IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

WORK FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED.

Gives the Wives and Mothers With Little Ones to Support Lucrative Employment.

One has only to scan the advertisements for "female help" in our great dailies to get at a clear and comprehensive understanding of the main difficulty which stands like a lion in the path to oppose all women who are no longer young in obtaining work at a fair compensation. To meet the requirements of the ordinary advertiser, the applicant must be "young and prepossessing," or "a refined young lady of pleasing address," or "a girl between ages of eighteen and twenty," etc.

The average business man, merchant or lawyer, demands that his female help shall be attractive; and to be so, in the judgment of the representative biped male, youth is absolutely essential.

Now, why does this state of things exist? If thoroughly conscientious work was the ultimate aim, the chances are that the woman of experience would fill the bill more acceptably; but alas for poor human nature! The excellence of the work has nothing to do with it. The type-writer, book-keeper or cashier must be ornamental. Most men prefer a pretty face to good work on general principles; and, if æsthetic in their tastes, have a refined and most pardonable (?) horror of a plain face old or young.

Then the woman who desires work, in nine cases out of ten, has a family to support; has been left without resources by an improvident husband, and has added to her heavy burden of grief a struggle for the existence and maintenance of her little ones. Or perhaps the failing powers and invalidism of husband and father have forced her into the working throng. The middle-aged women who work, outside of this forlorn class of widows and wives, are spinsters who commenced as teachers or clerks in the heyday of their youth and have held their own by undoubted merit and energy. Indeed, we find our middle-aged spinsters occupying the best places as teachers. It is a case of the survival of the fittest, for the incompetent teachers of fifteen or twenty years ago have long since either married or gone into dress-making, millinery, etc., where they have either gained "woman's wisdom" in becoming mothers, or sunk into the ruts of the common-place.

Let us look to the wives and widows who are seeking work at the present time. It is not for themselves alone, but for others. They apply for a position, and are offered a paltry wage, totally inadequate to their needs, and, if they demur, are met with the answer: "Oh, well, we can't afford to pay any more. There are dozens of young ladies willing and anxious to work for this sum." They must accept this pittance; or go again upon their weary search for remunerative employment.

The "wisdom" which "the bearing and the training of a child" has brought them, does not avail them here, in this new struggle for life, though it supplies courage and perseverance. They must enter the list against the inexperience of youth. They can not avail themselves of the opportunities which are afforded young girls of becoming apprentices, etc., for they must earn a living. They must grope their way blindly; or, if possessed of rare intelligence and natural aptitude, must see the palm borne away from them by inferior beings possessing the all-conquering attributes of youth and beauty. This is wholly unjust. Youth and beauty are sure to win in the matrimonial lists; it is right and proper they should do so. They are usually only waiting for the contest. They are physically better able to cope with grim necessity; and as they have only themselves to care for, their needs are not so great. Give the grief-stricken widow and troubled wife a chance; the young and lovely maiden can look out for herself, so to speak.

There ought to be some other work than canvassing offered to the self-respecting and industriously inclined middle-aged woman. Let women of wealth and no le-minded charity meet these needs by a broad philanthropy worthy of such a course. Woman's best friend should be woman. With capital and brains, let women go into business, become merchants, bankers, lawyers, dealers, manufacturers. There will be a demand for the experienced, the skillful, the intelligent workers. Young and old, pretty and plain, all may have an equal opportunity. Let evening schools be provided for middle-aged women, widows, wives and spinsters, free or not as may be determined upon. A nominal fee, to cover expenses of light and heat, to maintain that independence which is vital in all true charity, may be charged each student. Let telegraphy, short-hand, book-keeping, penmanship, mathematics, dress-making, engraving, typesetting etc., be taught, and let the course be thoroughly elective. Instructors may be volunteers from the more favored classes, or salaried women whose education and attainments have already fitted them for the work.—Woman's Journal.

POULTRY RAISING.

It Is a Profitable Pursuit for Women if Properly Managed—Some Advice.

One of the largest poultry farms in the vicinity of New York city is managed by two young women, who, only three years ago, were pupils in Dr. West's seminary for young women, on the Heights in Brooklyn. The farm is located near Baldwin's, Long Island.

"Our business venture," said one of these young women, "was brought about in a purely accidental manner. An acquaintance of ours has been reading in some newspapers about poultry-raising as a business for women, and laughingly told us that we ought to go into the business and make some money.

"The remark was only made in a jesting spirit, but we began to talk the matter over between ourselves, and finally decided to make a venture. A relative of my friend's bought a farm for us on Long Island about twenty miles from the city, within easy reach of the market for our produce.

"We have been established about two years and a half. Our farm consists of sixteen acres. Our chicken house is 216 feet long, and we have a smaller building for brooding purposes. We started with about fifty hens, now we have hundreds, and we have raised thousands of ducks.

"We had both been born and raised in town, and never had seen the country, except on the short vacations city people take during the summer. We knew nothing about the poultry business when we started.

"We did not even have book knowledge on the subject. We made up our minds to succeed, and we have succeeded. At the same time, though there is a good living in the business.

"We never advise women to follow our example, because where one might succeed a dozen might fail. We constantly receive letters from women asking our advice on this subject.

"School teachers want to abandon their nerve-wearing vocation, widows and spinsters with a little capital think they see in the chicken business an easy road to fortune.

"It is only fair, for the benefit of this class of inquirers and hundreds of other women whose thoughts are turned to this branch of woman's work, to give them some idea of what the labor connected with the business really is.

"First of all, no woman should dream of entering this business unless she is possessed of a strong constitution. This is a species of work which requires the most robust health.

"It is preposterous to think that semi-invalids could ever be successful in poultry business; I mean, of course, if they are carrying on the business for the purpose of making money. Then, again, you must have enough capital to make a fair start or you will fail.

"A young woman wrote to us from Connecticut the other day, saying that she had $400, and thought of going into the business; we advised her not to do it. She could not carry on the business alone; it takes two to attend to the work, and sometimes, literally, we have to work day and night.

"To instance, we only pick and prepare our chickens to order. Friday is our busiest day, for customers—restaurant, boarding-house and hotel keepers—are preparing for Saturday and Sunday.

"On Friday night, when we have finished a big day's work, we may receive by telegraph three or four orders to be filled at once. That means that the chickens are to be sent by the early morning express. The consequence is that we are obliged to sit up all night to pick the chickens, for all the fowl are sent dressed, hand-picked.

"Some one asks: 'Why don't you employ help?'

"Because the help, nine times out of ten, would not do the work properly; it is very difficult to get that kind of assistance when you are most in need of it, and it would eat up too much of the profits to keep pickers on hand all the time, because they would not be constantly employed.

"Amateurs think it is easy to find customers for their fine poultry, and any other kind it certainly would not pay a woman to raise. If you send to middlemen—jobbers—they take all the profits.

"In the large hotels the chief purchases all such food from the produce dealers. Those who raise spring broilers or pecan ducks are obliged to charge a good price for them to cover expenses and yield a fair profit on the labor. We found, at the outset, that butchers could not afford to pay our prices, and we soon learned that all the very rich were the hardest of all to secure as patrons.

"The truth is, after you have got the poultry to sell, it requires a great deal of hard work and enterprise. No woman must think that simply because she can raise fine poultry she will find at once a profitable market for the same. Of course she will find a demand for good fowl, but she must receive fair prices or she can not conduct the business profitably.

"Amateur poultry raisers generally fail because they go into the business too extensively, and, in their employment of help, all the profits are eaten up."—Boston Globe.

NOTES OF PROGRESS.

THREE hospitals in Philadelphia are managed exclusively by women for the treatment of women's diseases.

NEW YORK has two very successful women jewelers. Both have thoroughly mastered the craft in all its branches.

MISS CATHARINE WEED BARNES, a granddaughter of the late Thurlow Weed, is said to be the best amateur photographer in America.

DR. ANNA EPSTEIN, a Russian woman, has been appointed the official city physician by the council of Pozsrevatz, in Servia, so far as known she is the first woman so honored in Europe.

WOMEN'S progress in Sweden is shown by the fact that there are eighteen young women studying at the University of Upsola, and almost as many at Lund and at the Stockholm Carolinske Institute.

AMERICA to-day possesses over one thousand women physicians and nearly one hundred ordained women ministers. Fifty-six of the sex became lawyers as early as 1882, and the number has greatly increased since then.

THE ladies of the American colony in France have opened an exchange for women's work on the plan of the exchanges in this country. American pies, cakes, etc., are furnished, a circulating library has been established, and once a week musical matinees are given by celebrated artists.

MARY RIGGS and Julia Bedinger, two Kentucky girls, lately graduated from the Cincinnati (O.) Technical school, where they took the course of engineering and carpenter work, became experts with carpenter tools, and familiar with the use and manipulation of steam machinery. Have been offered work on the Woman's Building of the Columbian exposition.

Was He Murdered?

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 19.—A. C. Rosier, a friend of William J. Sproule, found embedded in a cake of ice some distance from shore Saturday, declares that Sproule had a large sum of money in his possession last Saturday night and was displaying it in a low dive at Fourteenth and Pine streets about 9 o'clock. That was the last seen of him till found in the ice. His pockets contained only seven dollars. The police are investigating.

A Land Decision.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—The secretary of the interior has denied the motion for review in the case of August W. Henderson, involving a tract of land in Wallacey land district, Kansas.

Garza Located.

LAREDO, Tex., Jan. 19.—From private sources a reporter learned that Garza and five or six followers have been located at a point called Loma Prieto (Black Hill) near the line of Encinal and Duval counties, and if the authorities get down to business he will probably be captured.

CRISP'S PREDICAMENT.

Sectionalism in the Democracy Becomes Apparent.

Speaker Crisp is in the unhappy position of a man who has to apologize to one friend for having injured him that he might placate another, while the one for whose pleasure the injury has been inflicted refuses to be placated.

The democratic majority in congress is made up of 119 northern and 115 southern members. But Speaker Crisp has given thirty-two chairmanships of committees to southern and but twenty-five to northern members. His excuse is that the 115 southern members represent 500 years of congressional service, while the 119 northerners represent but 183 years. This is a feeble subterfuge. Hitherto the rule has not been to regard the aggregate of service in any section, but to choose chairmen by reason of their personal experience. Very rarely has a new member been given a chairmanship, and still more rarely have new members been placed on such important committees as those of ways and means and appropriations. But Speaker Crisp has departed from precedent. He has placed men in important positions, apparently, as a reward of personal service to him.

Not being the choice of the south for the speakership, gaining the place by the aid of shrewd northerners, Mr. Crisp has been compelled to give to northern men the most of the coveted chairmanships, of ways and means and appropriations, and to atone for this he has given a majority of minor chairmanships to southerners.

Neither the north nor the south is pleased with the outcome. The south resents the insult to its Texan idol, who, after having been the despot of the free trade economists, is sent into the comparative obscurity of foreign and interstate commerce. The north is restive under the yoke of a preponderance unjustly given to the section whose representatives are in a minority.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

☞As a result of the fight between the tariff smashers and the tariff tinkers it is probable that the tariff will escape unharmed.—Chicago Journal.

☞The democrats seem much more anxious than the republicans that Mr. Blaine shall "declare" himself. The republicans are satisfied to have him saw wood and say nothing.—Toledo Blade.

☞The Mills organs tell us: "Mills is plucky." Crisp organs as pointedly assert: "Crisp is plucky." But just wait till Tammany snaps the lash, and see the team buckle down and pull. There is but one supreme democratic boss.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

☞One of the jibooses has confessed that the mugwumps made a mistake when they went to the democratic party supposing that their leaven would leaven the whole lump of democracy. The democrats seven years ago were glad to get the votes of the holy mugwumps, but they have not shown their gratitude by letting the mugwumps run the party.—Iowa State Register.

☞Grover Cleveland has fought his fight for Mills, tariff reform and Cleveland, and thrown his mighty avoirdupois against Hill, Crisp and free silver coinage. He has emerged woefully whipped. The Hill-Crisp-Gorman Springer Zollverein, commanding the united forces of Tammany, the south and the conservative democracy of the manufacturing north, clearly has congress and the democratic machine by the neck and breeches. So patent has the situation become, that even Cleveland's strongest political friends are hedging and paving the way for the ponderous prophet's retirement.—Minneapolis Tribune.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLAN

Tariff Tinkerers Cutting Up a Big Job on the People.

With the Crisp-Springer faction in the ascendency in the house of representatives, it is not probable that a general tariff bill will be passed. Mr. Springer, whom common report assigns to the chairmanship of the committee on ways and means, favors the proposition to pass separate bills for each article it is desired to put on the free list, thereby gaining favor in sections where an increase of good will toward the democracy is desirable, and at the same time avoiding the criticism which a general bill would inevitably provoke.

The advantages of this course from the democratic point of view were outlined recently by a prominent democrat to the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Journal, thus:

It is proposed to put such articles on the free list, if possible, as are wanted by the great mass of people where those articles are needed. In New England, for instance, they want free wool for their factories, free coal to run them with and free iron ore. We will offer them this in the shape of small bills that can be voted on separately. Of course the will pass the house, and as the senate is pretty closely divided, the votes of the republican senators from those New England states, if they were taken off the republican side and transferred to the other column, would easily pass these bills. Therefore, we are going to have them in a very unpleasant dilemma any way you fix it. If they vote against the bills and thus defeat them, they will create intense dissatisfaction among their constituents; if they vote for them and pass them we get the credit of having forced a reduction in these articles.

In order to capture the northwest, free salt, free binder twine and free barbed wire will be proposed in separate bills, and the democratic idea is that if a senator from any state in that section votes against the propositions, he will not only have a hard time getting back into the senate, but will arouse such indignation that the state will go democratic. If they vote for the bills they will pass.

In other words, it is proposed to attempt a removal of the duty from such articles only as in the democratic opinion are favored for the free list in the republican states. In this way it is expected that an advance will be made toward free trade, or the responsibility for failure to do so will rest with the direct representatives of the sections most interested. The scheme is a very clever one, but it is not likely to succeed, for the reason that it is founded upon a false assumption. The people of the sections referred to are not as eager to enjoy the alleged benefits of free trade as the "tariff reformers" appear to imagine, and they are not as ready to swing into the democratic line as the plan assumes. The republicans will be content to abide by the result of such a policy on the part of the house majority.

That the democrats themselves believe their scheme is one to deceive the people instead of to bring about reasonable tariff reform is shown by the excuse they are preparing to give for their failure to embody their free trade idea in a general tariff bill. Several small committees are to be sent through the country, ostensibly to inquire of the people what they desire in the way of tariff changes, and these committees are to find their labors so perplexing that they will not be able to report until near the close of the session—too late to permit of the preparation of a general bill before the presidential election. In this way it will be possible to please many by promises of legislation in their special interest, while it is thought no one will be displeased, because nothing will be done to cause displeasure.

In short, it is a great bunco game which the democrats in the house of representatives are preparing to spring upon the people. Unfortunately for the free traders and fortunately for the country, popular intelligence is not at the low ebb necessary for the success of the scheme. It will not prove as much of a "heads I win, tails you lose" plan as its promoters believe. But they won't be happy till they try it; so let them go ahead.—Troy Times.

A DEMOCRATIC SPLIT.

Trouble In the Bourbon Camp Over the New Speaker.

The idea of contesting the validity of Gov. Hill's seat in the senate does not originate with the republicans. It comes from democratic sources and indicates an uncompromising war between the two factions of the New York democracy.

A democratic senator, one of the best lawyers in the senate, is authority for the statement that the precedents are all against Hill and that the seat to which he was elected is practically vacant.

"It is argued," says a special from Washington, "that if a senator-elect can continue to fill another office for a year and leave his seat vacant after the assembling of the senate, he can do the same thing for two or five years and thus leave his state without representation and (it might be) the senate without a quorum." This of course might be destructive of the theory of representative government and the question thus becomes a very important one.

But, apart from the question of public policy, this incident is another indication that the struggle between the rival factions in New York cannot be longer hidden or postponed. The action of Speaker Crisp is nothing less than a direct insult and affront to the friends of Mr. Cleveland. In the slang of the day it is a bold attempt to "turn the ex-president down" and scatter his forces to the four winds. The direct and outspoken views of Cleveland are to be succeeded by the old democratic tactics, which consists in straddling all controversial questions, or being for protection in the tariff states, for free trade in the "revenue reform" states, and fiat money or round currency wherever these respective theories are most popular. In short the democratic party, or that portion of it now on top, is frightened and badly frightened. It sees the protective principle gaining ground all over the union and it will not be surprising if it comes forward at the next national convention claiming to be the original Jacob of protection itself. It has fought every advance in popular government for forty years and has invariably come forward after the victory was won and claimed to have always thought so. Now that the principle of protection is proving a success, we can look for the same old trick with Hill and Gorman carrying the flag.—Minneapolis Tribune.

THE DIVIDED WINGS.

Forlorn Condition of the Disrupted Party of Falsehood.

The most woe-begone gangs that have appeared in the United States since the armies of Lee and Johnston laid down their arms at the close of the war are now mustered in the divided wings of the democratic party. The old time blunders have been repeated, faction is arrayed against faction, and the great power gained in last year's elections by misrepresentation and falsehood has been lost by dissensions among the leaders, whose struggles to gain the mastery have destroyed all prospect of the perpetuation of their party's power. The fight is on between Hill and Cleveland. The Hill men are in power in the lower house of congress and have forced Speaker Crisp to belittle Mills and thus humiliate all of Cleveland's adherents. The Hill men in New York are loudly asserting that the democratic judges who have rendered decisions in favor of republicans in the contested senatorial election cases in the state are Cleveland men who desire to thus prevent Gov. Hill from securing a majority in the legislature! The mugwumps have been trampled upon and are now fiercely assailing what they term the Hill-Crisp democracy. The Boston Herald has vigorously announced that democracy has "reached the forks of the road" and declares that if the mugwump democrats of Massachusetts are forced to a choice between Blaine and Hill for president in next year's contest, they will unhesitatingly vote for Blaine! Iowa democrats were so completely crushed in the first round with the Hill men that they are nursing their wounds in discomfiture and silence, but the contest between factions of their party is waging fiercely in all the eastern cities and states. The holiday season brought little happiness to the divided hosts of democracy, and yet their struggles for their own party leadership have only just begun. The mugwumps are getting out of the way and the real battle will soon wage more fiercely.—Iowa State Register.

A Nebraska Fire.

ORLEANS, Neb., Jan. 19.—The business portion of this town was burned yesterday. The flames started in the jewelry store of Frank Bristol. The post office, with all the mails, R. D. Trent's drug store, C. A. Dole's general merchandise store, Rander's meat market, Crowley's harness shop, the Commercial office and an elevator containing 2,000 bushels of wheat were destroyed. Many citizens and firemen were badly frozen. The loss will amount to $40,000, with only nominal insurance.

Botkin Be possible.

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 19.—The widow of the late Col. Sam N. Wood and W. F. Rightmire, secretary of the National Citizens' alliance, have each written a letter reiterating the charges that Judge Theodosius Botkin is directly responsible for the murder of Col. Wood. Mrs. Wood addressed her letter to Gov. Humphrey.

An Archduke Dead.

VIENNA, Jan. 19.—Archduke Charles Salvator, whose critical illness with influenza was announced, died this afternoon.

THE CRICKET'S SONG.

Can you tell me, tiny cricket,
Why your song is hushed to all,
Till the sun, through clouds of sunset,
Dimly drops—a crimson ball?
When the winds are wailing round us,
And the storm is driving near,
Ah, we never miss you, cricket,
With your "Cheer up! cheer!"

When the gold of morning glitters
On the frosty fields about,
Though I watch your cozy corner,
Yet you never will pop out.
In the noonday stir and gladness,
Not one chirp from you we hear,
And I wonder where is cricket
With his "Cheer up! cheer!"

Know you, little child, the sweetness
Of a word to hearts so sad,
When the way is dim and lonely,
And the heart is full of dread?
How it lifts a life from sadness!
I but do God's bidding here,
When I try to gild the shadows
With my "Cheer up, cheer!"

Mine it is to sing the sweetest
All the dark and dawnings tween;
Need a kind word lose its value,
Though the giver be unseen?
There are birds to sing in sunlight,
All the summer of the year;
Let me glad the wintry weather
With my "Cheer up, cheer!"

—George Cooper, in N. Y. Times.

THE OLD SETTLER.

He Was Not Sure About the Story of William Tell.

But He Did Know of Some Wonderful Shots Made by Potiphar Jump, Who Won His Bride with His Gun.

"Gran'pop, what do you s'pose my teacher says?" said little Peleg, as he came home from school one day, in great excitement.

"Shouldn't wonder but what she says th't she wunt 'cause y' out o' school no more on them suddent 'tacks o' toothache th't ketches y' soon ez the skatin' begins to git good," replied the Old Settler, looking over his spectacles.

This reply of his grandfather's was somewhat embarrassing to Peleg, for he and Bill Simmons had stopped at the pond on the way home from school and had tried the ice by throwing heavy stones on it, and found it safe and sound for skating. Moreover, Peleg had begun to feel apprehensive that he was going to have the toothache and the earache by next morning, the way he felt, and had made up his mind to tell his grandmother that he was afraid he would have to stay out of school and sit by the stove with cotton and laudanum in his ear and tooth until he felt better, a course of treatment which the Old Settler had noticed on previous occasions as usually resulting in great relief, if not absolute cure, about an hour after school "went in." The Old Settler's unexpected reply to his question was such a homethrust, therefore, that Peleg regretfully bade adieu to his toothache and earache symptoms until some more propitious occasion might offer for their reappearance.

"An' jest hark to w'at I say, sonny!" said the Old Settler, before Peleg recovered sufficiently to say anything himself. "The nex' time that tooth o' your'n gets to schin' you're gointer mog right along o' me to the doctor's, 'n' he'n gointer yank it out!"

This rather darkened Peleg's future in regard to the symptoms he was afraid would reappear, but suddenly recollecting that there wasn't anything they could "yank out" in case of earache, he grew easy in his mind again, and, smiling at his grandfather, said:

"Now, gran'pop, that wasn't what the teacher said! What do you s'pose it was?"

"Sumpin' 'bout nat'ral hist'ry, I 'spect!" growled the Old Settler. "If it were, Peleg, jest tell me w'at she said 'bout it, 'n' I'll onsay it for y' 'n' set y' right."

"'Twasn't about natural history, gran'pop," said Peleg. "It was about history, though, and something you and everybody else has always believed."

"Not if it's hist'ry, b'gosh," exclaimed the Old Settler. "Gimme facts, sonny, 'n' I'll take' em in, but don't ast me to swaller hist'ry!"

"Well, it's all about William Tell and the apple, gran'pop," said Peleg.

The Old Settler looked at Peleg for a time with a puzzled expression on his face and then said:

"I remember a fam'ly by the name o' Pell th't usety live on McGonigle run, in the sugar swamp deestrict, but, b'gosh! they never had no apples! They couldn't raise wild gooseberries on that clearin' o' their'n, let alone apples, 'n' all the s'ile wild gooseberries wants is the top of a stun wall."

"He never lived in the sugar swamp district, gran'pop," said Peleg. "He lived in Switzerland, or I always thought he did, but my teacher says he never lived anywheres."

"Kind o' boarded 'round, hay, like a deestrict school marm?"

"No," said Peleg. "He's a myth, the teacher says. You know what a myth is, gran'pop? You remember telling me about your killing a bear that had two heads and only one eye?"

"Y-e-es, sonny, seems to me I do," said the Old Settler. "Yes,' T'were jist at the foot o' Squawke hill 'n' me 'n' Lippy Conkright—"

"That was the one," said Peleg, interrupting his grandfather. "Well, I was telling Bill Simmons about it yesterday, and Bill said he'd bet a cooky that the bear was a myth."

"He did, hey?" said the Old Settler, with a sneer. "Well, if one o' them myths stands five foot high, with a head on each shoulder, an' one big glarin' eye stuck right betwixt 'em, then that b'ar were a myth, 'n' a durn good spec'ment o' one at that!"

"Well, I asked the teacher what a myth was, gran'pop," said Peleg, "and she said it was something that wasn't so."

The Old Settler sat gazing over his spectacles at Peleg for some time without a word. Peleg became uneasy, and at last started in to lead the conversation back to the original subject.

"The way I always heard it," he said, "William Tell lived in Switzerland, and——"

"Eddication is a good thing," remarked the Old Settler, quietly, shutting Peleg off. "It's a good thing, an' we pay consid'able taxes hirin' schoolmarms to give the young idee p'inte in spellin' 'n' writin', 'n' figgerin', 'n' joggerfy, 'n' so on 'n' so forth, et cettery. But w'en it comes to givin' the young idee p'inte th't makes its poor ol' gran'paps out to be p'warfectly o' the truth 'n' shyers outen the way o' facts 'n' figgers in nat'ral hist'ry, then it strikes me pooty hard th't eddication is bitin' off more'n it can chaw, 'n' I'll hear from me, b'gosh, at the ballot box!"

The Old Settler breathed hard for awhile, and Peleg remained silent, busying himself meanwhile in a sly effort to inveigle the cat into one of his grandfather's boots, which lay near the hearth. He might have succeeded, but the Old Settler drew Peleg's attention away by resuming the conversation.

"So this here William Tell were a two-headed b'ar with only one eye too, were he?" said he.

Peleg would have liked to laugh, but the Old Settler looked so ominously serious that his grandson restrained his mirth, and related to his grandfather the story of William Tell. When Peleg told how Tell shot the apple from his boy's head the Old Settler was worked up to the highest pitch, and he slapped his hand on his knee and exclaimed:

"Bully boy, William! what a chap he'd 'a' been at some o' them ol' Sugar Swamp shoot'n' matches! He'd 'a' won ev'ry durn turkey!"

"Yes, gran'pop," said Peleg, "but William Tell ain't so! There never was such a man, nor such a tyrant, my teacher says."

"Well, I d'no, Peleg," said the Old Settler. "That's powerful good shoot'n,' that's so, 'n' mebbe it's stretched a little, but it don't seem to me th't anybody could go 'n' make up sich a yarn as that outen the hull cloth. I don't see how they a'd hev the face to do it. If yer teacher says th't ther hain't no truth in this here story 'bout William Tell, it'd be jis' like her, b'gosh, to say that Potiphar Jump, 'n' Patty Beeler, 'n' Patty's pap, 'n' the five dollar gold piece, hain't so! 'Twouldn't s'prise me a bit!"

"Who was they, gran'pop?" asked Peleg.

"Well, sonny, ol' Ben Beeler kep' store wunst at Sugar Swamp," replied the Old Settler. "Patty were his darter, 'n' nice gal she were! Nobody never k'd git it through 'em how she k'd be ol' Ben's darter, fer he were sourer th'n the inside of a lemon 'n' crosser th'n a sick b'ar. Potiphar Jump were a likely young chap ez didn't hev many 'arthly belongin's, but w'at he did hev were o' the best. Tha wa'n't a better rifle in the hull deestric' th'n his'n, 'n' all other b'ar dogs wa'n't much better'n coon dogs w'en his ol' dog Belcher were around. Ez fer handlin' that rifle o' his'n—well, w'at he p'inted it at had to come down, wether it were settin', flyin' or galloptin'.

"Potiphar thort a heap o' that rifle 'n' that dog o' his'n, but they had to take a back seat w'en it kim to Patty Beeler. He had a great big heart, Potiphar did, but it were all Patty's, 'n' Patty had treated her heart fer it. But ol' Ben Beeler had his eye on som body else th't he wanted Patty to hitch to, 'n' he snapped 'n' growled 'n' turned ev'rything into vinegar ev'ry time Potiphar kim round. One day, arter Potiphar had ast ol' Ben fer about the hunderdth time to let him hev Patty, the ol' man snapped:

"'See here, consarn y'!' he says, 'I'll tell y' w'at I'll do. Now they t'll me y' kin cut things pooty close with that rifle o' your'n,' he says. 'All right,' he says. 'If you'll hit a five-dollar gold piece with yer rifle at a hunderd yard,' he says, 'the gal's your'n.'

"Ol' Ben had a funny grin on his sour face ez he said that to Potiphar, but Potiphar didn't mind it, fer he know'd it 'd be ez easy fer him to plink a five-dollar gold piece at a hunderd yard ez it 'd be for him to hit a b'ar. So he took ol' Ben up right on the spot, 'n' they set a day fer the shootin'. The day kim around, 'n' ev'rybody from the hull s'roundin' kentry were thar to see Potiphar shoot fer Patty. Ol' Ben took out his five-dollar gold piece 'n' walked to the post whar it were to be put, 'n' then w'at do y' think he done? He sot the five-dollar gold piece with its edge to'rds Potiphar!

"Ben kum back 'mongst the crowd a grinnin' uglier than anybody had ever seen him grin afore, 'n' everyone said it were all up with Patty 'n' Potiphar. Patty were thar, 'n' she jist wilted right down w'en she see w'at her pap had done, fer how k'd she s'pose th't Potiphar k'd shoot a hundred yard 'n' hit the thin edge of a five-dollar gold piece th't he k'd hardly see if it were turned full face to'rds him. But Potiphar were ez cool ez a cowcumbe. If he'd been gointer shoot at the side of a barn fer a dollar a shot he couldn't 'a' ben no cooler. He hauled up to draw bead on the mark, w'en an idee hit him 'n' he let his gun drop. He draw'd the load outen his rifle. Then he took out his knife 'n' broke half of its blade off. He rammed that down on his powder.

"'Jeewhiz!' said everybody. 'Ol' Ben has druv Potiphar crazy!'

"But Potiphar hauled up 'n' whanged away. Soon ez he fired he walked over to Patty, 'n' puttin' his arms round her waist hollered:

"'It's me 'n' you, sure ez guns!'

"Everybody run to see if Potiphar had hit the mark. He hadn't only hit it. He had pinned the gold piece from edge to edge to the post with the knife blade ez nice 'n' slick ez if it had ben druv in by hand!

"'I didn't want to smash yer five-dollar gold piece with a bullet 'n' spile it,' said Potiphar to ol' Ben, 'fer I thort mebbe y' mowt want to give it to Patty fer a weddin' present.'

"'N' so ol' Ben did, too, at Patty's weddin' the very nex' week. But it wouldn't s'prise me a bit, sonny, if that school marm o' your'n 'd say th't Potiphar 'n' Patty 'n' ol' Ben 'n' the five-dollar gold piece was jist ez much a two-headed b'ar with only one eye, b'gosh, ez she says William Tell 'n' the apple is!"—Ed Mott, in N. Y. Sun.

A Secret Issue Criticised

LONDON, Jan. 19.—The Financial News comments strongly upon what it calls the secret issue of Norfolk & Western preferred bonds. "It seems impossible," says the News, "for an American director to run a right. We had not believed the Norfolk & Western directors capable of such dubious dealing. We believe the railroad was a good future, but the way preference stock is piled up is a danger as well as an injustice to the preferred shareholders."

Most Disgrace.

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 19.—Judge Newman has filed his opinion in treasury suits—action against ex-state treasurers to recover interest on state moneys. The decision is favorable to the state and orders the return of principal and interest—in all about $100,000.

Mangled By the Cars.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 19.—At an early hour yesterday morning Reuben Loeser was found mangled on the Chicago & Alton track. He came here from Quincy about a year ago.

SEWARD COUNTY.

The Examination of the Men Charged With the Dunn Killing Continued—Botkin Will Not Resign.

LIBERAL, Kan., Jan. 18.—The preliminary examination of most of the men charged with the Dunn killing was continued until January 28. The court discharged Robert Hutchinson of Haskell county, one of the defendants, because no evidence was produced against him. Carey Anderson, chairman of the county commissioners of Seward county, and Lee Estes, an innocent cattleman, were admitted to bail in the sum of $5,000 and the four remaining prisoners were held for further examination.

About 3 o'clock Friday afternoon the court adjourned until Saturday because the state had two witnesses around the sand hills somewhere that it wanted to get into court. Judge Ellis, of Pratt, opposed the early adjournment, and the argument became so heated between R. M. Painter, of Meade, of counsel for the state, and Ellis that the court had to adjourn in confusion.

When court opened Saturday morning County Attorney I. K. Beauchamp said his two witnesses had not appeared and that the state would rest its case. The defendants' counsel then demurred to the evidence introduced so far as Estes, Anderson and Hutchinson were concerned, and R. W. Griggs, of Meade, who represented Hutchinson alone, made a very fine argument in favor of his client and secured his immediate discharge. Though no evidence against Estes and Anderson had been produced the court overruled the demurrer relating to them and Judge Ellis then asked for an adjournment of the hearing to January 28. After considerable argument this was granted.

Gov. Humphrey authorized the withdrawal of the troops here Saturday and they departed at 1 o'clock, the Rock Island holding its train an hour for their convenience.

The four prisoners held without bail will be taken to Springfield and kept under guard there until the hearing is resumed.

The strongest evidence for the state was given Friday afternoon by the new sheriff of Seward county, E. S. Guyman, of Liberal, who was a deputy in the posse of Sheriff Dunn when the killing was done. He testified that he saw Sam Minton, Bowen Chase and Ry Orner pass by within thirty feet of him. This was just after the shooting and while Guyman's companions were flying over the hills to Springfield. Guyman's identification of the men is positive and it is probable that the state will rest its case when he leaves the stand. The climax of the trial, so far as the state is concerned, has been reached.

BOTKIN WILL NOT RESIGN.

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 18.—Judge Theodosius Botkin arrived in this city this morning. He went directly to the Copeland hotel. He remained in his room until a late breakfast hour and then ate his morning meal with Gov. Humphrey and Gen. Hanback. Judge Botkin will not resign.

Judge Botkin does not even discuss the situation in his district seriously. If the recent occurrences have interested him especially, he does not show it now. He is jovial and is inclined to joke about the manner in which he is compelled to conduct his court.

His business in Topeka is to examine in the law library the decisions affecting a case which has been submitted to him relating to the sale of county scrip. He will probably return to Seward county to-night.

Gen. Hanback was Botkin's attorney in the impeachment trial and is a close adviser of the judge. Gen. Hanback said to a reporter: "It is a question in my mind whether Botkin's resignation would settle the trouble in Seward county. There will be a county seat fight in Seward county next April and if the people are disposed to fight they will find some other excuse. There will be such a pressure brought to bear on the next legislature that it cannot refuse to disorganize and reorganize some of the judicial districts in the southwest. There is no business there to justify the great court expenditures and no excuse can be given for a further continuance of the judicial forces."

KILLED BY A TRAIN.

An Engine Knocks a Girl Beneath Its Wheels and Her Father Into a Gulch.

LAWRENCE, Kan., Jan. 18.—Mr. Saxman and his eight-year-old daughter, Mabel, went to the river Saturday afternoon to watch the skaters and the two were standing on the Santa Fe track when a train approached. Saxman quickly left the track and called to his child to follow but the little one, frightened, started across the trestle in front of the oncoming train. The father hurried after her but just as he reached her the engine struck him and knocked him into the gulch below, breaking his leg and one of his arms and bruising him about the head. The little girl was caught by the engine and was knocked beneath the wheels and before the train could be stopped it had passed half its length over her body, killing her. An older brother was among the large crowd of skaters that stood helpless spectators of the mishap. Mr. Saxman now lies in a critical condition at his home.

Arrest of Drum-Selling Druggists.

EMPORIA, Kan., Jan. 18.—Additional interest has been created in the crusade against the drug stores by the issuing of warrants for the arrest of two more of our leading druggists, W. R. Irwin and D. W. Haiser, both charged with violating the prohibitory liquor law. The temperance people are taking active interest in the cases, and are backing up County Attorney Waterbury in his fight. The county attorney says he will prosecute the cases to the full extent of the law, without fear or favor.

A Magnanimous Matron.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 18.—Mrs. Warren Newcomb, of New York city, through whose donation the Sophie Newcomb college, an adjunct of the Tulane university for girls, was established five years ago, has announced another gift of $44,000, making her total donations to the college $250,000.

Stockyards Scorched.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., Jan. 18.—The stockyards of this city were nearly consumed by fire this morning. The yards were owned by the South Omaha Stockyards Co. The amount of damage is unknown.

A Philadelphia lawyer has sued a New York physician to recover $100,000 damages for the alienation of his wife's affections.