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BUTTER & EGGS,
Live and Dressed Poultry, Game, Etc.
Highest market price paid for the above in cash.
Come and see me. Opera Block, Great Bend, Kas.

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SADDLER AND
Harnessmaker.
Does all kinds of repairing. Main
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J. A. Bland has started a 10 cent
delivery wagon. See him for any kind
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Leave Orders
At T. F. Craig's or H. M. Kline's.

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MERCHANT TAILOR
With an Experience of Twenty years
can be found over E. Tyler's grocery
store on Main street. He invites the
people to call and examine his full line
of Cloths and Costumes domestic and
foreign.

OLD BRADY. His Story of a Rocky Mountain Adventure.

TELL me your
fellows' old man
Brady remarked
as he shifted his tobacco
from one side of
his mouth to the
other and squinted
at the heavens. "It
pears right smart to
me like as if we was
going to see a change
in the weather. Such
days as this at this
time of the year."

good intercession. This is what they
back that ter home in Missouri allus call
"weather breeder." "Taint goin' ter last,
an' unless I'm moutilly fooled we'll hear
of reglar ole weather av er storm before
ter-merry night."

We were all "tenderfeet," with the
exception of Josh Brady, and had no idea
of the freals of the mountain climate. The
old man said we was fanmaly dumber than
was as fond of gold as any of us, and en-
joyed, as much as we did, the pleasure of
picking out the bright nuggets. But he had
experienced three years in the range, and
new month of the danger of the snow line
ing up above the snow line too long. For
two or three weeks he had urged us to go
down in the valley, and had predicted a
storm, but we were not ready yet, and, be-
sides, as we told him:

"That's just the trouble, boys," Brady
said, "a feller gits up in the mountains, an'
he thinks 'taint no use ter think of goin'
till the storm begins ter show up, an' so
he stays an' waits, an' then just thing he
knows er storm's here, an' afore he kin git
down ther range ther gorges is all chucked
all of snow, an' he's left. These mountain
storms is mouty suddint things, lemme
tell ye, an' they don't fool around none
erbout comin'."

"It's not fer ter post," Carter urged,
"an' we kin easily make it in er day."
"Yes," Brady assented, "that's all right
eruff provided we had good weather an'
it didn't snow all night afore. I'm in fer
gittin' now, an' not takin' no more chances
on it. It's er nonstrous good idee ter be
safe."

"It don't seem ter me like that's any use
er gittin' scurt," Carter replied, "but if
ther others air all in fer it we'll giv' 'em
up after to-day an' to-morry make tracks for
ther lower diggin's."

We all consented to the proposition, and
Brady agreed to stay with us, though he
said it was "peaky risky," fer he knowed
ther was er storm er comin', an' he just
felt dead erthin' it 'ud ketch us afore morn-
in'."

"This day we opened an unusually rich
"pocket," and were rewarded with some-
thing near a thousand dollars' worth of
gold. This "find" drove all thoughts of
storms out of our minds, and that night we
retired to our cabin in high spirits, totally
unmindful of Brady's gloomy looks and the
ominous shaking of his head.

After supper we filled our pipes and
"squatted" around the table to divide up
our mineral, and even the old man showed
signs of pleasure and his face lighted up
with a highly-satisfied expression as he
calked his portion off and proceeded to tie it
up for safe keeping.

"It was worth stayin' fer, wasn't it, old
man?" Jerry Luck asked.
"I dunno," the old man replied. "It's a
good find, an' it's fortun' it we stayed, pro-
vided it don't storm ter-night and shet us
in."

"What's the interdications outside?"
"Not good, I kin tell ye."
"Wal, we're ready ter skip now, and to-
morry 'll see us gittin' down the range.
Guess we needn't be uneasy erbout not gittin'
er way safe an' son'."

We had been hard at work that day and
were tired enough to "turn in" early, and before
one o'clock we were all asleep, except the
old man, and the last I saw of him before
doin' off he was sitting in the door smok-
ing and squinting heavenward.

reach the valley, or that it might turn off
warm again and melt the snow out of the
gorges. These were all slender threads to
hold to, but I found some comfort in con-
sidering them.

I went back to bed but could not sleep,
and all through the long night hours I lay
and listened to the hoarse roaring of the
wind. At last daylight came, and we were
astray early, and after investigating the lay
of the land as best we could, we returned
to the cabin and sat down to breakfast,
pretty thoroughly convinced that it would be
impossible to "make it" down the range.
Now that we had gotten ourselves into a
bad mess by disregarding the old man's
admonitions we were bound to fall back
and accept of his suggestions and plans for

FOR A SECOND I WAS STUNNED BY THE SIGHT.
getting us out of it, and accordingly we be-
sieged him with questions as we sat at the
table.

"I dunno," he said, "what we kin do. In
fact it pears right smart ter me like we
got no doin' but starve it out."

"Not likely to," Brady replied, "with
them gorges jam full er snow. Why, some
av 'em air fifty feet deep. Reckon we're
gone on er dry hole, an' nothin' 'll hear
'em in fer tryin' it, anyhow," Jerry said.
"We mout make it."

"We kin try it," the old man said, "but it
do no good."
The storm raged, if possible, with greater
violence than ever, and the snow swept
along in such a cloud that it was almost im-
possible to fight our way through it. But
we struggled and toiled slowly on, only to
find that our effort was vain and that a
passage was entirely out of the question.

"Wal, boys," Brady remarked, "we're
snowed up here fer ther winter, I judge, an'
though we've got plenty er gold, I spect
it'll gitt' mouty hungry. Gold ain't much
good er feller when ther ain't nothin' he
kin buy with it."

But when a week had passed and we sat
down to the table to partake of a scanty
breakfast composed of the remnants of our
provision supply it began to look queer, blue,
and I, for one, thought a great deal of my
old Eastern home, and of the well filled
larder that the home folks always kept. We
ate in silence, for our condition was becom-
ing so serious for laughter, and even Andy
felt that the time had come when he
ought to make a dash for it.

"Boys, somethin' has got ter be done."
"Wal, I agree with that," Jerry re-
plied, "but the question is, what?"
"Yes, what?" we repeated.

"Wal," the old man observed, "ther
ain't but one thing to do, an' that is ter try
ther pass ergin. Ther ain't no other way
diggins ter eat, an' our only show is ter git
down ther range."

"Then it's my idee," said Jerry, "what we'd
as well give up to die, fer I'm er goat of any
livin' critter kin git down ther range in this
snow."
"It pears mouty hopeless," the old man
said, "but it won't do to set here an' starve.
We kin try it, an' somethin' may come outen
it."

We sallied forth, and for hours beat our
way through the drifts. Our progress was
slow, and the farther we went the worse it
became. At last, tired and hungry, and
most frozen, we were compelled to abandon
the struggle and seek the cabin for shelter.
As we sat about the fire that night we
talked but little, and as we became thor-
oughly warm we sought for sleep, but
jokes and stories. When we had finished
our breakfast, Carter leaned back and said:
"Boys, somethin' has got ter be done."
"Wal, I agree with that," Jerry re-
plied, "but the question is, what?"
"Yes, what?" we repeated.

THE PENSION OFFICE.
The Disreputable Way in Which Its Af-
fairs Are Conducted.
Of all the disreputable appoint-
ments made by President Harrison—
and their name is legion—that of Cor-
poral Tanner to the head of the Pen-
sion Bureau was perhaps the worst.
Tanner is a man of no character or
capacity. His installation as head of
the Pension Bureau was the signal for
the beginning of a carnival of proflig-
acy and extravagance and corruption
in that department. Tanner at once
began reversing decisions made, not
only by his Democratic predecessor,
Black, but by Republican commis-
sioners. These reversals operated to
break down safeguards against fraud
upon the Government, and opened the
doors to thousands of improper claims.

It soon developed that Lemon, head of
the pension agents' ring at Washing-
ton, and proprietor of the National
Tribune, which did so much dirty
work last year in the interest of Har-
rison, had the "inside track" at the
Pension Bureau. All of his cases were
"preferred," and went through with-
out let or hindrance. As Lemon
and his clique—one of whom was Wil-
lam Wade Dudley—had dictated Tan-
ner's appointment, the thing was a
scandal, and when the pension agents
made a row over it, Squires, the pri-
vate secretary of Tanner, was made
the scapegoat for the latter. Squires,
so Tanner claimed, had betrayed his
confidence by preferring Lemon's
cases, and he was dismissed. It was
also asserted that Squires had made in-
sulting propositions to one of the
ladies in the Pension Bureau. Squires,
however, threatened to expose Tan-
ner's complicity in the Lemon frauds,
and he was silenced by an appoint-
ment as special timber agent in the
Interior Department. This is the de-
partment to which the Pension Bureau
is attached. Squires still holds this
position, and will doubtless retain it—
unless he gets a better one—until the
end of the administration.

After Squires' removal Tanner ap-
pointed his own daughter—a young
miss just out of school—to the private
secretaryship at a salary of \$1,800.
The position is one that calls for busi-
ness capacity and experience, and it
was grossly improper to bestow it
upon this young school-girl.

These, however, are not the only
scandals that have come to light in the
Pension Bureau under Tanner's man-
agement. The institution seems to
have become a perfect nest of rotten-
ness. One of the employees was a
fellow named Van Brunt. He abandoned
his wife in Brooklyn, and went to
Washington with another woman
whom he introduced as his wife, and
who afterward became insane and was
sent to an asylum. These things were
exposed, and Van Brunt was dismissed
from the Pension Office. He at once
became an employe, in a confidential
capacity, of Lemon, the very same
pension shark who had between 8,000
and 10,000 "special" cases expedited
during the first three months of the
Tanner regime. As Lemon's assistant,
Van Brunt still has the run of the Pen-
sion Bureau.

Lemon has run the Pension Bureau
in debt to the people of the United
States, since he assumed charge of it,
about \$10,000,000. If he is allowed to
keep on in his mad career he will
bankrupt the National Treasury with-
in the next four years.

But Tanner will doubtless be re-
tained. His appointment, it is un-
derstood, was the result of arrangements
made in this city before the last elec-
tion with certain representative pen-
sion agents, in consideration of such
material aid as they could bring to
the Dudley conspiracy. He was put in
office for their benefit. President Har-
rison knew why the ring wanted him
appointed. The ring is so wealthy
and powerful that the President will
not dare offend it now by removing
him. Tanner will, we presume, stay
to the end.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

HARRISON'S POLICY.
The Indiana Man Brings Forth a Mouse
Instead of a Mountain.
One of the most offensive features
of President Hayes' administration was
the indifference with which he per-
mitted his Secretary of the Treasury,
Mr. Sherman, to build up a
machine in the South, which he ex-
posed to the spoils system, and Government
patronage was distributed in so
shameless a way that the feeling of
indignation then aroused did much to
keep the South solid. But the Sher-
man machine, in spite of all its de-
fects, was effective in securing dele-
gates to the Republican National con-
vention of 1880.

The friends of President Harrison
seem to be most actively engaged just
at present in efforts to rehabilitate the
Sherman machine. They know that it
is a gross misuse of power for the
President to appoint to office dis-
honest carpet-baggers who do not
represent in any sense the people in
the localities where they live; but such
course, they think, looking back
at the result in 1880, may bring
their chief votes in the National con-
vention in 1892. So the offices are
divided up as they will do the most good.
This proceeding naturally results in
serious scandals in some places, as in
North Carolina, but the Harrison
managers console themselves for the
present by dreaming of the future.

In view of the rose-colored prophe-
cies that were made as to what Gen-
eral Harrison proposed to do in the
South, the result is very disappointing.
He was to build up a great protective
party there and to break the solid
Democratic party. And now, instead
of any of these great things being ac-
complished, we are simply to have the
old Sherman machine resuscitated. If
we had not been told to expect a
mountain we would not be so grievously
disappointed to find that a mouse
had been brought forth.—N. Y. Star.

President Harrison replies to
the carpers about his Sunday excursions:
"They know that I have no
other time for rest, and they know
that I must have rest. I am to keep
on with my work." So far as appears,
this work is exclusively finding places
for friends and good people. He might
take a day or two off in the week.—St.
Paul Globe.

FACTS FOR LABORERS.
The Ruinous Competition Which Our
Working-Men Will Have to Meet.
When the Indianapolis candidates
for the Presidency, last fall, received
a delegation of the horny-handed type,
sent to him by some protected manu-
facturer to produce the impression
that there was but one friend of the
working-man, and Ben Harrison was
his name, he usually read them a
homily on the direful consequences of
allowing the pauper labor of Europe
to come into competition with them.
It was only by putting the Republican
party back into power that the toll-
ers of America could be saved from
the ruinous competition of cheap
labor beyond the sea. In his letter of
acceptance he dwelt with particular
emphasis on the necessity of some in-
terposition of law and limitation to immigra-
tion, stating that the day of the immigra-
tion bureau had gone by. He was
very emphatic about the awful results
of the competition of the products of
American shops in the American mar-
kets, without favoring duties, with
the products of cheap foreign labor.
"Such competition," he said, "will
soon reduce wages here to the level of
those abroad, and when that condition
is reached we will not need any law
forbidding the importation of laborers
under contract." Such competition is
on our shores already, and there is no
necessity for the importation of labor-
ers under contract, for the protected
manufacturers can get all the pauper
labor of Europe he wants ready for
hand, without having to send for it.

The flood of immigration has set in
this summer with a force that threat-
ens to surpass all previous records.
The steerage of every steamer coming
to this country is filled with the pauper
labor of Europe, and in Liverpool and
Queenstown there are not accommo-
dations for the vast numbers bound
for the protected home of American
industry. From the Mediterranean
ports come crowds of Italians, and the
Austrian Government appears to dread
the depopulation of Hungary. Over
two-thirds of those immigrants may
be classed under the general head
of laborers, as they are without
trade or occupation. Hence, when the
Ca negies and other friends of Ameri-
can industry undertake to reduce
wages to the starvation point, their
betrayed employes must either submit
to it or go on strike, with the cer-
tainty that their places will be filled
by the ever-increasing contingent of
the pauper labor of Europe in this
country. The beautiful theory of the
protection of American labor, so elo-
quently set forth by Republican orators
in and out of Congress last year,
has failed to materialize. With the
markets of the world effectually closed
against us by a prohibitive tariff, and
our own markets over-stocked, with
trusts controlling the production and
output of every thing, and thousands
of pauper laborers ready to step into
the places of American working-men,
the rosette visions of protection have
assumed a decidedly glowing aspect.
The Italians and Hungarians are will-
ing to work for wages that an Ameri-
can could not support his family on
his own land, and their places will be
filled by the ever-increasing contingent
of the pauper labor of Europe. Such
is protection.—Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

POLITICAL OPINIONS.
—Mr. Butterworth may speak of
the South as "a man in a fever," but
he is inaccurate in so expressing him-
self. The "fever" is only the heat
from the blast furnaces which are
giving cheaper iron to the over-bur-
dened people of the United States.—
Louisville Courier-Journal.

—The appointment of William
Walter Phelps to represent the coun-
try at Berlin shows that Mr. Harrison
is anxious to impress the Germans
with American elegance. As a type
of American elegance, with its hair
parted in the middle, William Walter
is a pronounced success.—Detroit Free
Press.

—Mr. Robert P. Porter's claim
that he has been an earnest advocate
of protection ever since he was old
enough to have any opinions is con-
troverted by the Albany Argus, which
calls attention to an article written by
Porter for the Galaxy Magazine of
December, 1877, wherein he expresses
unmistakable free-trade sentiments.

—As if it were not enough that all
of President Harrison's relatives, com-
rades and partners should be provided
with offices, the cronies and chums of
his son and the sons of his Cabinet
officers are now coming in for plums
from the patronage tree. If Charles
Sumner were alive what material he
would have for a philippic against
nepotism! Plumb knew his party.
"Public office is a private snap."—N.
Y. World.

—After Mr. Clarkson, Corporal
Tanner seems to be going more than
any other man to shape the policy of
the Administration. The President
may preach virtue in the White House
and his Cabinet may turn up the whites
of their eyes as he discourses of the
necessity of reform, but the people
will judge by performance and not by
promises. Clarkson and Tanner are
men of action.—Philadelphia Record.

—One proof of the advance of the
Democratic party on the line of tariff
reform is furnished in the attitude of
dissidents within the party lines, who
quarreled with the evasive platform
of 1884 because of its protective lean-
ings, and who now insist upon the re-
adoption of that platform for 1892.
Even the laggards are unwillingly
marching forward, drawn by the
movement of the masses in the right
direction.—Philadelphia Record.

Harrison's Sickening Brutality.
When the President desires to get
rid of a Democratic office-holder, he
uses something like the following brief
and brutal formula:
You are hereby removed from the office of
collector of customs for the district of Geor-
getown, in the District of Columbia.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.
The gentleman to whom this was
addressed gave Harrison a lesson in
good breeding, saying: "One reads
your communication through from
line to line to signature without find-
ing a word to indicate whether it is ad-
dressed to a man or a horse."—Albany
(N. Y.) Argus.

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M. E. CHURCH (German Society)—Preaching
every Sunday at 7:30 p. m.; also at 10:30 a. m.
every other Sunday after Nov. 6. Sabbath school
at 9 a. m. Prayer and praise services Wednes-
day evening at 7:30.

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LUTHERAN CHURCH—Services on the second
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dation during summer at 9:30 a. m. in winter at 10:30 a. m.
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and Morton street, W. A. Watson, pastor. Ser-
vices every Sabbath, morning and evening, Sun-
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ning.
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