

FRANK JAMES AT THE BAR.

The Trial of the Notorious Bandit Commenced—Opening of the Case by State's Attorney Wallace—Testimony for the Prosecution.

GALLATIN, Mo., Aug. 21. After the customary delays incident to the preparation of an important case for trial, a jury has been secured and the trial of Frank James for the murder of Frank McMillan, incidental to the Winston train robbery, fairly begun. For the better accommodation of the large crowd in attendance the trial is being conducted in the Opera House.

At eight o'clock this morning Frank James was taken over to the Opera House by the Sheriff and Judge Goodman was in his seat. Owing to a sudden illness Mr. Wallace, who was to make the opening speech for the State, was late in appearing and the Court was kept waiting for a quarter of an hour, the large crowd of spectators growing impatient meanwhile. On the arrival of Mr. Wallace the Court announced that each side would be allowed one hour's time in which to present its case, and Mr. Wallace forthwith proceeded to make his statement.

He said that although he understood it was customary to call attention to the magnitude of the crime to be proven and to show the bearing of the various pieces of testimony which the State expected to introduce, he would refrain from saying anything more than to merely state the facts without comment. After calling the attention of the jury to the nature of the oath they had taken, he read the indictment from all persons or sentimental bias, he proceeded to read the indictment, which charges the killing of one Frank McMillan on July 15, 1881, at the fact of the crime, in this State. The first count is for murder in the first degree. The second for murder in committing a robbery, and the third in being accessory with Jesse James and others unknown to the State, in the killing of one Rock Island train was robbed on July 15, 1881, at Winston, by five men, and that in this robbery the men killed, Robert Cummings, the conductor, and Frank McMillan, a stonemason, on the train. He would show that the robbery and killing referred to was committed by the James gang, whose history he proceeded to read in detail.

The evidence would show that Frank James, Jesse James, Dick Liddell and Bill Ryan congregated at the home of the band in Tennessee. There would be testimony that Wood Hite was in constant communication with the gang in Tennessee. At Nashville Jesse James was D. J. Howard, Frank James was R. J. Woodson and Bill Ryan was Tom Hill. Ed Miller, James Cummings and Bill Ryan were not members of the Winston gang. Mr. Wallace then followed the movements of the gang from the time they left Jackson County, Mo., in 1871, where they remained till the spring of 1881.

Their departure from Tennessee grew out of the fact that Bill Ryan, while on his way to Clarksville, was arrested by the Justice of the Peace, for which he was duly arrested and \$200 in gold and other property found on his person. On learning this, Liddell and Jesse James each stole a horse, and Frank James having a horse, they joined them. Here, too, they picked up Clarence Hite, a young fellow of twenty-one or twenty-two. These five—Jesse James, Frank James, Dick Liddell, Wood Hite and Clarence Hite—were the five men concerned in the Winston robbery. Here they stayed at the home of Robert Cummings, the stationer in Nelson County; staid there with a party named Sears and John W. Pence and others. From this station Jesse James and his fellows started for Winchester in May, 1881, to John Ford, at Lexington, Mo., whence they were reshipped to John Ford, at Richmond, Mo. John Ford was the now deceased brother of Robert Cummings and Charles Ford. In this shipment was a Winchester rifle belonging to Frank James. The testimony would also show declarations made by Clarence Hite before leaving Kentucky, that Frank James was going to Missouri, and that he was going to stay with him. The wives of Frank and Jesse James also came to Missouri at this time. Jesse's wife went to Kansas City, Frank's wife came to Page City with the intention of staying at General Joe Shelby's. She brought a sewing-machine, shipped from Nashville, and a trunk, which was afterwards shipped from Page City to Mrs. Ralston, her mother, at Independence, Mo.

In Missouri the gang had two headquarters—one at Mrs. Bolton's, a sister of the Ford boys, in Clay County, and the other at Mrs. Samuels', near Kearney. Evidence would be adduced to show that before and just after the Winston robbery, in October, 1881, Frank James was at Mrs. Bolton's, being seen there by several parties—Frank James going by the name of Hall, and being introduced by Clarence Hite. Beyond all this there would be the testimony of Dick Liddell, which would be overwhelmingly corroborated. Liddell had been in the neighborhood of the gang since its formation had done all he could to aid and order, and so well had he done this that the last member of the gang was now on trial.

Mr. Wallace then stated that James would be identified as having been in the neighborhood of Gallatin before the Winston robbery. The train had been made to Chillicothe three weeks before the Winston affair, and another trip about two weeks before the robbery, both proving fruitless. The testimony which the State would offer would be that James went direct, and so overwhelming that no honest jury could refuse to convict after hearing it.

John L. Penn, the first witness, testified to the boarding of the train at Winston and the action of the gang; also to the shooting of McMillan, his falling from the platform of the car, and the arrangement of the lifeless body by himself and McMillan's father, but could not identify any of the party.

Addis E. Walcott, engineer of the train, testified that the train had come about fifty feet when the signal-bell rang to stop, and witness stopped the train. Then a voice called out, "Go ahead!" Witness started again, and from the back of the tender somebody called out, "Go ahead, you —!" Witness looked back, and two men jumped down off the coal into the cab and presented revolvers. He shot at them, but they did not stop. The men threatened to shoot if he didn't go ahead. Witness explained what was the matter and the men agreed to let the train pass. The air pressure was at this time and the train went ahead. Witness went ahead and, climbing out the window along to the pilot of the engine, he waited till it started to jump. Accompanied by his fireman he went back to the first ladies' car and got on and a moment later went forward to the express car, being the first to get on. From there he saw the robbers had gone. Witness could give no description of the men who boarded the engine. There were five or six shots fired altogether. The air-pressure was applied the second time either by some one on the engine or the coaches.

Frank Stamper, baggage man, testified that he served for both baggage and express, the expressman being Murray. After the train stopped witness opened the side door to see what was the matter, when a man with a revolver raised him by the leg and pulled him out. He boarded a coach as it came along and informed the passengers that robbers were around. He made two trips through the coaches and looked for the conductors. Meanwhile firing was going on in the smoking and baggage cars.

Charles N. Murray, the United States Express agent detailed the manner in which

he was assaulted and compelled to unlock the safe and surrender its contents.

Dr. D. M. Clagggett, of Winston, who, as coroner, held an inquest on the bodies of McMillan and Westfall, testified that he found a bullet wound about half an inch above the right eye. He judged that the wound was the cause of death.

Dr. Homer E. Brooks, of Winston, corroborated the previous witness's statement, except that he located the wound over the left eye.

W. L. Earthman, of Nashville, identified Frank James as a man he had known by the name of Woodson at Nashville, where they had raced horses; knew Jesse James under the name of Howard, but did not suspect their identity; also knew a man by the name of Tom Hill, who afterward proved to be Bill Ryan, arrested on March 25, 1881, with a belt full of pistols and cartridges, and with about \$1,500 in money in his possession; locked Ryan alias Hill in the Newville jail, where he last saw him; knew Woodson about two years when working on a farm. He associated with the very best class of people there, and witness never saw him associating with any of the names mentioned in the indictment. His general deportment was that of a peaceable and quiet man.

James, the depot master at the Louisville and Nashville depot in Nashville, testified he knew James as Woodson, and saw him frequently there in 1880; remembered the arrest of Bill Ryan, and never saw Woodson in Nashville after that; also knew Jesse James as Howard, who lived close to him in Nashville on Fatherland street. Howard was a grain buyer for Ray & Sons. Witness never saw Howard and Woodson together, but once, and did not see them speak then. He last saw Howard in March, 1881.

John Trimble, a real estate and insurance man at Nashville, testified that he rented a house on Fatherland street, Nashville, in February, 1881, to Dick Liddell, Woodson, but could not identify the defendant as the man. Woodson occupied the house about a month and a half. Mrs. Sarah Hite testified that she first saw Frank James on March 27, 1881, when he came to her husband's house early in the morning in company with Jesse and Dick Liddell. Frank was riding a horse, and the other two walked. They did not say where they came from. They were armed; Jesse had two pistols and a rifle; Frank had two pistols, and Dick had two pistols and a gun. They were in the vicinity of the Wood and George Hite were there at the time. On the 26th of April they came back and left on the 27th. Witness did not know where they were in the interim. They still armed. Some men who were pursuing them came close to the house and the men seemed excited. Dick Liddell got at the front door, Jesse James at the window of my room and Frank in the parlor, all had guns in their hands. The pursuing party did not stop but went on to Adairville. Frank went away next day, witness could not tell where he went.

Silas Norris, father of Mrs. Hite, testified that he first made the acquaintance of Jesse James at Mr. Hite's house in March, 1881. He introduced Frank and Jesse to his brother, Dick Liddell, with them. They stayed a day or two and witness did not know where they went. They came back in a week or ten days and made a short stay, then left again.

Nicholas D. Bishop, express agent at Lexington, Mo., testified that on May 13, 1881, a box came by express to Lexington, Mo., by J. T. Ford. It weighed 15 pounds. It had been transferred to witness's company at St. Louis from some other company. He was ordered to forward it to Richmond, Mo., which he did on May 18. He could not tell by whom the order was given.

On cross-examination witness testified that he never knew Frank James, and never knew if he had anything to do with the box in question.

J. B. Bartley, agent for the Pacific Express Company at Richmond, Mo., produced the books of the Company showing that the box was received by him on the 18th of May and was forwarded to St. Louis on the 19th. The testimony was ruled out and court adjourned.

GALLATIN, Mo., Aug. 23. The hearing of testimony in the case of the State vs. Frank James was resumed this morning. A few minutes after eight o'clock Dick Liddell was called to the stand, when Mr. Phillips objected to his testifying on the ground that he had been convicted of felony. By direction of the Court the jury retired pending argument of the point. Mr. Phillips offered the record of Liddell's conviction of grand larceny at the Vernon County Circuit Court. The Court observed that the record would not be evidence unless witness denied his statement on cross-examination. Mr. Phillips stated that the record was offered to bar the witness from testifying. There were two modes of getting round its effect—one, by a pardon, and the other by a reversal of judgment. Mr. Wallace had, in the meantime, sent for the pardon papers of Liddell, and while the Court was waiting for them the witness and defendant faced each other and compared mental notes.

After a lengthy argument on the various points pro and con, the Court decided that the defense had not sufficiently sustained their objection to Liddell's being permitted to testify. He would, however, require proof of the delivery of the pardon to Liddell and of the loss of the original pardon.

Liddell testified that he was sent to the Penitentiary in 1874 and never again. He was pardoned for that offense, but had since then the pardon on.

He then detailed minutely his acquaintance with the James boys and his connection with them, embracing the time from 1870 up to the robbery of the Winston train and the commission of the murder for which Frank James is now on trial. After giving the history of the arrangement for the robbery and for the meeting of the members of the gang at an appointed rendezvous, the witness testified: We were to meet about a mile from the depot, I got there first, and went on to meet the boys in a skirt of timber near where the road crosses the track. We waited till dark, hitched our horses and went up on foot to the depot. Wood and I went together, and met Frank, Jesse and Clarence at the depot. The arrangement was that I and Clarence should capture the engineer and the others to the rest. Clarence and I got back of the tender and went over on top of the engine. We had two pistols. We kept quiet till the train stopped. Then we bolted out from the tender. We shot at the fellows, who both ran onto the pilot. The first run was about 200 yards, then a stop. Then the engineer opened the throttle to the next level. We couldn't stop it. Frank came out and shut off steam, and as she slackened we jumped off while it was running. Frank and Clarence got off first. I went back after Jesse, who was still in the express car. Jesse jumped first and I followed. We got \$700 or \$800 that night in packages. It was all good money. We all got together then, except Wood, who had been knocked down as Frank pulled the baggage man out of the car, and we never saw him. Frank talked to me about the robbery afterward. He said he thought they had killed two men. Jesse said he shot one he knew, and that Frank killed one. He saw him peep in at the window and thought he killed him. From there we went to one of the houses, taking out the horses. We all unhitched, except Clarence, who cut his halter-strap. From there we went to Crooked River. The money was divided. Jesse in a half, Clarence about \$200 apiece, and I then went to Ford's. The others went toward the mother's place. Jesse and I went a week, and then went to Mrs. Samuels', but found no one but the family there. Jesse and Frank came to the Ford's a week later, and then went in a wagon. All the horses had been previously turned loose.

We were all armed with pistols at Winston. I had on a plaid suit; Frank had a bluish suit, all alike. I don't remember Jesse's suit. Had a dark striped coat and pants, and had on a big duster. Clarence had a dark suit, all alike. Wood had pants

and coat of different cloth. I saw the guns that were shipped. I saw them at Mrs. Samuels'. Frank and Jesse had them. We didn't have them at Winston. The robbery was in 1881, in July. Either Frank or Jesse designated the meeting place at Gallatin, and no one else knew anything about the country.

In reply to questions put by the defense, witness said: I went back to Jefferson City with Sheriff Timberlake in 1882, in January, February, it was there shortly after that with Mr. Cray, Kansas City. I saw Governor Crittenden both times, first at the depot and the other time at his office. I don't remember telling the Governor at either of those times that after the Winston robbery Frank James upbraided Jesse for killing any one, or reminded him of the agreement before the robbery that no one was to hurt or kill.

At this stage of the proceedings Governor Thomas T. Crittenden, by consent of counsel, called out in turn, in order to ascertain the truth of the statement, the name of the man who was in the usual order, and testified in behalf of the defense as follows:

By Mr. Phillips: Liddell did make such a statement to me as pro-vided just now. I think it was the second time he was at Jefferson City. It grew out of my asking him why he killed an innocent man engaged in his duties. He said that it was not the intention to kill him, that the understanding was that no one was to be killed, and I would not have gone into it if I had known or thought there was to be anything of that sort done. To which Jesse said: I thought that the boys were pulling from me, and I wanted to make them a common band of murderers to hold them up to me.

Cross-examined—By Mr. Wallace: This was before Frank James introduced, which did not occur till October 5. It happened in the January or February previous to the surrender, and prior to the killing of Jesse James in April, 1882. Do you remember that there was any place fixed at which the conversation first quoted occurred, but it was after the robbery that the question about seeing Will, there was sure to be jolly-cke and a plum-sauce for tea.

But Muff would not jump, though he would catch at the flying ends of ribbon as Sue held the hoop before him, and bang with teeth and claws.

"It's no use, Sue," laughed Will; "Muff hasn't any brains."

"He's got as much as any cat," flashed Sue.

"Not Muff!" Will laughed again.

"You ought to see Sultan. Tell you what, mother, you'd better let Sue go when John drives me over, Monday morning, and I'll take her to see Miss Hepworth's cat."

AWAY went the hoop trundling down the walk, and away went Muff after it. "Mamma! can't I?" cried Sue. "Mamma smiled. That was as good as a yes any time."

So, early Monday morning, Sue was dressed in her pretty gray suit, with navy-blue ribbons, and settled on the back seat of the wagon beside Will; and John cracked the whip about the horses' ears, and off they went.

Miss Hepworth lived all alone in a little white house on a shady street, where she sold a few pins and needles, and a great many cakes, pies, candies and nuts.

She was a wee little Quaker lady, with silver-gray hair and eyes, and a plain drab gown, who came to the door when John pulled up before it, and gave Will a cheery smile, and Sue a kiss and a chirrup. "How do thee do, dear?" and then led the way into the little shop, where everything was as neat and shiny as a new pin.

"She came to see Sultan, Miss Hepworth," said Will, with a twinkle, after he had invested in a huge paper of candy which he tucked into Sue's hands. "She's got a cat at home that won't jump."

"Has thee?" smiled Miss Hepworth at Sue; "and does thee want to see my cat?"

"If you please," said Sue; and Miss Hepworth tripped to the door and called "Sultan!"

There was a streak along the little passage from somewhere, and Sultan stood on the threshold—a great yellow cat, looking at his mistress with great green, intelligent eyes.

"Thee may come in," said Miss Hepworth. "Wipe thy feet."

Sultan obeyed, stepping upon the trim little mat before the door, and lifting his feet, one after another, daintily, and threw Sue a triumphant glance, and Miss Hepworth smiled.

"Now, be a gentleman, Sultan," she said; and Sultan rose upon his hind feet and walked around the room, tipping his ear politely to his mistress and Sue.

"Can thee tell our little friend the sad story of the butcher's horse?" asked Miss Hepworth, stooping to pat the broad, yellow head.

Sultan began to limp, walking more and more slowly and painfully until at last he fell, rolled over on his side, quivered, and then lay limp and motionless.

"Sue's eyes were very big and bright. "Oh, he isn't dead!" she cried. "Goosey!" laughed Will. "Won't you let him walk, Miss Hepworth?" "Yes," hesitated Miss Hepworth, "but thee must remember that is not of my teaching. It is my requid nephew's work," she said to Sue. "Thee may wait, Sultan."

Up rose Sultan again, whirling across the floor.

Then he tossed a bit of cake from his nose and caught it as it fell; he found Miss Hepworth's thumb, which had been tucked into Sue's pocket; he sat up, and lapped milk from a tiny dipper which he held in his paws; he turned somersaults; he sneezed; he went through so many performances that Sue would not have been greatly surprised to hear him speak.

"Will be jump?" asked Will, soberly. "I think he never tried," smiled Miss Hepworth. But she held up her yardstick. "Over, Sultan," she said, and Sultan, after an instant's hesitation, bounded over.

"Now we must go," said Will. "Thank you, Miss Hepworth." She drew a long breath. "You wouldn't sell him, could you?" she asked, wistfully.

"I fear thee could not keep him," said Miss Hepworth, patting her cheek. "But thee must come again to see him, and thee must get go now until thee has had a bite to eat."

So Miss Hepworth brought out a little tray with a tumbler of rich milk and a plate of sweet-cakes, and Sue, when she had said good-bye to Will for another four weeks, fed herself and Sultan generously, before she kissed Miss Hepworth and hugged Sultan and went away.

When she got home she unwound the hoop

Our Young Folks.

MUD PIES.

Oh won't you join the Cooking Class That meets in Sandy Hollow, On every pleasant afternoon, With signoria Bolo?

She makes the nicest little cakes, All scallioned round the edges, And winds a wreath around the dish Of buttercrumbs and sages.

Her recipes are all unique, And never have been printed; She's not for give me it was rules I've so much as hinted.

But I'll assure you, if you come, A series of surprises, 'Twill really make you smile to see The puddings and the pies!

The biscuits, each about as large As your two-year-old's head, The cookies cut in hearts and rounds And quaint devices, many;

The fritters—just to rouse your zeal I've surely said a plenty, One won't be sufficient for the wise; And here are more than twenty.

—Ella W. Reicher, in N. Y. Independent.

TWO CATS.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Sue was out on the sunny veranda teaching Muff, her pet kitten, to jump through a hoop. The hoop was wound with bright bits of ribbon, and it was a pity, when the fluttering wings made such a pretty contrast to Muff's white coat, that he could not be persuaded to jump, except as Sue jumped him.

Mamma and Will were out on the veranda, too. Mamma was sewing, and Will was watching Sue.

Will was fifteen, almost a man in six-year-old Sue's eyes, and he only came home one Saturday in four from the academy-town, twenty miles away. Sue was always glad when he came for besides seeing Will, there was sure to be jolly-cke and a plum-sauce for tea.

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"I don't think it's any use, mamma," she said; "I guess Muff hasn't any brains. But," and she cuddled the little furry bunch in her arms, "he's a good deal the prettiest, ain't you, Muff?"

And Muff said, "Me-ew!"—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Not Trustworthy.

One afternoon a gentleman was shown into Mr. Lamar's library.

"Mr. Lamar," said the visitor, "do you know a lad by the name of Gregory Bassett?"

"I guess so," replied Mr. Lamar, with a smile. "That is the young man," he added, nodding toward Gregory.

The latter was a boy aged about fourteen. He was drawing a map at the wide table near the window.

"A bright boy, I should judge," commented the visitor, looking over the top of his glasses. "He applied for a clerkship in my mill, and referred me to you. His letter of application shows that he is a good penman. How is he at figures?"

"Rapid and correct," was the reply. "That's good! Honest, is he?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Lamar. "The work is not hard, and he will be rapidly promoted, should he deserve it. Oh! one question more, Mr. Lamar; is the boy trustworthy?"

"I regret to say that he is not," was the grave reply.

"Eh?" cried the visitor. "Then I don't want him."

That ended the interview.

"O uncle!" cried Gregory, bursting into tears.

He had set his heart upon obtaining the situation, and was very much disappointed over the result.

"Gregory, I could not deceive the gentleman," Mr. Lamar said, in a low tone, more regretful than stern. "You are not trustworthy, and it is a serious failing; nay, a fault, rather. Three instances occurred within as many weeks, which sorely tried my patience, and cost me loss of time and money."

Mr. Lamar's tone changed into one of reproach, and his face was dark with displeasure.

"I gave you some money to deposit in bank," he resumed. "You loitered until the bank was closed, and my note went to protest. One evening I told you to close the gate at the barn. You neglected to do so. The colt got out through the night, fell into a quarry and broke its leg. I had to shoot the pretty little thing, to put an end to its suffering."

Gregory lifted his hand in a humiliated way.

"Next I gave you a letter to mail. You loitered to watch a man with a tame bear. 'The nine o'clock mail will do,' you thought. But it didn't, being a way mail, and not a through mail. On the following day I went fifty miles to keep the appointment I had made. The gentleman was not there to meet me, because he had not received my letter. I lost my time, and I missed all the benefit of what would have been to me a profitable transaction. It is not too late for you to reform; and unless you do reform your life will prove a failure."

The lesson was not lost upon Gregory. He succeeded in getting rid of his heedless ways, and became prompt, precise, trustworthy.—S. S. Times.

Queer Conveyances.

Our little ones in the country may have smiled to see a chicken mounted on the old hen's back while she sat sunning herself in the yard. Perhaps the young thing with few feathers sang a soft "Cree-cree," to tell that he enjoyed his position. At night he would better like to be legged and tucked under mother wings. When Biddy got upon her feet and went marching on, of tumbled chick. Now he must use his own legs or be left behind. Those bits of legs may well be weary sometimes with long journeys about the farm.

One or two species of birds are known to fly long distances, carrying their young on their backs. Small birds take passage across the Mediterranean Sea on the backs of large and stronger ones. They could not fly so far. Their strength would give out, and they would drop in the water and drown.

Along the northern shore of the sea, in autumn, these little birds assemble, to wait the coming of cranes from the North, as people wait for the train at a railroad station. With the first cold blast the cranes arrive, flock after flock. They fly low over the cultivated fields. They utter a peculiar cry, as of warning or calling. It answers the same purpose as the ringing of the bell when the train is about to start. The small birds understand it so. They get excited. They hasten aboard, scrambling for places. The first to come get the best seats. If the passengers are too many, some will have to sit back to the hedges till the next train. How they chatter good-byes—those who go and those who stay. No tickets have they, but all the same they are conveyed safely. Doubtless the great birds like this warm covering for their backs. In this way the small birds pay their fare. And it is these last who must be out in the wet if it storms. The little passengers are of different species, like Americans, Irish, Germans and Chinese traveling together in cars or steamships. Their journey takes them through the air, high above the wide sweep of waters. They are close companions on the way. By and by they reach the beautiful South country. There they build nests and sing sweetly, as they build here and sing for us in our happy summer-time. Indeed, God cares for the sparrows.—Our Little Ones.

The man who invented the first steam whistle for a locomotive has recently died in Montreal. His name was Henry C. Buckley; he was a Connecticut man, a mechanic of great skill, and for many years a foreman in the pattern department of Trask's great car and locomotive works in Springfield, Mass. He made the patterns for one of the first engines of the Boston & Albany Railroad.

The King of Bavaria is building a secluded palace for himself, which he intends shall be the most elegant, commodious and magnificent human abode on earth, and with the largest banquet hall.

"LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE."

I am a locomotive engineer, and have been forty years, and an engine running on the Maine Central Railroad. Life on an engine, as all engineers know, is very trying to health and strength, and it is very hard on our long trips all night, to the kidneys and urinary organs. In addition to this, ten years ago, I met with a severe accident, and I was taken from under my engine with severe internal injuries, which gave me great pain. I was laid up for six months, and suffered more than I can describe, and my kidneys began to disorganize, and my nervous system seemed to be out of order. I could not sleep, as my water demanded such constant attention that I was kept awake great part of the night, to urinate, and I suffered from the most excruciating pains in the back and elsewhere, but continued to grow worse.

I was persuaded to try Hunt's Remedy, as I found that many of my friends in Portland had used it, and I had severe pains in the back and elsewhere, but continued to grow worse. I was taken from under my engine with severe internal injuries, which gave me great pain. I was laid up for six months, and suffered more than I can describe, and my kidneys began to disorganize, and my nervous system seemed to be out of order. I could not sleep, as my water demanded such constant attention that I was kept awake great part of the night, to urinate, and I suffered from the most excruciating pains in the back and elsewhere, but continued to grow worse.

Engineer Main Central Railroad, PORTLAND, ME., May 12, 1883.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

ALICE E. CURTIS, of Brunswick, Me., writes us on May 15, 1883: "That she has suffered very much at frequent intervals with kidney disease, and that her pains were increasing so steadily as to cause alarm. Her aunt, Mrs. N. M. Small, persuaded her to use Hunt's Remedy, and after using several bottles she has been freed from the severe aches and pains which she had long been accustomed, and further says that Hunt's Remedy never fails to relieve the severe pains in the side and intercostal space, and Miss C. pronounces it a real and a most valuable remedy for the many ills and pains peculiar to women."

Indulgence and Excesses.

Whether over-eating or drinking are made harmless by using Hop Bitters freely, giving elegant appetite and enjoyment by using them before and removing all dullness, pains and distress from the system, and making the blood clear, nerves steady, and all the feelings buoyant, elastic and more happy than before. The pleasing effects of a Christian or sumptuous dinner continuing days after wards.

Eminent Testimony.

[N. Y. Witness, Aug. 15, 1880.] "I find that in addition to the pure spirits contained in their composition, they contain the extracts of hops and other well-known and highly approved medicinal roots, leaves and flowers, in a manner so judiciously selected that the makers claim it to be, to wit, a medicinal preparation and not a beverage— unfit and unsafe to be used except as a medicine."

From a careful analysis of their formula—which was attested under oath to find that the extracts of hops and other medicinal roots, leaves and flowers, in a manner so judiciously selected that the makers claim it to be, to wit, a medicinal preparation and not a beverage— unfit and unsafe to be used except as a medicine.

GREEN B. RAUM, U. S. Com. In. Rev.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about all day. My liver became hard like wood, and I was puffed up and filled with water. All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has worked a miracle in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.

J. W. MONRY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, '81.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring. I was completely discouraged, until one day I saw a bottle of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since. I can say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost;—A WORKINGMAN.

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever of any kind, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the medicine, a few pills of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

DR. JOHN BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,

BULL'S WORM DESTROYER.

The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 631 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

When applied by the finger into the nostrils, it will be absorbed, and its medicinal properties cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, prevents the formation of the nasal passages from additional disease, and its medicinal properties restores taste and opens the nasal passages, and its medicinal properties restores taste and opens the nasal passages, and its medicinal properties restores taste and opens the nasal passages.

HAY-FEVER

A thorough treatment will positively cure it. Price, 25 cents per bottle, or by mail or druggists. Ely Brothers, Orange, N. Y.

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Can be easily made with our Well Augers & Drills

One man and one horse required. We have the largest stock of machinery in the West. Boring and Rock-Drilling Machinery. We have the largest stock of machinery in the West. Boring and Rock-Drilling Machinery.

Many of our customers are in the East. Address, L. L. & C. O. Box 10, Louisville, Ky.

ANAKESIS

Anakesis gives instant relief in all cases of Fever, Ague, Chills, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and all other ailments. Price, 25 cents per bottle, or by mail or druggists. Ely Brothers, Orange, N. Y.

PRES

45 to 50 per day at home. Samples worth \$