Wichita Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

William Cumming has been honored by a Chicago club. The prince of Wales will no doubt feel this keenly.

After being worked by the Alliance the way it was last year the Democratic party of Kansas must feel small.

In the memory of the oldest inhabitant there has not been a year in Kansas history when there were more wheat stacks to the acre than there is this summer.

There are too many men in Oklahoma who would shine in the United States senate and in the halls of congress, for the territory to remain long away from statehood.

China is in a state of revolt. It is scarcely possible, as a suspicion might suggest, that Blair had slipped over to the empire, unbeknown to the press of this country.

It seems that the French are mad because of the McKinley tariff, and, at the last moment, sat down on the bill which was to have admitted the American hog into France.

A good preventive for the Third party in the south would be for the Democratic party to stop pressing Cleveland as a presidential candidate where he is not wanted.

John Sherman thinks that the Alliance will absorb most of its strength from the Democratic party of Ohio. From the way in which the party has been encouraging the Alliance, this would make it a case of unerring suicide.

F. O. Popenoe, in writing us from Wichita, under date of July 15, says: "Wheat is mostly in the stack; oats two-thirds harvested; corn coming out in good shape; peaches selling at from twenty to forty cents per bushel; everything flourishing."—Kansas Farmer.

Campbell, of Ohio, is worrying over his free coinage and free trade platform. By the way, what sense is there in inviting Cleveland out to Ohio to make speeches on such a platform? Maybe it is done to give His Obesity a chance to hedge on that non-silver letter he wrote.

Mrs. Lease is not with the southern party of picnickers. It was given out by one of them at Atlanta that it was feared that she would talk too freely. This contains an implication that none of the party are in possession of enough gallantry to have defended her, should such have been the case.

The impending senatorial muddle in Ohio is not going to help McKinley. The ambitions of Foraker and Foster may cost McKinley the governorship, and cost the Republican party the state. But next to his soul comes the ambition of a man, before which the welfare of a party or of a people count for little, save in protestations and wordy words.

The railroad commissioners have prepared a statement showing the amount of money expended in aiding the western Kansas sufferers. The total amount was $94,360, of which $56,000 was for seed grain. The value of the aid contributed by the people of the state was $12,000, and coal to the amount of $4,000 was furnished from the state coal mines. The value of the transportation donated by the railroads was $20,000. The contributions from private sources outside the state are not estimated.

The Democratic bosses of Wichita claim that they have successfully smoothed the Alliance few the right way and that the Democrats are going to get all that they originally started out for. And, in fact, it looks that way. One wire they have pulled pretty successfully is "we must down the common enemy," meaning the Republican party. The truth is the so-called Democratic bosses that run that party would combine with the Republican party on the one hand or with the devil upon the other for a chance at the offices.

THE TEXAS ALLIANCE.

The inclination is somewhat general to rub it in on Texas for ignorance, Democratic blindness and narrow prejudices, but the Texas State Alliance showed both grit and sense in passing a resolution in which they denounce the subtreasury, the land loan scheme, and governmental ownership of railroads as in violation of the first principles of good government; as paternal in their character, and as centralizing in their tendencies. And the resolution goes on to say that if enacted into law they would create a horde of national office-holders that would fasten the clutches of the party in power upon the throats of the people so strongly that the voices of honest, patriotic citizens would no longer be heard in the control of governmental affairs. We demand that those men who are not farmers be removed from the national and state offices of our order, and that none but those who have an interest in farming be allowed to fill such places.

KANSAS.

From the Atchison Champion.

Kansas as a state is all right. She will pay off every dollar of her farm mortgage indebtedness and every other kind of debt, principal and interest, in time, and no one will have reason to regret his investments in Kansas securities. All that is needed is a little patience. It will not be done this year or next, although a large amount of it will be paid this year and next; but it will take several years of good crops to square up everything.

It is true that we have quite a large farm mortgage indebtedness—about $40,000,000—and other debts, municipal and county, of various kinds, but so has every other growing western state; and, while in common with all other agricultural states, we have had pretty hard picking for one or two years past, we have really, in some respects, been better off than some of our neighbors. Take it as a whole Kansas is in better shape prospectively than any other state west of the Missouri river. Our farmers have their grievances for whose redress they are exerting themselves, and will continue to do so; but our soil, our climate, our natural advantages, our facilities for raising big crops and for marketing them, and our opportunities for successful agriculture and for all sorts of commercial enterprises are not surpassed by those of any other state in the union.

PROTECTION AND THE McKINLEY BILL.

The Leavenworth Times seems to express a doubt as to the possibility of finding a Republican paper that believes in the principle of protection and yet is opposed to the McKinley bill. The EAGLE is cited for the benefit of our cotemporary, as a brilliant and conspicuous example of just that kind of a hair pin. The EAGLE has always been for protection as a principle, but no paper in the state, Democratic or Republican, ripped into the McKinley aggregation with more vehemence than did the EAGLE, whose denunciations were copied into the New York World, the Boston Herald, Washington Post and probably other metropolitan journals.

The EAGLE is for the principle of protection, from a political standpoint, that is, as applied to tariffs on foreign products, not only, but as an economic principle applicable to foreign emigration and other political and social problems in any and every direction that would tend to increase the measure of wages and enhance the price of every conceivable American product; that is, for a protection to any extent that would not detract from personal responsibility and independent manhood, nor threaten paternalism. Protection means opportunity for development of the thing protected, and, when laid as a tariff, is not intended to work as a tax or for a revenue primarily so much as a means to a dominant sovereignty, individual and social. A "trust" is a phase of protection, and so is a "labor union." Each seeks through protection to benefit the individual through higher prices or higher wages. There was a good deal of sport poked at President Harrison's expression that a "cheap coat meant a cheap man." But there was sense in it. High protection means not only high wages but high prices, while high wages and high prices always mean prosperity for any country, without reference to outside markets. By its wages can the status of any country be most surely measured. One way to protect and to raise the wages of this country would be to prohibit emigration; another, to prohibit the commodities of other countries possible of production here. The low wage-level is what threatens America today. A protection by tariff that raises the wage level, therefore, means a higher standard of living, which, in turn, means a higher civilization.

All of this is in a general way, of course. The trouble with the McKinley bill is its inequalities. The McKinley bill does not meet the wants of the purely agricultural states of the west, except probably California in its fruits.

The Coldstream guards of the British army mutinied last week. It is only a matter of not so many years before the whole British people will mutiny.

VAN BENTHUYSEN.

From the St. Joseph News.

The Wichita EAGLE says: "Van Thusen, the editor of the Chicago Tribune, used to live on a Sedgwick county farm." Are you sure his name is "Van Thusen?"—Kansas City Star.

Worse than that. His full name is William Van Benthuysen. His name corresponds with his length. He is known among newspaper men as one of the very best managing editors in the country, but he is too modest to blow his own horn. He saws wood and says nothing, but he gets there just the same.

KANSAS CROPS AGAIN.

From the Kansas Farmer.

The world at large seems greatly interested in the exact productions of Kansas crops for 1891. It appears from the general crop reports that Kansas has the best all-round prospect of any of the states, and as a consequence various reports and estimates have been made, both from official and unofficial sources, yet no two agree exactly.

The Kansas City Times of last Sunday, the 19th inst., published a report which may be accepted as substantially and approximately correct. The Times report occupies nearly a page of that paper, and in its introductory summary states that "a short time ago a celebrated Chicago crop expert traveled throughout the state of Kansas and sent back home a sort of serial story of calamity, ending by estimating the yield of wheat at 36,000,000 bushels. This, of course, came somewhat in the nature of a shock alike to the wheat market, owners of mortgages and wholesale dealers trading in the state. A little while after this wise man had returned to Chicago a Kansas banker, prominently connected with large interests in the state, came to our city and in an interview said to a reporter for the Times that Kansas could safely be set down to yield 74,000,000 bushels of wheat—a difference between experts of just 38,000,000 bushels, or as large as the entire crop of the state last year. Both estimates have been given wide circulation.

"These two guesses were followed by the July report of the Kansas state board of agriculture, which claimed that the official figures were exactly 54,307,965 bushels. It is, of course, an impossibility to calculate the actual yield of any crop, yet the fact that the secretary of the Kansas state board of agriculture was unfortunate enough to estimate the wheat crop last year at 27,000,000 bushels when probably 37,000,000 bushels were produced, has caused the unlimited confidence which has heretofore been reposed by the members of the grain trade in that necessary functionary to become slightly but no doubt only temporarily shaken.

"The report of the secretary of the Kansas state board of agriculture was in turn followed by the views of the president of the Farmers' Alliance, which are thus embodied in a special dispatch to the Times from Topeka under date of the 16th inst.

"President Frank McGrath of the Farmers' Alliance says that the estimates of Secretary Mohler that the wheat crop of Kansas would be about 54,000,000 bushels are altogether too high. From reports received by him from nearly every county in the state he estimates that the yield will not exceed 40,000,000 and possibly not more than 35,000,000. The counties which have hitherto produced the largest crop have, according to him, suffered partial failure this year. He believes, however, that the corn crop will be unusually large.

"With a view of furnishing its readers with an approximately correct statement of th present condition of the agricultural classes of Kansas, the Times this morning publishes a resume of full reports received from every county in the state. The information presented below is not the opinion of any one man or any one class of men, but a compilation made up from more than 400 replies to letters and telegrams sent out by the R. G. Dun mercantile agency and the Times.

"The acreage of wheat in Kansas as estimated from these replies is 3,822,000 and the probable yield will be 59,473,000 bushels, or an average for the state of a little more than 15½ bushels per acre. This total is divided among the three belts of the state, as follows: Acreage in eastern belt, composed of thirty-nine counties, 783,000; yield, 13,135,000 bushels, or 16.77 bushels per acre; acreage in central belt, composed of thirty-five counties, 2,560,000; yield 39,090,000 bushels, or 16.05 bushels per acre; acreage in western belt 489,000; yield 7,248,000 bushels, or 14.82 bushels per acre. It will be seen that the acreage of wheat in what is known as the central belt is more than twice as large as the eastern and western belts combined."

The individual reports from counties show that corn is weedy but improving in condition rapidly. Oats promises a large crop, with but little rust. There is an increase of flax and castor beans. The fruit crop everywhere is simply immense, excepting apples in a few of the counties. Regarding live stock shipments for 1891, there will not be as many hogs and cattle shipped as last year, and the falling off of hog shipments is especially marked. Some of the southern and western counties report more cattle than last year, and many counties report the same number as last year, but generally speaking there will be fewer shipped, but in better condition.

SUNFLOWER SILHOUETTES.

The ice this summer is all it is cracked up to be.

Every crop in Kansas in 1891 has been a success but the ice crop.

The Kansas women, when fruit is plentiful, would rather put up than shut up.

It became almost necessary for the court of impeachment to have an extra session on McKay's account.

Since Peffer was elected a great many people who emigrated from Kansas to Oklahoma have ceased to regret it.

A little Wichita girl refused to drink a glass of milk, the other day, because, she said, it tasted just as though it had been near a cow.

The time has come at last in Kansas when there is less jam at the Alliance picnic and more on the farmers bread and butter at home.

The Emporia Republican vouchsafes the information that the Kansas Democrats are looking sober. It is an old truism that "things are not what they seem."

While John J. Ingalls was a United States senator he wrote 40,000 letters to constituents, not counting speeches, public documents and packages of seed sent upon request.

Plumb is the greatest letter writer in the United States senate. The difference between Plumb and Bent Murdock is that the latter gentleman spends most of his time "dropping a line" into the Walnut for bass.

Jerry Simpson is down south explaining to the colored man, that he should join the Alliance because Jerry remained at home when the rest of the north was down south knocking the shackles of slavery off the negro.

Judge McKay might make the defense that his disregard of the orders of the high court came from an unwillingness to confound a Republican supreme court with high heaven. It will be remembered that "order is heaven's first law."

Jerry Simpson says "the sock story originated with a little red-headed editor who was rotten before he was ripe." The first mention of Jerry's sockless condition occurred in this column. To all of Jerry's faults add ingratitude.

"I have given up lecturing this summer," said an intelligent Alliance educator yesterday. There is no trouble in getting the farmers to attend, but when they do come, they will get over in one corner and go to quarreling among themselves about who has the cornstalk with the biggest number of ears on it."

The other day it was raining hard when Mrs. Lease boarded a street car. The car was chuck full and all the men on the seats sat closer back and evinced a determination to keep a position of sedentary comfort. Mrs. Lease cast her eye down the car and at the same time a stooped man in the corner started to rise. "Don't," said the man next to him, grasping his arm. "That's Mrs. Lease. Don't you know her? She believes in equality of the sexes. Woman suffrage, you know."

The stooped man smiled and got up.

"Come," said the speaker, still more importunate, "you're not going to get up, are you? If she thinks she's equal to a man, let her stand. Give her a dose of her own medicine. See, eh?"

But Mrs. Lease had taken the man's seat, greatly to the discomfiture of the other, who wanted to see her stand. Next day he met the stranger on the street.

"Hello," he said, "you're the man that gave up your seat to Mrs. Lease. You missed a good chance to take her down a little. There wasn't another man in the car who would have given way. Wasn't impolite, you know. Just a little joke. What made you get up? Did she hypnotize you?"

"See here," said the man addressed, "I guess you don't know me."

"Can't say that I do. Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Mr. Lease."

There are two United States senators who seem to enjoy the heat and lonesomeness of a Washington summer. It is probable that these public servants would object to remaining here if compelled to do so merely from a sense of duty to their constituents, but as they are engaged in the pleasant pastime of money making they go about in the broiling sun without visible complaint. These senators are Messrs. Stewart and Plumb. Senator Plumb probably knows why he remains in Washington, but no one else seems to. The big, burly Kansan rushes about all day through the business streets and the departments, and in the evening dines at John Chamberlain's and joins the few stragglers who represent the army of good livers and good talkers who make the place a nightly resort during six or nine months of each year. Senator Plumb has recourse almost daily to the Turkish bath as a means of cooling off from the excitement of the day. He regards these hot baths as an effective restorer of exhausted vitality, and he, therefore, patronizes them frequently. During all the hours that he lies upon the marble slab, and while he eats and talks politics at Chamberlain's, and when engaged in searching for the almighty dollar, he keeps firmly locked in his own breast the nature of the business that keeps him here.

A Cave of Refuge.

From the Chicago Tribune.

A new cave was discovered in southwestern Kansas a few days ago. It was a small cave and was hardly thought worth mentioning by the local newspapers, but it will be found abundantly large, doubtless, for the Alliance party in Kansas to hide itself in after next year.

Free Coinage and Delirium Tremens.

From the Atchison Champion.

It seems singular that a man may acquire the alcohol habit, or, in plain English, become a confirmed drunkard, if he has nothing but paper money or silver, or nickels even, but it takes bi-chloride of gold to cure him of that dreadful disease.

For the EAGLE.

From "Auld Nick" to Robert Burns.

[Copy of a letter dated 1785, in answer to Burns' "Address to the Deil," supposed to have been lost in the mails.]

"To Robert Burns, o' poet fame:
(I write frae h—l, my present hame,
For ane maun e'en defend his name,
Tho' he's the deil:
But just to hear you rant's a shame,
I'll no conceal.)

What ails ye, Rab? ha'e he gane gyte,
To fling at me sic waefu' spite?
Gif ye wad do the thing that's right,
Ye'd loot me be;
We'se had the chance ae mony night,
To throttle thee.

Ye wrang me, Rab; I'm no the chiel
To do the things laid to the deil,
Tho' I'm no saint, I'm wae to feel
Sae sair misca'd;
It's bad enow to hae to steal,
An' gang outlawed.

Nae hand had I in Adam's fa'
Than you yoursel' did, not ava';
Tho' I was hid close by the wa'
Whare stood the tree;
They wanted them sae bad, I saw
Tears in their e'e.

Nae word of truth's in a' that tale;
I no did on your mither steal,
Disguised in sic a doughty mail,
As serpent skin:
An' sae upo' them baith prevail,
An' mak' them sin.

Your father Adam acted mean;
He helped to pick the apples clean,
An' used your mither for a screen,
To save himsel':
I was a witness to the scene,—
I ken it weel.

Sae mony sae, whan ill they gang,
They're no to blame because they're wrang;
But loudly sings ilk ane the sang,
'The Deil's to blame!'
I ken, I'll ha'e the herd to hang,
When they gang hame!

An' then about the man o' Uz,
Wi' reckit claes, an' bilious phiz:
I meddled no in a' that biz,—
Sic senseless haver!
Maybe, ye say it just to quiz
Wi clishma claver?

I kent this job: he was a chiel
Wad speak a fair word to the deil;
It gars me greet, I'll no conceal,
To be accused
O' flayin' him frae head to heel,—
I'm sair abused!

He had to bear enow, beside
The boils that festered in his hide;
'Twere better far gif he had died
Whan he was young,
Than to ha'e ta'en him sic a bride,
Wi' sic a tongue!

I tell ye, Rab, it's no the thing,
Sic fause accusing forth to bring,
An' in my face forever fling,
For ane great wrong,
Ilk great misdeed that's gaun to ding
While time goes lang!

An' Rab, for ye I ha'e respect:
You've done some acts frae me direct;
This, doubtless, whan ye recollect,
May gi'e ye pain:
I hope, frae this, you'll no neglect,
An' lees refrain.

Ye wad do weel to tak' advice
Frae ane ye ha'e no treated nice;
Ye'd better quat your rattlin' dice,
An' drinkin' sprees;
Or you maun gang whare there's no ice,
Nor ony breeze!

Then fare ye weel, my poet lad!
I'm free to say, you're no sae bad
As mony carlins I ha'e had
Here in this den:
An' ye gang free, I'll no be sad,
Auld Nickie—Ben."

JOHN W. BEEBE.

OKLAHOMA OUTLINES.

The Indians regard all their cash as pin money.

The water has been turned into the Oklahoma City canal.

The people around Langston City are erecting derricks to move the watermelon crop.

Another plot among the prisoners at Oklahoma City to break jail has been discovered.

The El Reno Eagle and Democrat both published the city ordinances, each getting half legal rates.

A great many men who were dying to run for office last year, by the next election will hang back because they won't know whether the salary is big enough.

Bill Hackney will be home next Sunday, when he and Mr. Speed will go to New York via Galveston and the ocean, to be gone two months. Mountain air did not benefit Mr. Hackney's health and a wider trip for that purpose has been planned.

All parties who are holding U. S. court scrips of any nature should send them immediately to the U. S. Marshal's office at Guthrie, so that they may be reported in the deficiency bill. If you do not do this your claim will not be reported and you may have trouble in getting it. This refers only to claims which were incurred before July 1st, 1892.

Wellington Press: The cattle men are working a new scheme to put their cattle in the Cherokee strip. They are not allowed to unload any stock at the stations, so they will have the train stopped between stations where the railroad company happens to have a pile of ties. Out of these they build a temporary bridge or shute and in this way, we are reliably informed, 10,000 cattle have been dumped into the strip the last few days.

The Pottawatomie council passed a resolution to the effect that they will oppose the opening of their lands to white settlement because the government has failed to make the required payment upon the specified date, July 6, and because some of their lands have been illegally alloted to persons who are not members of the tribe. They will oppose the opening until a satisfactory settlement is made with them by the government. The council has adjourned to meet Aug. 6. Judge Clardy, attorney for the Pottowatomies, has gone to Washington to raise the deuce unless the money for the payment comes at once.

Oklahoma Times Journal:

There is one at least in this county who thanks his lucky stars that he committed a petty theft a year and a half ago, for it was the means of preventing him from committing perjury. One day he was doing some trading in a store in this city when the merchant noticed a suspicious bulging out of his vest. He stepped up near to his customer and looked back of his vest. There he had concealed three packages of coffee. He begged off and the merchant let him go unprosecuted. When the land cases of his friends came on trial he intended to help swear them in from the line, but one of the opposition went to him and informed him that if he went on to the stand in behalf of his friends he would bring up the coffee scrape. He did not swear, and now he is the only one of the entire crowd of at least a dozen, who is not under indictment for perjury.

"Allotting Agent Porter's work in the Pottawatomie nation is proving extremely unsatisfactory both to the members of the tribes and to the expectant white settlers," says the Oklahoma Times-Journal. "The business committee of the Pottawatomie tribe accuse him of abetting those who procured illegal allotments, his purpose being to cover up some of the best land in the reservation and hold it until the country was declared open to settlement, when he would put his friends on the places and by agreement with the Indians claiming the illegal allotments they are to be paid for their share in the scheme and are to offer no objection when the contest is brought. It is known to a certainty that families did actually borrow babies to present for allotments and that others submitted the names of dead children and secured allotments for them. It is also claimed that Shawnee Will, who is a full blood negro and has never been adopted into the tribe, has the finest allotment in the reservation. Because of evidence of crooked work there has been a protest made by the business committee, and the opening is thus delayed."

The State Capital, of Guthrie, is in receipt of a telegram from Washington stating that Acting Secretary Chandler has issued his orders establishing county lines in the new territory being opened for settlement adjoining Oklahoma proper. Your correspondent asked for the boundaries, but they are not yet ready for detailed publication, as they have not yet been compared. The boundaries of the six counties of Oklahoma proper have been materially changed. The change consisted in adding some of the new territory to the old counties. The act of congress calling for such action on the part of the secretary prescribes that no county shall have less than 700 square miles. It became necessary to add some territory to the old counties in order to conform to the law. Only one of the old Oklahoma counties is materially changed, located in the northeast corner of Oklahoma, the territory to be joined on the south, and in adding the amount prescribed by law, the present county seat, Stillwater is thrown to the north and so far from the center of the county, that it is feared that the conditions may lead to a county seat war. The small end of the county is north of the Cimarron river and the Stillwater property holders have been urging most strenuously that only a small amount of the present territory below be added to the county, and to have some more added from the strip on the north when it is opened. This would throw the big end of the county north of the river, in which Stillwater would be located. The citizens of the town urged the present officials of Oklahoma to join in the fight, but Governor Steele declined the invitation to interfere. Acting Secretary Chandler found it impossible to conform with the law and wait for the strip to be opened, and consequently two-thirds of Payne county is now south of the river. One hundred and thirty-seven petitions have been sent to the secretary by Oklahoma citizens, making various requests about county lines. The new territory not attached to the old counties has been divided into seven counties, thus making fifteen counties in the entire territory of Oklahoma. No names have been selected, as this will be done by the citizens and local government. Judge Chandler said today that very soon, according to the requirements of the law, he would select near the center of each county three hundred and twenty acres for townsite purposes, this to be used for county seat towns. He expects to have a warm time in maintaining his ground on the order issued today but said: "As far as I am concerned, not a single change will be made. The order has been considered and is final. We have considered the interest of the people in general avoiding personal complications. Understand, we are threatened with delegations from Oklahoma, but you can just state in the State Capital that they had better save the expense by remaining at home."

The Sac and Fox country is said to be full of young wild turkeys, just the right size for a fine roast.

PARAGRAPHER'S SNAP SHOTS.

A Crisis.

From the Washington Post.

It looks as if the Indians were becoming too shrewd for our Indian commissions.

Legal Lore.

From the Topeka Journal.

The decisions of the supreme court should now read: "All the justices and Judge McKay concurring."

To Keep up Her Courage?

From the Elowa Review.

If Kansas wants something good to exhibit at the world's fair, it might take the whistling well located in the western part of the state.

Another Howl.

From the Emporia Republican.

The wretched condition of farming in this country is shown by the fact that 10 per cent of farmers fail, while only 90 per cent of the merchants go under.

Throw Him Up to Us Afterward.

From the Leavenworth Times.

The Wichita EAGLE thinks it will go hard with the high toned southerners to swallow Jerry Simpson. It would go pretty hard with Jerry, too, wouldn't it?

Diplomacy Departed.

From the Kansas City Star.

Mr. Ingalls says that Washington is the intellectual capital of the country. The ex-senator never gave Lawrence such a slap in the face as that while he was in politics.

How to Read Chili Dispatches.

From the Lawrence Journal.

The telegraph said yesterday that the Chilean insurgents had won. Today it says they lost. By reading the news from Chili carefully one can always tell which side has charge of the wires.

Drop a Nickle, Etc., and Carry Kentucky

From the Medicine Lodge Index.

Secretary Shilling thinks the People's party stands a good show to carry Kentucky if it had enough money to pay the expenses of speakers. He requests all Alliancemen to send what they can spare to H. E. Taubeneck, at Frankfort, Ky.

No Repudiation There.

From the Chicago Times.

The Egyptians had a very remarkable ordinance to prevent persons from borrowing imprudently. An Egyptian was not permitted to borrow without giving to his creditor in pledge the body of his father. It was deemed both an impiety and an infamy not to redeem so sacred a pledge. A person who died without discharging that duty was deprived of the customary honors paid to the dead.

Electricity on Elevators.

Electrical engineers have devoted considerable attention to the application of electricity in hoisting machinery, but the varying speed and load of elevators have rendered the subject one difficult of solution. The hoisting machinery devised to run by electricity contains many new and important features commending it to general consideration. The armature shaft of the motor is connected directly to the worm gear shaft, which also acts as a brake and is automatically applied when the current is cut off from the motor, not only overcoming the momentum of the armature but holding the car stationary in case the current should fail through accident at the generating station or from any other cause. Perhaps the most important feature of the machine is the controller, which is so arranged that there is never any spark on the sliding contact plates, as when the motor is stopped the spark is taken up by carbon points.—New York Telegram.

Art Gallery for the Stanford.

At the Stanford university changes are being made in the art gallery to receive copies of all the best specimens of the old masters' handiwork. While Senator and Mrs. Stanford were in Europe last year they conceived the idea of having the triumphs of art represented in California, and proceeded to put the idea into execution. Permission was obtained from the king of Italy to have copies made of the historic pictures in the Italian galleries, and more recently similar permission has been received from the czar of Russia and the king of Belgium regarding the paintings in their several galleries.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Telegraphing Without Wires.

The practicability of telegraphing without wires has been demonstrated by the success of several experiments. Not long ago Mr. Preece, the head electrician of the postal telegraph system in England, succeeded in establishing communication across the Solent to the Isle of Wight, and telegraphed also across the River Severn without wires, merely using earth plates at a sufficient distance apart. It is now proposed to make practical use of this system in communicating with lightships.—New York Telegram.

TUSSLE WITH A MANIAC.

A SOLDIER GETS A LESSON IN THE CARE OF THE INSANE.

The Valet Woke in His Master's Room to Find the Madman Sitting on the Servant's Body with a Death Grasp on the Unfortunate Man's Throat.

I am a trained nurse. My specialty is the care of the insane. I was formerly a corporal in the British Marine artillery, and on my discharge, finding my pension not sufficient to keep me, I looked about for employment. Having excellent good conduct papers I was not long in obtaining a situation as personal attendant, or what is called body servant to a young gentleman named Frank Hardy, the son of a wealthy English clergyman, who was studying for the army examinations.

Young Mr. Hardy was as fine a specimen of physical manhood as I ever set eyes upon, but he was a living instance of the old saying, "The nearer the church the further from God." He was not only wild; he was licentious. When I joined him even there were signs of the breaking up of a magnificent constitution and powerful intellect, though he was but twenty-six years of age.

In the suite of rooms Mr. Hardy rented on Russell square, London, I occupied a like chamber at the back, connecting with the main rooms through the bathroom and his bedroom, which opened on to his study by a single door, and that, by a large pair of folding doors, upon the large front reception room. I was also able to reach this front room by the hall passage without entering my master's rooms at all. Besides my duties of keeping his clothes and rooms in order, preparing his toilet and looking after his wants generally, I was expected to be in readiness at any hour of the day or night to attend upon him.

IN THE MASTER'S ROOM.

As he generally came home in the small hours of the morning you may guess that my office was no sinecure. On these occasions he was more like a wild beast than a human being. I will not bother to tell how for some weeks I had noticed a remarkable change coming over the young man, until in sheer self protection I had confided certain fears to our landlady's husband (himself an old soldier), and had requested him, should I at any time not appear at my usual hour, to burst open my door, for I should probably be in want of assistance. I felt better after I had done this anyway.

It was on Aug. 4, 1879. I am not likely to forget the date, for it was one of the narrowest squeaks for being my last day I ever had. The young master had for some days been in a sort of sullen mood, morose and irritable, occasionally breaking out into spasmodic passions and destroying whatever was within his immediate reach. I did not like the prospect, and was even more anxious from the fact that he had, during those days, entirely given up drink and tobacco. If he had stuck to the latter perhaps this adventure would never have happened to me. I am a great believer in the soothing effects of nicotine, and I have seen it produce calming results of the most satisfactory nature upon many dangerous rabid lunatics.

On the morning of Aug. 4 my master came home at 2 o'clock and at once called upon me to attend him. I was so used to his eccentricities that I was not very much surprised when he ordered me to bring my little iron cot bed and fix it up in his room. He was not feeling well, he said, and was rather afraid of sleeping alone. Of course I did as I was commanded, and in five minutes I was ensconced in his apartments.

IN A MANIAC'S GRASP.

I was not quite satisfied with his strange behavior nor with the peculiar way in which he watched my every movement, and I determined to be in readiness for any emergency. It was not long before it arose. After assisting him to get off his clothes and get into bed I lay down on my own cot, and I confess to having fallen off to sleep very quickly. The awakening came with equal suddenness in this way.

I felt a heavy weight pressing upon me, while some one seemed to be making an effort to strangle me. You know what a nightmare is? Well, haven't you sometimes sort of said to yourself during an indigestion dream that you knew it was only a dream and would pass away soon? I have, and that is how I acted that night. I kind of smiled to myself, and said it had to go if I only waited long enough.

But somehow it did not go. Instead of going it got a great deal worse, and when at last I opened my eyes, through the dim light of the morning I saw the face of my young master glaring down at me, while with his thumbs at my throat he was quietly choking the life out of me. I had sense enough not to make an effort to move, and then I discovered that he was sitting across my body, with his knees upon my arms, and I was therefore powerless. What was I to do? He was gradually but surely killing me! Just as all these things flashed across my mind he noticed that my eyes were open.

"Ah! I've got you now! You'll play the detective on me, will you? You'll play the eavesdropper, eh? We shall see!" and he squeezed me a little tighter.

A RUSE THAT WORKED.

It was a matter of a few moments only I knew that. It is not difficult to recognize moral danger when it is so close as all that. Strategy was my only chance. I gave a little struggle to put him off the scent; he only squeezed tighter and laughed. Then, with a gasp, I let my jaw drop and my limbs fall loose and limp beneath the madman. Would my trick succeed? The few seconds that followed my ruse passed like hours!

Yes! He felt the difference. What would he do? Just what I hoped he would. Raised my head and shoulders from the pillows, and after one more squeeze, which nearly did have the desired effect, flung me back on the pillows. But in so doing he loosened his hold of my throat and his knees slipped from my arms. That instant saved my life. Quicker than I can say it! I was awake, alive and fighting for supremacy with a raving murderous lunatic!

I had no knowledge of how to treat such people, but self preservation is a wonderful teacher. With my arms free I could wrestle, and wrestle I did. By good luck or accident, in the course of that struggle we came to the floor with the madman underneath, and then I noticed that I had got him into an inextricable tangle with the sheet. It was wound round and round him, forming a most complete strait jacket, and I was safe.

All I had to do was to sit still until the landlord come in the morning. I did not go to sleep any more that night, I can tell tell you. When Mr. Hardy's friends came and the doctors advised his removal to an asylum they asked me to go with him. The increase in the pay tempted me. I stayed with him till he died, twelve months later.—New York Recorder.

3 BARGAINS

—AT—

"ARCADE"

Fast Black Orgrndies nice ones for 12½c.

SPECIAL FAN SALE.

1000 Fans all marked down to 25c.

42 inch Diagonal Plaids, worth 25c, cut this week to 15 cents.

"ARCADE"

Men and Their Legs.

Men generally cross their legs when there is least pressure on their minds. You will not very often find a man actually engaged in business with his legs crossed. The limbs at those times are straighter than at any other, because the mind and body work together. A man engaged in auditing accounts will seldom cross his legs; neither will a man who is writing an article or who is employed in any manner where his brain is actively engaged.

When at work in a sitting posture the limbs naturally extend to the floor in a perfectly straight line. A man may cross his legs if he is sitting in an office chair discussing some proposition with another man, but the instant he becomes really in earnest and perceives something to be gained his limbs uncross, he bends forward toward his neighbor and begins to use his hands.

But these observations are made of mankind in general. There are particular cases that are otherwise. There are certain men of distinguished talents who, when engaged in literary work, twist their legs into intricate coils. One of the most eminent dramatists in this country never abandons himself to deep thought without contorting his limbs, which are long and slender, into a kind of angular scrollwork under the table. Another man, whose poems appear most frequently in the magazines, seems actually to wring his emotions out of his legs, as if they were sponges sopped in the divine afflatus.

However, these are exceptional cases of mannerisms by which particular men of brains are insensibly affected. Some men twist their beards when they are in deep thought, others scratch their heads abstractedly, while others again chew their finger nails. To this absent minded genus belongs now and then a man who cannot ponder severely without making his legs express all the emotion of thought.—New York Recorder.

Superstition in a Metropolitan Store.

There was a commotion in one of the large dry goods stores up town Thursday morning. It was caused by six or eight hysterical shop girls, and was observed by two customers who happened to be near the linen counter. The commotion was started by the discovery of a croton bug on the counter. The girl who discovered it quietly brushed it off on the floor, whereat another girl started to step on it.

"Oh, don't!" screamed the first girl frantically, "You must never kill a croton bug that way."

"Not no! no! Never step on a croton bug," exclaimed three or four voices in unison, and several hands were stretched out to pull back the daring girl. She paused and impatiently asked, "For goodness sake, why not?"

"Because if you step on a croton bug it will rain all the week," said one of the girls in an impressive tone of voice.

"Oh, pshaw!" said the would be executioner of the bug, which meanwhile had nestled in a crack in the floor.

"That's so! Yes, indeed. I never knew the sign to fail," insisted three of the girls excitedly, as they gently endeavored to draw the skeptical girl back to her post of duty behind the counter. But she was unconvinced, and her hatred of croton bugs was so much stronger than her superstitious tendencies that she brought her foot down with deadly effect, and met the indignant ejaculations of her mates with a defiant "Well, let it rain."—New York Times.

First Shot at an Izard.

"Le voila! Tiree, tiree!" and there, trotting along, casting a dark shadow on the white snow, was an izard, about 175 yards above me. I unslung my rifle and followed with the sight. He stopped for an instant. Crack! He whirled and trotted back again, stopped, crack! and with a bound he disappeared among the rocks. We watched in vain for his reappearance, and turned to mount, exchanging mutual condolences. Suddenly, "Viola!" and there he was again, on the other snowfield at our right.

Crack! went the Winchester, and then he seemed to understand for the first time where the trouble came from, for he was off like the wind, while I emptied the three remaining cartridges of my magazine at the flying clouds of snow. The miss was set down to the natural nervousness at the first izard, and it was not until some hours afterward that I noticed a derangement of the rifle sights which would have made it impossible to kill at twenty yards. It was the first piece of bad luck.—Paul Van Dyke in Scribner's.

Travel Then and Now.

Few facts more strikingly show the progress made during the last half century than a case of an aged couple who have returned to Connecticut after an absence of fifty-three years. It took them in 1838 to go from Glastonbury to their new western home in wild Illinois three weeks and two days. They have come back in one day and two nights!—Hartford Times.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.