# BARBER COUNTY INDEX.

K. R. P. A. & N. R. P. A.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 27, 1892.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Blood travels from the heart through the arteries ordinarily at the rate of about twelve inches per second; its speed through the capillaries is at the rate of three one-hundredths of an inch per second.

—Mr. Barrett, a Darjeeling, India, tea planter, is opening up some large plantations in Fiji, and is also introducing the requisite machinery. He is confident that he can make it pay well, and asserts that the tea grown in Fiji is much finer than any he has ever seen in the Darjeeling district.

—Recent observation throws doubt on the existence of the so-called fatigue of metals. Two large iron links, one used for forty years in a suspension bridge at Kieff, and the other kept in store since the building of the bridge, were tested together, and were found to be of practically identical strength.

—An officer in the bureau of the superintendent of immigration at Washington says that the present demand for domestic servants is unprecedented. They are for the most part German, Swedish or Irish immigrants, and it is now a rare thing to find an American girl in the kitchen.

—The manufacture of the little Swedish matches which are sold everywhere so cheaply forms one of the great industries of Sweden. Some idea of the extent to which these matches are sent abroad may be inferred from the fact that 6,404 tons were exported during the first six months of this year.

—The French government proposes to devote $600,000 a year for six years in bounties for the silkworm industry. This proposal is made because English silks, which are neither fortified with gum nor whalebone fiber, are growing into popular favor to such an extent as to alarm the French government.

—The process of whitening sugar was never known until a hen walked through a clay puddle and then strayed into the sugar house. Her tracks were, of course, left in the piles of sugar, and when it was noticed that the spots where she had stepped were whiter than the rest, the process of bleaching sugar with clay was adopted.

—A German inventor has devised a new material which is intended as a substitute for leather in many of its uses. This material consists of panels of wood with wire netting between, the whole being glued together under heavy pressure. The sheets thus made are said to be very tough and pliable, and suited for making trunks and other uses that require strength.

—Many of the interesting remains of Troy, which were excavated at such pains by the efforts of the late Dr. Schliemann, have been stolen and destroyed by the Turks and Arabs, and some of the most valuable stones used to build their wretched huts. The guard which was placed in charge of these relics, after the death of Dr. Schliemann, has been discontinued, and there is nothing to prevent the depredations of the natives.

—Hiram Maxim, the scientist and electrician, says it is a mistake to suppose that the discharge of a rifle loaded with smokeless powder is noiseless. There is, says he, no such thing as noiseless gunpowder. The report from a discharge of smokeless gunpowder is much sharper and higher pitched than that from black or ordinary gunpowder; it can not, however, be heard anything like so far away. The recoil of the piece is much less, also, with smokeless powder.

## THE POTTER'S CRAFT.

**A Trade Which Is One of the Most Unhealthy in the World.**

While the potter's life is a pleasant one compared with many other mechanical vocations, being surrounded with a sense of the beautiful and an artistic instinct which goes far to make his existence happy, it is unfortunately brief. The business is one of the most unhealthy in the world. Potters commence work about eighteen years of age and at thirty-five perceptibly begin to decline. The average trade lives of the pressers is seventeen years and of the kilnmen fourteen and a half. Pulmonary diseases are common among the slip-makers, turners and jiggermen. The revolving molds keep a cloud of clay dust about the workmen which they can not avoid inhaling. In many factories the clay is mixed in damp cellars which increases the liability to colds. Hollow-ware pressers stand while at work, and are obliged to stoop a great deal, the size and weight of the molds make their work laborious, and the rapid motion agitates the dust to the injury of their throat and lungs. The sagger-makers are liable to overstrain their muscles in placing the saggers in the kiln. An ordinary sagger when filled with ware weighs from 50 to 100 pounds, and after twenty years of lifting such weights the workmen begin to decline. In the decorative departments there is danger of lead poisoning from the dry coloring matter.

At joining the trade the mortality is low, but after the age of thirty-five years it is far above the average. In England this mortality has been especially noticeable, it being exceeded only by costermongers, miners and hotel servants. This high death rate was so remarkable that it caused Dr. Wm. Farr, register general of England, to ask the pertinent question: "What can be done to save the men from dying so fast in the potteries?" In America the potters are much better off than in England. Our factories are larger, better lighted and better ventilated. Anthracite coal used here prevents the smoky atmosphere which surrounds the English pottery districts.

There is a constant betterment to the sanitary conditions of American establishments, but there is room for further improvement, especially in the avoidance of dampness and dust. It is not so much the physical labor that injures the potter as it is the dust arising from the materials in which he works. If this could be obviated the business would be changed from a short-lived and unhealthy occupation to one long-lived and healthy. This will undoubtedly be brought about with the progress of invention and the advent of better economic conditions offering larger opportunities for labor and causing employers to compete for the best workmen by affording them better accommodations.—Chautauquan.

### The Coat Feature.

Some of the very elegant dress toilets are made with quaint and charming Hungarian coats, that are even longer than any of the Louis models. They are finished with Medici collar and slashed cap of velvet, set in rather full just at the top, with a close coat sleeve beneath, with rich lace frills at the wrist. These dresses are made severally of Pompadour brocade, embossed satin, flowered bengaline silk or rich striped velvet.—Chicago Post.

### Fundamental Conditions.

1. The issuance by the government of legal tender notes, direct to the people, in sufficient volume to transact the business of the country on a cash basis.

2. The government ownership of railroads and telegraphs and all other means of inter-state transportation and communication that are in the nature of monopoly.

3. Actual occupancy and use necessary conditions to the private ownership of land.—Pittsburgh Kansan.

## FRATERNALISM.

**A Government Of, By and For the People is Fraternalism, Pure and Simple.**

The best evidence that the very essence of old partyism is really monarchical, is that it always refers to any proposed action of the government in behalf of the people as paternalism. If the reader will stop to analyze the idea behind that word it is this, that the government is something apart from and above the people just as a father is the natural provider and, therefore, above and superior to his children. This is monarchy. And our old parties are monarchists because they simply substitute the word government for king.

In a true republic paternalism cannot exist even in the thought of its citizens. Fraternalism, not paternalism, is the idea behind a real democracy. Paternalism means authority—fraternalism, co-operation. The republican and democratic parties see in our government exactly what the British try to see in the British government, something apart from and greater than the people. The people's party sees in our government as it ought to be, exactly what the fathers of the republic saw, an organized brotherhood.

The people's party renounces the paternal theory with all the ardor it can command, and denounces the republican and all other parties that hold to the doctrine of paternalism. They insist on the simple and sublime doctrine that this is, or rather ought to be, a government of the people, by the people and for the people. The government is simply the people in their organized capacity. It is the authorized agent of co-equals, of brothers. It is the chief, the only function of this agent to promote the wellfare of the brotherhood. No king business, no father business, no kaiser business, simply, only and purely a brotherhood business. "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none."

It is the function of the government, as defined by the constitution, to make money, declare the value thereof, and emit bills of credit. Now this is a fraternal, not a paternal function, to be exercised for the benefit of the entire citizenship—that is, of the national brotherhood.

Under republican domination this supreme function has been delegated to certain wealthy citizens under the form of national banks, who have used this original power of the people to rob, plunder and enslave the people. Instead of emitting bills of credit direct to the people, the government has made it possible for bankers and money lords to contract, expand and regulate the volume of bills of credit, which is another name for money, at their pleasure. As a consequence of this more than one-half the wealth of the American people is in the hands of less than thirty thousand people.

When the people demand the abolition of these national banks and the issuance of bills of credit direct to the people in such quantities as will do the business of the country on a cash basis, the demand is branded by the Shylock parties—that is, by republicans and democrats—as paternalism, which is supposed to be something very terrible.—Pittsburgh Kansan.

## A SERIOUS JOKE.

**The Peculiar Termination of a Mock Duel in Lawrence, Kansas.**

"Speaking of duels," said the big man of the crowd, "recalls to my mind a mock duel that I had a hand in some eight or nine years ago. There was a serious ending to this one that has never allowed the affair to escape my memory.

"It was in Lawrence, Kan. One day a new man came to town. He put on more airs than the fellows considered the proper thing, and as a consequence a job was put up on him. He was to be initiated into the old time worn game called snipe-hunting, and from the earnestness with which the victim entered into the spirit of the proposition many of the conspirators believed that he was up to the trick, and that it would be a failure.

"However, as the sequel proved, the poor fellow had never been on a snipe hunt, and the result was that at 8 o'clock in the morning he was left at a fence corner about ten miles from town, calmly holding a sack and a candle and waiting for the snipe to come up and be lighted into the bag.

"The conspirators rushed back to town, and when the morning newspaper came out it contained an account of the whole affair, dished up in true western style.

"The victim held his bag and candle until the latter had burned up and then he began to wonder if a job had not been put up on him. He called to his companions but there was no answer. Finally he wandered about the prairie until he found a farm house. After some trouble in convincing the honest occupants that he was not a horse thief he was taken inside and cared for until daylight, when, for a consideration, the farmer drove him into Lawrence.

"Of course he got quite a reception. The conspirators had arranged that part of it, which made the victim very angry. He thought the matter over and concluded that the proper thing to do would be for him to challenge the chief conspirator to a duel. This was just what was wanted. The challenge was carefully accepted and double-barreled shotguns selected as weapons. The affair was to culminate at a grove near the town the same afternoon and when the time came there was a crowd there that would have done credit to any event.

"Of course the seconds were careful about their preparations. They put only small charges of powder into the gun barrels, and, after being searched for breast plates or knives or revolvers, the combatants took their positions.

"Meantime, the victim was in the dark. He meant business. There was no joke about it to him. He meant to kill his antagonist and when he looked at the doctors with their instruments and lint and bandages, it only served to screw his courage still higher.

"The signal was finally given. Two loud reports rang out, and both men stood still. Then they raised their guns again, took careful aim and blazed away once more.

"Then came an unlooked-for occurrence. The young conspirator staggered back, dropped his weapon, threw one hand to his forehead, and as he fell the horror stricken spectators saw a thin stream of blood pour over his face and down on his white shirt-front.

"Men looked at each other and gasped. They were completely paralyzed. Unknown to the seconds, somebody had slipped in a charge of shot into the gun of the snipe-hunter, and what had been planned as a farce was turned into a horrible tragedy.

"Finally some of the crowd summoned up courage enough to go to where the body lay. As they bent over the prostrate form they were shocked once more, for very distinctly it could be seen that the supposed corpse was really convulsed with laughter.

"An explanation followed. The young man had planned and executed a neat little surprise of his own. He had secreted in the palm of his hand a small rubber sack, filled with aniline dye, and when the second shot was fired, he had done the rest.

"When the truth dawned upon the crowd that the whole matter was a well-planned joke, there was a good laugh, and someone looked for the snipe hunter, to whom it was considered a full explanation was due.

"He had disappeared. As completely and effectively as if wiped off the earth he had gone. And to the best of my knowledge he never was seen or heard of in Lawrence again. He was sought for years but no trace of him was ever found.

"He firmly believed that he had killed the man, and in the confusion that ensued made good his escape.

"I have often wondered if he ever learned the truth, or is still an exile, laboring under an impression that he killed a man in a duel."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## FINED GEN. GRANT.

**Justice Walter, of Washington, Punished the Great Soldier for Fast Driving.**

Few justices of the peace in America have had so many distinguished people before them as it has fallen to the lot of Charles Walter, of Washington, to try. Among those who were arraigned before Justice Walter was Joseph H. Bradley, father of the present associate justice of the United States supreme court, who in 1867 carried a challenge to Judge Fisher to fight a duel with John A. Surratt, son of the woman who was hanged for complicity in the murder of President Lincoln. Gen. Sherman once appealed to justice Walter for protection against B. S. Snider, who had threatened his life, and of whom the general wrote in his complaint: "This man will bear watching. He is either a crazy man, or a bad one pretending Christian charity."

But, perhaps, the most interesting among the records of Justice Walter's court is a warrant bearing date April 6, 1866, and issued on the oath of Officer Stephen A. Bailey, charging that Gen. Grant "was driving his horse faster than a moderate trot, contrary to the corporation ordinance." On the back are the words: April 10, 1886, fined $5; paid;" and in Gen. Grant's handwriting: "I will appeal at 4 p. m. U. S. Grant." But the appeal was not taken and the fine was paid.—Chicago Post.

## POSTAGE STAMP CRANKS.

**A Source of Great Annoyance to the Post Office Department.**

No one has ever yet sent in a million cancelled postage stamps to the post office department, although two hundred letters are received annually requesting information about the prize of three hundred dollars which the government is supposed to offer for that number. How this popular delusion originally started no one can tell. For twenty years it has prevailed, and during all that time people have been making collections for sale to Uncle Sam. Presumably no one has thus far secured the desired million. At all events the packages of old stamps sent to Washington as installments never contain more than a few thousand; fifty thousand were the most that ever came in one bundle. Ordinarily the collector gets tired by the time four thousand or five thousand have been got together. Children mostly are engaged in this interesting but fruitless pursuit, though many women both young and old take it up for a while and bother everybody they know for contributions of stamps from old letters.

People are constantly writing to the department with requests of stamps to put in their albums, both domestic and foreign. Sometimes they say that the dealers charge more than they can afford, and so they appeal to Mr. Wanamaker. Awhile ago the postoffice used to sell specimen sets of its issues, unused, but that was discontinued in 1884.

A very interesting album is kept in the stamp division, containing sets of all the stamps that the government has ever issued. The book is worth a lot of money merely for the face value represented by its contents. On the first page are the two stamps of Uncle Sam's issue in 1847. One of them is for five cents, with a head of Franklin, and the other is for ten cents with Washington's bust. Before that year letters were distributed by mail in packages with accompanying way bills, and the prices charged for postage varied according to the distance. On another page of the scrap-book are found the first perforated stamps, which appeared in 1857. Up to that time the stamps had to be cut apart with shears. The perforations then were made much finer than they are now. It is said that the British government paid a large sum for the idea, but the United States did not give a cent for its use.

Another page in the scrap-book is occupied by the stamps of 1869, which were so very beautiful that the printing of them cost too much and they had to be discontinued. Whereas Uncle Sam's postal tokens at the present time are less handsome than those of almost any other nation, these were among the most exquisite ever issued. The fifteen-cent brown bore a picture of the landing of Columbus in blue. The twenty-four cent green was adorned with the "Signing of the Declaration" in purple. The thirty-cent stamp had a lovely design representing a shield, eagle, and flags in red, white and blue. The twelve-cent sort was in green, with a steamship on it; the three-cent denomination was ultramarine, with a locomotive, and the two-cent brown showed a man on horseback. All these colors cost money, and, where a stamp was printed in two tints it had to go through the presses twice. Accordingly the entire series was soon suppressed.—Washington Star.

## HE SHOOK THE AGENT.

**One Way of Getting Rid of an Insurance Solicitor.**

The three had discussed indifferent matters for something like fifteen minutes when the tall business-like fellow suggested to the heavy-set man:

"You look like a pretty healthy man."

"Yes, I do," returned the heavy-set man frankly. "That's the unfortunate part of it. If I only looked like an invalid people would have more sympathy for me."

"Why, what's the trouble?" asked the tall man in surprise.

"Heart trouble," was the reply. "I'm apt to drop off at any moment."

"O, I guess it's not as bad as that."

"Two insurance companies have refused to take a risk on me at double rates," said the heavy-set man promptly.

"Really!" exclaimed the third man in astonishment. "Why, it seems——"

"I know, I know. It seems preposterous, but you don't understand the circumstances," broke in the heavy set man. "You see, my father died of heart disease, my mother of dropsy, my sister has consumption, and an uncle practically has one lung in the grave now. I don't like to talk of these subjects, but when anyone speaks of my apparently perfect health it almost seems like sarcasm and I feel——"

The tall man interrupted him by a movement of his hand.

"Let's drop the subject," he said. "I didn't mean to stir up unpleasant thoughts. It was just a casual remark, you understand."

"Certainly," said the heavy set man. "I assure you that I take no offense."

And when the tall man had left the heavy set man's companion turned on him and said:

"Why, you never told me anything about——"

"Nor anyone else," interrupted the big man.

"But——"

"But I happen to know that he's a life insurance agent. See?"—Chicago Tribune.

—"The battle is not always to the strong," said the judge as he awarded the butter premium at a country fair.

## CUPID'S SLAVE.

A slave—and yet the world
Does not revile or scoff at me;
A slave! and yet the world
Has not for me much sympathy.

My fetters do not burn
Their way in scarred and martyred flesh,
Nor does the lash in turn,
Bring forth the blood from wound afresh.

I do not cringe nor bow
Before a master's scornful glance;
Nor scheme and ponder how
I can gain liberty, perchance

I serve my master well,
And my fair mistress, too, I ween;
But yet 'tis hard to tell,
Save by her smile I sometimes glean.

At times she does exact
Too strict obeyance to her will;
Yet with her subtle tact
Dispels my vain remonstrance still.

'Tis true, quite often, too,
Her petulance distracts me much;
And in my plight, I rue,
Lest our poor hearts are not in touch.

Yet when she seems intent
To make my servitude severe,
I see her quick relent
And try to calm my pain and fear.

I feel her touch my cheek,
I see repentant tear-drops shine;
She suffers me to seek
Her lips; to press them close to mine!

'Tis then I marvel how
I ever deemed her harsh before;
And as I kiss her, vow
To be her slave for evermore.

—Emil Ludekens, in Jury

## KINGSBORO'S PUZZLE.

**A Very Satisfactory and Romantic Solution.**

Nobody at Kingsboro knew what to make of it. Deacon Turner, the oldest inhabitant, said that during his earthly pilgrimage he had sojourned at numerous towns, but in no one of them had any young man who dressed nicely and did no work turned out well. Capt. Brown, who worked hard but managed so badly that he was never out of debt, glared savagely whenever he saw handsome Joe Mallison with his hands in the pockets of his neatly fitting coat, and took occasion to remark to the first person he met that he wished the old days in which people who had no visible means of support were prosecuted would return again.

Squire Ripson, who kept the post office, admitted to certain astute questioners that Jo Mallison never received letters, so it was impossible that anyone was sending him money with which to support himself in idleness. Suspicion even ran so high that Bill Bridger, who was the only apothecary and candy seller at Kingsboro, and who had Jo Mallison for quite a steady customer, made it a rule to examine very carefully every banknote that Jo offered in payment, lest haply the handsome do-nothing might be circulating counterfeits. The married women at Kingsboro, who had to work as hard as women almost always do in new towns in young states, carefully pointed out Jo to their sons as an example to be shunned, except so far as personal neatness was concerned.

But the Kingsboro girls differed from the rest of the community in their estimation of Jo. He might be indolent—in fact, they knew he was, for he might almost always be seen on the main street of the village, sauntering along, while other men were at work—but he was handsome and he dressed with real taste, and his breath never smelled of liquor or tobacco, and he was always polite, and he never was awkward or ill at ease or presuming when in the society of ladies, and he seemed to understand all his fair companions so well. In all these respects he was quite different from most of the Kingsboro boys, so that when good mothers warned their daughters against young men who could only give fine words in proof of affection the damsels experienced strong misgivings as to what they would say if Jo Mallison were to propose.

But Jo saved them the necessity of deciding any such question. He proposed to nobody; he made love to nobody; he seemed to have no special favorites among the girls of Kingsboro. He never even flirted. He seemed to heartily enjoy himself when with ladies and to express his gratitude so deftly as to leave no one a word upon which to base a suspicion of any stronger sentiments. And he did not stop with conquering the hearts of all the Kingsboro girls. Without any seeming intention to do so, he won the hearts of a few of the elderly women in the town. They did not mean to give countenance to a showy idler, but somehow, when Jo would coax some bad or fretful child to take a walk with him and then send the child home with a head full of Bible stories and a mouthful of pretty songs, the mother of the child would reluctantly admit that the handsome young do-nothing did have a real good heart.

There was not at Kingsboro any club, that institution so industriously hated by all good women, but there was a gathering place which fulfilled all the requirements of a club, and that was the post office. The mail stage was nominally due at seven in the evening, so that half the male inhabitants congregated in Bill Burth's saddle-shop, which formed the ante-room of the post office, immediately after supper, and they usually enjoyed a two-hour season of conversation before the arrival and distribution of the mail gave them a hint to go home.

Subjects for conversation were not very numerous at Kingsboro, and as the few native characters with any salient points had been thoroughly discussed during the many sessions of the men who waited for the mail, the arrival of Jo Mallison was a perfect godsend. It is hardly necessary to say that Jo found but few companions among the Kingsboro men. The young men hated him for estranging their sweethearts, and each of the elder men was afraid that Jo might marry his daughter and come under the paternal roof for support.

One cool night, several weeks after Jo's appearance at Kingsboro, the opposing theorists as to Jo's character indulged in a many-cornered and very lively duel. It was during a season when sudden atmospheric changes made most of the Kingsboro people bilious; otherwise the bitterness with which the conversation finally came to be characterized would have been inexplicable. Squire Ripson so forgot his years and dignity of character as to call Bill Burth, his temporary host, a fool for holding that Jo could be nothing worse than a well-to-do young man enjoying himself, while Bill, notwithstanding the kindliness of spirit which was proper to a man who was a Methodist class leader, called the squire a liar. Both men were on their feet, inclining slightly forward toward each other and looking words which should never be spoken, when suddenly the mail stage drew up with a crash at the door.

The postmaster threw a last parting glare at the squire, and carried out the mail bags, while the whole party followed to see who might be in the stage. The light streamed through the open door into the stage, and the villagers saw inside a single passenger whom they recognized as a Cincinnati salesman through whom some of the Kingsboro merchants occasionally purchased goods. They were about to turn away in mingled disappointment and resignation when suddenly Jo Mallison, who had just arrived at the office, sprang into the stage and threw himself upon the passenger, while the stage turned quickly, the driver whipped up furiously and started for the hotel.

The stares which passed around the party of spectators were simply appalling in their blankness. At last Squire Ripson recovered breath enough to gasp:

"Detective!"

"No such thing!" shouted Bill Burth through the delivery window. "It's probably the poor little fellow's brother, and he's been waiting for him weeks longer than he expected to."

A derisive smile played over the hills and valleys of the squire's face, and he was about to say something when the reader of the New York Romancer abandoned his theory of the disguised prince and suggested that Jo was a highwayman; that he knew traveling salesmen carried lots of money; that he was robbing the salesman; the driver was in league with him, and like enough they were a mile from town by this time instead of going to the hotel. "Jack Sheppard was a little fellow," said the theorist in evidence.

"I'm going to the hotel," said the squire, starting for the door and followed by the whole party. A moment later the door of the postmaster's inner sanctum was heard to slam and Bill Burth came running to join the crowd. Sol Turner, who carried crutches and was soon left behind, shouted appealingly to them to do nothing until he got there to see, but no encouraging answer was wafted back to him.

The hotel was gained and the stage stood before the door, but the consequent failure of the theory of the Romancer's reader could not stop the impetuous rush of the villagers. They crowded into the public room of the hotel, but neither Jo nor the stranger was there. In a moment, however, a door opened and good Mrs. Butler, the landlady, appeared with a smile on her face and a tear in each eye.

"I know what you men are after," she said. "Don't ever talk about woman's curiosity again. The whole story is this: Jo Mallison is a woman and Mr. Brown was her lover. They had some sort of a lover's quarrel and parted angry. She made up her mind she was in the wrong, but by that time he had started on another trip. She didn't know where to write to him, but she once heard him say he never missed going to Kingsboro, so she came here in a suit of her brother's clothes and has been waiting for him ever since, poor girl. And they've made up and are ever so happy and are going to be married to-morrow. And I've known about it all the time and I'd have done just what she did if I'd have been her."

This last clause of Mrs. Butler's speech was enough to set Jo Mallison right in everyone's eyes, for Mrs. Butler was one of those women who are trusted by everyone on questions of propriety. But it is doubtful whether her hearers on this particular occasion remembered this portion of Mrs. Butler's wonderful address until it was recalled by some slighting remark made by persons to whom the story was told at second-hand. The men said nothing to each other for several moments. Then Bill Burth went meekly up to Squire Ripson and whispered:

"I was a fool, squire."

"I was another," whispered the squire.

The interested parties had determined to have the wedding ceremony performed with the greatest privacy, but some one learned from Parson Fish the hour at which the service was to be performed and the news spread rapidly, and the Kingsboro people took the matter in their own hands. They dressed in their best and besieged the hotel, and when the bride saw them through the slates of her window blinds her sense of fun moved her to order that they should be admitted so far as the capacity of the largest room in the hotel would allow.

Thus it was discovered that the bride had discreetly brought a trunkful of her own proper apparel with her, and that she looked simply charming in a neat walking suit and bonnet. Parson Fish made man and wife of Hubert L. Brown and Josephine M. Allison, and then "Jo" kissed and was kissed by all the Kingsboro girls, and by many matrons who seemed to grow younger as they looked into her happy face. As for the men, they looked as sheepish as they deserved to, but they had a new subject for conversation, and it lasted the post office coterie for a full fortnight.—N. Y. Daily News.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Lovers of Scott will be glad to know that Andrew Lang, in editing the new edition upon which he is now engaged, has been granted access by the novelist's great-granddaughter to all material now at Abbottsford.

—Miss Betham Edwards, the English novelist, believes in vegetarianism in life and cremation after death. She is a woman of strong likes and dislikes, and, apart from her own peculiar fads, has a thorough contempt for fads which do not fit into her ideas.

—Francis Darwin, son of the great Charles Darwin, bids fair to become a great scientist, thus making the fourth generation in direct descent who have thus distinguished themselves, and giving the lie to the old theory that all great men's sons are duffers.

—Othman, third caliph of Bagdad, A. D. 644, was the first to introduce the time-worn formula: "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking." At least, so we are informed by no less an authority than Sir William Muir in his "History of the Rise and Fall of the Caliphate."

—Secretary Rusk preserves many of the primeval manners of his rustic boyhood. It is a rare thing to find him up after nine o'clock in the evening, and if nothing prevents he goes to bed at half-past eight. He gets up at daybreak, and instead of a lunch at noon has dinner at that hour and supper at six.

—The recent death of William Henry Smith in England recalls the testimony to his sagacity which was unconsciously offered by the late Lord Iddesleigh in his will. He directed that when his executors were in doubt about destroying any of his manuscripts they were to be guided by the advice of Mr. Smith.

—During a visit to Stratford-on-Avon this summer William Winter, the New York dramatic critic, discovered a jug and cane which belonged originally to Shakespeare. They belong to one of the dramatist's descendants, a Mrs. Fletcher, of Gloucester, who has documents establishing their authenticity

—The following note, dated November 7, 1872, and now first published, is supposed to have been the last letter written by Horace Greeley: "My Dear Old Friend—I thank you for your kind letter. My wife lived too long, for her last years were years of great, unmixed suffering. I profoundly wish it had pleased God to call both of us away years ago."

—Alexander Sutherland, of Denver, makes claim to the honor of being the "bugler of Balaklava"—the trumpeter who sounded the charge that led the Light Brigade up to the mouths of the murderous cannon. Sutherland is an erect and well-preserved man of eighty, with hair and beard of silvery whiteness. He tells the story of the terrible military massacre in a dramatic manner, but with a quivering lip.

## YOUNG MOTHER'S TRIALS.

**All Joy While the Nurse Remains, Apprehension When She Departs.**

Here is what a woman who has brought up a large family and is grandmother to many children said the other day: "There is no one in the world to whom all the sympathy in my nature reaches out as it does to a woman who is a mother for the first time, especially a young woman—one who has always depended upon some one else, usually upon her own mother—when she finds herself left alone with the awful responsibility in the cradle."

She was gray-haired, with a face full of soft lines that wrote her life history. She was turning over the contents of a bureau drawer that had been for long years closed and locked.

She took up a tiny gown yellow with time and perfumed with lavender.

"How well I remember my first experience," she went on. "The baby was very welcome, and such a fine boy. Everybody praised him. His father was justly proud of him—and his mother cried for joy."

She turned the little gown over and seemed lost in meditation.

"It was all joy while the nurse remained," she continued. "I can see her now gathering up her things to go to another case. I can see the young mother, pale, faint-hearted, forlorn, watching the kind soul who had been more than mother to her, as she folded up the long apron and rolled it around her night slippers. I longed to grasp them and beg her not to leave me. She knew the struggle that was going on. She never once looked. She had been there before.

"The girl-mother's heart was in her throat, swelled to bursting. When it became normal it had become the heart of a woman—well launched upon the sea of maternity. The young mother who had so short a time before shed tears of joy over her first-born, now cried in earnest because she didn't know what to do with him.

"The first ordeal was the bath. It seemed so easy in the hands of the nurse, so dreadfully difficult in mine.

"Next came the visitor with advice. Everyone who called came for the express purpose of supervising, making suggestions, correcting mistakes and inspecting the flannels. They asked to see his feet—a mere pretext to find out what he had on, and how much embroidery adorned his garments.

"One said: 'You pin him too tight—he can hardly breathe.' In an agony of fear his clothes were all loosened. Whereat the next inspector who happened in would exclaim: 'You pin him so loose—he will be pot-bellied.' This last horror was of all calamities to be avoided, and again his clothes were tightened.

"The next good soul would recommend saffron tea for rash. I would no sooner give it than some well-disposed caller would rehearse the benefits of peppermint and aniseseed tea.

"When he needed to be fed I was simply swamped. Everybody had an experience to relate, and no two experiences were alike. One good angel said: 'You make his food too rich;' another, 'You don't make it rich enough.' One said: 'Give paregoric;' another said: 'Don't.' One said: 'Look out for croup;' another said: 'Measles are in the next house.'

"Then his father would make suggestions. 'I told you so three weeks ago,' he would say when a new experiment was under way. 'You wouldn't believe me, but when some old hen comes in and cackles you take her advice when you scorned mine.'

"So we learn to be mothers as we learn everything else by experience," went on the woman with gray hair and the wrinkles.

"And sometimes, when I meet a pale, weary-looking young mother trundling a baby-carriage, I feel like saying to her: 'Come, my dear, let me take your baby and keep it for you to-night, so you can get a good-night's rest, for you need it.'"

Then she folded up the little gown, yellow with time and perfumed with lavender, and laid it away in the drawer. Then she wiped her spectacles—for they were moist.—N. Y. Recorder.

## HUMOROUS.

—The tramp is a man who waited for the wagon too long and had to take a walk.—Galveston News.

—"Now, Jimmie, you must eat your chicken or you shan't have any pie." "I can't, mamma. I'm a bird-defender, and it wouldn't be right."—Harper's Bazar.

—She—"He was desperately in love with her. Why, he sent her costly flowers and presents nearly every day for two years." He—"Did he finally win her?" She—"No. He earned her."—Epoch.

—He Had a Choice.—Hired Boy (on a farm)—"Kin I go fishin' this afternoon?" Farmer—"No, but be a good boy and work hard'n' mebbe next week you kin go to a funeral." Hired Boy—"Kin I go to your'n?"—Epoch.

—A Pleasant Time.—Miss De Fashion—"Did you have a pleasant time this summer?" Miss De Style—"Perfectly lovely. We moved around so much I didn't have to be seen in the same dress twice."—Demorest's Magazine.

—Not So Bad.—Auntie (severely).—"Is it true, Mary, that you went to the theater the other evening, and Charlie only three months dead?" Mary (young widow)—"Yes, auntie, but my escort was a colored gentleman."—Yankee Blade.

—Heard on a Broadway Car.—"Madge, why do you drag that stupid De Smith around with you everywhere you go?" Madge—"Why, Cholly is stupid, to be sure, dear, but he always wears his clothes to match my dress."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

—A Knowing Dog.—Clara—"Towser knew when you were coming. He recognized your name when we called it." Tommy (breaking in)—"Yes, we said, here comes that feller that's goin' to get left on Clara and he wagged his tail."—Yankee Blade.

—He—"My dear, in return for the peom that I wrote for you, you have sent me a lock of hair. But alas! how is it I see that it is not from your head?" She—"That is fair enough. Neither was the poem from your own head."—Demorest's Magazine.

—It Works Both Ways.—Visitor (to inhabitant of very small village)—"But surely you must find it very dull here, never getting any newspapers. How d'you know what's going on in London, for instance?" Inhabitant—"Eh, mon! but dinna ye ken that th' folk in Lunnon are jist as ignorant o' what's gaun on wi' us?"—Judy.

—A Plain Case.—A famous Chicago lawyer once had a singular case to settle. A physician came to him in great distress. Two sisters living in the same house had babes of equal age who so resembled each other that their own mothers were unable to distinguish them when they were together. Now it happened that, by the carelessness of their nurses, the children had become mixed; and how were the mothers to make sure that they had received back their own infants? "But, perhaps," said the lawyer, "the children weren't changed at all." "Oh, but there's no doubt that they were changed!" said the physician. "Are you sure of it?" "Perfectly." "Well, if that's the case, why don't you change them back again? I don't see any difficulty in the affair."

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# 1892
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No. 181. First published Jan. 20, 1892.

**ROAD NOTICE.**

State of Kansas, Barber county: Office of County Clerk, January 18, 1892.

NOTICE is herby given, that on the 9th day of July, 1891, a petition signed by H. W. Noah and twelve others, was presented to the Board of County Commissioners of the county and state aforesaid, praying for the vacation and establishment of a certain road, described as follows, viz:

To vacate road: Beginning at the southwest corner of section 20, township 34, south, of range 11, west; thence north along the west line of said section one-half mile; thence west 80 rods to a point where the road turns north, and in lieu thereof to cause to be located and laid out the following described road, viz: Beginning at a point on the south line of section 19, township 34, south, of range 11, west, 80 rods west of southeast corner, thence north one-half mile to the point of intersection of public road already laid out, or as near as practicable to this line last above mentioned.

Whereupon, said Board of County Commissioners appointed the following named persons, viz: Wm. Mahone, J. E. White and Thomas Griffin as re-viewers, with instructions to meet in conjunction with the County Surveyor, at the point of beginning in Moore township, on Thursday, the 18th day of February, A. D. 1892, and proceed to re-view said road and give to all parties a hearing.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners.
F. A. LEWIS,
County Clerk.
35-12

No. 188 First publication Jan. 20, 1892.

**ROAD NOTICE.**

State of Kansas, Barber county; Office of county clerk, January 18th 1892.

NOTICE is hereby given, that on the 8th day of January, 1892, a petition signed by J. B. Cool and 22 others, was presented to the Board of County Commissioners of the county and state aforesaid, praying the location of a certain road, described as follows, viz: Commencing at the southeast corner of section six (6), township thirty (30), south, of range eleven (11), west of 6th P. M., thence west on section line between sections 6 and 7, in township 30, south, of range 11, west, and between 1 and 12, 2 and 11, 3 and 10, 4 and 9, 5 and 8, 6 and 7, in township 30, south, of range 12, west; and between sections 1 and 12 in township 30, south, of range 13, west, for one-half mile or to intersect with the public road. Said road to be forty (40) feet wide, unless extra width be necessary in places.

Whereupon, said Board of County Commissioners appointed the following named persons, viz: W. H. Slack, W. H. Hogard and C. W. Slack, as viewers, with instructions to meet, in conjunction with the county surveyor, at the commencing of said road in Valley township, on Tuesday, the 16th day of February, A. D. 1892, and proceed to view said road and give to all parties a hearing.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners.
F. A. LEWIS,
County Clerk.
35-2

## HOW TO SET A TABLE.

**Delmonico Tells How a Table Should be Set and Arranged.**

A round table is better than a square table, if the dining-room is large enough to permit it. If not, then the ordinary oblong extension table must be used. The round table is much more preferable and easier to seat people at, besides it gives a suggestion of the famous "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table." A few prominent society women still cling to the old-fashioned long, narrow table. Flowers should never be absent from the dinner table. No matter how homely, they add to the picturesqueness of the feast.

Let us see how a table is set for a fashionable dinner-party On the table is first placed a thick flannel cloth, the thicker it is the better, as it prevents noise of the dishes as they are placed on it. Over this is spread a snowy-white table-cloth, bearing the family crest or coat-of-arms. Sometimes over this is placed still another, of elaborate embroidery and lace, lined with pink or yellow satin, as taste dictates, or whatever color is to predominate at the dinner. The plates are first placed upon the table. As these are to remain until after soup is served, they are always the handsomest in the gold or china sets, as the case may be. Don't crowd. Each guest should be allowed a space of two feet or twenty-six inches if the table will admit of it, and the plates placed at equal distances apart. Place two dinner forks to the left of each plate; also an oyster fork with prongs resting on the edge of the plate. On the right must be a dinner knife and a spoon for soup. The glasses are arranged at the right of each guest on a line with the inner edge of the plate. The water glass is set next to the plate. Then glasses for whatever other beverages are intended to be served. A glass, whether of water or any other liquid, should never be filled more than three-quarters full.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—He Was a Little Afraid.—Waggley—"Is this watch adjusted to all positions?" Jeweler—"It is." Waggley—"Well, if there's no danger to a fellow who is awkwardly situated with regard to the sheriff, I'll buy it."—Jeweler's Weekly.

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