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DEPARTMENT OF KANSAS, G. A. R.

DELEGATES TO NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

The following delegates and alternates to the national encampment at Milwaukee were elected:

Delegates at large—Colonel R. W. Blue, Pleasanton; Congressman B. W. Perkins, Oswego; General A. B. Campbell, Topeka; Colonel J. A. Fulton, Sabetha. Alternates—J. M. Johnson, Kendall; C. S. Bowman, Newton; S. H. Maunder, Washington; J. S. Turner, Hokie.

First district—David Baker, Atchison; E. B. Jones, Holton. Alternates—M. DeForest, Wetmore; A. J. Birchfield, Centralia.

Second district—E. J. Thayer, Iola; J. K. Rankin, Lawrence. Alternates—C. H. Haynes, of W. H. Lytle post, No. 32; H. M. Ellis, Garnett.

Third district—J. D. Barker, Girard; Adrian Reynolds, Sedan. Alternates—A. B. Arment, Winfield; C. White, Longton.

Fourth district—J. Lee Knight, Topeka; E. D. Bullu, Dunlap. Alternates—George N. Dickinson, Burlington; F. W. Watson, Eureka.

Fifth district—D. C. Chipman, Minneapolis; M. D. Sampson, Salina. Alternates—John McPherson, Blue Rapids; W. P. Gates, Wakefield.

Sixth district—L. L. Aldrich, Cawker City; J. W. Allen, Oberlin. Alternates—Volney Ball, Beverly; O. H. Durrant, Mankato.

Seventh district—W. H. Day, Liberal; J. T. Showolter, Wellington. Alternates—Stubbs, of Sterling and Juneau of Dodge City.

OFFICERS INSTALLED.

The encampment closed with the installation of the newly elected officers, and a grand camp fire at the close of the exercises. The following named gentlemen constituted the officers elected to fill the respective positions in the G. A. R. department of Kansas for the coming term.

Department commander, Major Henry Booth of Larned.

Senior vice commander, Ira Collins of Sabetha.

Junior vice commander, J. B. McGonigal of Colby.

Lawrence Wilson was appointed adjutant general, Major Lelan, quartermaster general and E. T. Holland chaplain.

The following is the council of administration: George Davis, post No. 155, Jefferson county; A. L. Morse, post No. 32, Lynn county; S. A. Wickard, post No. 129; H. X. Devendorf, post 1, Shawnee county; Anson Miller, post 131, Salina.

The following also are the newly elected and installed officers of the W. R. C.:

Department president—Belle C. Harris of Emporia.

Senior vice president—Mary Buckner of Wichita.

Junior vice president—Ida Moore of Abiline.

Secretary—Abbie Gibson of Emporia, and Louise M. Brown of Abilene, treasurer.

Sons of Veterans: Colonel—O. S. Nation of Fredonia.

Lieutenant colonel—C. D. Jones.

Major—T. A. Agnew, of Newton.

REV. CHARLES YOUNG.

From the Lutheran Observer, March 15, 1889.

On February 20th, 1889, at Salina, Kansas, after an illness of five weeks, Rev. Charles Young passed to his reward in heaven. Since 1875, when Father Young resigned the Salina pastorate which he had organized in 1873, he has been a sufferer, waiting for relief which he knew would come in God's own good time. It came at last, and he is now at rest.

He was born at New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., on December 15th, 1806, of Roman Catholic parentage. His acceptance of the Protestant faith closed the home door to him at an early age; and he was thus thrown on his own resources. It was thrilling to hear him in late years narrate some of those early experiences of struggle and success. First as a brick mason and afterwards as a weaver, he was prospered quite abundantly, and the summer of 1844 found him married, with a family of four children, living at Mechanicsville, Pa., owning his own home and weaving establishment, and enjoying a lucrative business.

It was while thus situated that the conviction overcame him that he should enter the ministry and preach. As a layman he had manifested much power in Christian work and was led to believe his Master desired to use that power in his service. The decision was made and the first year was spent in private study under the direction of Prof. Dr. Schmucker of the seminary at Gettysburg, Mr. Young making regular visits to him for examination and counsel. The next year he moved with his family to Gettysburg, that he might have the full benefit of the seminary course. But the year was cut short, for in the spring an urgent call came to Dr. Schmucker from the Berlin (Somset county) charge, asking for a man who could take that difficult field. Mr. Young was selected by Dr. Schmucker; and even to his very last days the recollections of the doctor's kind words and eulogies were most pleasantly dwelt upon. Thus at the age of forty years he assumed as his first charge the Berlin pastorate, which included eleven preaching points. After six years of restless labor, Mr. Young was forbidden by the physician to continue, and was directed to go to the west for change of climate in order to prolong his life. In compliance with this direction, he moved with his family to Dixon, Ill., in 1852; but at once entered on the church work there, preaching at Dixon, Perkinsgrove, Peru, Otto, West Grove, Brookville, North Grove and Franklin Grove. Several years later, he returned to Pennsylvania, preaching at Centreville and vicinity; but again turned westward, and in February, 1869, located at Dakotah, Ill., preaching also at Rockgrove, Davis, and Cedarville. Although he had grown stronger since first coming to the west, in 1872, he again was completely broken down, and, following his physician's counsel moved to Salina, Kans., feeling that he had finished his ministerial labors and had but a short time to remain in this world. But the great Head of the church had yet much work for this faithful servant to do; and had he done nothing else, what he did at Salina and in Saline county would be worthy of a life's effort. When the history of our church's growth in Central Kansas is written, it will relate how Father Young was found living in retirement on his farm by some devoted Lutherans who were longing for the ministrations of a pastor. Taking this as an indication which could not be disregarded, he organized in 1873 the congregation at Salina, now one of the best in the Kansas Synod.

A year later found this aged gospel pioneer crossing and recrossing the county in mission work, preaching in the homes and huts of the settlers, and baptizing their children. Thus an organization was effected by him at New Cambria, six miles east of Salina, and another one in the "Shirar" neighborhood, twelve miles southeast. At both places there are now commodious churches and thriving congregations. These three are the only English Lutheran congregations to-day in that county, and all of them were thus established by him.

During the past ten years, Father Young has been unable to continue his ministry; but his counsel and presence have helped and blessed those who succeeded him; and many are they who can rise up and call him blessed. He has been taken, in a full age, like a golden shock gathered for the heavenly garner.

The funeral services were held on Saturday, February 23d, 1889, in the Salina church, and were in charge of Rev. G. D. Gotwald, the former pastor, who was assisted by Rev. H. L. Yarger of Ellsworth, Rev. C. W. Maggart of Oberlin, Rev. A. J. Hartsock of McPherson, who was Father Young's successor in the Salina pastorate, and Rev. A. B. Kirtland, who was his successor in the Saline county churches.

* * *

HOW TO BUILD A CHEAP SILO.

BY A. C. PIERCE, JUNCTION CITY.

From Report Secretary State Board of Agriculture.

A silo to hold two hundred tons of ensilage might be constructed on level land almost any place in Kansas, something after this fashion: Excavate a cellar 20 by 30, six feet deep, with a convenient outside drive-way at the south end of silo. The outside of cellar or drive-way will be of use in scraping out the dirt and afterwards in hauling out the ensilage. After the cellar is completed, construct the upper part of lumber; place a sill, 2 by 6, hard pine, near the edge of cellar; then studding. Board up inside with rough boards or ship-laps, one thickness. Put rafters six feet apart; use girders and good soft-pine boards for roof, and use 4-inch battens, or fencing lumber, for battening. The frame or upper part of silo, bank up with dirt taken out of the cellar, except the south end, where the doors are. The doors should be made to open outward from the basement or lower story. Double-board the south end of silo over doors, and use paper between, and not depend upon banking up the boards to keep the air out of silo. At the top and middle of roof, when filling the silo, should be an opening to let the elevator drop in the ensilage. A Small chute to conduct ensilage to north or south end of silo would be convenent. Windows at gable end of roof to let in light are convenient. To prevent dirt from crowding the frame building into the pit, a few poles or boards could be nailed to the studding outside, and extend back into the dirt and be fastened. The roof should have eave-troughs to carry the water to the north end of silo. A silo of the above size, 20 by 30 feet, 12 feet high, would hold 180 tons of ensilage to the base of the rafters. I think we might put 20 tons in the gable by rounding up the ensilage. If the ensilage is put in slow it will settle, and the silo made as above described will contain nearly two hundred tons of ensilage. Mr. DeArmon, now at my elbow, figures the cellar excavation at 15 cents per yard, or $20. The lumber he estimates as follows:

	Feet.
Studding, 51 pieces, 2 by 6 by 6	306
Sill	100
Plate, 2 by 4	66
Rafters, six feet apart, 2 by 6 by 11	198
Girders	90
Roofing	1,000
Fencing for battening	420
Lumber for gables	120
Doors	128
Total	2,304

SUMMARY.

Excavation	$20 00
Hardware	6 00
Lumber	50 00
Carpenter's work	10 00
Total	$86 00

Or, outside of farm labor, $56. Cutting machine and elevator should not exceed $100. An old threshing-machine power can be applied. One good cutting machine would do to fill three or four silos in one season.

If water is kept out of silo, the dirt is not likely to cave in. If there should be danger, the walls might be cemented. The above outlay of cash might be reduced by increasing the depth of cellar and decreasing the frame part of silo. I have never seen a silo built as above described, but I feel confident such a silo would preserve ensilage.

I have used sorghum for ensilage very little; however, I will say my preference in this section is corn, but sorghum is good, and anything which stock eat when green will make good ensilage. For the western part of the state, where they usually have good grazing except during the blizzard seasons, they only need ensilage and sheds to tide through the bad weather, to make that country a great success.

I have tried to give you a silo which will be in the reach of the humblest farmer. The underground part of this silo is certainly within the reach of all, and if they cannot do better, put on a straw or dirt roof.

Tell the western farmers to build a silo and stick to their farms. They will come out all right.

GEN. BEN. PRENTISS' APPOINTMENT.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 14.—An appointment made at the interior department to-day will give a great deal of satisfaction to Missourians. Gen. Ben Prentiss, of Bethany, was given one of the best offices at the disposal of the commissioner of the general land office. The place was tendered him by Gen. Noble without any solicitation. The offer was, in fact a complete surprise to the old "hero of Shiloh," for he was asking nothing of the administration but the post office at Bethany, where his home is. Of course, he would have got that without any trouble, but as intimated several days ago, there has been a movement on foot to secure for him something better. The inspectorship to which he was appointed to-day will furnish him duties which are to his liking. He will be in the field most of the time, having all expenses paid and receiving a salary of $1800.

Prentiss was a major general of volunteers. He was the central figure on two critical occasions during the war. At Shiloh when the surprise came in the early morning, Prentiss, without waiting to dress, jumped on his horse, rallied his troops and made desperate defense of his position of the line, until surrounded and forced to surrender. The self-sacrifice of Prentiss and his men at Shiloh saved the rest of the army there. That is history. Gen. Prentiss commanded at Helena, when the confederates, under Holmes, Price, Marmaduke, Walker and other generals massed there and tried to capture that place in order to break the federal control of the Mississippi river. The confederates outnumbered the garrison two or three to one, but they were repulsed with great loss, the killed, wounded and prisoners being half as many as the entire Union army. Gen. Prentiss has been living in Missouri almost ever since the war. He was one of the delegates at large from that state to the Chicago convention of 1884.

The bazar in the old palace at Berlin, over which Princess Bismarck annually presides, has just been held, and the chancellor has not disappointed the ladies, who hoped that he would grace the occasion by his presence. For a whole hour he remained every afternoon while the bazar was open, delighting everybody by his gallantry and suavity. Next to Prince Bismarck his tiny granddaughter, aged 3, was the *personæ gratæ* of the bazar, and a golden harvest was poured into the lap of the graceful little flower-girl.

THE WIFE'S ECONOMY.

BY MAMIE F. LOCKETT, IN "WOMAN'S WORK."

Drifting—drifting away into the quiet land of dreams—half uncertain whether he was awake or asleep, with a pleasant semiconsciousness of the clear fire light glimmering on the wall, and the gray kitten purring a drowsy monody on the hearth-rug. Paul Felix had a very narrow escape from a second nap when his wife came in, with fluttering dress, and light, elastic step.

"Paul."

"Well, Mercy!" He was wide awake in a moment, and ready to take oath that he had not had the least idea of going to sleep.

"What is it, little busybody?" he asked, lazily stretching out his hand to play with the blue ribbon at her watch, as she came toward him.

"Can you spare me five dollars tonight?"

"Of course I can—what is it for?" he said, leisurely opening his purse, and tossing the bit of gold to his wife.

"The grocer's bill; he will be here early tomorrow morning—thank you, dear."

Mrs. Felix sat down on a little velvet cricket, close to the sofa, when she had deposited the money in her brown leather purse, so that the fire light played genially on her delicate olive face, with its shadowy masses of dark hair, and large, violet gray eyes.

"Well, pussy, what are you thinking about?" questioned her husband, after a few moments of unbroken silence. Mrs. Felix looked up smilingly.

"To tell you the truth, Paul, I was wishing that, instead of coming to you for everything I want, I had a regular allowance of my own!"

"A regular allowance of your own? really! that is very complimentary to my generosity!"

"I knew you would laugh at me, Paul, yet I do wish it very much indeed."

"And pray, why? Do I not give you everything you ask for?"

"I know you do, my love, yet I would somehow feel richer—more independent—if I had my own resources; if you would allow me just such an amount every month."

"How much would satisfy you, my little miser?"

"Well, I think I could get along with fifty dollars a month."

"Do you happen to know that I have handed over to you just one-third more than the sum you specify during the last four weeks? It strikes me you would not be much of a gainer pecuniarily! speaking by this new system of finances!"

"But I believe I should Paul, for it would teach me to calculate and economise, and—"

"And in short you wish to try the experiment?"

"That's just it!" said Mercy Felix, coaxingly.

"My dear, this is all nonsense! Believe me I understand the care of money better than you."

"Then you are not going to indulge me?"

There was such a plaintive accent in Mrs. Felix's voice that her husband checked himself in the midst of a yawn, and turned to look full into the grieved little face.

"My child," he said laughingly, "I have never yet refused you anything you chose to ask, and it isn't likely I shall begin to assert my independence at this late hour. Take your $50 a month—take what you please—but I am a considerably mistaken man if you do not come to me teasing for just a little more money before the four weeks have expired."

"Now you shall see!" said the delighted little wife. "What shall I render in payment of your docility, Mr. Prophet?"

"A kiss—and now be off about your business and let me finish my nap!"

How often, during the next twelve months Paul Felix rallied his wife within an inch of the "crying degree" about her financial scheme, how often he alluded, mischievously to the probable exhausted state of her purse and his entire willingness to hand over any amount of money the moment she would confess herself to be wrong and him to be right. She was nearly tempted to abandon her cause in despair. But she persevered so bravely that after a while Paul declared that he believed his little wife could get along with a smaller sum than he had previously had any idea of.

"But I know you are denying yourself scores of feminine fol-de-rols—say the word and we will call it seventy-five dollars a month instead of fifty."

"No indeed," quoth Mercy decisively. "Did I not tell you that fifty should be enough? And it is."

Nearly five years had passed away. It was a stormy night in March, the clouds flying before a strong gale, and the air chill and raw with occasional gusts of snow. Mrs. Felix sat in her cheerful parlor, stitching away at a little muslin apron for her sleeping baby, and singing some half-forgotten melody to herself as she worked.

"I wonder what makes Paul so late," she murmured, as a stronger blast than usual shook the windows, "I hope it is not any difficulty in his business matters. He has looked very grave of late."

The words had scarcely passed through her mind when the door opened and Mr. Felix entered. He did not speak to his wife as usual.

"Paul, are you ill, dearest? What is the matter?"

He made no reply. She arose and came to his side, reiterating her inquiries.

"Ask me no questions, Mercy!" he said at length in a tone so strangely altered that she started at the sound. "You will learn evil tidings soon enough."

"Tell me, my husband, are not my joys yours, your sorrows mine? Surely we have not ceased to be one?"

"Mercy!" he said rising, "I did not intend to cloud your happy brow with any griefs; but it is too late now to dissemble. I had hoped to outride the storm of disaster which has wrecked so many of our wealthiest merchants in its whirlpool of failure. Tomorrow, however, a heavy payment falls due. I had relied on receiving debts from a distant firm which would fully liquidate the amount. Instead of the money, the western mails today bring me news of the failure of that firm on which I had so wholly depended."

"But can the amount be raised in no other way?"

"By borrowing here, and there; by straining my credit to the utmost and scraping together every cent of available funds, I can raise the sum, all except five hundred dollars. But it might as well be five millions. Unless the whole amount is met, my note will be protested, and I am a ruined, disgraced man. To think that my whole future life should be darkened for the want of a miserable five hundred dollars."

"And is that all you lack?"

"All? But what is the use of dwelling farther upon it? I appreciate your sympathy, Mercy, but it is in vain."

He sank back upon the sofa, clasping his hands over his closed eyes. He must have lain there motionless for five or six minutes, when Mercy's soft hand was placed on his forehead.

"Dearest, look up a moment. Do you remember our childhood's fable of the lion who was released from the net by the little mouse's tiny endeavors?"

"What of it?" he asked with a vague apprehension that Mercy's wits had been a little unsettled by the impending misfortune.

"I am the little mouse—you the snared lion. Here are five hundred and twenty dollars—take them, and may they prove useful in your time of need!"

He sat suddenly upright, staring alternately at her and the roll of neatly folded bills.

"But Mercy, how—when—

"Dear Paul I saved it from my allowance, a few dollars at a time. I thought perhaps the moment might come when it would be welcome. Believe me my husband, it gives me ten thousand fold more pleasure to place it in your hands than to expend it in crown diamonds."

"My dear wife!" said Paul Felix, "you have preserved me from ruin. This crisis once passed, I can bid defiance to misfortune!" and at that moment Mercy seemed to him to wear the lovely guise of an angel of rescue!

Later in the evening, as she sat by his side, her head resting on his knee, she could not forbear whispering, with a touch of loving mischief in her voice:

"Paul—who was right about my financial abilities, you or I?"

"Little tease!" said he, laughing, "But I do not think I ever realized before what a blessing it is to have an economical wife!"

A FORTUNATE BOY.

There is a 13-year-old boy in Europe, who is not thinking of running away to be a pirate in order to disgrace his family and get revenge on the old man, nor does he aspire to go west and kill Indians with a case knife and a dollar revolver, and rescue long-haired maidens and find a gold mine and have it all put into a book afterward. The reason his ambition does not run this way is because he has a better thing right at home. His front name is Alexander and his name ends with "itch," a condition which seems to be prevalent in Servia at this unhealthy season of the year; and I should judge from the epidemic character of the name that sulpher was very scarce there. In fact, they all have it, from the prime minister down to the man who is kicking because he cannot be appointed notary public. Servia stepped merrily into line with a bran new cabinet the day after the United States got one, with this difference: we paid cash while Servia has to get its furniture on the installment plan. In fact, they had a serious time over it, although the cabinet guessers had a comparatively easy job in casting the horoscope. Something with an "itch" to it made a ten-strike in the bowling alley of success every time, for this is the way it reads: Gruitch, Milosanjev-itch, Vu-itch, Kunan-itch, Gers-itch, Velinov-itch, and Vehmirov-itch. This is a great cabinet, but it just managed to get in by a scratch.

But the little boy with the fashionable poisoning name who has reached the pinnacle of juvenile ambition is bigger than the cabinet, for he has become a real monarch through it becoming necessary for his gay father, ex-King Milan, to sever his connection with the firm, owing to circumstances over which he had no control. There is nothing now to prevent the young man being as bossy as he pleases and doing his monarching without let or hinderance from anybody. He can pry the jewels out of the royal crown and trade them off to the boys for marbles, or melt up the old family headgear into fish-line sinkers. He can have his way about sitting up late, and will never again be obliged to crawl under the canvas because his father vetoed the circus ticket appropriation bill. This would satisfy any average boy, but little Alexander has had in addition to this an experience which would set an American youth crazy with joy. Following Milan's abdication, he was compelled to get down on one knee, kiss his son's hand and promise to love, honor, and obey him, especially the letter. He did this, as the cable states, in a voice choked with emotion, for he must have had an inkling that before his son balanced accounts of several years' accumulated spankings there would be trouble for him of a kind he hadn't counted on. He was then induced to set up a chair for his son, and when some left-over patriot put the old conundrum, "What's the matter with Alec?" the ex-king could not in justice refrain from responding, "He's all right." Just stop and imagine a prominet citizen of Chicago hurrahing for his 13-year-old son, under any circumstances whatever.

The eye of juvenile American and Europe is on the young king. If he does not in his present position do his duty and rebuke the tyranny of fathers all over the world there will be widespread disappointment in a good many youthful breasts. Alexander has got the deadly cinch on his pa, and if the old gentleman is not regularly sent to bed at 8 o'clock a good many young people will consider this abdication a hollow mockery. If the young man is wise and firm, and compels his sire to eat oat meal and drink tea that is two thirds milk all will be well, meanwhile we will wait and see how he words the parental rebuke department of his government.

COLD WEATHER IN DAYS GONE BY.

Two Old Stagers Sit Around the Stove and Tell All About It.

Buffalo Express:

During the cold spell an old lake captain and a Hamburg farmer were swapping lies over a stove in an Elk street grocery.

"We don't have any cold weather these days," says the captain. "I remember the fall of '42. Winter hadn't fairly set in. It was in November and I was coming down from Sandusky, thinking maybe I could make one more trip before layin' up, but off Presque Isle the weather changed, an' I'm tellin' you the truth, sir, when I say it got so cold that a two inch hawser, a new line the men was trying to coil on the deck broke square off like a pipestem."

The Hamburg man looked as solemn as if he was trying to sell stock in the Hamburg gold mine. He expectorated in the box of sawdust and replied:

"Forty-two was jest good, snug wintry weather. It wa'n't nothin' to '38, which I reckon you don't remember about. I lived at Willink, an' was drivin' a team that winter for Leander Roe.

"It was so cold that winter that one day—right in the dead of the January thaw it was, too—as I was drivin' a yoke o' steers into a wood lot the off critter got lazy an' I up with my whip to touch him a bit, but I'm tellin' you, sir, he never felt the lash."

Old Hamburg paused for so long that the marine Ananias, though with evident reluctance, was moved to repeat:

"Never felt the lash?"

"No, sir," with another long pause.

"Why not?" asked the captain when he couldn't stand it another minute.

"It was that cold, and all of a sudden, sir, that when I raised that there whip stock the lash got frose in solid, in the air."

And just then the stove exploded.

SAMOAN BEAUTIES.

The Rule of the Village Queens, Their Attire and Their Graceful Dances.

[From the Sacramento Report.]

The women still love to dress a la mother Eve, in nothing but the natural products of the native bush. Around their throats they wind necklaces formed of a dry scarlet berry, or shells sewed upon a strip of cloth. Sometimes a fringe made from the rib bones of a fish is attached to this necklace, and often a spiral boar's tusk forms a handsome though barbaric ornament. Like their civilized sisters, the Samoan belles will endure any amount of pain and discomfort in order to be in fashion, but unlike them, they enjoy leap year privileges all the time and exercise the right of choice, for time or for eternity, with perfect freedom from a suspicion of unmaidenliness.

The Samoan women, as a rule, are good looking, but every village boasts its "beauty." "Tampo" is the Samoan name given to the village queen. Generally she is the ruling chief's own daughter or one adopted by him. She is at all times a girl of high rank in the place itself or in that of her parentage. From the first day of her installment to the day of her departure, marriage, elopement or dethronement for bad behavior (which in quite recent times was effected with a club) she is virtually the queen of the palace. It is she who receives strangers on arrival in her town, makes kava for them and personally sees to their comfort and entertainment. Never, from one year's end to the other, is she permitted to be out of sight of her attendants. When abroad she is invariably accompanied by as many of her youthful companions as are available for the service. They follow her in single file wherever she goes. She heads all processions, and visits and takes the leading part in all "swas" or native dances.

Her attire on gala days is of the gayest description that her town can afford, and everything is ungrudgingly sacrificed that can add to the glorification of her personal appearance. It is she, on these occasions, who has mainly to uphold the prestige of the town. It is only when dressing for any ceremony that she appears to have no will of her own. On such occasions, a long time before the commencement of the ceremonial, the old women take entire possession of her. On them devolves the exercise of the mysteries of the Samoan boudoir. Everything is done for the proud damsel, who stands patiently suffering any amount of coercion, one tithe of which she would not permit for a moment were it not part of her duty as the beauty of the town. She is first taken in hand by two or three of her attendants, who briskly shampoo her all over with sweet-scented oil until her warm colored skin shines like satin. Another will energetically brush her jet black locks and afterward plat or otherwise arrange them in the manner that the combined wisdom of the old people, assisted by the suggestions of twenty or thirty of her youthful companions, may dictate. She will then be ready to entertain "the stranger" and prepare for him the kava.

Above all things the native women excel in the art of dancing and posturing. The most popular dance among them is the "siva," which is performed by four or five maidens to the accompaniment of a tuneless song and drumming on the tom-tom. It consists of posturing and movements of the body and hands, which are made in unison and in time with the music. Some of the fingers are executed while standing erect upon the feet, but in most of them the dancers sit cross-legged upon strips of matting spread upon the ground. The postures are many and varied. Sometimes the right hand rests upon the neighbor's left shoulder, and left hand upon the dancer's left knee, and sometimes that motion is reversed. One position is with the right hand spread upon the ground in front and the fingers of the left hand touching the biceps of the dancer's right arm. Another is a more thoughtful attitude. The right hand supports the left elbow, while the left cheek rests upon the index finger of the left hand. Of all the graceful Samoan dancers none can compare with the daughter of Patua, one of Mataafa's most prominent chieftains. Her movements are so exquisitely graceful and full of such dream-like motion that Europeans and natives alike have combined in naming her "The Dream."

"The Madonna at the Tub,"

of whom Miss Phelps writes, was a genuine specimen of health and strength. She doubtless heeded the warnings of her predecessors, and understood and appreciated the matchless qualities of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which relieves and cures so many ailments peculiar to the sex. As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, "Favorite Prescription" is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

For constipation, sick, or billious headache, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets, or Anti-billious Granules: Purely vegetable. One a dose.

Publication Notice.

To August J. Holmquist, Magnus Holmquist, H. Harms, L. A. Will and D. Whitehead.

The above-named persons and each of them will take notice that on the 19th day of April, A. D. 1889, the city of Salina, Kansas, will present its petition to the judge of the District Court of Saline County, Kansas, praying that the following-described property be added to and made a part of the city of Salina, Kansas, to-wit:

First—All of that portion of territory located in the north-east quarter of section thirteen (13) township fourteen (14) range three west of the 6th P. M., Saline County, Kansas, belonging to August J. and Magnus Holmquist, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point thirty-five feet south of the north-east corner of Kansas avenue and Gypsum avenue, Oak Dale addition to the city of Salina, Kansas, thence running north 45 and 45 east along the center of Gypsum avenue one hundred and twenty-six (126) feet, thence south parallel with the east line of Kansas avenue, three hundred and fifty seven feet, more or less to the center of the channel of the Smoky Hill river, thence westerly along the center of the channel of the Smoky Hill river to an intersection of the extended east line of said Kansas avenue, thence north along the east line of Kansas avenue three hundred and thirty-five feet more or less, to the place of begining.

Second—That portion of territory located in the north-east quarter of section thirteen (13) township fourteen (14) range three west of the 6th P. M., Saline County, Kansas, and belonging to H. Harms, more particularly described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point thirty-five feet south and one hundred and twenty-six feet north 45 and 45 east of the north-east corner of Gypsum avenue and Kansas avenue, in Oak Dale addition to the city of Salina, Kansas, thence north 45 and 45 east along the center of Gypsum avenue one hundred and eighteen feet, thence south and parallel with the east line of Kansas avenue three hundred and eighty-five feet, to the center of the Smoky Hill river, thence westerly along the center of said Smoky Hill river about one hundred and eighteen feet, thence north and parallel to the east line of Kansas avenue three hundred and fifty-seven feet, to place of beginning.

Third—All of that territory located in the north-east quarter of section thirteen (13) township fourteen (14) range three west of the 6th P. M., Saline County, Kansas, belonging to L. A. Will and D. Whitehead, more particularly described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point on the range line, between ranges two and three, west of the sixth principal meridian, nine hundred and sixty-six and one-tenth feet south of the south line of Gypsum avenue, Oak Dale addition to the city of Salina, Kansas, extended east, thence south along said range line, two hundred and eighty-four feet, thence south 89 and 44 west two hundred and twenty-five feet, to the center of the Smoky Hill river, thence down the center of said river to a point three hundred and eighty-nine and five-tenths feet due west of said range line, thence north and parallel with said range line about three hundred and fifty feet to the south line of Gypsum avenue, Oak Dale addition to the city of Salina, Kansas, thence easterly along the south line of Gypsum avenue two hundred and twenty-five feet, thence south parallel with range line two hundred and twenty-nine feet, thence north 89 and 44 east one hundred and sixty-five feet to place of beginning.

You and each of you and all other parties interested will take notice that this petition will be presented to the judge of the District Court of Saline County, Kansas, on the 19th day of April, A. D. 1889, at the Court House, in Salina, Kansas, at one o'clock p. m. of that day, at which time you will be allowed to make your objections if you so desire.

W. T. PEARSON,
City Attorney.

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