

THE BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

W. R. STOKES, Editor and Proprietor.

GREAT BEND, KANSAS

TWO SISTERS.

Two sisters went forth from the same dear home. Two fair-haired sisters with eyes of blue;

Darling Madge was the first to go. Daintily clad in her robe of white, She was the pet and the pride of all.

Ab, yes! We knew she was saved from grief To go in the bloom of her maiden years;

They told us in kindly, comforting words. Of her greater joy and the Heavenly gain;

In the same dear home-nest old and brown. Not less loved was our sister May.

Oh, life, with its paradox joy and pain! How may we know when to smile or sigh?

Another, we know not what tears await. Yet we smile and are glad, nor wonder why!

JACK.

Doings of the Intelligent Gentleman in Black.

The Roscoe family was dogless for the first time in its history. Ivanhoe, the black spaniel, had been stolen;

Father Roscoe had promised the little Roscoes, with his hand on an ivy leaf from Federal's grave, that he would improve the first opportunity for buying a fine dog.

Every one said: "It's a dog, of course," and the Roscoe boys turned somersaults, while the Roscoe girls shrieked with delight, and they all fell to guessing what he would be like.

To-morrow came, although it seemed to them that it never would, and John was sent to the express office with many injunctions and warnings from the children, who sat in a row on the fence to wait his return.

"Oh pshaw! It's another terrier!" exclaimed Joe, with a look of disgust, and all felt disappointed. The slats were nailed so tightly over the top of the box that they could only see indistinctly a small black object inside, and they rushed off to the basement with their booty.

As soon as the slats were torn off, out there stepped, no dog at all, but a stately crow, black as charcoal, and glossy as satin. He shook out his feathers solemnly, and strutted about the room indifferently, amidst the exclamations of the children, with the air of a gentleman of travel and experience.

He appeared to be very tired with his journey, and we prepared a perch for him in one corner of the room, where he immediately settled down for a nap. He dozed the most of the time for the next two days, and the children began to think he was a stupid fellow.

But by the morning of the third day he came down off the perch, shook out his wings and gave his tail a flirt, as much as to say: "Richard is himself again." We soon found that his solemn, indifferent air was only a cloak for the slyest, most mischievous spirit that ever animated the breast of a bird; but every thing he did was so novel and entertaining, that we gave him a great many privileges which we came afterward to regret.

At first it seemed to embarrass him to have any one stand before him, and look at him long. He would turn his head to one side, open and shut his eyes slowly, turn up his toes and pick his toe-nails, and act very much like an awkward school-boy. But this slight trace of modesty soon wore away, and he established himself on the basis that man was made for the crow, and not the crow for man.

As the weather was still too cold for him to stay out of doors, we gave him the freedom of the basement. Never was there a happier bird. For several days he busied himself nearly every moment, prying into cracks and corners, and examining every thing great and small with intense interest.

He carried potatoes from the bins and laid them in long rows on all the empty shelves. He made choice collections of apples and carrots in dark corners, and had his favorite hiding-

places for any small objects he happened to come across.

In one of the cellars there was an open cupboard devoted to empty bottles, and various odds-and-ends of crockery that were not good enough to be of any use, but too good to throw away.

When all other sources of amusement palled upon him, he sought this spot with ever new delight. He arranged and rearranged the pepper-boxes and teacups and salt-cellars, croaking softly to himself as he rattled back and forth, stopping now and then to view the effect with an air of great satisfaction.

He was passionately fond of playing in the water, and it did not take him long to find out where we went for it. He would fly up into the sink twenty times a day, where he always found a basin of water standing. After walking back and forth through it for a few minutes, he invariably gathered up all the small objects within easy reach, and commenced washing them.

For instance, he took the comb in his bill, and splashed it around in the water. Then he carried it to the edge of the sink, looked it all over very carefully, and if it was not clean enough to suit him he carried it back, and washed it again. If he thought it would do, he dropped it over the edge of the sink, and began on something else.

Like every gentleman of refined tastes, he kept himself scrupulously clean. If he had a chance, he took a thorough-going bath several times a day, holding his head under water and giving his neck and ears a rubbing with his foot, a thing I never saw any other bird do. As he dried himself in the sun, every glossy feather was laid in its place, and his toe-nails were, one by one, carefully cleaned.

Jack was a dainty feeder, too. It seemed almost a miracle that he was so strong and active, he ate so little. He was very fond of fresh meat, but took only a small morsel at a time, holding it in his claws, and eating it in the most delicate fragments.

Jack had been in the house about a week. I was in an adjoining room on some house-keeper's errand, when I heard an agonized "Y-e-o-u-u!"

"Some one is killing the cat!" I cried, and rushed to the rescue. There was no one to be seen but Jack, standing on one leg on a high shelf, pulling his white eyelids over his eyes in a droll way he had, saying plainly enough: "Didn't I fool you, though?"

I took the joke with great enjoyment over his cleverness, and went back to my work. In a few minutes I might have thought Jack's room held a small menagerie. There was the spiteful bow-wow-wow of a small dog who is being tormented, the neighing of a horse, the crowing of a rooster, the clucking of hens and the mewing of cats, interspersed with explosive sounds, like the pulling of oorks, all ending up with a derisive ha! ha! ha!

I was speechless with delight and amazement at such an unexpected show of talent, and stood in silence by the door waiting for the next. Nothing more was heard. After two or three minutes some one said, in a wheedling, coaxing voice: "Come on, Jack! come on, Jack! Come on here!"

"There," thought I, "some boy is trying to get him out through the window! Just as I expected!" and I tipped to the door and opened it suddenly, to take the culprit in his guilt.

No one there but Jack, sitting on the shelf looking solemn and indifferent.

The rest of the family were incredulous when I told them what I had heard, and made some general remarks about the power of imagination; but before long we all of us had our ears tickled with a good many of these funny rehearsals. But we had to take our pleasure on the sly, for as soon as Jack knew any one was listening to him, he was silent. He had one of those rare natures which delight in art for its own sake, and not because of the public admiration which it excites.

When he intended to give his full programme, he usually began with a loud screech, which was a signal for every one who was within hearing to come to the basement stairs and listen. But frequently he practiced only a part of his repertoire. He would bark for fifteen or twenty minutes, until he was so hoarse he could hardly speak. Or I would hear him rattling around among his bottles, "pulling corks" and saying, "Come on, Jack! come on, Jack!" with a great variety of inflections and emphases.

As time went on, Jack's inborn love of mischief made us a great deal of trouble, though it never for a moment lost its charm.

It was no longer safe to leave any small object lying about, for Jack was sure to pick it up slyly, and lay it away so carefully that no one was likely to see it again.

Yet he had his preferences even in thieving. He was specially fond of snatching lead-pencils. The first thing he did was to snap off the point, and then, with two strokes of his powerful bill, he would split it in two. He was always scolded for this, but it made no impression upon him.

He would give a few harsh croaks, and walk off with an impudent flirt of his tail; for if he was thoroughly convinced of any thing, it was that men were an inferior race, existing for the sole purpose of keeping things comfortable for crows.

When the spring opened, we turned him out of doors, and his happiness was complete. He chose a large pine-tree near the house for his abode, and though he wandered all over the yard, this was his place of refuge, his re-

hearsal hall, his chamber of sleep and meditation.

He went wild with glee on the first sunny days, hanging down from a high limb with both feet, while he swayed up and down, and filled the air with his barking, mewing, neighing and laughing.

Rainy days were a special delight to him. He went trailing through the wet grass, shaking his feathers and croaking to himself, splashing in the tub set under the wood-house eaves until he was wet to the skin.

Sometimes when I went out to call on him he was nowhere to be found. I chirped and whistled and called, but no Jack. Just as I was well out of sight on my way back to the house, he would scream out, probably from the top of the tree: "Come on Jack! Come on, Jack! Come on, here! Ha-ha-ha!"

But usually he was delighted to see me, and was ready for a game, for he was a very sociable bird. His favorite game was "Catch." He challenged me by picking up pieces of sticks and stones and tossing them about.

If I said: "All right, Jack, catch it!" he stood off fifteen or twenty feet and caught in his bill any thing I threw to him—pebbles, sticks, kernels of corn and even good-sized potatoes.

During garden-making time Jack was a devoted follower of the gardener, and picked up a fine living from the grubs and beetles and worms that came up under the hoe. When he could no longer avail himself of this source of income, I took the trowel and we went out to dig expressly on his account. He got as close as he could to where my trowel moved and not the smallest mite of a living thing escaped his sharp eyes.

After one or two of those feasts of nectared sweets, as soon as he saw me take up the trowel, he was off over the grass with a skip, hop and jump, screaming with delight. You may be sure he soon knew where I kept that precious trowel that unlocked for him the treasures of the earth, and if I neglected my duty, I soon saw Jack come hopping painfully along, dragging it by the handle, as a polite intimation that it was time breakfast was ready.

Jack constituted himself guardian and preserver of the peace of the premises. To ordinary visitors he paid no attention, but let tramps or other suspicious-looking persons appear, and he flew directly at their feet, spreading his wings angrily, and uttering the most ferocious screams, his common way of attacking an enemy.

He was very strongly ruled by his prejudices in the case of some little negro boys who came every day for milk. He was rather friendly than otherwise toward other children who came often, but as soon as he saw these little fellows creeping in at the back gate, he flew in a rage at their feet, spreading his wings and scolding.

He was always called off and scolded for this, and he always stalked away trembling with indignation, with the air of a gentleman whose feelings have been needlessly outraged.

He never became reconciled to the cats, either, of which we always had a goodly number around the place. They wanted to be friendly with him and manifested it as they did with one another by jumping at him and striking him softly with their paws. He detested this familiarity and would have nothing to do with them, but took himself off with great dignity whenever they came near.

But he revenged himself in a way that showed his lively sense of humor. He was on hand at their feeding-time and while they stood around their pan of milk, lapping it up with their eyes shut in lazy enjoyment, he would steal slyly up and tweak the tail of one of them.

By the time puss had whirled around with a howl of pain, he was standing off at a safe distance, picking his toes and rolling his eyes, the most innocent and unconscious-looking crow in the world. Puss with her ears laid back, growling and spitting at him suspiciously, slowly turned around and resumed her milk, when the process was repeated with the next cat, and so on around the circle.

I might fill a small volume with Jack's tricks and drolleries. He was, indeed, a fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy, and became the favorite of all our many favorites. He was very handsome for a "colored gentleman," large and finely formed, black and glistening without a fleck of white from his polished bill to his polished toes and toe-nails. In the sunlight his plumage was beautifully iridescent, showing blue and bronze tints about his neck and on his wings.

But, alas! It gives me a feeling of genuine sadness, even after several years, that I should have to write! One day the jester to our little court was out of sorts. He refused to be petted or talked to.

If any one came near him, he walked off grumbling.

The next morning as we were about ready to drive, we noticed that Jack was really sick. We gave him some simple remedies at a venture, for we had not the least idea what ailed him. When we came back, the first thing was to look for Jack.

Poor fellow! we found him lying close to the house, his splendid wings stretched out, his head on the ground, stiff and dead.

We all joined the children in mourning for him, and he was buried with affectionate care under his pine-tree. Vines were planted on his grave, and one of his older admirers was appointed to write a suitable epitaph.—George Annable, in Youth's Companion.

SENATORIAL POETRY.

A New Version of "Mary's Little Lamb" Produced by Senator Vance. Our Mary had a little lamb, And her heart was most intent, To make its wool beyond its worth, Bring 50 per cent.

But a pauper girl across the sea Had one small lamb also, Whose wool for less than half that sum She'd willingly let go.

Another girl who had no sheep Her stockings—wool nor fax— But money just enough to buy A pair without the tax.

When Mary saw the girl's design She straight began to swear, She'd make her buy both wool and fax Or let one leg go bare.

So she cried out: "Protect reform! Let pauper sheep wool free! If it will keep both her legs warm What will encourage me?"

So it was done, and people said Where'er that poor girl went, One leg was warmed with wool and one With 50 per cent.

Now, praise to Mary and her lamb, Who did this scheme invent, To clothe one-half a girl in wool And one-half in per cent.

All honor, too, to Mary's friend, And all protective acts, That cheaply clothe the rich in wool And wrap the poor in tax.

SPRINGER'S SCHEME.

An Illinois Congressman's Plan for Counting the Presidential Vote. The proposition of Congressman Springer to elect the President and Vice-President by a direct vote of the people, each State to be entitled to as many votes as it may have Senators and Representatives in Congress, will probably receive the serious consideration of the House.

Mr. Springer recently made an interesting computation of the vote in the recent election, based upon his system, which provides that the aggregate popular vote in each State shall be divided by the number of Presidential votes to which each State is entitled, the quotient to be the ratio of the Presidential vote, and the candid dates having the largest fractions being entitled to the odd Presidential votes. According to the plan Mr. Cleveland would have received 203 votes, General Harrison, 187, and Fisk and Stroeter, the Prohibition and Labor candidates respectively, 2 each, making in all 401. These votes, divided among the various States, would have stood as follows:

Table with columns: STATE, Cleve., Harri., Fisk, Stroeter. Lists states from Alabama to Wisconsin with corresponding vote counts.

BLOODY-SHIRT JOHN.

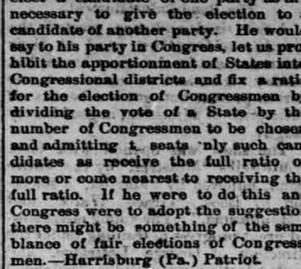
The Ohio Pharisee's Corrupt and Wicked Centralizing Project. Senator Sherman has prepared a bill to regulate the election of members of Congress which is intended to place in the hands of the President the control of the House of Representatives. It is a bold and startling proposition to centralize the Government in the Executive Department.

Senator Sherman proposes that the President shall appoint five persons in each State a board of canvassers and three persons in each Congress district an electoral board for such district, their terms to be during good behavior. The electoral board of each district is to appoint a registrar for each precinct or election district, to hold office for six years, and three judges of election for each precinct or election district. A registration of voters shall be made and only those registered shall be permitted to vote.

It is so plain as to require no argument to demonstrate it, that the effect of this measure would be to put the control of the election machinery, so far as Congressional elections are concerned, absolutely in the hands of the President. He would, if he were so minded, be able to secure at any time the election of a Congress which would serve the purposes of his ambition. The independence of the Legislative branch of the Government would thus be placed at the mercy of the Executive. Instead of purifying elections or enlarging the freedom of suffrage, it would tend to the further corruption of the ballot through the patronage of the Federal Government and the exclusion of thousands of working-men from the polls who can not afford to lose the time to apply for registration before Federal as well as State officials. It is simply a cunning but cumbersome device to narrow the privileges of the people at the ballot-box.

Senator Sherman pretends that his bill is intended to "insure fair elections." Pah! If this Ohio pharisee meant to promote fairness at Congressional elections he would begin his work at the beginning. He would propose a measure to prevent the germ-ranting of States in Congressional appointments by which nearly

twice as many votes are required to elect a candidate of one party as are necessary to give the election to a candidate of another party. He would say to his party in Congress, let us prohibit the apportionment of States into Congressional districts and fix a ratio for the election of Congressmen by dividing the vote of a State by the number of Congressmen to be chosen and admitting seats only such candidates as receive the full ratio, or more or come nearest to receiving the full ratio. If he were to do this and Congress were to adopt the suggestion there might be something of the semblance of fair elections of Congressmen.—Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.



J. G. B.—I'm here Fetch on your Administration.—Puck.

NOTES OF THE DAY. Mr. Dudley, of Indiana, appears to be another man of destiny. We believe that is what they call it when a man keeps out of jail and doesn't fall into the soup.—Chicago Times.

Carl Schurz, in speaking of the necessity of reduction, said recently: "I predict, almost with certainty, that unless an essential reduction of the tariff takes place during President Harrison's Administration a sweeping reaction will come at its end."

General Harrison says he would like to hear a "bugle call throughout the land demanding a pure ballot." In his own State the only "bugle call" we have recently heard was sounded by a Republican, and it called for "floaters in blocks of five."—Utica (N. Y.) Observer.

It is significant that the only Republicans who have shown any disposition to support a more liberal tariff policy are to be won back by the offer of an extreme and more unjustifiable form of favoritism than the party has ever before dared to suggest.—N. Y. Times.

If bounties were to be substituted for the high tariff, the stupidest of voters would readily understand the robbery. The Republicans will do well for themselves to fight shy of bounties. The sneak-thieving tariff is a much better thing for their boodie.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The notion which seems to prevail that Cabinet positions may be safely offered to Republican statesmen with the certainty that they will be declined, is one of the most erroneous and misleading in politics. These statesmen are never deadheads in any enterprise.—Chicago Herald.

The man named Osgoodby, who expects an office from the next President in payment for his authorship of the "Murchison" letter, is said to be a plain farmer. But it is plain that by his great and only literary work he has put himself on the plane of a very disreputable and dirty dog.—Chicago Globe.

The exclusion of Ingalls, of Kansas, from the formal entertainments at the Executive mansion was a duty that the President owed to his guests as well as to his own self-respect. It is encouraging to hear that this Kansas person is beginning to recognize that notwithstanding the position to which his fellow-Senators have exalted him his language and conduct have shut him off from the society of ladies and gentlemen.—Philadelphia Times.

If coal should not go upon the free list there is no logic for exempting any thing from taxation. It is a necessary of life, an essential to manufactures, to transportation and to commerce. To tax the fuel of the people in the interest of a few mine owners and railway companies when the Government has \$100,000,000 of surplus revenue is an abuse of the taxing power. We are glad that eleven Democrats in the Senate had the courage to stand up for untaxed coal.—N. Y. World.

Immigration and Protection.

Representative Stewart, of Philadelphia, wants National legislation to restrict pauper and vicious immigration, and thinks a demand on Congress by the Pennsylvania Legislature for a law on that subject would go far toward having the desired object accomplished.

Mr. Stewart says that the importation of a foreign element in his district has reduced wages from \$1.50 and \$1.75 to 70 and 90 cents a day.

According to the statement of Mr. Stewart the manufacturers in the Republican district which he represents are the embodiment of ingratitude. Although protected by a high tariff they employ pauper labor for 70 cents a day to the exclusion of the American working-man.—Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Hogs fattened on barley and clover hay are reported to make superior meat with a large portion of lean.

German Beef Cakes.—Take equal parts of cooked beef, chopped fine, and soaked bread, one onion, one egg, salt to taste; make into flat cakes and fry.

If water will freeze in the hen-house it is too cold, and you can not make your hens profitable for their eggs this winter.

If steamed meat is left in the liquor to cool off, it will be found to have absorbed back much of the goodness of the soup, and will be so much the more nutritious as food.

Vegetables with a strong flavor, such as onions and turnips, will be much improved by putting them to boil in cold water, renewing this from a kettle of boiling water as soon as it comes to a scald.

Corn left standing in the field is not only injured by exposure, but the shocks become the harboring places of rats, mice and other vermin, which, with birds and rabbits, destroy or waste a large portion of the grain.

To prevent tin from rusting, rub fresh lard over every part of the dish, and then put it in a hot oven, heat it thoroughly. Thus treated, any tin ware may be used in water constantly, and it will remain bright and free from rust indefinitely.

Never change the food of the cows entirely or they will shrink in milk. If a change is desired, let it be done by degrees. When a cow once falls off in milk it is more difficult to bring her back to her full flow than to so feed her as to keep her as near her capacity as possible.

Many farmers do not yet fully appreciate the value of bran as a feeding material. For growing animals it may form a considerable part of the ration. Usually it can be purchased much cheaper in the fall than during the winter—often for one-fourth less per ton, sometimes for a third less.

A mammoth sweet potato was lately taken home by a resident of St. Mary's Landing, N. J., who gave it to his wife to be roasted. She placed it in the oven of the stove without breaking the skin. Shortly afterward the family was startled by a terrific explosion. The potato had burst, blowing off both oven doors and stirring things up generally in the kitchen.

It does not pay to borrow money in order to purchase more land. It is an old truth that "an acre of land has no limit to its productive capacity." The true farmer prefers a small farm well tilled. The manure that is spread on two acres will give better results if applied to one acre, while the cost of tillage will be less. No farmer can afford to buy more land until he has brought up that already in his possession to the highest degree of fertility.

Fried apples, though a very old-fashioned dish, taste well for breakfast. Lay some small bits of salt pork on the griddle, and remove when the griddle is very hot, and lay pieces of fair, tart apples, as large as can be cut, skin uppermost, on the griddle. They must be laid singly, like buckwheat cakes. Cook moderately fast, turn when brown, and sprinkle with salt. When softened thoroughly arrange on a dish. They will be found very palatable. The apples should not be mellow.—Independent.

APPOXY IN SWINE.

One of the Results of Fattening Animals in a Short Time.

Apoplexy is usually a disease of fat hogs, although an animal that has long been thin or suffering from excessive irritation of the intestinal canal would also be predisposed to it. It must be understood that the process of fattening an animal in a few weeks destroys the equilibrium of the system, and in one sense the fatness is in itself disease. The storing up of fat in the animal economy is always at the expense of muscular development. The muscles become weak and flabby. All the blood-vessels of the system are surrounded by a strong, tough, muscular coat that in a state of perfect health will resist any force that the heart's action can put upon these canals. But the fattening process weakens these fibers; a sudden or unusual strain ruptures one in the brain, and we call it apoplexy. It is not as common in the hog as one would expect, but occurs so often that the breeders should understand it and know the right thing to do. It is impossible to foresee when this is going to occur. If the rupture is a very small one, when the blood is oozing out in tiny drops, the hog will sometimes be found lying insensible and breathing heavily. No effort will arouse it. It is more usual to find a big fat hog lying dead, with no external marks or signs of the cause of death. Cut open the skull carefully, and a clot of blood of greater or less extent will be found inside. If alive, however, tie a stout cord above the knee and with a stick take a twist in the cord until on the inner side of the leg below the knee the brachial vein can be felt. Open it with a sharp-pointed knife, and if the blood will run take a pint and a half or a quart. Don't guess at it. An ounce of blood spread over the ground or on the floor has been mistaken for a pint. If the bleeding is to do any good, there must be considerable taken. If the broken vein is a small one, and the case is observed soon after it occurred, the animal may be saved. If it partially recovers it will be proper to evacuate the bowels. A large stock syringe would be valuable here to throw up a quart of warm water. In most cases, however, the owner will have a chance to sell the animal for soap-fat.—American Agriculturist.