

PATILLO'S PISTOL.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST INTO THE KILLING.

How Hudson and Patillo Met—Both Men See a Response, and Subsequently Look for Each Other—The Fatal Meeting.

Augusta, Ga., Aug. 4.—The condition of Mr. J. H. Patillo, who was shot by Mr. J. M. Hudson on Saturday night, is now quite favorable. At the inquest on the dead body of Hudson the following evidence was adduced:

Dr. DeSausure Ford testified as to the post mortem examination. Master Griffin, a negro, testified that he was walking along when his attention was attracted by a gentleman coming down Broad street, and turned round suddenly when a pistol was fired. He says Hudson fired the first shot.

M. E. MACAULAY TELLS THE STORY.

M. E. Macaulay was sworn and testified: "Between 9 and 10 o'clock, Saturday night, I closed up the store and went down to the Chronicle to correct the proof of an advertisement. Mr. Hudson accompanied me. He had done so before. He asked me whether I was going down the street. I said I had to get my supper, frequently got it in five minutes. Hudson said in that case, 'I will wait for you.' I went to the Windsor. Mr. Hudson accompanied me, and after I had finished, we came out and walked down the street with A. A. Thomas and Hudson to the corner of Jackson and Broad. Mr. Thomas left us there, and Hudson and I walked down Broad to the Chronicle office. When we got to the steps, I said to Hudson:

"I am going to read proof. Will you go?"

He said: "Yes."

"When I got to the editorial room, we both walked in. I saw a gentleman sitting at a desk with his back to the door, whom I took for Mr. Casey. Seeing Mr. Mike Walsh, night editor, at the other end of the room, I spoke to him, and turned to walk out. The gentleman who I had taken for Mr. Casey, got up and walked toward me. I then saw it was Mr. Patillo. The proof-reader asked me to wait a little, till he had finished something else. While we were waiting, Mike Walsh came in, and asked me to get my friend to leave and leave at once. I told Mr. Hudson to leave, and he asked what was the matter. I told him to leave quick and go down the back stairs, and I would meet him later, at the Windsor. After reading the proof, I asked Mr. Walsh what was the matter. He said Mr. Patillo had asked him for a pistol, and he had told him he would not give him one if he had one. Soon after Mr. Patillo came in, and was composing room and the proof-reader's, looking at the proof-reader's, and putting his hand on his hip pocket. He then looked among the printers, who were setting type, and asked me where young Hudson had gone. I told him I believed he had gone home. He asked which way he went. This, I think, after 10 o'clock, I went down the back stairs ten or fifteen minutes afterwards, and walked up Ellis street and turned through to Broad, where I saw Mr. Patillo standing on the corner of the sidewalk. Mr. Patillo asked me:

"Well, did you get your ad fixed?" and remarked that he was pretty hot up there. I said yes, and was glad he could come out and get the fresh air, and then turned and walked off. He hailed me and asked why young Hudson had left up there. I replied because, as he said, it was too hot for him. I then asked him if he wanted to see Hudson, and he said: "Yes. I will be boarded up the street. You can see him any time." He said: "Yes, I believe so. He then turned to the Chronicle, and I went up the street. About Mr. Ferris, I met Hudson coming down the street, and he said: 'I saw Mr. Watson, who is at the Arlington, and who regrets missing us.' Hudson said he was going down the street. I advised him not to do so, but to return with me as Patillo was down the street and I believed he was armed. I asked him if he was armed when in the Chronicle. He said yes, and he would not have left there, but did not wish to infringe the rules. I then persuaded him to accompany me, and we sat on chairs in front of the Windsor cafe. Mr. Thomas and Mr. H. C. Cashin were in the party. The latter invited us to take beer. We returned, and sat in the chairs, when Cashin proposed a ride on the cars. We declined, and said we were going to the Arlington. I tried to persuade him to remain, but he said it was necessary for him to see his friend. He had just gone a short distance when the firing commenced. I saw the flashes, but cannot say who fired first. I heard no talking."

THE SHOTS FIRED.

"I only heard one shot at first. Then I think it was a longer interval between the first and second shots than between any of the others."

Policeman Boston testified that he ran over to Mr. Hudson, who was walking toward Mr. Patillo firing, knocked his arm down, and grabbed him, and called to Policeman Shea to arrest the other man. He did not know Hudson was wounded. He laid him down on the sidewalk, and he died at once.

Policeman Shea swore he grabbed Patillo, while snatching his empty pistol. He arrested him and carried him to the Arlington hotel. While going up the elevator, Shea says Patillo remarked that he hoped Hudson was dead, and he said he had loved the woman and married her and she was a virtuous woman and wife.

The jury returned the verdict that Charles Hudson came from a pistol in the hands of L. H. Patillo, and that further found that from want of positive evidence, they were unable to decide whether it was a murder, manslaughter or justifiable homicide.

JUTE BAGGING OUSTED.

Georgia Farmers to Use a Covering Made of Cotton.

The farmers of Georgia will never use jute again. The next crop will be clothed almost totally in cotton bagging, and jute will be thrown clear away. The Alliance Exchange is busy continuously shipping cotton bagging, even at this early period, in great quantities to the various Alliance all over the State, and the orders are increasing every day. Mr. J. O. Wynn, of the State Alliance Exchange, has shipped 50,000 yards of cotton bagging to the Alliances of Georgia, and is busily occupying filling new orders for the article every day. "It will be used exclusively this season," he said, "and although jute bagging has become about one-fourth as costly as cotton bagging, none of us here in the consumption of cotton is strange at first, but when you consider the matter you will find that it is the best plan for farmers to use cotton bagging, even though it is about four times the price of jute. It is selling for 16 cents a pound, or about 12 1/2 cents a pound. Jute has gone down to 4 cents a pound, or 8 cents a yard.

"The reason that it is cheaper for the farmers to cover their cotton with cotton bagging rather than with jute is because the consumption of cotton is increased considerably by using the cotton bagging. This naturally increases the demand for cotton, and hence is profitable to the farmers by raising the price of cotton. If that price is only half a cent, the difference between the cost of jute and cotton bagging is counterbalanced. You can see, therefore, the advisability of the farmers using cotton bagging.

"Jute will not be known as a cover for cotton fibre years from now. It will never be used again for this purpose. Cotton bagging has whipped in the fight for all time."

A movement will be brought before the meeting of the State Alliance, which is to be held in Atlanta soon, to establish a cotton bagging factory in this State for the Alliance. The matter has been talked of before, but will be brought before the next meeting in a business-like shape. "New York Times."

Battered by Hall Storms.

MASON CITY, Iowa, Aug. 7.—A destructive wind and hail storm, much worse than at first reported, swept over Lyons, Osceola, Dickinson, Emmett and Winnebago Counties on Sunday, destroying nearly everything in its path. Many horses and cattle were killed, and men who were out were badly cut by hail and several are reported seriously injured. The track of the storm was about fourteen miles wide, following eastward from the mouth of the Mississippi to the south of large areas of eggs fell to the depth of six inches. The flax, which was a heavy crop, was entirely ruined. Wheat and oats which were in the shock were so badly damaged as to be worth nothing. Several houses were blown down, and it would take thousands of dollars to cover the damage to the farmers alone.

A Rabid Dog in Charleston.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 6.—The whole of King street, the main thoroughfare of this city, was terrorized this afternoon by a huge mastiff which was suffering from rabies and which ran a muck from the upper to the lower end of the street. The dog started out at two o'clock, an hour when the street is crowded with women and children. After running over a mile through the street he was finally knocked on the head by a negro and subsequently shot by a policeman. He had bitten a man, a woman and four children. The wounds in each case were cauterized and the patients are well but are much frightened.

A Family of Ten Poisoned.

CALHOUN, Ga., Aug. 7.—William Boon and his wife Emily, negroes, were laid here last night for poisoning Joe Tallis's family of ten negroes, two of whom are dead and three more of whom are dying. They put rat poison on meat and flour intended for Tallis's family to eat. Each accuses the other. Emily says Boon did it to get Tallis's crop. Boon is a bright mulatto, about fifty years old, and a preacher.—Atlanta Journal.

The Force Bill to be Pushed.

WASHINGTON, 7.—Senators Hawley and Manderson say there is no truth in the report that the force bill is to be abandoned. They say that if anybody thinks that because the river and harbor bill was to be taken up on the 8th the force bill is dropped he is entitled to his opinion of course, but is sadly in error. The river and harbor bill is to be taken up and passed because the public works to which the money is to be applied are suffering for want of it. Then the tariff bill will be passed, after which the force bill will be taken up. Another thing which the Senators did not mention is that the bill is not yet completed. Senator Hoar is out of town and is not expected back before next week, when it is hoped by Senator Hoar and his fellow conspirators that they will be able to present a completed copy of their bill for consideration.—Philadelphia Times.

Flesh a Mass of Disease, Condition Hopeless, the System an Entire Wreck.

nerves all unstrung, yet P. P. P. was taken and sent from a hospital in the hands of L. H. Patillo, and that further found that from want of positive evidence, they were unable to decide whether it was a murder, manslaughter or justifiable homicide.

It is said that a bunch of clover hung up in a sitting room or bed room will clear it of flies.

THE FIRST WEDDING.

An Event That Occurred on the 1st of August.

What a morning that was of the world's first wedding! Says Dr. De Tallego, in the Ladies' Home Journal, Sky without a cloud. Atmosphere without a chill. Foliage without a crumpled leaf. Meadows without a thorn. It shall be in church—the great temple of the world, sky-dome, mountain-pillar, sapphire-roofed. The sparkling waters of the Gihon and the Hiddkelai will make the fount of the temple. Larks, robins and goldfinches will chant the wedding march. Violet, lily and rose burning in the morning sun. Luxuriant vines sweeping their long trails through the forest aisle—upholstery of a spring morning. Will beasts standing outside the circle looking on, like family servants from the back door gazing upon the nuptials; the eagle, king of birds; the lout, king of insects; the lion, king of beasts, waiting. Carpet of grass like emerald for the human pair to walk on. Hum of excitement, as there always is before a ceremony. Grass blades and leaves whispering and the birds a-chatter, each one to his mate. Hush, all the clouds. Hush, all the birds. Hush, the waters, for the King of the human race advances, and his bride. Perfect man, leading to the altar a perfect woman. God, her father, gives away the bride and angels are the witnesses, and the wedding dowry is in the blue robe of the violet. The bridegroom is round hand that has never been with work or strap with pain into his own stout girth and says: "This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh." Tumults of joy break forth and all the trees of the wood clap their hands, and all the galleries of the forest sound with carol and chirp and chant, and the circle of Edenic happiness is complete, for every good bush answering quail, and every fish answering fish, and every low answering fowl, and every beast of the forest a fit companion, at last man, the immortal, has for mate woman, the immortal.

MARRIED—Wednesday, the 1st day of June, in the year 1, Adam, the first man, to Eve, the first woman, High Heaven officiating.

A STINGING REBUKE.

Discourtesy of a Young Woman to an Old Lady and Its Aftermath.

It was on a street-car bound up town at about the time when the men and women who work in the great downtown live of business for the better part of the day are hurrying. Every seat was occupied when the car stopped, and two women boarded it. The first was an elderly woman, somewhat feeble. The second was younger, sturdier and aggressive-looking.

A good-looking man of middle age arose from his seat, and touching his hat, asked the elderly lady to be seated. Before she could sit down, however, the younger woman pushed her aside and sat down herself. There was no one in the car who did not know that the man who had given up his seat intended it for the older woman, and the action of the younger one astonished everybody who saw it.

The man who had first given up his seat raised his hat to the woman who had taken the place not intended for her, and said in a voice that could be heard throughout the car: "Madam, I believe you to be among that class of women who are always complaining of man's lack of courtesy toward women. You will pardon me if I say that you are also one of that class of women who tempt men to be discourteous." Then he calmly proceeded to read his evening paper.

An audible snicker ran through the car, and one woman whispered to another: "Served her right." The woman flushed and looked straight before her, paying no attention. She soon looks at the other passengers for fully half a dozen blocks. Then she signaled the conductor, and looking neither to the right nor to the left swept out of the car. A New York Mail and Express man who had curiously enough "so leave the car at the same place and watch her saw her board the next uptown car, and was along.

HOW GEORGE RAN AWAY.

We Wanted to Do as We Pleas'd, But the Sobeime Didn't Work.

I am afraid George was naughty, for all the time he kept thinking how nice it would be to do just as he pleased, says a writer in Nursery. Finally he said:

"Mamma, I think I'll run away."

"No, no, no, I understand you, dear," she answered.

"I don't like to be bothered," he said, "and I want to be like Whittington."

"Very well, you may go if you are not happy in your home," replied the mother. "I will help you get ready. You need not run away." Then she tied some of his clothes in a handkerchief, and put the bundle on a stick over his shoulder, like the picture of Whittington. She kissed him good-bye when she opened the street door for him. George looked pretty solemn as he went down the steps. In a minute he went back and rang the bell. Mary let him in and he ran into his mamma's room.

"May I sleep on the back porch to-night?" he asked. His lips trembled a little.

"No, dear. Your papa doesn't like to have tramps on the back porch," she replied.

"Then I can stay in the stable with John?"

"Oh, no! You had better run away at once, a long way off, where you can do as you please."

Poor George was in tears now. "O mamma, mamma!" throwing himself in her arms, "I do love you, so, and I don't want to run away. I hate to do as I please. May I come home again to live?"

"Dear little boy! Mamma is glad you have learned your lesson with so little heartache," answered the mother as she took her sobbing boy in her arms, and George never wanted to run away again.

Sole Track-Laying Plow.

A novel contrivance, which is claimed to give improved tractive power, is reported from Chicago. The machine, which is about fifty feet long and about fifteen tons in weight, runs on a track which it lays for itself, and which consists of a belt of steel plates or laths four and a half feet long, enclosing four large cog-wheels which play into the sockets of the plates and urge the machine forward. It is available for agricultural and other purposes, and the inventor declares that with it he can plow one hundred acres per day, in and too soft for a horse to walk, at a nominal cost.

WASHINGTON STATE GRANGE.

The Patrons of Husbandry Pushing Ahead in Washington.

Last week was Grange week in Washington. The State Grange met at La Combe, and was noted for the amount of work done and for the harmony that prevailed. The Patrons of Washington are abreast of the times. The literary exercises were of the best. Politically they are united as one man on all questions affecting our interests except the tariff, and there is not much difference there. The work of the session was all completed. The sisters had all the time asked for their work and all were happy. Among those from abroad were Bro. Crosby, treasurer of California State Grange; Bro. John Simpson, worthy master of Oregon State Grange; and Sister T. L. Hillery, Oregon editor of the Rural Press; Bro. Imbric and wife and son and his wife, and they were all delighted at the fraternal feeling and life in the State Grange of Washington. Last July there were only three small Granges in Washington; now there are thirty or thirty-one, and if nothing happens there will be a large increase in number of Granges organized and also in membership.

The State Grange at the close of its business had a picnic at Fourth Plain, and Judge Haro, of Hillsborough, Ore., addressed the people upon the subject of Co-operation and the plan adopted at Hillsborough, where the Patrons have a store and also a bank, and I do not know, but think they also have other enterprises there. The Patrons of this county have just opened a store at Vancouver, and will, no doubt, at an early day open others at other points. Tell the Patrons of the East that the Patrons of the West are at work as they never were before.—Cor. National Grange Bulletin.

Breakers Ahead.

The Kansas Commoner comes to the front and hoists the danger signal. It says:

"There is one great danger menacing the Farmers' Alliance—its own lack of unity. It is in good part a result of selfishness. Otherwise its time and labor are vain. The danger is disruption—division—lack of unity in principle and action. The efforts of the politicians who are menaced by it will be directed toward the breaking of the Alliance. If they can divide it they can defeat it if it remains true to itself and sticks resolutely together, all their attempts will fail finally."

Perfect harmony in an organization so large and so wide-spread may be difficult but it is essential. A chain is only as strong as its weakest link, and the Alliance is weak in proportion as there is contention or insubordination in its membership."

Already is the State organ at loggerheads with the State business agent and attempting to smirch his character and belittle him in the estimation of the Brotherhood. But as it is known that the organ is running a co-operative business of its own "the nigger in the woodpile" is readily discovered, and the occasion for its course of conduct plain. We hope to see no more of this, but rather that the brethren dwell together in unity and co-operate one with the other, as becomes them. It would not be proper for the State business agent to discuss publicly every time an opportunity is afforded him the conduct of the editor of the State organ, and to attempt to smirch the character of the former. If any thing is wrong there will come a time to tell it.—Rural World.

More Money.

The National Grange is on record through all the years of its history in favor of a plentiful supply of money for the use of all the people of our country and against the control of money by a few special classes who have it in their power to depress the price of land and all its products, and the products of other labor as well.

By a vote of more than three to one the National Grange, at its last session, voted for free coinage of silver. However much farmers, in their several organizations, and laboring men in belts, may differ upon other matters, it is a good sign that, without exception, all the farmers, laborers and workingmen are in favor of the free coinage of silver in their national platform, and have recorded themselves squarely on the side of more money and no middle-men to control its supply.

If this farmers' organization should accomplish nothing more, it has proved to be one of the greatest schools for political economy ever known, and is doing more to set people to thinking for themselves instead of allowing others to think for them than any other society in existence. Go where you may you will find the masses talking intelligently upon subjects that a few years ago they were wholly ignorant of. They no longer look to party bosses for their opinions, but study for themselves.—Western Farmer.

Yes, the farmers are at stake in thousands of Granges all up and down the land. Brother Trimble, secretary of the National Grange, reports 348 new Granges this year.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

Example is better than precept. The farmers are working out their own salvation with a level-headedness worthy of all praise. Follow it up, brethren. The Cape Cultivator says: "one can judge from reports, the farmers mean themselves here, and intend to make themselves heard. In Standard County they went into the township meetings, selected farmers to county conventions, organized it to suit themselves, selected farmers to the State convention, and elected a central committee, composed entirely of farmers. A gentleman who was present at the convention at Bloomfield last Saturday informed us that the farmers came in with their plans laid, and could not be induced to deviate from them a particle, and they carried it out to the letter. This shows what farmers can do when they undertake to use the power they possess. This is the plan we have always advocated, and if the farmers of this and all other counties will do as the farmers of Standard did, they will stand affairs, because they are in the majority in both parties."

Sweet Maid You are not afraid of anything, are you, George?

Callie, Youth of Oshing, Miranda, Oshing, N. H.

Sweet Maid—I am so glad, for I hear you are un-bending Carlo. Good-night—

Wanda's Weekly

FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

OPEN THE WAY.

How to Make the Congressmen of the West and South Vote Right.

Will you pardon a word from one on the "retired list" relative to the new People's party? This is a movement of vast importance if it can be made successful. Let the report go out after "election" that the vote of Kansas has been changed from a plurality of 10,000 for the high-tar and high-priced money party of 50,000 majority for the People's party, and the effect would be felt not only at Washington but at the capitol of every civilized government on the globe. It would be worth more to the cause of labor and the people than a thousand strikes and labor riots because it would demonstrate the power of the ballot in righting wrongs. And the wrongs would be righted. Such a vote would put every Congressman in the entire West and South to work for Western and Southern interests, instead of Wall street and Pittsburgh. The People's party would not have to wait for relief till their own members took their seats, but they would find the work well advanced before March 4, 1891. Such being its importance, no mistakes should be made. The People's party should be no loose communion party, but as broad in its invitation for voters and co-workers as the name would imply. Let all the people be made to understand that the platform of the industrial classes adopted at St. Louis. One resolution or expression at the late convention has a bad look. It is to the effect that no nominee of the People's party should accept the nomination of any other party. This looks too narrow for a People's party or for the emergency. If, when the ticket has been selected of good and true men who stand erect on the St. Louis platform, the Union Labor party chooses to bring out its machine and endorse the ticket, must candidates treat them with discourtesy and reject such endorsement? So of the Democrats and the very plank of the St. Louis platform, taken from Jefferson, Jackson, Calhoun, Benton, and the founders of their party, they should decide to endorse not only the People's platform but the ticket also, and operate their party machinery for its election, must the nominees repel them? Of disfellowshipped members of the G. A. R. If their party see fit to officially join in the procession of the people for the people, must they be insulted and ordered out of the column? Also, there are scores of Republican newspapers that disagree with the plutocratic, Wall street policy of Congress, and should they, for the purpose of administering a rebuke, fall into line, must they be regarded as traitors?

In 1854 Congress removed all the barriers to the progress of black slavery, and it started out on its march via Kansas to Bunker Hill monument; and a few men, in 1855 '56, concluded they would keep it out of Kansas. These men were of all parties and shades of opinion. Some were Yankee and some were Liberty Whites, some Bourbon and some Barn-burner Democrats, some were Liberty party or Free-Soil men and some Abolitionists, but all were for a free State in Kansas. They accepted the situation and adopted a platform with only one plank, namely—Free State. No questions were asked as to party affiliations, and all were equally well taken in their own minds. So when Kansas proposes to check the advance of white slavery, let all who will join the army of industrial freedom be welcome in this—C. Robinson, in Kansas Farmer.

A COMPARISON.

The Question of National Loans to the Farmers.

Take two men at the close of the war. One has \$10,000, the other buys Government bonds for \$10,000. Both are investmentists; the farm and the bond. Both represent value, and have a buying and selling price. The money in the bonds, without any labor of the holder, has paid a much larger interest than has the money in the average farm, with all the hard work and security of the table. So when the bank loans the money obtained, printed, made and furnished by the Government to a farmer on his note, and if he fails to pay it don't they take his farm, is not so?

Swore Back at Him.

Mrs. Binks is a pleasant, mild-mannered little woman, says the Washington Post, who is almost heart-broken over the fact that her husband is addicted to the use of profanity. "Why do you swear back at him?" said his sister one day. "I couldn't do any thing like that," said Mrs. Binks. But her sister is a woman with much force of character, and succeeded in exacting a promise that this rigorous method would be tried. Mrs. Binks came home rather tired and not in a very amiable mood. "Well," said she, as she glanced over the table disquietedly, "if this ain't the silliest mistake I ever saw 'll be done."

So—so will I John," rejoined Mrs. Binks meekly.

Make Life Worth Living.

The world is not made for a tomb, but a garden. You are to be a seed, not a spout. Plant yourself and you will sprout. Bury yourself and you will decay. For a dear opportunity there is no resurrection. The only enjoyment, the only rest to be attained in this world must be secured on the wing. Each day brings its own benefit, but it has no time to spare. What escapes to-day not only will be gone to-morrow, but has no over-plus for the next day's.

Looking After Legislation.

Senator Van Wyck, of Nebraska, acting for the National Alliance and the State Alliance of Nebraska, is in Washington for the purpose of facilitating the passage of the Conger bill to prevent adulteration of lard and the Butterworth bill against dealing in farming products for gambling purposes. Mr. Van Wyck has had conference with the representatives in charge of the measures and they have assured him that if the bills can be reached on the calendar they will undoubtedly be passed. He has consulted with Speaker Reed, who expresses the belief that the bills will be reached and members of the committee on agriculture have assured him that every thing possible will be done to get the bills over the statute book.

Grounds Just a Little.

"What's that?" asked a man, referring to a dingo whose arm had been crushed by a wagon.

"That," was the reply, "is a ground swell." West Shore.

"The band that rocks the cradle is the hand that goes through a man's pockets in the wool, sm's' hours."

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.

Matters that Will Need Careful and Vigilant Watching.

The name indicates the general make of an organization forming about the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union as a nucleus. There will be suggestions from the outside and also through friends on the inside to add some issues to the People's platform. This matter will need careful and vigilant watching. The platform agreed upon at St. Louis is broad enough to build a party on. It could be made more specific and to that extent improved; but there should be no change that would take any part away or add any thing foreign. What has been added by the State, with suggestions made by the Emporia union meeting, are quite sufficient for a comprehensive declaration of dissatisfaction of what we are.

As to candidates, that is a matter of very great importance. A candidate is sometimes equal to the party's platform. He may have been closely identified with some particular movement as to suggest his platform without its being presented at all. Men who, from any cause, have become objectionable to large classes of voters, should not be set up as candidates of the People's party. The movement is not for a great many men who unite who have formerly been far apart, and their present uniting is based upon the reasonable belief that to advocate necessary reforms does not require any violence to opinions on issues past. The Republican party was made up of men who had differed widely on many questions; they came together in opposition to the proposed removal of land and slaves, and this movement among the working people is in opposition to the encroachments of the Money Power, every day becoming more apparent and dangerous. Our platform is all right; it is entirely satisfactory to the masses.

If our candidates are equally satisfactory, enemies of the movement will be few, and that extent disarmed, and friends will be strengthened in their purpose. Men who have been much in office could serve this cause better as workers than as candidates, and the man who is known as a "chronic office-seeker" is not a good collector of votes.

Men of convictions, men of character, men of courage and steadiness of purpose, men who are earnestly and actively in sympathy with the people's movement, are the men needed now. We can not afford to fritter away our opportunities with incompetent or unfit men as our color-bearers. Success with good men will land us far ahead the first step.—Kansas Farmer.

CAUSING TALK.

But Before Condemning Talk for the Results.

The Farmers' Alliance of the country is doing one thing at least: it is causing the newspapers to speak of it, and giving the people of the country an idea of what the poor, over-worked farmer is. One of the ideas advanced in the formation of the Alliance was to fight trusts and monopolies of every description. If there is a bigger trust in the country than the Farmers' Alliance we would like to have it pointed out, but if it were given the opportunity, they would make a laughing stock of the country by passing nonsensical laws that would bring chaos upon the country where order now exists. We are not opposed to the Farmers' Alliance because the membership is made up of farmers, but because it takes a wrong view of matters, and attempts to control trade and business through the boycott and other institutions of a similar kind.—Interstate Bicker.

Bide Your Time, good Friend. Do not be opposed to the Farmers' Alliance because of this or that, too soon. Just wait for the "wrong view of matters" or the "right control of trade" will not be determined in the future by your ipse dixit, or ours, and much less by the laws of trade as heretofore practiced by your grocery man. You may pool pool the farmers' movement as you please, but your business depends upon the farmers' well-being, and not on their ill-doing. You can afford to aid the work rather than discount it. The Farmers' Alliance is here to stay.—Rural World.

Swore Back at Him.

Mrs. Binks is a pleasant, mild-mannered little woman, says the Washington Post, who is almost heart-broken over the fact that her husband is addicted to the use of profanity. "Why do you swear back at him?" said his sister one day. "I couldn't do any thing like that," said Mrs. Binks. But her sister is a woman with much force of character, and succeeded in exacting a promise that this rigorous method would be tried. Mrs. Binks came home rather tired and not in a very amiable mood. "Well," said she, as she glanced over the table disquietedly, "if this ain't the silliest mistake I ever saw 'll be done."

So—so will I John," rejoined Mrs. Binks meekly.

Make Life Worth Living.

The world is not made for a tomb, but a garden. You are to be a seed, not a spout. Plant yourself and you will sprout. Bury yourself and you will decay. For a dear opportunity there is no resurrection. The only enjoyment, the only rest to be attained in this world must be secured on the wing. Each day brings its own benefit, but it has no time to spare. What escapes to-day not only will be gone to-morrow, but has no over-plus for the next day's.

Looking After Legislation.

Senator Van Wyck, of Nebraska, acting for the National Alliance and the State Alliance of Nebraska, is in Washington for the purpose of facilitating the passage of the Conger bill to prevent adulteration of lard and the Butterworth bill against dealing in farming products for gambling purposes. Mr. Van Wyck has had conference with the representatives in charge of the measures and they have assured him that if the bills can be reached on the calendar they will undoubtedly be passed. He has consulted with Speaker Reed, who expresses the belief that the bills will be reached and members of the committee on agriculture have assured him that every thing possible will be done to get the bills over the statute book.

Grounds Just a Little.

"What's that?" asked a man, referring to a dingo whose arm had been crushed by a wagon.

"That," was the reply, "is a ground swell." West Shore.

"The band that rocks the cradle is the hand that goes through a man's pockets in the wool, sm's' hours."

THE CONDUCTOR ASLEEP.

A Terrible Wreck on the Louisville New Albany and Chicago Railroad.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 2.—There was another wreck on the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago railroad this morning. Two men were killed and several seriously injured. About seven miles north of Bedford Ind., and out-bound passenger train from Chicago came in collision with a north-bound passenger train from Louisville. Several of the cars were completely telescoped. The dead are Arthur Burns, of New Albany, engineer of the south-bound train, and George Cole, of New Albany, fireman of the south-bound train. Both are still under the wreck.

It is stated that another man was on the engine and that he is under the wreck. Nine were injured. Conductor McDonald, of the south-bound train, says he and his engineer agreed to sidetrack at Luthrie, three miles north of the wreck, but he went to sleep and did not wake till the train struck.