SOCIETIES. A. F. & A. M., Delta Lodge No. 77.— Regular communications, first and

Regular communications, first and third Saturday evenings in each month. C. T. FREEMAN, W. M CYPRUS CHAPTER No. 63, R. A. M., meets in Masonie Hall every 2d and 4th Thursday. Visiting brethren cordially invited. P. A. SIMMONS, H. P. R. SANDERSON, Sec'v.

R. SANDERSON, Sec v.

O. E. S. LORRAINE CHAPTER, No. 30.
Regular Communications, first and third Monday evenings in each month.

Mrs. Eva L. Merrella, W. M.

Dr. H. Yant, Sec.

Oblems Lodge, No. 140, K. of P., meets on Monday evening of each week, at Odd Fellow's hall. Visiting Knights in good standing myled to attend.

H. A. Brown, K. of R. & S.



ENSIGN ENCAMPMENT No. 62, 1, O. O. F. NAOMI No. 67, REBECCA DEGREE, L.O. O. F. Meets the 3d and 4th Friday nights, each month. Mrs. 10a NELSON, N. G. E. M. BYERLEY, Secy.

G. A. R. ELDRED POST, No. 174, meets of the court house in Medicine Lodge, at 7 P. M. All comrades cordially invited.

LOBEN EDWARDS, POST COMMANDER, JOHN McCoy, Adjutant. A, O, U, W, Fidelity Lodge No. 80.— Meets every Thursday might. W, S. Finney, M. W. J. W. SINGER, Recorder.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST.—Preaching each Sunday at 11 a.
m. and at 7:30 p. m., at the courthouse. Sunday school at 12 o'clock, m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening of each week. Rev. W. A. Cain, Pastor. Residence on North Walnut St. CHRISTIAN.—Preaching every Sunday at Ho'clock, a. m., and 7:30 p. m., by Elder David Nation. Prayer meeting every Wedgesday aight. Sunday school at 10 o'clock a. m. every Sunday.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Services every Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Strangers invited. R. Sandenson, Pastor. PRESBYTERIAN.—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. J. B. Nourn, Pastor. CATHOLIC CHURCH - Services on 2nd Sunday of every month at Sherlock's hall, at 10:00 a.m. HEV. BITTER Pastor. GERMAN BAPTIST BRETHREN—Hold reg-ular services at Mingons, Barber county, the second and fourth Sundays in each month. At Forrest school house on the second Sunday; Cedar Creek school house on the third Sunday. By Elders Shamberger, Smith and Neher.

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I keep a stock of coffins and caskets of every poscription and size always on hand. Order promptly attended to. A first-class cabinet we kmar in the establishment to do repairing.

OUR FIVE-YEAR-OLD. Merry and restless all the time. Sweet as a wild rose in its prime; Pure as the lily of the vale Fure as the hig of the vale
Blooming in sweetness, fair and pale;
Bright as the sun's rays just at noon,
Lovelier than the sweetest tune—
As a bud's petals sweet unfold,
Bo do thy days, our five-year-old.

Winsome thy ways, and sweet thy smile, Thy voice's melodies beguile; On every day throughout the year Thy laugh rings out, full, sweet and clear; Our hearts in unison respond, And love meets love in kisses fond; What witcher; our hearts doth hold— Why love we so our five-year-old?

Search ye all o or the earth's broad face, where find a form more full of grace,
Where find a face more nobly fair,
Or mind which lovelier jewels wear?
The graces and the v-rtues meet,
And find within thy soul the r seat, Ah, surely wealth of love untold Is fitly thine, our five-year-old!

And as the years fly on space, When fills thy past an empty space, Oh, may thy future bring to thre God's wealth of love divinely free, And lead thee home where joys ne'er; God grant to thee and us, dear maid, At last to enter the gates of gold All together, our five-year-old!
—Spr.ngfield (Mass.) Republican.

HER SPHERE.

Miss Susan's Fortune and the Trouble It Caused Her.

"Mother, Miss Susan has had a little fortune left here."
"A fortune! Miss Susan! Nonsense, Berbert, why do you say such childish

things!"
"A child is supposed to speak a simple,
unvarnished tale, isn't it? Well, my admiring mother, that is just what I am doing. Miss Susan, I tell you, has had a fortune

"By whom?"

"Ah, now your curiosity comes to the rescue of your unbelief; you grant me, then, that Miss Susan has had a fortune left her!" "I would grant you a box on the ear, if my hands were not so busy just now, for teasing me about a matter that you must know I am sincerely interested in." Mr. Herbert Johns' handsome mother threw enough reproach into her tone to bring the young man to more sober speech. He landed his chair safely on its four legs, after pirouetting it around on one, and left off bantering his mother. "Yes, madame, in good earnest, her California uncle has left her \$10,000."

"Is it possible! I wonder what the good soul will do with it? I really am afraid, Herbert, that the change at her time of life will make her unhappy."
"Then I hope, mother, that you will suggest to her to give it to me. It would not

make me unhappy, I assure you."

But Mrs. Johns was not far wrong. Miss Susan Park had learned the dress-making trade while she was a girl in her teens. She was an old maid of forty now, doing an excellent business, getting a dollar and a haif a day, and laying by a little something every year. She was entirely content with her lot. The California lawyer's letter had upset her whole plan of life. Instead of becoming the beneficiary of the Old Ladies' Home for the consideration of a three hundred dollar entrance fee, which had hereto-fore been her earthly ambition, Miss Susan now felt both the pleasure and the respon-sibility of a possible benefactress. And what, indeed, as Mrs. Johns had said, should she do with it!

asylum, ma'am," Miss Susan said in answer to the kind lady, the next time she went to her for a day's sewing. "An orphan asylum!" exclaimed Mrs. Johns, in natural surprise. The old maid's

cheek was still fresh enough to color deep-"Yes'm, I love childer, an' I think I'd hardly want to go to Heaven, if I could have a dozen of them, with blue eyes, and curls, and white dresses, in my house all

This was the old maid's first dream of what to do with her money. Mrs. Johns had not the heart to break in upon it with cruel facts, of dirty, willful, unruly, dis-eased, ungrateful little creatures, such as she well knew fell to the lot of most orphan asylums. She only said: "Don't be hasty, Susan, take some time to look around you before you make up your mind."
"Well, Miss Johns," said the heiress. plaintively, some weeks later, "I'm glad enough I took your advice about looking around a bit before I set out for an orpha asylum. I went to the Home of the Help-less, told 'em what I was thinkin' about, and asked them to let me stay a few days and look 'round. But land's sake! I could

hardly stick it out for two days. I didn't have an idee that childer was so noisy and as pesterin'. If I was younger may be I could get used to 'em, but it wouldn't suit me now, no way."

There was something in Miss Susan's decided tone which suggested to her patron's sharp ears that some other object had risen above the old maid's horizon, and she promptly turned her gives upon it.

promptly turned her glass upon it.
"Well, yes'm," reluctantly admitted Miss
Susan. "I did get hold of a plan that it seems likely would just sult; the doctor at the house says they're awful short of sound a little popish, but we would't wear crosses nor black valls, nor nothin' like that." She looked anxiously at Mrs. Johns; her approval had been Miss Susan's law for so many years that she could not be comfortable without it. But that lady shook her head sagaciously. "Don't you get yourself pledged to a nurse's life till you've tried it," she said, warningly; "remember the orphans." Miss Susan was evidently dis-

cointed at her friend's lack of enthusiasm, but a -- and to take a nurse's position at once and put herself to the proof. "Mother," said Mr. Herbert Johns, coming into her dressing-room one day, "did you set Miss Susan Park up for a nurse?" "No, my dear," answered the lady, trying vaguely to recall what she had done in the "but why? She hasn't poisoned any-

of all the sights she was the most absurd; gotten up in some fanciful costume of cap and cape, and so on."

"How did she seem to be getting on?" asked his mother.
"Well, I was there about eleven o'clock," he answered, taking out his watch and re-garding it attentively; "it is now two, and I'll eat my hat if one or the other of that duet isn't stark crazy by this time, but I'd make a safer bet on Miss Susan herself." "Oh, Herbert, what sort of speech is that? Do tell me what you mean?"

"I mean," said he, with an effort to look able, 'that Miss Susan has about as good an idea of nursing as a blacksmith sed I felt obliged to go and tell Dr. Carrso."

It was some time before Miss Susan could be coaxed back to Mrs. Johns' house, but the tide of confession set in at last: "Yes, I like to went crazy at the job; the doctor told me so many things to do and not to do, that I was all to a muddle, and then, bless your life, the sick man wouldn't let me do any thing. He just swore at me and told me to let him alone, and go about my busi-ness. Now, you know I never could stand with my hands folded doing nething, so I tried to tip around and tidy up things a bit ou the sly, but is me, I'd as soon go into a wild beast's den as try to nurse a sick man

again."
Little by little came further confessions: Little by little came further confessions;
Miss Susan had thought of making a home
for old people, of going an aforeign mission,
of being a tract distributor, in fact she had
aspired to all the forms of usefulness open
to her ken. "But 'taint no use," she said,
breaking down into a goos old-fashioned
ory, "Seems as if I couldn't do any of the
things that the Lord wants done; I don't

see what good 1 am anyhow."
The soft folds of Mrs. Johns' surah fell THE ELEPHANTS' FATE. over Miss Susan's scant calloo skirt, as the handsome, fashionably-dressed woman sat down on a sofa close to the disconsolate old It Is Similar to That Which Has

> as Grass," and the Places That Have Known Him Will Seon "Know Him No More"-The Work

thing. I went to Mrs. Brown's high tea last week, and while a party of us were sitting at a little cluster of tables, eating wafers, and sipping bouillon, your name was men-tioned. 'I am so sorry to hear that Miss Susan is going to give up sewing; said one; 'not on account of the sewing; of course somebody else can do that, but I shall miss somebody else can do that, but I shall miss
the little woman herself so much. I always
feel more charitable to my fellow men,
more reverent towards my Maker, more
humble minded, and less frivolous when I
have had her in my house for two weeks."

Mrs. Johns' paused and Miss Susan's
downcast eyes were full of tears. "Then,"
she continued, "another lady spoke up;
'Yes, indeed,' she said, 'you can't think
what a loss she'll be to me. I have always
said I owed Miss Susan Park a great deal
for her influence over my girls. They have
always been devoted to her ever since they
were little tots, sitting by and getting her were little tots, sitting by and getting her to cut out quilt pieces; and now that they are grown they still love and admire her. Her gentle Christian character, together with her pure, highminded views of things, and the earnest little speeches she makes, checks they legit and recite. to cut out quilt pieces; and now that they are grown they still love and admire her. Her gentle Christian character, together with her pure, highminded views of things, and the earnest little speeches she makes, checks their levity and vanity. Oh, I assure you I could cry about her leaving her old customers."

As Mrs. Johns talked on, telling the lonely old maid how one and another household As Mrs. Johns talked on, telling the lonely old maid how one and another household loved and valued her, a streak of sunshine seemed to touch her tears with rainbow colors. "Go 'long, Miss Johns," she said, biushing like a girl, "ain't you 'shamed to be saying such things to my face; but I feel all made over somehow by what you tell me. La, how nice it will be to go to Miss Holmes next week, and make over her blue chaille. As for my money, I'll tell you a secret, Miss Johns, I was so beat out about it that I took the papers and things last week to Mr. Herbert, and he promised to tie it up in something so I couldn't get any more if I wanted it, 'cept the interest, and I'm just going to divide that 'round. When I come to think of it, I know lots o' When I come to think of it, I know lots o' people that'il be pleased to get a little help out of it, and then I won't have any more stayin' awake at nights. If you b'lieve me, my fingers are fairly itchin' this minute to get hold of Miss Holmes' blue chaille."-Elizabeth P. Alien, in Interior.

TRUSTS AND COMBINES.

An Edict Against Them Issued by Em-peror Zeno in A. D. 483. In 483 A. D. the Emperor Zeno issued the following edict to the Prætorian Prefect of

Constantinople (Code iv., 59):

"We command that no one may presume to exercise a monopoly of any kind of clothing, or of fish, or of any other thing serving for food, or for any other use whatever its nature may be, either of his own authority or under a rescript of an Emperor already procupad activities. Emperor already procured, or that may hereafter be procured, or under an imperial decree, or under a rescript signed by Our Majesty, nor may any persons combine or agree in undertal persons. combine or agree in unlawful meetings that different kinds of merchandise may not be sold at a less price than they may ing it; full liberty is given to any one to finish a work begun and abandoned by another, without apprehension of loss, and to denounce all acts of this kind without ear and without costs. And if any one shall presume to practice a monopoly, let his property be forfeited and himself condemined to perpetual exile. And in regard to the principals of other professions, if they shall venture in the future to fix a price upon their merchandise, and to bind nselves by agreements not to sell at a lower price, let them be condemned to pay forty pounds of gold. Your court shall be condemned to pay fifty pounds of gold if it shall happen, through avarice, negligence or any other misconduct, the provisions of this salutary constitution for the probil tion of monopolies and agreements among the different bodies of merchants shall not

be carried into effect." HABITS OF WASPS.

An Incident Illustrative of Their Cunning and Ferocity. The subterfuges resorted to by animals in search of food have been regarded by the general reader as the most interesting and nstructive portion of the works of naturalists. An incident illustrating of the cun-ning of the wasp was recently related to the New York Ledger by an observing gen-

A blue wasp, known as the solitary wasp because it lives alone in its little clay nest, was seen to hurl itself upon the strong, wheel-shaped web of a large spider. Here it set up a loud buzzing, like that of a fly when accidentally entangled in a similar web. The spider, watching at the door of his silken domicile, stole cautionsly forth. nurses; he says, says he, 'you'd make a good lady superior, Sister Susan.' It does that he was appropriately a common security. that he was approaching no common enemy. The apparently desperate yet fruitless efforts of the wasp to free himself encouraged the spider and lured him forward. But aged the spider and lured him forward. But when within some three inches of his intended victim, the wasp suddenly freed himself from his mock entanglements, and darting upon the poor spider, in a moment, as it were, pierced him with his deadly sting in a hundred places.

The wasp then bore his ill-gotten spoil to his lonely home. This home is built of allowed.

imple-shaped and originally containing but one apartment. In the lower part of this cul-de-ac the wasp deposits its eggs. Immediately over them it draws a thin, glutinous curtain. Upon this curtain it packs away the proceeds of its hunting excursions, such as spiders, flies and all other in-sects which it regards as suitable food for body, I hope."

Mr. Herbert picked out his favorite chair and then sat down to enjoy a good laugh. "I ran across the good soul to-day at Mr. Lancaster's, who, by the way, is very sick, and contained the sights are was the most absurd:

"Tail the sights are was the most absurd:

"The stress of the sight and the sight of the sight of the stress of the sight of the sight of the sight of the stress of the stress of the stress of the sight of the stress of the stre the agreeable form and stature of perfect

> Oulda on Matr mony. part them. The two people most concerned, especially the bridegroom, are on such a especially the bridegroom, are on such a day willing enough to shrink from vain show and vain babble, but their friends and relatives insist on trotting them out and making them show their paces. Indeed, for a man of shy or nervous temperament to be married without chloroform is a painful operation. He may be a strong man, but he feels like Samson when, for the sake of a woman whom he loved, he allowed his eyes to be put out, and heard the Phillistines calling upon him to make sport for them.
>
> But when it is remembered that 1,200,000 end into England, for which supply it has been computed that 50,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 end into England, for which supply it has been computed that 50,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 50,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 50,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 50,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,200,000 elephants are annually sain; when it is remembered that 1,2 ing upon him to make sport for them.

> > Mammy's Family Pride.

In the olden times the negroes of the Southern plantation and the household were as proud of the social position of their masters as any of the children, and as anxious for the good name of any member of the family. The Southern Bivouac once told of any last Phonds told of an old Florida mammy who showed her pride in a quaint and characteristic style. Her young masters, both inds, were conscripted and ordered to Pensacola. They were taking a tearful leave of friends, when the old "mammy" exclaimed: "Now, young masters, stop dis hyer cryin'; go and fight for your country like men, and mind, don't disgrace the family, nor me muthes?"

maid. The shapely white hand was laid over the bony fingers that had known such constant labor, and Miss Susan's friend spoke as soothingly as one does to a tired The Great African Pachyderm Now "But "Now, Susan, I want to tell you some-

> At the beginning of this century, says the St. James' Gazette, the elephant was found plentifully upon the eastern confines and in the southern forest belt of the Cape Colony. As lately as 1830 ivory hunters pursued their calling in the dense bush veldt of the Eastern Province, and still later in Kaffraria. But the Cape Government, fore-seeing the probability of the mighty beast's extinction within a few years, proclaimed measures of protection; and it is a curious fact that there exist at the present moment, within the southeastern limits of Cape Col-ony—within sight of the Indian Ocean more wild elephants than are to be found for probably fifteen hundred miles inland. In Addo Bush, not far from Port Elizabeth, in the Knysna and Zitzikamina forests, and

Passing eastward through Natal, once have recently trekked south across the Amatonga border. Here their extermina-tion must soon follow. It is probable that the country most abounding in the poor remnant of elephants now south of the Zambesi is the unnealthy region lying east and northeast of the Transvaal border—much of it known as Umzilaland. Here the prevalence of deadly fever in the hot months and the tse-tse fly have alone

prevented Dutch hunters from completing their work of destruction; but even here the supply of elephant life is now sparse and limited and can not long hold out. The Orange Free State, from the treeless, open nature of its terrain, although formerly crowded with other game, was never a haunt of elephants. But not so with the Transvaal. Here in 1837 Captain Cornwal is Harris, one of the first to explore the beautiful but unknown wilds then held by the flerce Moselikatze and his Matabeles, found elephants in astounding plenty. In one valley alone he saw wandering in peace-ful seclusion hundreds of the gray beasts. But close on the heels of Harris followed the Boer Voertreakers, who, having attacked and driven out Mosehkatze, turned ome for the consideration of a three hadced dollar entrance fee, which had heretoare been her earthly ambition, Miss Susan
ow felt both the pleasure and the responinhility of a possible benefactress. And
and all who practice other professions, and
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to successful, and there now remains to
the vast territories of the South African
republic probably not one solitary wild elephant. All have vanished. North of the
Transvaal lie Matabele and Mashonalands
who has contracted for a work from finishthe country now ruled by Lodengula, son of the dreaded Moselikatze. So recently as between 1871 and 1875 these lands were tenanted by vast numbers of elephants. But, as Mr. F. C. Selous, the well-known hunter, tells us, it is now difficult in a year's hun ing to come across a single elephant in these countries. Mr. Selous himself, the mightiest elephant hunter of these or any other times, who has devoted the greates part of the last seventeen years to the flerce oil and countless dangers of ivory hunting, and the numerous Dutch and other hunt-ers who have ravaged the country, have much to answer for in this matter. But, after ail, they have been but the instru-

ments of supply to a pitiless and never Turning westward to Bechuanaland the same story has to be told. In Gordon Cumming's time—1846 to 1850—Bamangwato, now ruled by Khama, was a veidt virgin to the hunter. Gordon Cumming himself was one of the first to exploit it, and by him, Os-well and Vardon, and afterward by Bald-win and others, great execution was wrought among the elephants, even as far to the west as Lake N'Gami. Professional hunters have since Gordon Comments hunters have, since Gordon Cumming's day, completed absolutely the work of extirpation in these lands. In one year alone, after the discovery of Lake N'Gami (1849), Livingstone tells us that nine hundred ele-phants were slain in the region of the Great Lake What wealth of animal life, although backed by countless years of undisturbed freedom and repose, could with-stand the barbarous ravages of so shortsighted a policy? North Bechuanaland, in luding its Zambesi borders, and the Ma-

babe veldt—once a great hunting ground—and the Lake N'Gami regions, are now all but completely denuded of ivory. Passing yet further to the westward, across the Kalahari, which now shares the dearth of Becha-analand, we reach the countries of the Namaquas and Damaras. Here the same niserable history has to be recorded. Since the time of the explorer Charles Andersson, between 1850 and 1860, when elephants were found in abundance in Southwest Africa. succeeding years have seen the professional hunters pursuing without mercy or cessation their work of slaughter; and elephants may now be found no further south phants may now be found no further south than Ovampoland, where the native hatred of the white man has alone protected them. The ivory trade of South Africa has, with the decline of elephant life, decayed in like ratio. In 1873 the value of ivory exported through Cape Colony was £60,462; in 1886 it was £2.150. In 1878, £17,199 worth of ivory was exported from Natal, in 1885 but £4,100 worth. Beyond these Austral-African regions, where ivory is now as scarce as it gions, where ivory is now as scarce as it was but a few years since superabundant, the progress of extirpation goes on apace. Portuguese and Arab hunters have for years been hard at work, and each season sees the precious supply wax smaller. In the Kilimajaro regions in East Africa, and Oulda on Matr mony.

If ever one is to pray, if ever one is to feel grave and anxious, if ever one is to shrink from vain show and vain babble, surely it is just on the occasion of two human beings binding themselves to one another, for better and for worse, till death part them. The two people most concerned, and the little known interior of Western Africa will hold out longest of all. But when it is remembered that 1,398,000 But when it is remembered that 1,300,000

The Quarterly Review admits that Lord Beaconsfield was "deficient in a knowledge of foreign languages." I should think he was! I suppose the reviewer never heard the story about him which still lingers among the waiters at the Kaiserhof. During the Berlin Congress he was breakfasting alone one morning, and he rang the bell. He knew not a word of German, but he had a sort of smattering of French. So it was in that language that he asked, or imagined he had a saked, the waiter to bring him a footstool. Some time clapsed; there was much disputations whispering among the waiters in the corridors outside. At length there entered waiter No. 1, bearing occumunally a footbath, followed by waiter No. 2 carrying towels.

PROFESSIONAL READERS.

A New and Pleasant Occupation for Gen-tic, Cultured Young Women.

As the elegancies and luxuries of life grow more common, the increase of wealth produces new needs which are constantly Overtaken the Buffalo. creating new employments, writes Garry Owen Gaines in the Country Gentleman One of the latest of these, and to which women are admirably and specially adapted, is the vocation of reader to invalids or elderly people. In a number of cities ladies follow this as a business and make a good living by it, and it seems destined to be one of the increasing occupations of the future as education, intelligence and wealth be-come more general. There will always be invalids and always a crop of well-to-do old people for patrons, and the woman who can make herself useful in this way will not lack for employment. There is no school-room drudgery connected with it to wear her out, body and soul, before her time, as is the usual lot of teachers in our conded about the statement of the school in the s

graded schools, but rather it is a delightful ministering to her intellectual peers, and one can readily imagine the work to be in entire consonance with the tastes of the most cultivated, refined lady who is forced In many families among the wealthy classes there are aged parents, whose does ciasses there are aged parents, whose dim eyes can no longer see the printed page. Children are too busy and full of cares in this rushing American life, and grand-children often too heedless, to stop their work or their pleasures to read to these foriorn old folks, who, though surrounded by luxuries on every side, actually suffer from starvation of the mind! Think, then, what a beam of light is this righting read. what a beam of light is this visiting read er, who forms the link that connects them with the bustling circles of humanity, of which they have been hitherto only a silent part—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot"—because they could no longer

Perhaps it is a blind or partially blind scholar, or one of literary tastes, who, but for the kindness of others—a kindness too often given grudgingly, to the shame of often given grudgingly, to the shame of humanity be it said!—must ever sit in that darkness which is greater anguish than physical night. Perhaps it is a sick man or woman slowly convalescing, whose keen interest in the outside world has become intensified by long weeks of deprivation of the accustomed daily journal. To all such the visiting reader is a prize for which they

are willing to pay a good sum.

Reading seems such an easy thing that doubtless many young women will catch at this prospect of a new and less laborious field than many of the paths trodden by im-pecunious womankind, but the fact is that good reading is one of the rarest of accomplishments. Hundreds of girls are good piano players, and creditable artists and painters, who will mangle an essay or poem beyond all recognition by its author, were he so unfortunate as to be present to

listen to it. anecdote or humorous sketch about as spiritedly as they would the Lamentations of Jeremiah, while scarcely one person in twenty knows enough to give the proper inflections, and therefore utterly falls to read conversational passages intelligibly. It is simply because the writer's meaning is not understood. We might almost say that readers, like poets, are born and not made. Lacking that subtle insight, that sympathy with the author, the possession or absence of which constitutes the difference between good and poor readers, they lack every thing, and all the schools of elocution and labor of voice drill in the

companionable old gentleman, then a brisk walk in the pleasant air to the house of some refined old lady or sweet invalid girl, who is longing to hear the latest sermon of a noted divine or the choice things in the last magazine, certainly seems the very acme of the agreeable in the way of earn ing one's bread; but please to bear in mind, dear miss or madam who aspire to this profession, that to secure such places you must

know your business thoroughly. Know that if there is one thing more irritating than another to a sensitive auditor, it is to have a reader stumble over and repeat words, or spoil the pleasure of the entire article by car-torturing mispro-nunciation. It is like sitting on needles and pins for nervous persons to be compelled to listen to botchy reading, to anticipate two or three seconds in advance of the drony voice and measured sing-song sentences just what will come next, and get themselves into a fever speculating how many times more you will come to a dead stop at an innocent comma, and thus mar

the whole meaning.

A really fine reader has it in his power to confer so much pleasure on others that the wonder is why it has been allowed to almost become one of the "lost arts." The hostess of a country party blesses her lucky stars when she discovers among her guests one who knows how to read, feeling that she has secured an attraction as rare that she has secured an attraction as rare as it is pleasurable, and instances are not uncommon where a popular minister's hold on a congregation is his beautiful rendering of the Scriptures and the hymns.

In a greater measure, because reaching those who are cut off by age or sickness from the usual channels of information. does the visiting reader give enjoyment to others, and earn her daily bread as well, by means of a clear articulation, a sympa-thetic voice that carries the listener with her through moods, merry or tender, as de-picted on the page, and, lastly, a quick ap-preciation and comprehension of the au-thor's meaning. thor's meaning.

A Lover's Strange Dream.

The Pall Mall Gazette records a lever's averaged in a superior and a lever's averaged nineteen, with her two brothers and a younger sister, were left in charge of the house while their parents attended a funeral in the country. In the evening the girl's sweetheart called. As she was alarmed at noises which she fancied she heard, he stayed at the house all picht two the stayed at the house all picht to the stayed at the stayed at the house all picht to th stayed at the house all night to reassure her. During the night he dreamed that he saw the girl walk past him beckening him to follow. He awoke, and, becoming alarmed, went into the passage. Having dressed, he went to the door of deceased's dressed, he went to the door of the room and knocked. Receiving no answer room and knocked. Receiving no answer he then woke up the others. On the room door being opened the deceased was found lying on the floor, with blood issuing from her mouth. From a doctor's examina-tion it would seem that the girl died at about the time that her sweetheart dreamed she beckoned him.

The Thing a Man Is. Man is an ungainly creature at the best. His head is an irregular spheroid at best; his eyes are not alike or of equal efficiency; his eyes are not alike or of equal efficiency; his whiskers won't grow uniformly. One shoulder is higher than the other, one hand or foot larger than the other—and tais on opposite sides—his hips (if he has any) are unequal in shape. The calves ef his legs are not twins in any thing but age, and without his tailor, hatter and bootmaker he is a sorry-looking animal. As for women—well, this article is not written to discuss their physical crookedness. If it was it would not be half the length that it is. Herbert's Famous Hymn.

When Bishop Herbert's famous missionary hymn, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains," which he wrote in 1824, first reached this country, a lady in Charleston was much impressed with the beauty of it, and particularly anxious to find a tune suited to it. She ransacked her music in vain, and chanced to remember that m a bank down the street was a young clerk who had considerable regulation as a musical control of the street. the street was a young cierk who had conalderable reputation as a musical genius.
She sent her too to the cierk with the request that he write a tune to fit it. In just
half an hour the boy came back with the
hymn, and the melody thus dashed off in hot
haste is to day sung all over the world, and
is inseparably connected with the hymn.
The young cierk was Lowell Mason.

Liverpool Mercury, "if the worst case of
amall-pox can not be cured in three days by
the use of cream of tartar. One cunce of
cream of tartar dissolved in a pint of water
drank at intervals, when cold, is a certain,
never failing remedy. It has cured thousands, never leaves a mark, never causes,
blindness and avoids tedious linguring."

HISTORY AND POETRY.

The Part Played by Pins in the Works of Great Authors.

The Pin That It Is a Sin to Steal-A Polish obleman's Reason Preserved by Pick-ing Up Pins—Superstitious Beliefs and Fancies.

Antiquarians differ as to the history of pins, writes Pamela McArthur Cock in Good Housekeeping. We are told that they are of modern invention—some writers asserting that they were invented and brought into use about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Others tells us that Anne, of Bohemia, first Queen of Richard II., (1367-1394) introduced them into England. But math pins were used in descript the of Behemia, first Queen of Richard II., (1367-1394) introduced them into England. But metal pins were used in dressing the hair of Greek and Roman ladies, and Ivory pins have been found in some of the ancient British barrows. But though the precise date of their introduction into England is uncertain, there is no doubt that they were a luxury, and for a long time comparatively rare. Garments were fastened in many and various ways—"with strings, laces with points, and skewers of wood and of metal." Among savage nations, and in times of peculiar destitution among civilized peoples, thorns have taken the place usually filled by pins. Virgil, describing the wretched Greek captive, Achemenides, mentions his ciothing fastened withthorns (consertum fegumes plate).

Literature has not disdained to mention pins, as Shakespeare's pages testify. The princely Hamlet, fearless of danger, says:

'Ide not set my life at a pin's fee."

The afflicted Queen of England, proposing to her companions to listen to the conversation of the gardeners, says:

'My wretchedness unto a row of pins
They'll talk of state."—Rienard II.

A great Shakespearean critic considers this passage of value as "showing that pins were put up in the same way three hundred years ago as now."

Though small, they are by no means un-

years ago as now."

Though small, they are by no means unimportant. "Dear me! what signifies a pin!" were the haughty words of the heroine of a poem of Jane Taylor's, dear to a generation now past. But she soon saw the value of the slighted object, when, at the hour appointed for the pleasure-party, "The carriage rattled to the door,

"The carriage rattled to the door,
Then rattled fast away:
But poor Eliza was not in,
For want of just a single pin!"
The story is told of a poor young man
seeking business, that having applied for a
situation and been refused, he was walking
away, sad and well nigh disheartened, when he stopped to pick up a pin lying on the ground. The wealthy merchant into whose service he had just failed to obtain admisservice he had just failed to obtain admission was looking from the window and saw him. He had himself risen from poverty by his own exertions; he was struck by this incident, and, accustomed to judge of character by trifles, he believed the young man would prove honest and careful. He ordered him to be called back, gave him employment, and a pin laid the foundation of wealth and success.

These trifles have done better work.

Many years ago a certain Polish noble-

Many years ago a certain Polish nobleman was imprisoned for having, it was said, spoken insulting words concerning the Russian Government. History has told us of many a captive whose prison hours have been cheered by the converse of friends and the enjoyment of favorite studies; but for him was no alleviation. No companion re-lieved his loneliness, and had he been alleved his ioneliness, and had he been al-lowed any means of employment, the dark-ness of his dungeon would have prevented his making use of them. But he discovered in his clothing four pins, which supplied that great want, "something to do." Drop-ping them on the floor of his dungeon he would search, groping in the darkers are would search, groping in the darkness, un-til he found them. To do this was his solo occupation, and it was his belief that only the employment thus furnished had pre-served his reason. When, after six years' imprisonment, the news of his freedom was brought him, he was on the ground days missing. The four pins, bent and cor-roded, were set in a brooch and worn by his wife, to whom they were more precious than

gems.
Superstition has not forgotten the pin. Like other pointed articles, it is "to belent, not given," and we are told in atrains em-

bodying equal measure of truth and poetry: "See a pin and pick it up, All the day you'll have good luck."

Law has deigned to notice the pin. Not ong before the close of the reign of Henry VIII. a law was passed entitled "An Acte for the true Makyng of Pynnes," enacting that the price should not be "more than 6s. 8d. a thousand." In the days when pins were rare they were a very acceptable present; "instead of the gifts, a compensation was sometimes received in money;" this was called, of course, pin-money, a term which has been extended to a sum of money "secured by a husband on his mar-riage for the private expenses of his wife." Addison has recorded his dislike of what he cails "the doctrine of pin-money;" "it is," he writes in 1711-12, "of late date, and it is for the interests of both sexes to keep it from spreading." He proposed "needle-money" as a better name, as it "would have implied something of good housewifery."

A PARVENU SQUELCHED.

bilss Upstart Meets a Nice Woman with a Long Memory.

The rich, especially the newly rich, have their burdens as well as the poor. Witness the following from the Pittsburgh Times:
"Oh, dear!" said a young lady (whom it would have slighted painfully to have called a young woman). "Oh, dear! I suppose we will have to get a new carriage. I see the liverymen—who hire carriages to anybody, you know—are putting their drivers down on a front seat, level with the occupants.
That used to be our way, and the livery people mounted the driver on top. I dare say we will have to put ours up there now, if they are counted to make the counter to be a counter to be a counter to the counter to the

if they are going to imitate us."

This same young lady, who was pained at foregoing the distinction of two feet of difference in the altitude of her hired man as compared with that of a possible "anybody," at an afternoon reception a few days later exclaimed to an acquaintance: "Just think of it, Miss Blank. We have become quite separated from our chaperon and haven't seen her for almost half an hour." "Do you know that young woman?" asked Miss Blank of an elderly friend who has a merciless memory.
"I can not say that I do," she responded,
"but I knew her grandmother when she

kept a little millinery store in Diamond alley, and she would cuddle a shawl over her head and a basket on her arm and trot off to do her small marketing, without both-ering about a chaperon at all—even when it was much later in the afternoon than it is ner is served!" remarked the daughter of an iron manufacturer's family, which acknowledges but six others in this com-

munity as its social equals. "We always have the servant announce it."
"Indeed!" said her hostess, who had inherited one of these unfortunate memories.
"When your mother kept the boardingbouse across the street from us I remember that you rang a bell at dinner time, and
a very loud bell it was, too."

Two hundred and thirteen ciubs have been formed among women for the bondy of political economy. The relative value of a French and American bonnet will, according to the Baltimore American, be the chief topic of consideration.

Walter Scott's Works.

Never was there a more healthful and Never was there a more healthful and health ministering literature than that which Scott gave to the world, says Andrew D. White in Scribner's Magazine. To go back to it from Flaubert, and Daudet, and Tolstoi is like listening to the song of the lark after the shrieking passion of the midnight pianoforte—nay, it is like coming out of the glare and heat and recking vapor of a palace ball into a grove in the first light and music and breezes of the morning. It is not for nothing that so many thousands have felt toward Scott a deep personal gratitude, which few, if any, other writers of English fiction have ever awakened.

Sure Cure for Small-Poz. "I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man," wrote Edward Hine to the Liverpool Mercury, "if the worst case of amall-pox can not be cured in three days by