

YOUTH AND AGE.

Turn back, oh, dial-plate of time,
Spare to my looks the hue of jet;
With youth my glowing fancy rhyme—
For age I am not ready yet.

The wrinkled gray beard, passing by,
Was he my schoolmate long ago?
Some hint like that flashed through his eye,
And yet I hold it is not so.

What means the traitorous almanac?
Who heeds the tale its pages tell?
I feel of youth I nothing lack,
In May's eternal realm I dwell.

Are not these flowers and fields as fair
As those in far-off days I knew?
To-day I fervently declare
I never saw a sky more blue!

Here's Maud, who wears the dainty rose
Of sixteen summers on her cheek;
Stop not the gray beard—well he knows
'Tis but with her I care to speak.

Since naught of nature's charm has fled,
And on Maud's lips my lips have pressed,
There must be youth and joy ahead—
How can you ask a lover's test?

Thrilled by the rapture of her smile,
Why should I mind the almanac?
Let age conceal his frost-white hair—
Ask Time to turn his dial back.

—Joel Benton, in Leslie's Weekly.



Waring's Peril. CAPT. CHARLES KING, U.S. ARMY.

VII.—CONTINUED.

Quietly rising from his seat, the official who so recently had had the verbal tilt with Cram held forth a rusty, cross-hilted, two-edged knife that looked as though it might have lain in the mud and wet for hours.

"Have you ever seen this knife before?" he asked. And Doyle, lifting up his eyes one instant, groaned, shuddered, and said:

"Oh, my God, yes!"

"Whose property is it or was it?"

"At first he would not reply. He mumbled and shook. At last:

"Sure, the initials are on the top," he cried.

But the official was relentless.

"Tell us what they are and what they represent."

People were crowding the hallway and forcing themselves into the room. Cram and Ferry, curiously watching their ill-starred comrade, had exchanged glances of dismay when the knife was so suddenly produced. Now they bent breathlessly forward.

The silence for the moment was oppressive.

"If it's the knife I mean," he sobbed at last, desperately, miserably, "the letters are S. B. W., and it belongs to Lieut. Waring of our battery."

But no questioning, however adroit, could elicit from him the faintest information as to how it got there. The last time he remembered seeing it, he said, was on Mr. Waring's table the morning of the review. A detective testified to having found it among the bushes under the window as the water receded. Ferry and the miserable Ananias were called, and they, too, had to identify the knife, and admit that neither had seen it about the room since Mr. Waring left for town. Of other witnesses called, came first the proprietor of the stable to which the cab belonged. Horse and cab, he said, covered with mud, were found under a shed two blocks below the French market, and the only thing in the cab was a handsome silk umbrella, London make, which Lieut. Pierce laid claim to. Mrs. Doyle swore that as she was going in search of her husband she met the cab just below the Pelican, driving furiously away, and that in the flash of lightning she recognized the driver as the man whom Lieut. Waring had beaten that morning on the levee in front of her place. A stranger was seated beside him. There were two gentlemen inside, but she saw the face of only one—Lieut. Waring.

Nobody else could throw any light on the matter. The doctor, recalled, declared the knife or dagger was shaped exactly as would have to be the one that gave the death blow. Everything pointed to the fact that there had been a struggle, a deadly encounter, and that after the fatal work was done the murderer or murderers had left the doors locked and barred and escaped through the window, leaving the desk rifled and carrying away what money there was, possibly to convey the idea that it was only a vulgar murder and robbery after all.

Of other persons who might throw light upon the tragedy the following were missing: Lieut. Waring, Private Dawson, the cabman, and the unrecognized stranger. So, too, was Anatole's boat.

VIII.

When four days and nights had passed away without a word or sign from Waring, the garrison had come to the conclusion that those officers or men of Battery "X" who still believed him innocent were idiots. So did the civil authorities; but those were days when the civil authorities of Louisiana commanded less respect from its educated people than did even the military. The police force, like the state, were undergoing a process called reconstruction, which might have been impressive in theory, but was ridiculous in practice. A reward had been offered by business associates of the deceased for the capture and conviction of the assassin. A distant relative of old Lascelles had come to take charge of the place until Mr. Phil-type should arrive. The latter's address had been found among old Armand's papers, and dispatches, via Havana, had been sent to him; also letters. Pierre d'Hervilly had taken the weeping widow and little Nin Nin to bonne maman's to stay. Alphonse and his woolly-pated mother, true to negro superstitions, had decamped. Nothing would induce them to remain under the roof where foul murder had been done. "De habants" was what they were afraid of. And so the old white homestead, though surrounded on every side

by curiosity seekers and prying eyes, was practically deserted. Cram went about his duties with a heavy heart and light aid. Ferry and Pierce both commanded section snow, as Doyle remained in close arrest and "Pills the Less" in close attendance. Something was utterly wrong with the fellow. Mrs. Doyle had not again ventured to show her red nose within the limits of the "barx," as she called them, a hint from Braxton having proved sufficient; but that she was ever scouting the pickets no one could doubt. Morn, noon and night she prowled about the neighborhood, employing the "byses," so she termed such stray sheep in army blue as a drop of Anatole's best would tempt, to carry scolding notes to Jim, one of which, falling with its postman by the wayside and turned over by the guard to Capt. Cram for transmittal, was addressed to Mister Loo't. James Doyle, Lieut. Bothery X. Jason Barx, and brought the only laughter to his lips the big horse artilleryman had known for nearly a week. Her customary Mercury, Dawson, had vanished from sight, dropped, with many another and often a better man, as a deserter.

Over at Waring's abandoned quarters the shades were drawn and the green jealousies bolted. Pierce stole in each day to see that everything, even to the augmented heap of letters, was undisturbed, and Ananias drooped in the court below and refused to be comforted. Cram had duly notified Waring's relatives, now living in New York, of his strange and sudden disappearance, but made no mention of the cloud of suspicion which had surrounded his name. Meantime, some legal friends of the family were overhauling the Lascelles papers, and a dark-complexioned, thick-set, active little civilian was making frequent trips between the department headquarters and barracks. At the former he compared notes with Lieut. Reynolds, and at the latter with Braxton and Cram. The last interview Mr. Allerton had before leaving with his family for the north was with this same lively party, the detective who joined them that night at the St. Charles, and Allerton, being a man of much substance, had tapped his pocketbook significantly.

"The difficulty just now is in having a talk with the widow," said this official to Cram and Reynolds, whom he had met by appointment on the Thursday following the eventful Saturday

modified revelry by night, and poker and whisky punch had gathered their devotees in the grimy parlors of Mr. Finkbein, and here the belated ones tarried until long after midnight, as most of them were bachelors and had no better halves, as had Doyle, to fetch them home "out of the wet." Cram and his lieutenants, with the exception of Doyle, were never known to patronize this establishment, whatsoever they might do outside. They had separated before midnight, and little Ferry, after his customary peep into Waring's preserves, had closed the door, gone to his own room to bed and to sleep. Ferry, as battery officer of the day, had made the rounds of the stables and gun shed about one o'clock, and had encountered Capt. Kinsey, of the infantry, coming in from his long tramp through the dew-wet field, returning from the inspection of the sentry-post at the big magazine.

"No news of poor Sam yet, I suppose," said Kinsey, sadly, as the two came strolling in together through the rear gate.

"Nothing whatever," was Ferry's answer. "We cannot even form a conjecture, unless he, too, has been murdered. Think of there being a warrant out for his arrest—for him, Sam Waring!"

"Well," said Kinsey, "no other conclusion could be well arrived at, unless that poor brute Doyle did it in a drunken roar. Pills says he never saw a man so terror-stricken as he seems to be. He's afraid to leave him, really, and Doyle's afraid to be alone—thinks the old woman may get in."

"She has no excuse for coming, captain," said Ferry. "When she told Cram she must see her husband to-day, that she was out of money and starving, the captain surprised her by handing her fifty dollars, which is much more than she'd have got from Doyle. She took it, of course, but that isn't what she wanted. She wants to get at him. She has money enough."

"Yes, that woman's a terror, Ferry. Old Mrs. Murtagh, wife of my quartermaster sergeant, has been in the army twenty years, and says she knew her people before the war, and she appealed to him, first for sympathy and help, then charity, then blackmail, I reckon, from which his fever saved him. Then she struck some quartermaster or other and lived off him for awhile; drifted over here, and no sooner did he arrive, all ignorant of her presence in or around New Orleans, than she began pestering him again. When he turned a deaf ear, she probably threatened, and then came these anonymous missives to you and Braxton. Yours always came by mail, you say. The odd thing about the colonel's—this one, at least—is that it was with his mail, but never came through the post office."

"That's all very interesting," said the little civilian, dryly, "but what we

want is evidence to acquit him and convict somebody else of Lascelles' death. What has this to do with the other?"

"This much: This letter came to Braxton by hand, not by mail—by hand, probably direct from her. What hand had access to the office the day when the whole command was out at review? Certainly no outsider. The mail is opened and distributed on its arrival at nine o'clock by the chief clerk, or by the sergeant major, if he happens to be there, though he's generally at guard mount. On this occasion he was out at review. Leary, chief clerk, tells Col. Braxton he opened and distributed the mail, putting the colonel's on his desk; Root was with him and helped. The third clerk came in later; had been out all night, drinking. His name is Dawson. Dawson goes out again and gets fuller, and when next brought home is put in hospital under a sentry. Then he hears of the murder, bolts, and isn't heard from since, except as the man who helped Mrs. Doyle to get her husband home. He is the fellow who brought that note. He knew something of its contents, for the murder terrified him, and he ran away. Find his trail, and you strike that of the woman who wrote these."

"By the Lord, lieutenant, if you'll quit the army and take my place you'll make a name and a fortune."

"And if you'll quit your place and take mine you'll get your coup de grace in some picaque Indian fight and be forgotten. So stay where you are; but find Dawson, find her, find what they know, and you'll be famous."

IX.

That night, or very early next morning, there was pandemonium at the barracks. It was clear, still, beautiful. A soft April wind was drifting up from the lower coast, laden with the perfume of sweet olive and orange blossoms. Mrs. Cram, with one or two lady friends and a party of officers, had been chatting in low tone upon their gallery until after eleven, but elsewhere about the moonlit quadrangle all was silence when the second relief was posted. Far at the rear of the walled inclosure, where, in deference to the manners and customs of war as observed in the good old days whereof our seniors tell, the sutler's establishment was planted within easy halting distance of the guard-house, there was still the sound of



"HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THIS KNIFE BEFORE?"

my sentries or rides the air on a broomstick, like some other old witches I've read of. Ferry sleeps in the adjoining room, anyhow, so he can look out for her. Good night, Doc." And so, on they went, glancing upward at the dim light just showing through the window-blinds in the gable end of Doyle's quarters, and halting at the foot of the stairs.

"Come over and have a pipe with me, Ferry," said the captain. "It's too beautiful a night to turn in. I want to talk to you about Waring, anyhow. This thing weighs on my mind."

"Done with you, for an hour anyhow," said Ferry. "Just wait a minute till I run up and get my baccy."

Presently down came the young fellow again, meerschaum in hand, the moonlight glinting on his slender figure, so trim and jaunty in the battery dress. Kinsey looked him over with a smile of soldierly approval and a whimsical comment on the contrast between the appearance of this young artillery sprig and that of his own stout personality, clad as he was in a bulging blue flannel sack coat, only distinguishable in cut and style from civilian garb by its having brass buttons and a pair of tarnished old shoulder straps. Ferry was a swell. His shell jacket fitted like wax. The Russian shoulder knots of twisted gold were of the handsomest make. The riding breeches, top boots and spurs were such that even Waring could not criticize. His saber gleamed in the moonbeams, and Kinsey's old leather-covered sword looked dingy by contrast. His belt fitted trim and taut, and was polished as his boot-tops; Kinsey's sank down over the left hip, and was worn brown. The sash Ferry sported as battery officer of the day was draped, West Point fashion, over the shoulder and around the waist, and accurately knotted and looped; Kinsey's old war-worn crimson net was slung higgledy-piggledy over his broad chest.

THE FARMING WORLD.

SEED AND SOWING.

Laws That Must Be Observed If Success Is Desired.

There are certain laws in nature we must comply with if we would succeed, and as she is a most excellent teacher it is well to observe them. That seed which is kept moist with a slight covering of leaves or other material, in its season will germinate. When the time for planting arrives, if sown in the open ground, prepare your bed in the best possible manner, dig deep and make your ground as friable as possible. Sow your seed, packing the ground gently, to retain moisture, with a light roller, or in the absence of a roller use a board. If seed is sown in boxes the ground must be equally fine and friable, and with very small seeds it is best to level off the ground, sowing the seed on top and covering the soil with several thicknesses of some thin light white cloth. Never use colored material. In watering let it soak through the cloth.

When the seeds germinate well, say half or three-quarters of an inch, remove the cloth; after the tender plants have straightened up fill in with very fine ground or sand to keep them from falling over or dampening off; bring them gradually to the strong rays of the sun.

I have had more failures by planting too deep than too shallow. Never bury your seed so deep that the warmth of the sun cannot strike it. Large seeds can be planted much deeper than small. Corn can be planted two or three inches deep; if six inches it may never come through, unless in a sandy soil. Plant pansy or celery seed two or three inches deep, and a failure is evident. Seed properly cared for will retain its germinating power much longer than most people think; keeping it where it will mold or turn musty will destroy its vitality; keeping it too warm and dry will absorb its oily matter, or if it becomes rancid it will be feeble and sickly. Always sow the best, using proper care, and you can look forward to good results. Guess work is chance work, and failure the general result. Parents should teach their children the careful seeds, planting and nursing of the tender plants; the lessons taught will go with them through life, making them careful, watchful, observing and patient.—W. B. K. Johnson, in American Gardening.

SALTING THE BUTTER.

Interesting Experiments Conducted by a Wisconsin Expert.

F. C. Curtiss, of Wisconsin, gives his ideas of salting butter in this way: "I assume that it is generally considered that butter absorbs salt, which it does not. In proof thereof I will state that some two months ago I worked up a pound of butter into a solid ball with out salt. This butter has been kept immersed in strong brine until the present time, when I find on cutting it open no trace of salt, except near the outer surface of the ball. Salt properly exists in butter only as dissolved in the water remaining in butter; if found in the butter in an undissolved state objection is made by any good judge of butter. From this reasoning it will be seen that the amount of salt in butter depends somewhat upon the amount of water in the butter when the salt is added. Let us suppose we have a quantity of drained granulated butter with twenty-six per cent. of water in it. Our object is to salt only half the water, but that is an impossibility; we must salt all the water in the butter. Hence, if we are required to have one ounce to the pound in the finished product, twice as much salt must be taken, for half of it will come out in exuded brine. There is no danger in getting in too much salt provided no more salt is put in than will dissolve. Sometimes twenty pounds of butter after salting in the granular state will exude three or four quarts on revolving the churn and working into a mass, and sometimes more than one pint. The difference is undoubtedly in the fineness or coarseness of the granules when the salt is added."

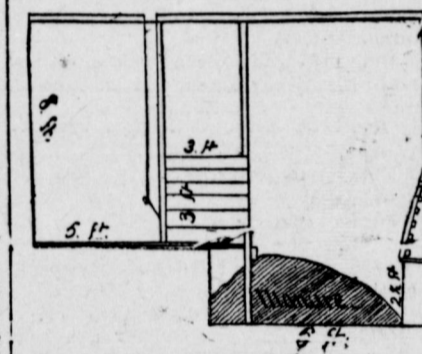


FIG. 2.—CROSS SECTION OF COW STALL.

space eight inches wide immediately back of the cow's hind feet for the manure to drop through; this space has a door, simply a board eight inches wide, which is hinged on the side farthest from the cow, and let down when the cows go in or out, and then raised and kept up for the manure to drop through, while the cows are in the stable. This space must be regulated to each pair of cows, which is easily done by using more or less of the three-inch strips next to the solid floor. The cows stand with their hind feet and their back parts over the grating. The manure pit extends partly under the cows, and will hold more than a month's manure. The cows are held by stanchions built in front of the stalls.—American Agriculturist.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

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GRAFTS made with the upper cut of the root will give a smaller per cent. of poor trees.

SCISSORS for grafting may be cut at any time now when the temperature is above freezing.

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By tramping down the snow around the stems of the trees girdling by mice may be prevented.

A good coat of whitewash with a few handfuls of wood ashes stirred in it is a good remedy for bark lice.

GRAPE vines should always be pruned in mild weather during the winter in order to avoid bleeding in the spring.

PLANTS do not receive all their food through the roots, but take a considerable portion of it from the air through the leaves.

FOR their fruit and other attractions one or more mulberry trees should find a place on every farm. They thrive best on deep, rich, well-drained land.

IN arranging an orchard it is a good plan to plant the apple and cherry trees on the outside of the fruit garden, especially towards the prevailing winds as a protection to the more delicate kinds.—St. Louis Republic.

The Dairyman and His Cows.

Dairying is now a business which has to be conducted on the same principles with other kinds of business where sharp competition prevails. No manufacturer would think of competing with one who had improved implements, while his own were the old, ineffective sort. A cow is to the dairyman what his machinery is to the manufacturer. She is the means whereby he changes raw material of grass, silage, roots and grains into milk, butter and cheese products. If there were a certainty that the poor cow's milk could be sold or made into butter or cheese at a profit, the farmer might disregard the advice to change his milk and butter-producing machines for better ones. In these days the improvement of the herd has become a necessity. While at first the number of first-class cows was too small to affect the market, it has done so now. The man who will not improve his stock must go out of business.—Colman's Rural World.

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Fodder Cutters and Poultry.

Some fodder cutters will reduce hay and fodder to very short lengths. In fact, we have had them to cut as short as one-fourth of an inch. If good hay, corn fodder or any kind of provender is cut to half-inch lengths the hens will pick over the cut food and find quite an amount of palatable portions, and they will eat it dry, but the better plan is to scald the mess and sprinkle meal over it. A pound of clover hay will offer the most suitable and economical ration that can be provided a quite large flock in winter, excepting meat and bone, as it is not only nutritious and assists in making a variety, but also enables the hens to secure bulky food, which is very necessary to thrift and egg production.—Farm and Fireside.

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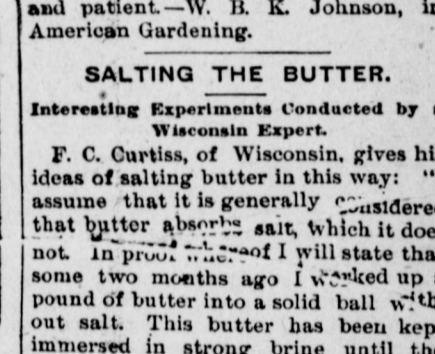


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The Chase County Journal

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANS. THURSDAY, FEB. 1, 1894.

W. E. TIMMONS, Ed. and Prop.

No fear shall we, no fear shall we; For six months, \$1.00 cash in advance.

We must insist on having the names of correspondents not for publication, but as a guarantee of their good faith.

Terms—Yearly, \$1.00 cash in advance; after three months, \$1.50; after six months, \$2.00; for six months, \$1.00 cash in advance.

TIME TABLE. EAST. N.Y. & N.E. COAST. CHAS. CO. R.R. CADAR GROVE. 11:01 AM 12:09 PM 10:13 PM

EAST. PAS. FR. MIXED Hymers 12:15 PM 4:50 PM Evans 12:21 PM 7:15 PM Strong City 12:45 PM 7:30 PM

CLOSING OUT TO QUIT BUSINESS. Nothing like it before and nothing like it will come after.

All goods going at Manufacturers cost, some less. Men's hats at a little more than half price.

Men's shoes that were \$2.00, now only \$1.00 per pair. Children's shoes that were \$1.25, now only 85c.

RIPAN'S TABLETS. REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

Isaac Silver, of Wonevau, is in town. District Court convenes next week. Cold and cloudy weather, yesterday.

S. A. Breese went to Kansas City, yesterday. Tomorrow, February 2, will be Candlemas day.

Pearl Birkshire, of Elmdale, is visiting at Manhattan. Miss Frankie Watson is now visiting at Kansas City.

Mrs. W. R. Patton, of Elmdale, is visiting at Emporia. Willie Harris, of Elmdale, is slowly recovering from typhoid fever.

S. T. Slabaugh, of Wonevau, was in town, the fore part of the week. First-class room and board at the Hinkle House at \$3.50 per week.

Judge J. J. Buck, of Emporia, was in town, yesterday, on law business. Revival meetings are still being held at the Cedar Point M. E. church.

Mr. McDowell, of Thurman, was out of town on business all last week. Mrs. Belle Demorest was at Emporia, the fore part of the week, on a visit.

THE COURANT ACKNOWLEDGES A PLEASANT CALL ON SATURDAY LAST.

Mr. R. U. Whitted, foreman of the Topeka Daily Press, one of our most highly prized exchanges.

The next lecture for the benefit of the High school library will be delivered on February 9 by Prof. Olin, of the State Agricultural College.

Married, at the residence of John Doering, in this city, on Tuesday evening, January 30, 1894, Mr. O. O. Shimpff, of Emporia, Miss Zettie Ellis, both of Birley, Chase county, Kansas.

There will be preaching in the M. E. church, in this place, every evening, commencing at 7:30, until further notice. All are invited to attend.

Wm. Hotchkiss, of Buck creek, has bought of C. C. Dennison, of Council Grove, the three-year-old filly Kate Medium, sired by Riley Medium, the fastest pacer in the United States.

Judge J. M. Rose returned, last night, from Decatur, Ill., where he had been with Mrs. Rose for her health. He left her in the Walston Sanitarium, and says she was feeling very well when he left there.

We don't sell a Ton of Osage Shaft Coal for \$3.10, neither does Kerr, but we have and do sell more coal for the same money than any one in town.

Mrs. Frank Byram, of Cedar Point, gave a party, Thursday last, in honor of the birthday anniversary of Miss Pressnell.

STRONG CITY ITEMS.

J. I. Hey visited home folks this week. Fireman's hall at the opera house to-morrow (Friday) night.

Mrs. Foley and daughter Kate left this morning for their home in Parsons. Mrs. Jas. O'Byrne received a severe shock this morning by accidentally falling.

W. A. Doyle was in Kansas City this week purchasing a large stock of boots and shoes. Dr. Dary reports a bouncing boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Boylan, born Tuesday morning, January 29, 1894.

Wm. McMurphy, a former resident of this city, but now of Pueblo, is visiting old friends and relatives here this week.

B. Lantry & Sons are making some improvements in their office. Mr. Goudie doing the carpenter work, while Mr. Livingston, of Emporia, manipulates the paint brush.

Mrs. Jordan, who was on her way to her home in Leavenworth, from a visit with her son in Texas, stopped off here last week for a few days' visit with her daughter, Mrs. H. E. Lantry.

Mr. and Mrs. R. U. Whitted, of Topeka, were visiting Saturday last with the family of David Rettiger. Mr. Whitted was the original founder of the Daily Press, of Topeka, and has held the position of foreman since 1885.

Capt. B. Lantry is in receipt of a letter from the division superintendent of the Santa Fe conveying the good news that the division headquarters of the C. & W. Ry are to be moved back to Strong City from Emporia to-morrow.

OLD SETTLERS' CELEBRATION.

The members of the Old Settlers' League of Chase county met at the office of S. A. Breese last Saturday.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. S. Doolittle. Vice President, F. V. Alford. Secretary, Matt. McDonald.

The following committees were appointed: On Program, Dennis Madden, P. B. McCabe, Matt. McDonald, C. C. Smith, J. W. McWilliams, N. B. Scribner, E. C. Holmes, P. C. Jeffrey, W. H. Shaft, Jr., W. H. Holsinger, Arch Miller.

RECEPTION: J. M. Tuttle, Lot Leonard, J. L. Crawford, Jr., F. J. Cochran, J. W. McWilliams, Mrs. E. W. Pinkston, Mrs. W. W. Rockwood, Mrs. E. A. Kinne, Mrs. W. A. Morgan.

DEATH OF MRS. JAMES W. RANK. Ella M. Rank, eldest daughter of Wm. M. Rank and Arminda B. Rich, was born in Chester, Eaton county, Michigan, December 9th, 1836.

She was brought to Clemens, Kansas, to the home of her parents, and where her two sisters reside, and where deceased resided for six years previous to moving to El Dorado.

BURNS CELEBRATION. According to programme, the 135th anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, Scotland's illustrious poet, was celebrated in Music Hall, this city, last Friday evening.

TIN WEDDING. Last Tuesday evening the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. John Doering, of this city, was made the scene of a most enjoyable entertainment.

AN OPEN CONFESSION IS GOOD FOR THE SOUL.

When a man feels that he has told a lie, or has been dishonest, he is willing to make a guarantee that he will not do so again.

A guarantee made by an irresponsible party is of no effect. Kerr don't say what others do or cannot do, but sells the best Osage Shaft Coal at \$3.10 per Ton of 2000 pounds.

FOR SALE. A blacksmith shop—stone building, 22x52 feet, two fires, with tools, also residence with three lots, good well, stone barn on premises, about 120 grape vines, will be sold cheap.

Treasurer's Quarterly Report. Statement of amount on hand in the Treasury of Chase county, Kansas, for the quarter ending January 22nd, 1894.

Balance. State fund 49 57 County fund 22164 78 Reddington fund 243 95

THE RIFLE. A vine growing from seed that will cover a fence in no time, a rampant grower, and then it is a beautiful vine with its huge leaves, dark prickly stems and immense rose-colored flowers from three to four inches across.

Total am t on hand 22763 85 Balance in bank 12511 85 Cash 10241 00

Chase County, I, David Griffith, Treasurer of said County, being duly sworn, say that the above foregoing shows the amount of money in the Treasury of said county, and that the same is correctly appropriated as I verily believe.

A NEW ENGLAND MIRACLE

A Railroad Engineer Relates His Experience.

The Wonderful Story Told by Fred C. Vose and His Mother-in-Law to a Reporter of the Boston Herald—Both Are Restored After Years of Agony.

[From the Boston Herald.]

The vast health-giving results already attributed by the newspapers throughout this country and Canada to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have been recently supplemented by the cases of two confirmed invalids in one household in a New England town.

To the Herald reporter who was sent to investigate his remarkable cure Mr. Vose said: "I am 37 years old, and have been railroad engineer for 15 years.

Since boyhood I have been troubled with a weak stomach. For the past 7 years I have suffered terribly and constantly. My stomach would not retain food; my head ached constantly and was so dizzy I could scarcely stand; my eyes were blurred; I had a bad heartburn and my breath was offensive. I had physicians, but they failed to help me.

My appetite gave out, and four years ago I developed palpitation of the heart, which seriously affected my breathing. Had terrible pains in my back and had to make water many times a day. I finally developed rheumatic signs and couldn't sleep nights. If I lay down my heart would go pit-a-pat at a great rate, and many nights I did not close my eyes at all.

I was broken down in body and discouraged in spirit, when some time in February last I got a couple of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had finished the first box I noticed that the palpitation of my heart, which had bothered me so that I couldn't breathe at times, began to improve.

I saw that in going to my home on the hill from the depot, which was previously an awful task, my heart did not beat so wildly and I had more breath when I reached the house. After the second and third boxes I grew better in every other respect.

My stomach became stronger, the gas belching was not so bad, my appetite and digestion improved, and my sleep became nearly natural and undisturbed.

I have continued taking the pills three times a day ever since last March, and to-day I am feeling better than at any time during the last eight years. I can confidently and conscientiously say that they have done me more good, and their good effects are more permanent than any medicine I have ever taken.

My rheumatic pains in legs and hands are all gone. The pains in the small of my back, which were so bad at times that I couldn't stand up straight, have nearly all vanished, and I find my kidneys are well regulated by them.

This is an effect not claimed for the pills in the circular, but in my case they brought it about. I am feeling 100 per cent. better in every shape and manner.

The reporter next saw Mrs. Holt, who said: "I am 47 years old, and for 14 years past I have had an intermittent heart trouble. Three years ago I had nervous prostration, by which my heart trouble was increased, and I had to bed down most of the time.

My stomach also gave out, and I had continual and intense pain from the back of my neck to the end of my backbone. In 14 weeks I spent \$300 for doctors and medicines, but my health continued so miserable that I gave up doctoring in despair. I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last winter, and in a few days I felt much better. I have taken the pills since February, with the result of stopping entirely the pain in the spine and in the region of the stomach. My stomach is again normal, and the palpitation of the heart has troubled me but three times since I commenced the pills.

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves.

They are a specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville, Ont.

THE CHANGEABLE OHIO.

A River Which Assumes Many Phases in a Day.

To the artist, the silvery, shrunken Ohio, winding feebly between green and everlasting hills, is a charming, spectacle worthy of transfer to canvas and subsequent hanging in a favored place in the home of a purchaser.

FARM AND GARDEN.

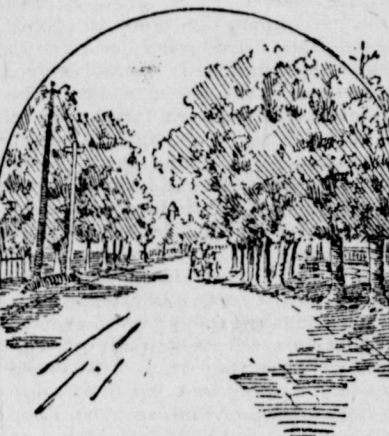
A SENSIBLE OFFER.

How a Missouri Farmer Proposes to Secure Good Roads.

Hon. John Walker, of Howard county, Mo., ventilates a plan which has the merit of originality and probable feasibility also. Mr. Walker says:

"I will give \$1 per acre on every acre of land I own toward the building of a gravel road from Rocheport to Jackman's mill. My farm consists of 450 acres—hence I will take stock in said road to the amount of \$450. I will also give the same amount for a gravel road from Rocheport to Ashland church or from the church to Fayette.

"If we could get the farmers once interested in such an enterprise, it would be but a few years until we could have the best roads in the west. The building of these roads can be accomplished with less cost in the long run than the present system of road working is now costing the farmer. It must also be remembered that each individual who pays in as much as \$100 becomes a



A ROAD NEAR CHICAGO. (Driving on such a highway makes life worth living.)

stockholder in the road. In fact, stock can be issued at \$100 a share, and I will venture the assertion that this money will return a larger dividend than in any other way invested."

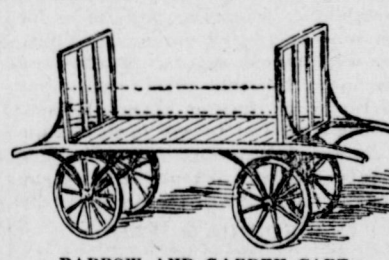
This has the right ring. It hits the nail squarely on the head and shows that Mr. Walker knows what he is talking about. Next to railroads, substantial and lasting public highways are worth more to a country, including both the farmers and the townsmen, than any other single investment that could be made.

GARDEN CONVENIENCE.

How to Construct a Combined Barrow and Garden Cart.

The illustration represents a home-made garden convenience that has a variety of uses. It can be used as a plain barrow, either end being fitted for such use, as the wheels are placed well inside the position of the uprights, thus throwing the weight of the load upon the wheels, rather than upon the handles.

To make of this an inclosed barrow or cart, one may fit thin boards to the uprights at the ends, and also fit light strips to the sides in the position of the dotted lines. These strips can be attached in a moment by driving iron staples in the outside of the outer uprights, left projecting far enough to pass through slots in the strips, which



BARROW AND GARDEN CART.

are held securely in place by wooden pins or keys, slipped through the projecting staples. The lower strip on either side can be hinged to the framework if desired, to be folded down out of the way when such side pieces are not desired. Round iron is used for braces and for the attachment of the wheels. The latter should have wide rims, and may often be found in sets in the heaps of old iron, broken machines, etc., to be seen about machine shops, foundries and shops where iron implements are sold.

The Secret of Success.

The most important secret in successful fruit-growing is this: The trees should be fed with as much liberality and care as the best of all the crops grown in the fields. The demands of the tree are not only for the fruit, but for itself, the increased growth of it taking from the land each year quite as much of the fertility of the soil as a crop of wheat or corn.

In selecting the sire you will breed to next season, bear in mind that many prominent breeders of long experience claim that the grandparents show more direct influence on the foal than the parents.

Trace the Parents' Breeding.

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THE FINANCIAL SIDE.

How Col. Albert A. Pope Would Raise Funds for Good Roads.

During the past year thousands of articles on the subject of the betterment of the highways have appeared in the newspapers of the country. The great value and importance of good roads no intelligent person questions, but how to raise money to obtain them is a difficult problem about which opinions widely differ.

I beg leave to suggest in your columns a plan which I believe to be the least burdensome and the most effectual and equitable for providing good roads. Let each state establish a graduated succession tax on legacies and inheritances. Such a tax might be arranged as follows: On all estates valued at \$10,000 up to \$1,000,000, 1 per cent; on estates over \$1,000,000 and up to \$5,000,000, 1 per cent on the first \$1,000,000, 2 per cent on the remainder; on estates of over \$5,000,000 up to \$10,000,000, 1 per cent on the first \$1,000,000, 2 per cent on the next \$1,000,000, 3 per cent on the next \$1,000,000, 4 per cent on the next \$1,000,000, 5 per cent on the remainder.

For example on an estate valued at \$20,000,000 the tax would be as follows: \$1,000,000, 1 per cent, \$10,000; \$1,000,000, 2 per cent, \$20,000; \$1,000,000, 3 per cent, \$30,000; \$1,000,000, 4 per cent, \$40,000; \$1,000,000, 5 per cent, \$50,000; \$18,000,000, 1 per cent, \$180,000.

John Stuart Mill expresses the views held by the ablest students of social science when he says: "Inheritances and legacies exceeding a certain amount are highly proper subjects for taxation, and the revenue from these should be made as great as it can be made without giving rise to evasions by donation during life, or concealment of property, such as it would be impossible adequately to check. The principle of graduation, that is, of levying a larger percentage on a larger sum, though its application to general taxation would be in my opinion objectionable, seems to me both just and expedient as applied to legacy and inheritance duties."

England in 1780 established a tax on legacies, and in 1853 the succession tax law was enacted. In the United States a collateral succession tax law went into force in 1894, but that act has since been repealed in common with other internal revenue laws. In New York there is a collateral succession tax law of \$5 per \$100. This tax yielded in 1890 \$1,117,937, and it is estimated that at least \$2,000,000 will be received from this source by the state during the present year.

A similar law in Pennsylvania brought to the state treasury in 1891 the sum of \$1,297,302. The collateral succession law reaches comparatively few estates because this tax is simply on the devolution of property on other than direct descendants or progenitors. Thus the law adopted by Connecticut in January, 1899, is as follows: "All property conveyed by will or death of intestate to other than to father, mother, husband, wife, lineal descendant, adopted child, the lineal descendant of any adopted child, the wife or widow of a descendant, or some charitable purpose, or purpose strictly public, 5 per cent. of its value above the sum of \$1,000, for the use of the state."

The succession tax that I have proposed will not fall on the poor. Those whose estates amount to \$10,000 can well afford to give \$100 to the state in return for all the protection of its laws which has enabled wealth to be accumulated and enjoyed. The succession tax is founded on the broadest principles of equity. I maintain that the wealth possessed by every individual which he ought to repay. This is particularly true in the United States. Every citizen, whether he be rich or poor, is equal in the eye of the law and has behind him for the protection of his rights the entire power of the nation. It is therefore no more than just that every person who accumulates property should pay for the protection that the state secures to him and his possessions.

If each state were to establish a tax on legacies and inheritances such as just proposed and devote the money so obtained to the construction and maintenance of roads in a few years the older and more populous states would be provided with roads equal to those of England, France and Switzerland; and good roads, when rightly constructed, can be maintained at comparatively small cost; and as the wealth of the states increased the succession tax would furnish sufficient revenue to meet all the expenses of the state after paying for the maintenance of roads, thus relieving the people from all direct taxation for state purposes.

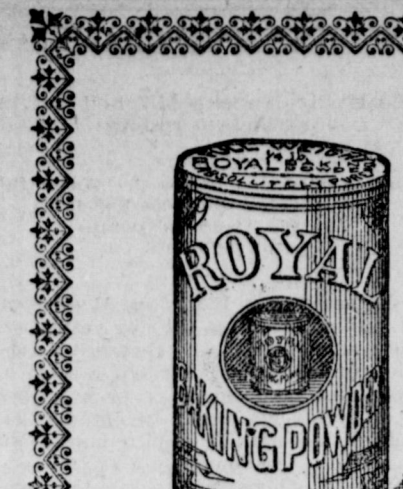
The advantages of the succession tax are now being brought very prominently before the people. In Massachusetts the recently adopted platform of both the republican and the democratic parties have planks recommending the adoption of the direct succession tax on inheritances and legacies. It is my intention to publish a pamphlet on the subject of the succession tax primarily as a means of constructing and maintaining roads, and for its ultimate object the abolishment of direct taxation.

—Albert A. Pope, in Breeders' Gazette.

Trace the Parents' Breeding.

In selecting the sire you will breed to next season, bear in mind that many prominent breeders of long experience claim that the grandparents show more direct influence on the foal than the parents. You want to breed to a good-sized, well-proportioned horse that is a good type of a roadster. Often the dam of such a one was a little, undersized mare that could speed fast for a short distance. Bred to a large horse, she produced a foal that developed size and quality, but is likely to throw back to her dam.

As you want a horse that will bring a good price as a roadster, if not speedily, you cannot afford to take the risk of an undersized, unsuitable colt.—H. C. Hall, in Farm and Home.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

N. B.

Grocers say that every dollar invested in Royal Baking Powder is worth a dollar the world over, that it does not consume their capital in dead stock, because it is the great favorite, and sells through all times and seasons.

There's one thing I didn't like about the circus," said grandma, "and that was the man that twisted himself all out of shape—I never did admire these extortionists."—Atlanta Constitution.

Jinks—"I don't think it looks well for a minister to wear diamonds." Filkins—"Why not?—there you have the best of it; yours certainly give them the first chance."—Sala's Journal.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment.

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Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing its medicinal properties.

WIS. Fine Farming Land. Phillips Co., Wisconsin. Will be sold at a bargain. Address: A. N. K., 225 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Advertisement for Pisco's Cure, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing its effectiveness for various ailments.

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