THE LEAVENWORTH WEEKLY TIMES

Established, 1855. Vol. 22. No. 24.

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1875.

Conservative Established by D. R. Anthony, January, 1861.

Weekly Times

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1875.

RALSTON A DANGEROUS MAN.

The Chicago *Tribune*, in a sensible and forcible article on the California financial troubles, states that "a large part of the prosperity identified with the Bank of California has been delusive, and the development and progress associated with Ralston's enterprise have been morbid and overstrained. All his enterprise was in the direction of centralized absorption, of which he was the head and front. The Bank of California was the central power in a great variety of gigantic gambling schemes that absorbed the profits or dictated values of that entire section of the country. It was a sort of enormous devil-fish that reached out its tentacles throughout the Pacific States, and fastened them upon everything that had life and fresh blood. Ralston was the despot of the rich region which is so much cut off from the rest of the country by distance and customs as to be almost a separate nation. He was merciless in the exercise of his power. He had princely hospitality for strangers, and a royal graciousness for his "crowd" of friends and courtiers, but he was utterly relentless in his treatment of all who opposed or criticised him. The people of San Francisco who felt his tyranny and fretted under it dared not speak of it above a whisper, and then only under the ban of confidence and secrecy. The newspaper press were silenced equally by fear or gain. Ralston was absolute. His power extended far beyond the Bank of California, which was merely the nucleus of his operations and the rendezvous of the "crowd" he had gathered about him. He dictated the rates of interest and controlled the accommodations of nearly all the banks. Merchants, miners, speculators, real-estate dealers, small bankers, hotels, railroads, steamboat lines, farmers, and all classes of business men either truckled to him or feared him. California has been in an actual state of bondage, from which nothing but the collapse of the bank and the death of Ralston could have liberated it."

If all this be true then the death of Ralston was really a blessing in disguise to wild, thoughtless California.

It is said he attracted about him the great land-owners and strengthened the monopoly by practically prohibiting the sale of land in small tracts at any price. It was through this monopoly that he was able to control the richest products of the country—particularly the grain and wool—and ally it with the control of the transportation interests. He exercised a sort of dictatorship over the California rivers, and the whole problem of interior transportation was in his hands. To this he added a large influence in the trade with China, Japan, the Indies, and the Sandwich Islands. The monopoly which he built up included the tea, coffee and sugar trade. His vast influence over the productive and industrial interests of California was not used for the benefit of the State, but for his own selfish ends and personal aggrandisement. Cannot California well afford to exchange the rush and noise of Ralston's days, for the more solid and lasting legitimate business of the future? Ralston was a wonderful man, and at the same time a dangerous person. His extravagance and splendor lured innocent young men into the vice of gambling, and millions of dollars as a consequence went from their purses into the California bank.

A REVIEW OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The *Republic* magazine for September among many interesting and valuable articles, has one entitled, "Can the Nation trust the Democratic party?" The *Republic* has dealt the Democratic party some powerful blows, but this latest one will be apt to penetrate its armor, and force it, more than ever to assume the defensive.

The *Republic* says:

"Before the people can consider, on equal terms, the restoration of Democracy to power, the proof must be submitted, that a radical change has taken place in its sentiments and principles, its teachings and purposes. The proof must be strong, so clear, that he who runs may read, for on a question of such vital importance to the future welfare of the Republic, the people cannot afford to run any risks. The preservation of the Government has cost them too much to try any political experiments in the management of its affairs. The people know what the Republican party has done, is now doing, and will do in the future for the country. On the vital question of unity and nationality they are assured that it can be trusted. True in war, they know it cannot prove false in peace. True in the past, they have every reason to believe that it will continue true in the future. Democracy having been false in the past they have the right to demand the strongest guarantee, that it will not be, if entrusted with power, false in the future."

It then proceeds to examine the Democratic record for the past fifteen years, showing its position in 1860; its attitude during the rebellion; its opposition through the period of reconstruction, and its unchanged sentiments at the present time. Before the war it was the States Rights party, under the control of Southern influence; during its prosecution it arrayed its doctrines against the means employed by the Government; since the close of the war it has been active in recruiting every shade of States Rights opposition against the party that represents the national idea. These conclusions are based upon evidence furnished by public and private records, speeches of leading Democrats, extracts from Democratic papers, and the official acts of Secretary Floyd, Secretary of War in 1860.

The *Republic* closes this chapter of Democratic short-comings with the following deductions:

"1. The Democratic party, as the State Rights party, educated its followers to believe in the right of a State to withdraw from the Union at its pleasure.

2. It took no steps to counteract the fatal tendency of this doctrine when it assumed the form of open resistance to the Federal authority.

3. It had control of the government when the secession movement developed its purpose to establish a Southern Confederacy, and instead of promptly checking it, it vitalized it, by giving it official encouragement.

4. The Democratic party, through its leading officials, not only encouraged secession by friendly expressions, but with a full knowledge of its hostile intentions, deliberately furnished its advocates with arms and munitions of war belonging to the Federal Government.

5. Judged by its record; the sympathy expressed; the promises given; the material aid rendered; the unanimous action of its Southern wing, the Democratic party stands responsible for the Slaveholders' Rebellion."

In reviewing the Democratic record during the war period, the official vote on fifty important measures which passed Congress, is given. This is presented without comment, the yeas and nays telling the whole story. From this record it is shown that the encouragement which the Democratic party gave to the secession conspirators before the war, lost none of its force during its prosecution for if its attitude was not one of open hostility to the Union cause, it was far from friendly to it. It also shows quite conclusively, that if the policy of the Democratic party, as foreshadowed by its votes in Congress, had prevailed, the war would have been a failure, and the Southern Confederacy would have been to-day an established fact.

The proof submitted to disprove the assertion so often made by leading Democrats, that they were in favor of the preservation of the Union, but differed in regard to the means employed, must convince the unprejudiced reader that the most rational policy urged by the Democratic party would have led to Confederate recognition.

THE EASTERN OPERATIVES.

Fifteen thousand factory operatives have been for some time on a strike in Fall River, and forty thousand in Rhode Island are undecided as to whether they will strike or not. It is evident that a crisis has arrived in the manufacturing interests of New England. The manufacturers are not making money—some of them are on the verge of ruin—and the operatives are working for wages which barely afford an existence.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* has talked with leading manufacturers and with leading men among their employe s. The latter demand higher wages, or at least no reduction, and ten hours a day, instead of as at present, ten and a half to fourteen hours a day. It is said that in one mill in Providence, the operatives, mostly young girls, work three or four days in the week not less than fifteen hours a day, and the rest of the week twelve hours. When the hours were increased they received a slight increase of pay, but the superintendent took advantage of the terrible weather of last February to take away the increase of pay without reducing the time to the old standard of eleven hours a day.

The treatment of the operatives in some of the mills is said to be disgraceful, though better as a rule in large than in small factories. The Lonsdale company granted ten and a half hours in the early part of 1873, and have kept that time ever since. This company, the most wealthy and powerful in Rhode Island, and perhaps in the United States, adheres strictly to its regulations. But it will permit no agitation of the labor question within its villages, and employes have been warned, under penalty of being discharged, not to read newspapers which discuss the labor movement. The operatives enjoy every comfort except that of freedom.

It is a fact that there are thousands of mill people in Rhode Island, and in the neighboring villages of Massachusetts, who never read a newspaper or book from one year's end to the other, and who are utterly ignorant of what is transpiring in the world outside. If any of them show a desire to read, they are given to understand that they must take only newspapers favoring the cause of the manufacturers.

GOETHE.

Saturday a week ago, was the 126th anniversary of that marvelous poet and writer, John Wolfgang Goethe. The general impression upon the American mind of the character of this man has been made by such writers as De Quincy, who have painted his love affairs in very high colors, and not in compliment to the poet. This impression is inadequate and unjust. His life was not one round of heartless flirtations, nor was his career that of an antimoralist. Of late, since the translation of his masterpieces into English, his character has come to be better understood and better appreciated. When he came upon the earth, America was springing from its swaddling clothes and scarcely three decades thereafter asserted its independence. Literature was meagre, but the spirit of liberty was large, and the efforts of the colonies found a hearty *dominus tecum* from the bard of Weimer. When the American revolution began, his flower of genius was just bursting into the light. Its fragrance has gone round the world, and though the soil in which it sprouted is no longer to be seen, the flower lives and is immortal. He was the Apollo of German literature, and the music of his lyre has roused the rhapsodies of verse in all the tongues of earth. "If I were asked," he said, "what I had done for the young poets of Germany, I should say that I had been their liberator." His idealism and transcendentalism has permeated and liberalized all thought, and his influence appears in all modern literature. It is fitting that so great a genius should find recognition in appreciative America, and a comely honor was done the great master on Saturday last in erecting a monument in Central park, New York, in commemoration of the 126th anniversary of his birth. Mr. Bryant and Bayard Taylor illumined the occasion with the light of their genius. America in a formal manner acknowledges his worth and the world is not slow in awarding him his true position in the galaxy of master minds.

SHERIDAN AGAINST HIMSELF.

The following anecdote is told of Sheridan: After he had fought his famous duel with Col. Matthews on Mrs. Sheridan's account, an article of the most venomous kind was sent from Bath to Mr. William Woodfall, the editor of the *Public Advertiser*, in London, to insert in that paper. The article was so terribly bitter against Sheridan that Woodfall took it to him. After reading it he said to Woodfall, "My good friend, the writer of this article has done his best to vilify me in all ways, but he has done it badly and clumsily. I will write a character of myself, as coming from an anonymous writer, which you will insert in your paper. In a day or two after I will send you another article, as coming from another anonymous correspondent, vindicating me and refuting most satisfactorily, point by point, every particle of what has been written in the previous one." Sheridan accordingly wrote one of the most vituperative articles against himself that mortal ever penned, which he sent to Woodfall, who immediately inserted it in his newspaper, as agreed upon. The calumnies which Sheridan had invented against himself got circulation, but, strange to say, Sheridan never could prevail upon himself to write one line in his own vindication, and the libels which he invented against himself yet remain wholly uncontradicted.

THE New York *Bulletin*, which is good authority on breadstuff matters, concludes a long article on the position of the grain markets with expressing the belief that the prospects are now decidedly in favor of restoring the old relative basis of values of the cereal crops, with the further prospect of affecting the hog products markets as materially in the same direction, if not beef and other animal food, which has ruled so enormously out of proportion to former years during the past two. It is to be hoped this may prove the case.

PERSONAL journalism flourishes in Junction City. The *Union* says that the editor of the *Tribune* "is an inflated, transparent, breech-loading, wide-at-the-muzzle, scattering blatherskite."

MORMONISM.

A Correspondent Recalls the Story of Its Origin.

How the Precious Tablets are Said to Have Been Found.

Recent events transpiring within the circle of Mormonism serve to bring the attention of the public to the circumstances that led to the inception and subsequent growth of a religion as strangely successful as it is spurious. Every one knows the history of the creed at the appearance of its followers as an acknowledged act, but of its origin few are conversant. In the year 1819, when Palmyra was a small and obscure village, it numbered, not strangely, among its inhabitants a family of Smiths. The head and father of the family, Joseph by name, was a sort of Yankee Rip Van Winkle. Lazy and uncultivated, he was a dreamer and superceredulous. His scanty store of book knowledge was gathered from the then dime novels, "The Life of Captain King," and kindred works, which supplemented a smattering of scriptures, gained by his connection with various churches, for he was as fickle as quicksand in matters pertaining to religious belief. He was a great blabber, prone to the marvelous, and a dabbler in petty litigations. So far, the family of the prophet was not of sterling stock.

BUT THERE WAS A WOMAN IN THE CASE,

a potent power. Prosaic and common as is the name, Mrs. Smith, as the mother of revelation and founder of a belief, will go down into history in the company of Helen of Troy, Joan of Arc, and our common and much slandered mother, Eve. Ignorant and weak as was the elder Smith, he found a balance weight in the person of his wife. Mrs. Smith was a person of strong, uncultured intellect, and possessed of that tact and mental ingenuity sometimes found when least expected. Those who know her say that to her influence can be traced the germ that sprouted in her offspring. The incipient hint that an unfledged propet was in the family came from her, and many of the primary moves in the establishment of the new faith were framed by a pattern dictated by her sharp wits. The father had one favorite speculation, that of buried money—vast fortunes hidden with incantations and only to be exhumed by exorcising. This passion he indulged, and many were the pits dug by him in the search for the concealed treasures. Perhaps to this may be traced his only employment, that of well-digging. Believers in the faith see in this profession an allegory practically expressed of a searching after truth in a locality where that virtue is proverbially placed. Be this as it may, in the year above mentioned the elder Smith found in a well-pit that he was excavating, a small stone, following in general outline the shape of a child's foot. The material was vitreous and smooth, and to the eyes of the finder it seemed a talisman, whose power was great as it was unknown. Associated with the Smith family, and one of their few intimate friends, was Oliver Cowdery, a quondam schoolmaster, who was identified with the whole matter, and it is to his able seconding of the plans of Mr. Smith that

THE SCHEME GREW TO PERFECTION.

Soon after finding the stone, Joseph senior developed strange powers, and he took upon himself the calling of a clairvoyant, through his mediumship the location of much buried wealth was revealed and fortunes were told. Hidden treasures were as numerous beneath the hillsides as were the blackberries above them. Many a party of infatuated addlepates, following the lead of the seer, roamed over the fields and through the woods at most unreasonable hours. One of the requisites for the incantation that always preceded the digging was the sacrifice of a lamb, and it has been said that after the animal had been slaughtered, the body of some mysterious power found its way to the house of the Smiths, where its sacred character was made subservient to its eligibility as mutton. But in time the novelty of money digging wore off, for the treasure trove never became palpable to the sight and touch of the seekers. Solemn silence was one of the conditions, and it always happened that when the sought for prize was all but in the seeker's grasp an unlucky word would whisk it back to oblivion again. So the business languished and followers grew few. Then came the first giving-out that a prophet was to spring from the humble household of the saints; and when matters were maturing for denouement the hints came from the mother of the expected saint that such and such ones—always fixing upon those who had both money and credulity—were to be instruments in some good work of new revelation. Alva Smith, the oldest son, was originally designated, by family consultations and solemn and mysterious hints, as the forthcoming prophet. But Alvah had a cruel appetite—or may be it was a prophetic foreshadowing of the revolution that came to Colonel Sellers—he ate too plentifully of green turnips, sickened and died.

THUS THE WORLD LOST A PROPHET,

and the millions there was in it found their way to Brigham Young through another channel. The mantle of the prophet which Mr. Smith, Oliver Cowdery and Joseph Smith had worn fell upon the next oldest son, Joseph Smith, Jr. And a most unpromising recipient of such a trust was this same Joseph Smith. He was lounging, idle, not to say vicious, and possessed of even less sense than his father. He used to come into Palmyra with little jags of wood, sometimes patronizing a corner grocery too frequently, and sometimes getting an odd job to do. But Joseph had a little ambition, and his mother's natural brightness shone in him feebly at times, and his father's credulity was not lost in its transmission. The primitive design of the prophet-making coterie was without doubt money making, blended with which, perhaps, was a desire for notoriety to be gained by fraud and false pretenses. The idea of being the founders of a new sect was the idea and work of others. About four miles to the south of the village a precipitous hill juts like a bold promontory into the verdure-covered valley. This is

THE SINAI OF MORMONISM.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and behold an angel descended and showed unto him the plates engraved by Mormo, the son of Nephi. But the Smiths had no money, and without it angelic aid was useless. The projectors of the humbug selected as a victim to obviate this difficulty one Martin Harris. Harris was a good farmer, the owner of a good farm, and an honest, worthy citizen, but especially given to religious enthusiasm and new creeds, the more extravagant, the better. Upon him Joseph Smith began to work, telling him of the great revelation, and that it had also been revealed that he Harris, was the chosen instrument to aid in the great work. Harris heard and believed. He assumed a grave and unearthly aspect, and here and there made solemn annunciations of the great event about to transpire.

THEN CAME THE DISCOVERY OF THE GOLDEN BIBLE.

It was at night, and Joseph, led by the angel, went to the hill and began his work. As is usual in such cases the work was accompanied with a fine display of ecclesiastical pyrotechnics, and, as Smith said, an army of 10,000 devils held back by the guardian angel, "howled dreadful." 'Twas in 1827, and the work of translation began directly after the discovery. On top of the box containing the plate was found a pair of spectacles, the urn and thummium, the stone or glass in which was opaque to all but the prophet. These belonged to Mormon, the engraver of the plates, and without them the plates could not be read. The bible itself was made of metallic leaves, bound together by three rings. Harris may have had some doubts of the authenticity of the plates, for it seems that he procured from Smith a *fac simile* of some of them, which he took to Dr. Mitchell and Professor Anthon, the linguists. These gentlemen, after examining them gave as their positive decision that the signs engraved on the plates were entirely incoherent and not members of any language. Smith, however, quieted Harris' apprehensions, and

THE WORK OF TRANSCRIPTION

went on. It was said that Smith sat behind a curtain and read the contents of the plates to Cowdery, who sat outside and acted as amanuensis, a revelation having given Smith the knowledge, that none but the prophet could look upon the sacred book and live. When the manuscript was nearly completed Harris's wife, who was a rank heretic and infidel, respecting the whole thing, with sacrilegious hands seized upon about a hundred of these manuscript pages and secreted them. It was then decided by Smith and Cowdery that they would not transcribe them again but would let it crop out, as the evil spirit would get up a story that the second translation did not agree with the first, a very ingenious method of guarding against the possibility that Mrs. Harris had preserved the pages.

ANOTHER LITTLE INCIDENT

shows the cunning of Smith in getting out of tight places. Stephen H. Harding, afterwards, by a strange coincidence, Territorial Governor of Utah, was at the time of the discovery a resident of Palmyra, and about eighteen years of age. One day he went to Smith and told him that he was tired of life, and that he wanted to look at the plates, and pass away in the death-dealing glory that surrounded them. This Smith refused to allow, and said he would show him the plates as they lay in the chest wrapped up in their covering. The two went into the garret of the Smith house, and Joseph reverently lifted the cover of an old chest and pointed to a small, square package bound in canvass. Harding looked on for a moment and then, with a quick movement snatched the covering off, revealing a common brick tile. The prophet, not a whit lost, said: "I suspected a trick, and consequently prepared for it."—*Palmyra (N. Y.) Cor. Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

J. M. A.

This Regular Correspondent Recalls to Memory a Few Events of His Childhood—Why Western Farmers Do Not Make Money—They Spend too Much Time in Town.

"John, hitch up the horses and go to the village and get what your mother wants, and make haste back to your work!"

This is what my father has said to me many and many a time when I was a boy. We lived on a farm two miles from a beautiful little village in the State of New York. It was a good many years ago, and at that time I thought my father was an old man; and now I am as old as he was then, but somehow I cannot realize it. Like the old fellow in the play, whose happiness depended on the smiles of a young widow, I *feel* young, and often in the privacy of my bedroom I kick up and dance a jig, and then wonder if all the old fellows whose heads are frosted by time, do not cut capers and make faces when alone.

Yes, it seems but yesterday that, with my humble present, a dog-knife, I toddled out to the hedge and cut such a beautiful little birch switch, and proudly presented it to my mother, to lay by for my especial benefit—a feat which in these days would scarcely reflect credit on a school-marm; but it must be remembered that in the simplicity of the age, a half century ago, honesty was considered a surer evidence of genius than rascality. As I have said, it seems but a day in looking back, while then, a half century ahead seemed an eternity. Such is the difference between aged and youthful visions and prospects.

Our tastes, too, O! how they are governed by age! I laugh, now, when I think of it. In about my sixth year, I fell in love with a little feminine school-mate. To my young eyes she was beautiful. She was more than beautiful: she was a darling angel. O! what delicious fancies my childbrain wove, in the little trundle bed of those days. A pair of little ponies, an elegant little wagon, a stylish little harness, and little *Celestia* "sitting by my side," driving to the old Baptist church! I had an elder brother who, boy-like, delighted in teasing me. He called her "Kakelie"; and as she was a bit tongue-tied, he would mimic her, as if his mouth was full of hot mush. Then a little boy became furious; my little, green merocco cap, in the absence of a stone or a chip, would be hurled at him. But in a few years, I could look back upon that childish dream, and, lo! in place of angel, see a little fat girl, dreadfully freckled, with fire red hair, an unusually large mouth and very whitish eyes! and still, I maintain that she was good. I love her yet—not like the love of maturer years, which ever regrets and never forgets—but the passionless love of an innocent childhood, that never, never, can grow old. Poor Celestia! guileless, gentle, patient, forgiving, homely child. It is many years esincher Heavenly Father suffered her to com eunto him, and made her beautiful as my childhood fancied her. And it is far from my lightest hopes that, when I shall have passed the "Delectable Mountains," and reached the Gate beyond the River, the little friend of my childhood, will be one of the first to greet me welcome to the Golden Elysium, where Celestia dwells celestial.

But, dear me, how I have digressed. When I started out with the well-remembered command of my father, who now "Sleeps in the valley," I had no idea of invading the secret crypts of sacred memory. What cares the world for heart-sympathies and sentiments? And yet the little life episode I have narrated, may tend to thaw the icebergs from some human heart, and awaken it to the melodies of a long forgotten lyre, that sings of childhood's pleasures only.

When my father told me to hurry back from the village, he required of me only what every farmer in that country did under like circumstances. Farmers in the Eastern States never had the time to loiter about the towns. When necessity compelled them to go to town, they went, did their business as speedily as possible, and went back home and pitched into work. They spent just as little money as possible in town—none for whisky, but the whisky's worth in presents for the children. This is the secret of good farms and good farmers in the East:

INDUSTRY AND ECONOMY.

Now, why do so many farmers get along so poorly in the West? The reason may be found in the truthful little picture I am about to draw:

Yesterday, was Saturday; and as appears to be the custom in this western country, the farmers, generally, flocked into town. And whether they had little business, or much, they remained all day. And not only did they stay all day, but many of them drank more, or less whisky. And I suppose that, when they reached their homes late in the evening, and the darling little girl sprang out to meet her papa, and put the usual question: "What did you bring me, dear papa?" the reply was, "Nothing, child—papa couldn't afford it." My God, why is it that man can act thus improvidently with his time and limited means, and thus inhumanly to those dependent upon him? How many little comforts the whisky-money would bring to a distressed family. That whisky-money, every Saturday, for a year! How it would gladden the heart of a poor woman, and wreath the faces of the little children with smiles.

This western country must, of necessity, be burthened with poor farms, and miserable farmers, as long as so many of them continue to spend so much of their time in the towns, and so much of their limited means for whisky. Will they ever learn that "time is money," whisky is poison?

J. M. A.

COL. ANTHONY

A Reporter of the "St. Louis Times" Calls on Him at the Southern Hotel—A Short Extract from an Article over a Column in Length.

Col. D. R. Anthony, editor and proprietor of the Leavenworth, Kas., TIMES, arrived at the Southern Hotel yesterday, accompanied by his wife. A reporter of this paper sent up his card, and was promptly invited to visit the Colonel in his room. Entering the apartment, the reporter observed, reclining on the bed, a tall gentleman, evidently in the prime of life, but about whom not a trace of illness or emaciation was discernible. This gentleman was Col. Anthony, and when the reporter expressed his surprise at his healthy appearance, the Colonel replied that he never enjoyed better health in his life than at present. He has gained thirty pounds during the past two weeks, and now balances the scales at 150.

[Here follows a description of the treatment, wound and a history of other affairs, all of which have before appeared in this paper.]

BUSINESS.

What the Merchants in the Various Branches of Trade are Doing.

The Prospects are That we Shall Have an Immense Fall and Winter Trade.

For some days past the streets of the city have begun to assume an exceeding lively appearance, a sure indication that the fall trade which has been anticipated, was about opening up. That the prospects are brighter at the present writing than they have been for two years past, there can be no denying, and it is also apparent that a better and safer feeling in regard to mercantile transactions, is prevailing among the merchants of the metropolis. A TIMES reporter went the rounds of the principal business houses yesterday in order to ascertain exactly how matters stood; or to how the merchants felt in regard to the fall trade. Everywhere, in response to the reporter's inquiry, the cheering intelligence was given that the bright side was uppermost, that the heavy crops of the present season had restored confidence to men who but a few short weeks before had lost all heart, and that the general indications for an unusually heavy winter trade never were better. Among the wholesale merchants of every branch of trade the same feeling of security and confidence prevails, and with the returning Autumn comes an increased demand for goods of every description and quality. In

THE CLOTHING LINE

the prospects are perhaps better than in any other branch of business. The merchants are now engaged in laying in their Fall goods, for which the demand has already begun. Some propose to buy in the Eastern markets very sparingly of the finer qualities of goods, and attend more to the wants of the farmers, laboring men and mechanics, while others will lay in a larger stock than usual of the better qualities.

THE GROCERY TRADE

is looming up wonderfully, the farmers having been pouring in their produce to this market in immense quantities. In the wholesale department of this branch of trade a sanguine feeling is apparent, and it is probable that the sales of 1875 will exceed those of many preceding years. Among the retail dealers a feeling of security is evident, as they all talk hopefully.

IN DRY GOODS

the same prospect of a good fall trade is apparent, and the agents of the leading firms in the East are buying heavily in order to supply the fall and winter demand. The sales so far for the past week have been unusually good, and country merchants from the surrounding towns have also been laying in more than the usual quantity to supply the wants of the farmers.

THE BOOT AND SHOE TRADE

has been rather dull for the past months of July and August, these two months being the quietest of the year, but lately the business has been picking up, and dealers do not complain. The Fall and Winter stocks have not yet arrived, but at present there are enough of the old stocks left unsold to supply the demand for at least two weeks. After that time the market will be well supplied.

THE DRUG TRADE

is partaking of the general enlivening, and has brightened up considerably of late. In the wholesale line, business generally is good and growing better daily. The retail stores are carrying moderate stocks.

THE COMMISSION STORES

have received during the past month large quantities of grains, vegetables and fruits of all kinds, of which a large proportion has been shipped to the East. In the way of grain the larger mills, especially the Leavenworth Flouring Mills, and that of H. D. Rush, have speculated largely in wheat, the former having received on an average five car-loads per day for the past three weeks.

Taken as a whole, the business of the metropolis is a safe one, and at the present time presents the most cheering appearance that it has for two or three years past.

FORTUNATE KANSAS.

She is to be the Great Granary of the West the Coming Season.

And Tens of Thousands of Cattle Shall be Fed out of Her Great Store.

The prosperity of Kansas has been source of never-failing regret to the croakers who, in the early spring, when the grasshoppers were as thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks, predicted famine, desolation and everlasting ruin. The recuperative powers of the State and the people that live therein are wonderful, and have excited the admiration of the Eastern and older States of the Union. When the great drouth was upon us, more were the prognostications that Kansas would never recover from the blow, and yet there has been grown since then, some of the finest fruit the world ever saw, and which totally eclipsed that grown by the horticulturists and gardeners of the East. At the national horticultural exhibition at Philadelphia, in 1869, Kansas came out ahead and won the first prize.

CROP PROSPECTS.

Immediately after the grasshoppers left us last Spring, the farmers began their planting again. It seemed as if Pan and Ceres were looking approvingly upon the efforts of the husbandmen, as the seed sprouted at once and came up, promising a splendid and unprecedented yield. In various localities sundry mishaps, in the shape of heavy rains, wind-storms, and other ills which the farmer is heir to, have occurred; but, taken as a whole, the average yield of every crop in Kansas, for the year 1875, is extraordinary. If we had no other crop than that of corn, the revenue derived from the sale of that, would be sufficient to keep the wolf of hunger from the door of every farmer in the State.

CATTLE FEEDING.

The late storms in the States of Indiana, Ohio, and some parts of Illinois, have had a most disheartening effect upon the farming communities, and will necessitate the sending of cattle to the West for feeding, as the corn crop in those States has suffered severely, and there is not enough for food for stock.

The majority of this cattle feeding will be done in Kansas, principally in the southern counties, although a large number will be taken through this city into Jefferson and Jackson and counties, and toward the north. A gentleman from Ohio, who owns a large herd of cattle, was in the city making arrangements to ship his stock into Kansas where he might feed them cheaply. It is an acknowledged fact that our State is to be the great manger from which thousands of cattle and stock from the East will be fed the coming winter.

The Pennsylvania Democrats.

The Pennsylvania democrats are going about, metaphorically speaking, like so many Diogeneses, with lanterns, seeking for an honest man to run on their ticket for governor against Hartranft. Mr. Bingler, the agent for the centennial exposition, is one of the persons mentioned in connection with the position, and seems to embrace the unusual, in democratic estimation, qualifications necessary. He was governor of Pennsylvania more than a score of years ago, and afterwards United States marshal from that State, but has taken a back seat in politics since the war. It is to be presumed that his absence from public life of late years is the great proof of his honesty, for governor of great States were pure twenty years ago. Except in political spite, however, no reflection can be cast on Gov. Hartranft's reputation.—*Dayton News.*

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Two Men Killed on the Atchison and Nebraska Railroad.

The Breaking of a Defective Wheel the Cause of the Disaster.

Yesterday afternoon about half-past twelve o'clock, as the southern bound morning train on the Atchison & Nebraska railroad was nearing the Doniphan junction the entire train was thrown from the track by the breaking of a defective wheel of the tender. Three men who were sitting near the door of the baggage car at the time, were thrown violently into the ditch, and as the cars reeled and fell over upon their sides, the whole immense heavy weight bore down upon them, killing two of them instantlyhe. Other had his arm broken and received several severe internal injuries which may probably prove fatal. As soon as possible the wreck was cleared away, and the unfortunate men were extricated, the dead laid carefully out, while the wounded one was taken to Atchison, where his injuries were attended to. His wounds may yet prove fatal, as he has received serious injuries internally, the depth of which have not yet been ascertained, although the physicians in attendance made the most critical examination. The bodies of the two killed were taken to Lincoln, Nebraska, where they formerly resided. Their names are Edward McCumber, an undertaker of Lincoln, and Charles Lowery, express driver. The name of the injured one C. E. Cox, a policeman of Lincoln.

There is no blame attached to the managers of the road in consequence of the lamentable disaster, as the breaking of the tender wheel was entirely unforeseen, and could not possibly have been prevented. A short time before the mishap, the train, which was running at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour in order to make connections at Doniphan, ran into a hand-car, but fortunately no one was hurt. After that the speed of the train was slackened considerably, and at the time it was ditched was running at a rate not exceeding twenty miles per hour. The cars ditched were not much injured, and will need very little repairing. Mr. Wiseman, conductor on the train, did everything in his power to render assistance to the frightened passengers, after the accident. As soon as possible new cars were procured, and the train proceeded to Atchison.

The Atchison & Nebraska railroad has been rather unfortunate during the past few months, the late floods having washed away considerable portions of the track, and caused great delay in the forwarding of freight and passengers. The company has been unremitting in its efforts to repair the damages and put the road once more on a solid running basis. In conversation with Mr. John Utt, General Freight and Ticket Agent of the road, that gentleman stated to a reporter of THE TIMES that the company had just got into good running order when the accident occurred, and, as a natural consequence, they regretted it, as it might possibly put it in a bad light before the traveling public. As accidents will occur, however, on the best regulated roads, it is not probable that this one will materially affect either the passenger or freight traffic of the A. & N. route. This is the first serious casualty that has happened upon this line for a series of years.

A PASSENGER'S STATEMENT.

A passenger, a railroad man, who was on the ill-fated train at the time of the accident, stated to our reporter, at the Otis House, Atchison, last night, that he was passing through the train and had just entered the last coach, when he felt a jar. Thinking something was wrong he turned around and set the brake. He then stepped to the platform of the car just forward, when the train stopped. Upon going to the front he discovered that the engine, baggage, mail and express car, and three passenger coaches were on their sides in the ditch. He thought the mishap must have been the effect of a spreading of the rails. The manner in which the men were killed was described by the passenger as follows: When the rails first spread, the hind trucks of the tender of the engine slipped the track, and after bumping along the track, and tearing up the rails, the baggage car and three of the coaches of the train were ditched, falling over upon their sides, in which position they were dragged for some distance. The men who were killed were sitting near the door of the baggage car, and when the shock came they were precipitated with great force out of the car, some distance forward; the cars then overturned upon them, and, it is supposed, killing them instantly; then, as the cars were dragged for some length on the ground, the bodies of the dead men were rolled over and over underneath the heavy baggage car until it came to a rest. The passenger then went forward and assisted the frightened women from the overturned coaches; while thus employed, he thought of the route agent in the mail car, and going that car, he shouted for Shipley, the agent, asking him if he was hurt, Shipley replied back that his mail had been rather mixed by the overturning, and that he was fixing it up; that he was not hurt in the least. The passenger said Shipley was the coolest man he ever saw in his life. The latter was hurt somewhat, however, by the heavy safe falling upon him, his shoulder being bruised. Just then, somebody came up and said there was a man missing. The passenger then climbed through the baggage car and looking underneath saw the body of a man. Getting an ax, he chopped out, but when it was taken out, the features were unrecognizable, the face being swollen and bruised. After this corpse had been taken from the wreck, it was discovered that there was still another missing, and after some search and trouble another body was found. They were those of the unfortunate Lowery and McCumber. Mr. L. W. Towne, the Superintendent of the road, came up just after the dead had been cut out of the debris, and seeing under his orders the bodies were carried to Doniphan, where coffins were procured. The engine of the train was also overturned, but neither the fireman nor the engineer were hurt.

The $47,000 Thieves.

WASHINGTON, August 29.—The Special Council appointed to prosecute the parties charged with stealing $47,000 from the Treasury, find the evidence on hand a maze of facts which will require great care in presenting the case to the jury. The parties will be indicted under a recent statute passed during the closing hours of the session of Congress, drawn with great care by the House Judiciary Committee, of which Jeremiah M. Wilson, the Special Assistant Attorney-General for this case, was a member. Until the passage of this act it was not an offense to receive stolen goods or money, the property of the United States, but it is believed that the new act will cover all cases hereafter arising.—*Dispatch to Chicago Tribune.*

VIVE LA ATCHISON!

The Bridge Celebration in the Little Town Up River.

A Tremendous Crowd and Immense Enthusiasm.

The City Crowded With People From all Parts of the State.

The Parade, Speeches, Balls and Other Numerous Et Ceteras.

The little city of Atchison was fairly alive with people yesterday, on the occasion of the celebration of the completion of the beautiful iron bridge across the river at that point. This structure, while neither as high or long, nor half as costly, as the immense band of iron which spans the raging, murky waters at this city, is in a much more central place than is ours, and bids fair to do that city much good, and be a source of much greater benefit than our costly and magnificent elephant.

THE CROWD.

At an early hour special trains on the different railroads—with the exception of the Missouri Pacific, which ran no extras—began to arrive, crowded with people from all parts of the State. By noon it was estimated that at least five thousand strangers were in the city, and when they were gathered upon the principal street—Commercial—the sight was indeed fine. At all hours during the day the trains of the different lines ran over the bridge, affording an excellent opportunity for testing its strength and capacity.

Senator Harvey left this city on the eleven o'clock train and his cheerful countenance and voice, united with the eloquent and talented Ingalls, and made the Atchisonians feel as though they had not been forgotten by their representatives in Congress. Mr. M. Quigg was the marshal of that day, assisted by the genial and ubiquitous Tom Stivers, D. R. Rogers and A. L. Shipley. There were eight divisions in the procession, the first division embracing all lodges of Masons and Odd Fellows; the second comprising all Benevolent societies; in the third was found the fire companies; the fourth embraced all invited guests in carriages; the grangers graced the fifth division, and in the sixth were merchants, manufacturers and railroad employes. The seventh numbered all the rest of mankind.

AT NIGHT,

Some of the buildings in the city were illuminated brilliantly, but owing to the heavy rains which set in about seven o'clock, the pyrotechnic display was dispensed with. A grand fancy dress ball was given at the Otis House, under the direction of Prof. E. E. Barnum, and a hop was also held at Corinthian Hall.

FIRST INCEPTION.

A bridge over the Missouri river at Atchison began to be talked of eight or ten years ago, but the project assumed no shape until about four years since. The charter for a bridge at that city was a part of the law passed by Congress incorporating the Central Branch U. P. Railroad Co., and was transferred, by that corporation, to the "Chicago and Atchison Bridge Co," of which Col. Jas. N. Burnes was president. On the 29th of August, 1873, the city voted to subscribe $100,000 to the capital stock of the bridge. Several extensions of time were subsequently made, the last one on the 8th of July, 1874.

THE PLANS.

The original plan for the bridge was prepared by Gen. W. W. Wright about four years ago. It embraced a draw, with piers for the fixed spans built with pneumatic (iron) cylinders, the same as those at Leavenworth and Omaha. Its grade was to be sixteen feet higher than that of the bridge just completed—passing over the tracks of the Missouri Pacific and Atchison and Nebraska roads (which run along the bank on the Atchison side), and meeting the grade of the streets at Fourth street. Three blocks from the river. This plan was modified by Major O. B. Gunn (who, representing the American Bridge Company of Chicago, has had charge of the work,) so as to lower the bridge and bring the grade down at Second street, the present grade of the roads above mentioned; to change the location of the tracks of the latter, removing them far enough from the river to permit junction with the Bridge track on practical curves at their present grades; and to construct the piers of solid masonry, instead of iron cylinders.

THE BRIDGE.

The bridge is of iron (rectangular truss), resting on stone piers. It is floored, so as to be used for highway as well as railway traffic, with sidewalks for foot passengers. The superstructure is of wrought iron. The width is 19 feet 6 inches from center to center, the sidewalks being 5 feet on each side. The trusses of the draw are 28 feet high at the ends, and 36 feet in the middle over the pier; the trusses of the fixed spans are 28 feet. The bottom chord of the bridge is 18 feet above the high water of 1844. The bridge consists of a draw-span (on the western side) 382 feet long, giving 160 feet clear water-way on each side; and three fixed spans of 290 feet each—giving a total length of the bridge, including abutments (20 feet) of 1,182 feet. The approaches aggregate only 2,000 feet—1,500 on the east and 500 on the west side. The approaches are earth embankments. The west approach descends so as to reach the street grade at Second street, and the eastern approach descends with a grade of 52 feet per mile, for about a quarter of a mile, where it reaches the level of the Hannibal & St. Joseph and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad tracks