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SEVENTH YEAR. WA-KEENEY, KANSAS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1885. NUMBER 36.

SUPPLEMENT.

For President-Elect in 1888, General John A. Logan, OF ILLINOIS.

We are pleased to see the Hays Democrat and Advocate wheel into line, and put in some telling strokes for L. K. Pratt for judge.

COUNTY politics over in Mitchell seem to be warming up, and Col. Caldwell in his Courier has warmed up with them to the point of accusing the Beloit Democrat of perpetrating "a mean, despicable Copperhead trick."

THE WORLD of week before last seems to have hit the nail on the head when it denounced the "secret society" business, as applied to L. K. Pratt, as a lie on its face. See what the Phillipsburg Herald of last week has to say on the same subject.

PHILLIPSBURG Herald: W. S. Tilton, of the Wa-Keeney WORLD, has again been elected chairman of the Central Committee in Trego county. This is a continued compliment to Brother Tilton, and one which he deserves; but it is also a compliment to the people of his county, for it is prima facie evidence of their good judgment.

THAT old Dem. warhorse, H. Ewalt, Esq., frequently of Trego, is back and in his political harness. He assures us that the Dem. legions will be drawn up in solid phalanx next Tuesday to snatch the bright gem of victory from the black slough of defeat—or words which might be construed into something like that effect.

NO MAN ever made a more just judge than Judge Pratt has been. THE WORLD takes great pleasure in publishing elsewhere the resolutions of the Norton county bar on the occasion of his holding his last term of court at Norton. We expect to see W. H. Pratt judge of a western Kansas district again some time, unless he shall have, in the meanwhile, been given something better. We shall have more to say in this connection when the bar of Trego county, at the December term of court, "passes on the judge's case."

THE Kirwin Chief thinks we are kicking because the Democratic administration is running the "great central state of Kansas." Not exactly. In the speed of our kicking foot, you lose its course. Brother Jenkins. We simply were meditating on the idea of a Dem. administration occupying a position which would enable them to do such a thing—pondering over the vicissitudes of political fortune. No, sir, Doctor; you and the WORLD stand together on the proposition that Cleveland, having been made president, ought to give his Dem. friends the offices. We take back nothing that we have ever asserted on this score.

WHEN Cleveland's brother-in-law, Mr. Bacon, was asked, Will the president change his policy about giving out offices more generally, do you think? the reply was: "No sir. He will change his policy, but it will be more strictly scrutinizing in the matter of endorsements. He has been imposed upon in some cases, and has resolved that every rigid examination shall be made of every candidate. Democrats who look forward to a more liberal policy toward them may as well get over the notion, for people have got to be more honest with the President." Instead of people, the word Democrats must be substituted. The Democrats are responsible for this administration.

CLEVELAND'S IDEA. N. W. Bacon, of Toledo, Ohio, is reported as having been a Republican up to last fall. He then voted for Cleveland. Cleveland is Bacon's brother-in-law, and he has been appointed to a fat office. Bacon is reported as telling a reporter that Cleveland did not expect to see Hoadly elected. The reporter asked Bacon what Cleveland thinks of New York. We give the exact words of Bacon's reply: I am confident he is of the opinion that Davenport will be elected. He is going home to vote for Mr. Hill and would like to see Hill elected, but does not think he will be. I found a number of Democrats friendly to the administration, who hold the same opinion.

CONKLING'S LATEST KICK.

It takes sixteen and a half inches in one of the telegraphic columns of Sunday's Kansas City Journal to tell what Ros. Conkling told an interviewer who met him soon after the Senator, (that's Ros.) had landed from the ship which had brought him over from Europe. Conkling must be misrepresented. He certainly has not gone crazy. The interviewer represents him as talking fiercely against the present New York state Republican ticket, denouncing Blaine with his old-time ferocity, and stigmatizing Senator Everts as "the venerable and attenuated icicle." Conkling is represented as being singularly severe on Ira Davenport, the Republican candidate for governor. Listen at him: "Neither could it be expected that a man in the position which I stand to Davenport would be called upon by any argument to aid in his election. The thing is preposterous; a man who, while my friends were fighting a battle for me in the legislature, did everything in his power as a legislator, and doubtless spent thousands of dollars to accomplish the defeat of my re-election to the United States senate, certainly would, if he has sense enough, know that no words of mine could be uttered to encourage honest and upright people in electing him to a post of honor second only to that of chief executive of the nation. No person in his senses would or could make such a demand for personal stultification, and no man, friend or foe, has yet had the temerity to offer such an insult to me."

Conkling could not stop until he declared that the Republican state platform is "a mass of nothingness, vapidity and monumental vacuity."

If the fool interviewers would let Conkling alone in his glory, the country would be just as well off as it is. There is no fairness, from a political standpoint or otherwise in Conkling's now abusing Ira Davenport because Davenport, as a member of the legislature, opposed his return to the United States senate in 1881, unless corrupt means were employed. Conkling does not really seem to know whether any such means were used by Mr. Davenport or not. Again: Conkling, as represented in this interview, presumes that the people of America are incapable of detecting the crookedness of his comparisons. We aim to assert that Ira Davenport nor no other member of the New York legislature in 1881 acted in a manner un-Republican by opposing the return of Dictator Conkling and "Mee Too" Platt to seats in the United States Senate; because other men who were Republicans were supported. When Conkling now repudiates the Republican ticket of York state, he, with the same stroke, repudiates the Republican party of that state. We repeat: He must be misrepresented. He has, at least as far as his position toward Republicanism is concerned, gone crazy if the words of the interviewer are true. In this case Conkling verifies fully the claims of his enemies, that his platform is rule or ruin.

It is time to drop him!

LATER—BROOKLYN! The New York Times of last Sunday contained this editorial, which we came across the next day after having written the foregoing criticism. WORLD readers can now sit as sovereign judges in the case:

The New York Sun's fabricated interview with Roscoe Conkling was a very clever fraud. The "intelligent and accomplished" young gentleman whom the Sun employed to do the job has evidently studied the distinguished ex-senator's flutulent style to some purpose, though it can hardly be called a good purpose. Many of the expressions attributed to Mr. Conkling are amazingly like him, and are quite in the vein of the remarks he is said to have made privately about the Republican party and the Republican ticket in this state. But Mr. Conkling repudiates the interview altogether and we are forced to conclude that it is from beginning to end purely the excursion of an imagination untempered by conscience.

The county clerk's seal is at the railroad. It should be in Colby in use. The county clerk is the only officer in the county that can administer an oath.—[Thomas County Cat.] What in thunder has become of all your notaries public!

Atwood (Rawlins Co.) Republican Citizen, 23: Hon. L. K. Pratt came in from Bird City and Wano on Monday evening, and left on Tuesday for Ludell whence he went to Colby.

BUTLER AND THE GRAND ARMY.

Why the General Refused to Become a Member of the Organization.

New York Sun. In Lowell there is a Grand Army post with the title "B. F. Butler, post No. 42." It was organized in 1885, and has a membership of over 350. When it was organized, it was confidently expected that Gen. Butler would become a member, yet he did not. He has been asked probably hundreds, if not thousands of times, why he did not join, and his answer invariably has been to assure the inquirer that his heart was all right.

About two months ago, B. F. Butler, post moved into new quarters, and Gen. Butler made an address, in which he eulogized the Grand Army. Afterward, two members of the Grand Army called on the General at his residence in Belvidere, one of the suburbs of the city, and used every argument to induce him to join the post, but they were unsuccessful. Finally they asked him for the reason of his refusal, and his reply was substantially as follows:

"I have no faith in secret societies," he said, "I lost confidence in them when I was in command at New Orleans. I had issued a proclamation forbidding all secret conferences among citizens, for they were merely meetings of conspirators. I had succeeded in a tolerable degree in abolishing many of the meetings, although not without the application of strong measures, when I received information that the members of a lodge of Freemasons, under the guise of ordinary meetings, were conspiring to do harm to the government. I am a Freemason myself, and one evening when I knew the conspirators were going to hold a meeting, I cast aside my uniform, donned a civilian's, and presented myself at the portals of the lodge. I knocked, and gave the proper passwords and signs. Admission could not be refused, and I entered, and took a seat. I was probably the most familiar and the most talked of personage in New Orleans at the time, and I could plainly see that my presence was causing a sensation. When the 'word of the order' was called, I arose and said: 'Brethren, I have positive proof that you have been holding meetings to devise plans to injure my government and myself. I assure you as a brother Mason, I have the kindest feelings towards you and yours, but I warn you that you must cease meetings for no such purposes in the future.'"

Then addressing his callers, Gen. Butler said: "I reasoned with the members, and told them that the order of Masonry was not instituted for hatching conspiracies. I boldly expressed the utmost abhorrence of their conduct, and firmly but kindly gave them a proper warning. Some of them expressed regret at their course, and declared that they would not conspire further. I never heard of another Masonic conspiracy while I was in New Orleans. But when I left that lodg room, it was with a sad and heavy heart, and I made a solemn resolution that if the high aims of secret societies could be thus perverted, I would never enter the portals of one again, and I have kept that resolution, although more than twenty years have passed. That, gentlemen, is the reason why I have never joined the Grand Army."

The visitors were very much impressed by the General's narrative. After a moment of silence, Gen. Butler sprang suddenly to his feet, and exclaimed: "I will break my resolution. I will sign an application for admission to the Grand Army."

Cruelty to Animals.

Colorado Live Stock Review.

Colorado has no Bergh, but pressing need for hundreds of philanthropic souls, who have some little human kindness about them.

Among those who need a Bergh are the cowboys, whose cruelty to their horses while riding on the range is proverbial. It is customary for many stockmen to make much ado about owning only such stock as are able to "rough it," and who never feed their animals. I will not deny that there may be a choice of breeds as to hardness, and that in a country where feed is scarce and high it is wise to buy only such stock as are known to be easily kept.

A prominent stockman said to me lately, "The theory that stock require no winter feed in Colorado is a most barbarous and untrue one. I shall never go into another winter without some provision for some time. It pays to feed in more ways than one, but if I got only the comfort of feeling that the brutes were not standing hungry and shivering in the sleet and storm, it would repay me."

But there are economic reasons why stockmen should feed at least part of their stock at times. It often happens that colts and calves that are too young to wean with safety, must be taken and fed, that the mother may go through the winter; which they will be able to do on the range if the young are removed. Hundreds of cattle perish every winter in our state that might have been saved at an outlay of hay, of from one to five dollars per head, if judiciously fed in the spring time.

It is true we have winters in Colorado when very little feed is necessary besides what the animals get on the range; but for the past thirteen years there has never been one but what it would have paid to feed more or less from an economic standpoint.

I know stockmen who ride their horses far and hard, without offering them hay or shelter, giving them an occasional feed of corn if on actual service, but turning them loose in the snow, hot and sweaty, when they are done riding them, to shirk for themselves.

One of this kind asked a neighbor what he sold hay at. "Oh," he said, "it isn't worth while pricing what you will need, a ton or maybe a ton and a half, just send down and get it, or shall I haul it up to you?"

The Rebel Raiders.

Greencastle (Ind.) Banner.

Last Thursday was a big day at Lynchburg, Va. The Agricultural Fair was in progress, and advantage was taken of this to get up a Lee demonstration. The population is largely Democratic, there not being over fifty white Republicans in the place. The Confederate veterans were out in organized cavalry battalions, and younger men appeared as artillery or mounted troops. The Confederate gray predominated everywhere.

The procession, with General Lee riding at its head, was a fine one. The old flag carried in it was the old battle flag of the Second Virginia Cavalry. A tall, gray-headed man, standing by the roadside, shouted to Lee, while he held to one of the general's legs, "I'm a tailor by trade, but you bet your life I'm solid. I fit all through the war like a man, and was shot seventeen times, and I'm alive yet, and we are all d—d old rebels together, ain't we, general?" The old rebel yell was almost continuous, and the bands played the marching airs of the South.

In the line there were but two colored men, one a funny-looking old darkey, and the other a young, stupid-looking boy, each mounted on dilapidated mules, with rope bridles. These two were greeted with a roar of ridicule and banter by the thousands of colored people along the line of march. A tall, witch-like old woman pointed a long, skinny finger, and shrieked, "Oh, you poo' chile, don't let that bad ole nigger lead yer astray. Hist dat mule outen dat line; you little negro what you se don't jine." A big negro shouted, "Oh, you black, no account niggers. Come off'n dese mules. How many drinks of whiskey you got for ridin' in dat Dammycrat procession?" A group of colored women passed remarks about them. Said one: "Wonder how much they git paid." Said another: "They'll git nuff to git drunk on." A respectable looking old darkey in a hack said: "Dey's likely to be in somebody's sheep fol' befo' night; dat's de kind of no account niggers dey is." Others shouted, "Go it, Jube! Go it, Peter!" The riders appeared to be well known, and the colored people got a great deal of fun out of them.

On arriving at the stand a shield was presented to Gen. Lee, on which was painted the arms of Virginia. Then followed the speaking. Wherever he turned, Lee looked into the faces of his old soldiers, for it was here that he disbanded his division after the war, having ridden off for that purpose from Appomattox during his uncle's parley with Grant, carrying his flags and accoutrements with him. His uncle included him with the rest in the surrender, and his riding off as he did was regarded as a violation of military honor. This was their first reunion since that event, and they came together Thursday feeling that the "lost cause" had been found again, and that yet another triumph was in store for them in the near future.

In his speech Gen. Lee repudiated the "bloody shirt." He left that to John Sherman, who, he said, would not compare with his uncle Robert as a patriot, and he denounced any man who would call the latter a traitor. Addressing his old soldiers he said, "We are reminded of that time by the graves within sight, where men sleep who fell fighting for the cause which each set of men believed to be right." He said, "Sherman's flag is the bloody shirt, but mine is the flag of the Union." But only the flag of Virginia was carried in his procession that day, and his speech aroused the old war spirit, while those of John Sherman's in Ohio allayed it. Still, we will have to conclude, from Lee's speech, that Sherman and his followers are the rebels.

—Friend Tilton, of the Wa-Keeney WORLD, is accused of making a good speech at the Soldiers' Reunion in Topeka. —[Phillipsburg Herald.]

PUBLIC SALE.

457 head of cattle, consisting of 80 cows, 19 two-year-old steers, 17 yearling steers, 15 yearling heifers and 26 calves, will be sold at public auction on Wednesday, Nov. 11, 1885, 2 1/2 miles west of Plainville, Rooks county, Kansas. Terms: One year's time without interest on notes with approved security. 348-2 L. W. MICKET.

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