith. It seems appropriate to recall that on that occasion, as we had done many a time and oft before, we discussed the everlasting problems of life, death, time and eternity. Years ago he appeared to me somewhat agnostic in his views; now he hoped with a child's humility. When I was leaving, after some hours' of earnest conversation, he said: "Well, when all is said and done, when Tyndal and Huxley have demonstrated to their own satisfaction that protoplasm is the beginning, when Darwin has shown that the great gorilla is the middle, and Mill has proved that annihilation is the great end, there yet remains this fact which they can't get over—here can be nothing more wonderful in our going home than our coming here." Therefore, perchance, my son, here are two quotations, both by great authors, Charles Reade and Alexander Pope. The first is this (two lines from your pet poet, John): "There are on earth but two things which never die—Love, which decays not, and Faith, which binds the soul to Heaven." The last is this: "Hope humbly then, on trembling pinions soar; Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore."—John Coleman, in Lippincott's Magazine.

Dr. John G. Kerr, who for thirty years has been director of the Missionary Hospital at Hong Kong, and during that time has had 700,000 patients, is preparing an essay on the deleterious effects of opium on the Chinese. Almost every Chinaman, he says, eats or smokes the drug to his physical, moral and financial detriment. Frugal housekeepers will be interested in knowing that the price of rags has recently advanced one cent a pound. They are now worth saving and sending to a dealer. This advance will of course have an appreciable effect upon the prices of all kinds of paper. Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic. Should be taken by the weak, worn and dyspeptic. Colden's, no other. Boston agricultural editor says that the best way to preserve peaches is to keep a ball dog in the orchard. AMERICAN WOMEN are said to be the most clever, active and energetic to be found; and to be rich in saving and sending to a dealer. This advance will of course have an appreciable effect upon the prices of all kinds of paper.

THE GENERAL MARKETS. KANSAS CITY, October 9, 1884. CATTLE—Shipping Steers... 3 15 @ 3 20 Native Hogs... 2 20 @ 2 25 Native Cows... 1 50 @ 1 55 HOGS—Good to choice heavy... 4 25 @ 4 30 Light... 4 10 @ 4 15 WHEAT—No. 1... 50 @ 51 No. 2... 49 @ 50 No. 3... 48 @ 49 CORN—No. 2 mixed... 31 @ 32 OATS—No. 2... 24 @ 25 RYE—No. 2... 41 @ 42 FLOUR—Fancy, per sack... 1 00 @ 1 05 HAY—Timothy, bright... 8 00 @ 9 00 BUTTER—Choice creamery... 28 @ 30 CHEESE—Kansas, new... 19 @ 20 EGGS—No. 1... 13 @ 14 LARD—Shoulders... 8 10 @ 8 15 Sides... 8 10 @ 8 15 POTATOES—Per bushel... 30 @ 35 ST. LOUIS. CATTLE—Shipping Steers... 5 85 @ 6 20 Butcher Steers... 4 50 @ 5 00 HOGS—Good to choice... 4 15 @ 4 20 SHEEP—Fair to choice... 3 25 @ 3 35 WHEAT—No. 1... 50 @ 51 No. 2... 49 @ 50 No. 3... 48 @ 49 CORN—No. 2 mixed... 31 @ 32 OATS—No. 2... 24 @ 25 RYE—No. 2... 41 @ 42 FLOUR—Fancy, per sack... 1 00 @ 1 05 HAY—Timothy, bright... 8 00 @ 9 00 BUTTER—Choice creamery... 28 @ 30 CHEESE—Kansas, new... 19 @ 20 EGGS—No. 1... 13 @ 14 LARD—Shoulders... 8 10 @ 8 15 Sides... 8 10 @ 8 15 POTATOES—Per bushel... 30 @ 35 NEW YORK. CATTLE—Good shipping... 6 70 @ 7 00 HOGS—Good to choice... 5 40 @ 5 75 SHEEP—Fair to choice... 4 30 @ 4 65 FLOUR—Common to choice... 4 25 @ 5 20 WHEAT—No. 2 red... 79 @ 79 1/2 No. 2... 78 @ 78 1/2 No. 3... 77 @ 77 1/2 CORN—No. 2... 57 @ 58 OATS—No. 2... 43 @ 45 RYE—New Mess... 16 25 @ 16 50 COTTON—Good shipping... 6 00 @ 6 00 HOGS—Good to choice... 5 20 @ 5 65 COTTON—Middling... 16 @ 16 1/2 WHEAT—No. 2 red... 87 1/2 @ 88 CORN—No. 2... 63 @ 64 OATS—No. 2... 43 1/2 @ 44 PORK—Standard Mess... 17 50 @ 17 75

Mrs. HARRIET CUMMINGS, of Cincinnati, O., writes: "Early last winter my daughter was attacked with a severe cold, which settled on her lungs. She continued to get worse, and finally raised blood from her lungs. We called in a family physician, but he failed to do her good. A friend, who had been cured by Dr. Wm. HALL'S BALM FOR THE LUNGS, advised me to give it a trial. She began to improve, and by the use of three bottles was entirely cured."

JACOBS OIL. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, and All Other BODILY PAINS and ACCIDENTS. THE KANSAS CITY PAPER CO. Have recently added a Bag and Paper stock department, and will hereafter pay the market price for all shipments in this line.

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