State Historical Society

The Emporia Weekly News.

ESTABLISHED IN 1857. KANSAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1881. VOL. 24---NO. 25.

If the letters of T. Benton Murdock to the Topeka Commonwealth maintain their present spicy flavor to the end of the series, the author will come to be known as the "wicked partner" of that evangelical institution.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. The reported prevalence of smallpox in Kansas City has sensibly diminished the receipts of some of the leading railroad lines centering at that point, but it is doing a great work for the temperance cause in this State.

It is said that the total saving effected in the annual expenses of the Post Office Department under the present administration has run up to one million of dollars. This is doing moderately well for an officer who has been so unfortunate as to be characterized by Mr. Conkling as "that man James."

The appointment of Judge McFarland, of Topeka, as commissioner of the general land office, will be endorsed as a good one by all who know him. He is a capable, upright and straightforward man, as well as a sound Republican. In this appointment Kansas is honored with the head of a bureau in Washington for the first time, we believe.

The St. Louis Globe Democrat suggests to the Republicans of Ohio who sympathize with Conkling the expediency of demonstrating their numerical strength by vigorously staying away from the polls at the coming gubernatorial election. In the light of very recent events, it would seem that "Stalwartism" and Bourbonism are rapidly becoming synonymous terms.

There is a prospect that at last the postoffice department will be self-sustaining. The immense sums saved by cutting off so many of the star routes and general system of economy which has been inaugurated, will probably bring the mail business down to a paying basis, notwithstanding the great losses in the south and far west, where the country is sparsely settled and the inhabitants not given to writing letters.

New York Tribune: To suit Gen. Grant the constitutional provision about nominations and appointments should be amended so as to read as follows: The President shall nominate and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate appoint all public officers; provided that in case the Senators from any state object to a nomination from such state he shall forthwith withdraw it, and if he fails to do so the Senate shall immediately it reject without any inquiry as to the character and fitness of the nominee.

Leavenworth Times: The ex-soldiers and sailors of northwestern Kansas will have a grand re-union at Logan, the terminus of the Central Branch road, on the 22d inst. A big time is expected and thousands will be present. The address of welcome will be made by Hon. W. T. S. May, and orations will be delivered by Senator P. B. Plumb and Hon. Geo. R. Peck. In addition to the gentlemen above named there will be others in attendance who will make speeches and deliver addresses, and altogether the affair will be one of the biggest things in the history of the northwestern part of the state.

It seems that the attempt to naturalize camels in Texas and New Mexico was not, after all, an utter failure. The camels used for carrying freight across the California desert did not, for some reason, prove profitable, and they were turned loose on the Gila and Salt river bottoms. There they lived and bred, until now, it is said, they roam the lower Gila plains in large numbers, giving the Louisiana Citizen ground for the belief that they "will continue to increase in numbers, until a drove of wild camels will become as common on the western plains of Arizona as buffalo now are on the plains east of the Rocky Mountains."

As the investigation into the alleged attempt to buy Bradley's vote goes on, the whole affair grows more suspicious. Bradley has to be hedged about by criminal lawyers, to protect him from cross questions. Sharpe has been compelled by cross questioning to abandon his first story that but few words passed between him and Bradley when he revealed the bribery offer and handed him the money. Under this pressure he is adding more and more conversation. It is a case of evolution. Meanwhile the Conkling faction are inventing new charges to keep the resigned senators' heads above water a little longer.

An exchange of scientific tendencies, states that the atmospheric disturbances commonly called cyclones are mis named, the true variety being an entirely different phenomenon from the "whirlers" which occasionally visit Kansas, in that they cover a vastly greater field of action. Our cotemporary says that what are recognized as cyclones in this part of the country are more on the order of water-spouts at sea, and suggests that it would be more descriptive and perhaps lead to more intelligent observations by untrained observers, to call them dry water-spouts. It is possible that such is the case; but it will strike the average Kansas reader that the name is the very last thing about a cyclone that stands in need of revision.

It is believed that the first postage stamp used in this country was one designed by the Hon. E. A. Mitchell, Postmaster of New-Haven, in the year 1847. It did not differ much in size and form from the present Government stamp, but was of a brown color, was printed on ordinary paper and contained the words, "Paid. New-Haven postoffice. 5 cents. E. A. Mitchell, P. M." Mr. Mitchell had them printed for the use and convenience of citizens of New-Haven who had complained to him of the delay sometimes occassioned by their being unable to prepay letters except in office hours. The stamps were sold by the postmaster and accepted in prepayment when affixed. A high price is put upon specimens of this stamp by collectors, and the present postmaster at New-Haven has frequent applications for them.

Rumors of political plots in Virginia serve to lighten the burden of the dull season for the Washington correspondents. The Bourbons are now reported to be offering the Republicans a United States senatorship if they will help defeat the Mahone ticket, and it is said that those Republicans who are insisting on nominating a straight-out ticket of their own are doing so by Bourbon instigation. The true policy for the Virginia Republicans to pursue would seem to be to hold their own convention, reassert their distinctive principles, and give the question of supporting the Readjusters ticket, which is in part a concession to them, a fair consideration. If the Republican convention concludes that the wisest course to pursue to accomplish the overthrow of Bourbonism is to join hands with Senator Mahone's friends, then its decision should be accepted by the Republicans of the state.

New York Tribune; The country is beginning to get some idea of the value of Conkling's services to the Republican party. He resigned his seat in the senate, ordered Mr. Platt to resign his, and turned the control of that body over to the Democratic party. He then came to this state and devoted all his energies to bespattering the Republican President and the Republican Secretary of state with lies and slanders, going far beyond all Democratic efforts in that direction. His own legislature, elected to do his bidding, declined to approve his course by re-electing him. Whereupon he turns upon the legislature and brings against them a sweeping charge of bribery. In this, too, he totally eclipses the regulation Democratic slanderers. No Democrat has been infamously partisan enough to charge that a Republican candidate for United states Senator owed his majority vote in the legislature to bribery. It has remained for the man who called himself the chief of all the stalwart Republicans to do that.

It seems impossible that the inventor of the first railway locomotive was born but a hundred years ago. The celebration of the centennial birthday of Geo. Stephenson throughout England, June 9th, impresses the world with an almost overpowering sense of the prodigious progress of the age. It was in July, 1814, that Stephenson constructed his first successful locomotive, and the practical utility of his invention has not much exceeded half a century. In that brief time all the railways of the world have been created and their innumerable locomotives put in motion. To annihilate the railway locomotive would now paralyze the world's commerce, and yet fifty years ago the railway locomotive was almost unknown. What possible change can the next half century bring to compare with the last? But, astounding as has been the work of the locomotive, the substitution of electricity for steam as a motive power upon railways, may effect results which may seem almost as amazing, at the end of the next fifty years, as those which Stephenson's invention has now wrought. Nothing is too great to be expected in view of what has already happened.

New York Herald: The deadlock up at Albany may be a very interesting performance, and, as the Bradley business goes to prove, a very profitable thing for the politicians; but it is becoming a very serious matter for the people who have to foot the bills. An estimate made by a correspondent a few days ago shows that the expenses incident to this wearisome joint convention business amount to about fifteen hundred dollars per day, or between ten and eleven thousand dollars a week. This is, of course, a first class arrangement for the political Goths of the interior of the State, who consider that the State owes them a living and who are determined to obtain it from the State in one way or another. The longer the deadlock the better they like it, and they would be only too happy if it could be made to last all the year round. All this money, it must be remembered, goes to the army of clerks, doorkeepers and messengers who hang around the Senate and Assembly. It is a reckless, unpardonable waste of the people's money, and it should be, in some way, brought to an end as soon as possible. Let us have an election or an adjournment

New York Times: The Conkling men express great concern about the danger to the state of electing the attorney of the Central railroad as United States senator. While we are no advocate of Mr. Depew's candidacy, it seems a trifle ridiculous to find it assailed from such a quarter. Did Mr. Conkling never hold a brief for the Central railroad? Has he not made a very comfortable income for the last six months out of fees paid him by railroad monopolists, and is he not the retained advocate of a paper-made corporation created for the special purpose of making the people pay dividends on stock which represents nothing but the greed of a handful of speculators? Where was Mr. Conkling when the confirmation of Stanley Matthews was at the mercy of a single adverse vote, and what vote of his in the senate can be recalled to show that he is on the side of the people as against the monopolists? Is there a prominent Conkling man in the legislature who has been distinguished for his advocacy of the railroad bills or of any of the measures introduced during the last few years to restrain the power of corporations? The Conkling objections to Depew are simply an exhibition of hypocritical cant.

PROSPERITY IN STORE FOR THE SOUTH.

New York Herald: In a recent interview Mr. Edward Atkinson, who has given much study to the material resources of the south, called public attention to two things that are likely to prove extraordinary agencies in advancing the agricultural prosperity of the southern states. A serious difficulty that planters and farmers have had to contend against there is the fact that it has cost three times as much to feed a mule or other animal as to support a field hand. One of the things mentioned by Mr. Atkinson is a new machine for separating the hulls from cotton seed and cutting up the leaf and stock of the plant in such a way as to convert into nutritious animal food what a few years ago was almost wholly wasted. One result will be a supply of food for from twenty million to forty million sheep. This number of sheep means from seventy-five million to one hundred and fifty million pounds of wool a year, which in turn means an annual addition of from twenty-five to fifty million dollars directly to southern wealth besides the vast indirect gains that must follow. There is little doubt that wool can be made a staple second only to cotton in the south, and there is reason to believe that it is destined to become so. Since the war the southern wool product has increased at a remarkable rate In Texas, the greatest of the wool producing states south, the clip has run up from six million pounds in 1866 to twenty million pounds in 1880. In the other Gulf States there has been an increase of more than five-fold in the product. By following up this progress and pushing on into the field of woolen manufactures the south may achieve results that must add wonderfully to its material prosperity and wealth.

The other thing of which Mr. Atkinson speaks is a newly discovered force called ensilage for restoring exhausted soils and developing productive power. In his opinion it will prove the means of rejuvenating the south and of supplying what it has greatly needed—namely, succulent food during the long hot, dry season that is essential to the cotton crop. The practical value of the discovery is to be tested at the coming cotton exhibition in Atlanta, and should its virtues prove to be what they are claimed to be it must open up a new era in agriculture and work untold advantages, not only for the south, but also other parts of the country.

The interests of law and order in Kansas demand that two muscular conservators of the public peace be selected to hold Col. Dan. R. Anthony, of the Leavenworth Times, and J. K. Hudson, of the Topeka Capital. If this wise precaution is neglected the world will be startled to hear, some of these fine mornings, that either the Kaw or Missouri is flowing red with the best journalistic blood of the commonwealth.

THE COUNTRY GETTING RICH.

Trade reports continue to show a gratifying balance in favor of this country as the result of its commerce with other nations. Official figures for ten months of the current fiscal year, says the New York Mercantile Journal, place our importations of merchandise at $542,170,000 as compared with $542,560,000 in the corresponding months of last year. This year we have received in ten months $107,710,000 of specie from abroad as compared with $90,480,000 in the same time last year. The ten month's exports of merchandise are valued at $774,780,000, against $697,940,000 for the preceding year—an increase of $76,940,000 — while the shipments of specie were $15,030,000 against $14,180,000 last year. The exports of merchandise for the ten months exceed the imports by $246,600,000, the excess for the like period of 1879-80 being only $155,270,000. The exports of goods and specie combined exceed the imports of both classes by $153,920,000, against a surplus last year of $78,980,000. The net import of gold and silver has been $92,680,000, against $76,290,000 last year. Putting the specie movement aside, the excess of our merchandise exports over imports has been at the rate of almost twenty-five million dollars per month. Such a rate of income ought to make the country rich in a few years.

HERE AND THERE.

A Minister of Agriculture has been added to the British Cabinet. England is determined that she will not drink American tea.

The prospects for the continued solidity of Arkansas as a Democratic state look confessedly bilious when it comes to sentencing five criminals to the gallows in one day.

An Indiana man was found dead last week with an accordean in his hands. And yet Bob Ingersoll has the sublime cheek to persist in his efforts to shake the popular belief in an over-ruling providence.

The final appointment of a coal oil inspector at Kansas City has implanted the mournful suspicion in the breasts of at least a thousand disappointed candidates for the position that the country is going to the "demnition bow wows."

If Mr. Wheeler will let up on his fishing and give a little personal attention to the condition of his fences in New York, there is no telling what may be the result of the senatorial deadlock at Albany. We simply offer this as a suggestion.

The eastern papers announce the appearance of the American mosquito upon British shores. The public will not be surprised to learn that a wide-spread dissatisfaction with the revised edition of the New Testament, has marked the advent of this oath-compelling insect.

For collectors of bric-a-brac an opportunity is presented in Bastrop county, Texas, to secure an interesting relic, to-wit, the county gallows. In offering it for sale the county judge states that three men have already been hanged on it, and yet it is as good as new. Certainly, no well-regulated family should be without one.

Professor Dolbeare, of Tuft's College, has patented a new telephone, through which, it is claimed, conversation can be heard over any length of wire. A practical test of its merits for communicating between remote points will be made at an early day by connecting two business houses on different sides of Kansas avenue, at Topeka.

The feverish elation of the country over the brilliant record of Iroquois in England is giving place to a gloomy foreboding that the American flyer will, in the future, be excluded from the race courses of the crumbling monarchies of the old world, on the ground that he has trichina. The attention of Mr Blaine is invited to this possibility.

Many persons are misled by the term a "fair" day, in the United States Signal Service reports. It does not mean clear and bright, but cloudy, though neither stormy nor threatening storm. It will probably soon be replaced by some other term, such as "overcast" or "neutral," so as not to convey the erroneous impression it has hitherto caused.

The capital extremity of Rev. Dr. Collyer, of New York, is very horizontal on the woman question. In a recent sermon on the relations of husbands and wives, he said: "Two people can be one at the cost of their own completeness, only albeit more individuality in married life is what the 'advanced' women consider the necessity of the hour."

Chicago Inter Ocean: The state of Wisconsin has paid out $5,079 within the past two months for fox and wolf scalps. The legislature, some years ago, passed a bill for the purpose of exterminating these animals, and offered a premium for their scalps. So generous is the premium that farmers make a profitable business of breeding these animals and selling their scalps.

The Chinese are in quandary about how they shall adapt telegraphy to purposes of general communication in the Celestial Empire, for instead of being able to transmit words by the use of twenty-six signs they would require about twenty-six thousand. Should the result be a method of writing Chinese by the use of an alphabet instead of composite characters the Celestial schoolboy would have reason to bless the day that brought barbarian notions into the Flowery Kingdom.

A collection of fossils from Washington Territory is now on exhibition in Denver, Col. It consists of the bones of what is believed to be a new species of mammoth, which the discoverer, Mr. Coplen, has named *Elephas Columbianus*. The tusks are about twelve feet long, and the teeth of the lower jaw weigh twenty pounds each. The bones were discovered in May, 1876, in a mineral spring in Spokan County, W. T., and have until lately been in the cabinets of the Pacific University, Oregon. They are now to be taken east, and will probably be placed in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

Jeff Davis in his book, says, regarding the circumstances of his capture, that when about to go from his tent, he siezed a water-proof, supposing it to be his own, but it turned out to be his wife's, and as he left the tent Mrs. Davis thoughtfully threw over his head and shoulders a shawl. Having gone a short distance a carbine was pointed at him and his surrender demanded. At this point he meditated a daring thing, but was prevented from carrying it out by his wife. He expected the trooper who had aimed at him would miss fire, and then the great man expected to trip the trooper, seize his carbine, mount his horse and escape. At the critical moment, however, Mrs. Davis rushed out of the tent, threw her arms around her husband and compelled him to be a prisoner. So he confesses to a part, at least of the commonly accepted account.

The Canadian government has made a grant of 200,000 acres of land in the Bow river country, about 300 miles north-west from Fort Benton, Mont., for a cattle ranch, to be founded by three capitalists of Quebec, who are now on their way to the west with a large number of blooded horses and cattle, to which they intend to add by extensive purchases of stock in Montana.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

Tilden says he wouldn't have a seat in the senate if he could get it unanimously.

There is a well defined suspicion in the public mind that Mr. Conkling is not quite happy.

General Grant seems to be uncommonly slow about getting to Albany. Has he lost confidence in himself or in Mr. Conkling?

Secretary Windom has given Mr. Pitney the bounce, not deeming it expedient just now to attach a carpet factory or a chandlery to the Treasury Department.

Mr. Conkling stumbled over a rocking chair in a room at the Delavan House the other evening, and Tom Platt swore until he could be heard six blocks away.

"I see the cartoonists are representing Mr. Conkling as a man who has lost his head, but as long as I am alive he will always have a devoted tail-piece."—T. Platt.

Bradley is said to be in search of Butler for counsel. He is the man for the Conklingites, for he is an expert in the business they are now engaged in—throwing mud at the Republican party.

Vice President Wheeler may not be the most brilliant man in the country, but he is a sound man with no "foolishness" about his composition, and The News would not regret to see him elected senator.

It is recorded that Luceia, a celebrated Roman actress, played in public as late as her 112th year. This is the most remarkable case of longevity in histrionic annals, with the possible exception of Clara Louise Kellogg.

Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier Journal, is of the opinion that the Democrats can carry Ohio at the election in October on the tariff question, by taking strong ground in favor of free trade. If the Democracy of the Buckeye state are panting for a political Waterloo they will seize upon that advice with great avidity.

OVER THE STATE.

Winfield has two parks.

Parsons is in want of a park.

Ansel Gridley is building in Winfield.

The Daily Eclipse thinks the wheat crop in eastern Kansas above the average.

Wheat harvest is in progress all along the line of the Santa Fe road, and good crops are reported.

Winfield raised about $800 for the Floral (Cowley county) cyclone sufferers. Liberal Winfield.

J. T. Shelton, who is denominated the "sinner's preacher," has become one of the editors of the Wichita Daily Republican, Mr. Whitworth retiring.

The most difficult thing you ever undertook to lobby into a Kansas man's mind is the solemn fact that a snake bite can be cured without whisky.—Winfield Courier.

The grass, like the Greenback party, is growing rapidly.—Columbus Times. But the grass, like the Greenback party, is always somewhat dried up in the fall.—Girard Press.

The seal used by Kansas when a territory is in possession of the secretary of state at Topeka. It was devised by Gov. A. H. Reeder, and bears date May 30, 1854, the day of the passage of the famous Kansas and Nebraska act.

It is said that Topeka is struggling with an epidemic of Sunday school picnics. This will probably account for the persistent appearance of Jim Snoddy's patronymic among the hotel arrivals reported in the newspapers of that city.

The best evidence that the stock business in this county pays is the fact that last week an eastern man returned from a trip over the Cherokee strip with $70,000 cash having been unable to find a single man on the range who was willing to sell his location at any price.—Wellington Press.

Kansas is just recovering from the terror inspired by the well organized system of cyclones which have been making a careful canvass of the state, when it is announced that the Greenbackers contemplate holding a camp meeting at Bismarck grove, in August.

It has probably not failed to strike the average reader of the public prints that Kansas is turning out an unusually fine crop of snake stories this season for a state whose organic law prohibits the manufacture and sale of liquors save for "scientific, mechanical and medical purposes."

Eureka Republican: While in Wichita last Monday we observed that the saloons were running in full blast. They pretend to have nothing but cider to sell. A man wanting beer, wine or whisky simply makes that want known, but in order to secure the desired article calls for cider.

Kansas is still maintaining her proud position in the van of moral and social reform. We learn that the suggestion of introducing the art of shaving and hair-dressing into the curriculum of the deaf and dumb asylum at Olathe, is meeting with decided favor at the hands of the board of state charities.

Marion Center Record: Mr. Barney, of the Marion Center sugar factory firm, came in from his Chicago home, and spent a few days last week. He and Mr. Rugg, his partner, have made arrangements for putting in immediately the machinery necessary for the manufacture of sugar. The Marion Center sugar factory is preparing to boom.

The McPherson branch will make connection with the main line of the Santa Fe at its western end on the 1st of August, thus shortening the distance between Florence and Ellinwood about twenty miles, and avoiding a heavy grade west of Peabody. A new round house is being built at Ellinwood, and corner lots are showing an upward tendency.

The work of razing the old Tefft house at Topeka was commenced Monday and will be pushed forward with vigor and dispatch by the proprietor of that historic pile of stone and mortar. Parties who are interested in the study of entomology would realize incalculable benefit by making arrangements to be upon the ground during the process of demolition.

Madison News: Some of our stock men filed complaint under the New Texas cattle law against the parties who were holding Southern cattle on the Van Horn Branch. Sheriff Verner came up last Tuesday morning to take charge of the cattle, but found no cattle nor men. They had taken leave during the night and have not since been heard from. Let it be known once for all, that it will not pay to drive such cattle into Greenwood county. The stockmen and farmers are in earnest when they declare they will deal out the maximum of the law to those who would infect their herds with Texas fever.

Wellington Press: A ten year old county! One hundred and six thousand acres of growing corn! Eighty-four thousand acres of promising winter wheat! Six hundred and fifty-six thousand healthy fruit trees, nearly one-half of which are now loaded with fruit! A population of twenty-one thousand progressive, enterprising, thrifty people! One hundred and sixty-two organized school districts and one hundred and twelve miles of railroads! What ten year old county, east or west, can make a better showing?

We give it up, John. But when you want to see a nice, smashing, booming old town, just come up and gaze on Emporia.

South Fork Correspondence of the Chase County Leader: The farmers are expecting a heavy oats crop. Fall wheat is good and so is rye. Our farmers can boast of having clean corn now. We judge from the looks of their fields that Charley Rolger, W. F. Danlap, A. Z. Scribner and many others that are carrying on farming extensively have not been sitting on "the stool of doing nothing" but have made things "get up and git." Sam Baker has some nice timothy. Cherries are ripe. The trees are full, too. Gooseberries by the scad. New potatoes and green peas are other luxuries that we partake of. The sheep men are done shearing sheep and are now hauling their wool to market.

The last week's storm at Council Grove is thus described by the Republican:

"Our town and its vicinity was visited by a terrible storm last evening. The day had been very hot and sultry, thermometer at 93 degrees in the shade. The storm commenced with heavy wind from the south, veered round suddenly to the northwest, and in the western part of town became a hurricane; stables, chimneys and out houses were blown down and fences overthrown. South of town the storm was still more destructive. Mr. Creighton's large stone house was blown down and utterly wrecked. But the saddest affair of all was the destruction of a new frame house, the property of the Messrs. Anthony, recently from New York. The house was utterly demolished. Miss Anthony (a sister) was instantly killed, and one of the brothers was seriously, but it is hoped, not fatally injured. We fear other mishaps remain to be reported.

Fine Stock and a Model Farm.—G. C. Millar, whose reputatation as a cattle raiser is becoming second to none in this county, has just received from the celebrated Platt herd, near Kansas City, two thoroughbred short-horn bulls, aged one and two years respectively. The two-year-old is a beauty in every respect and fills the stock raiser's *beau ideal* of a fine animal. The yearling is said to be fully as good. By the way, Millar has a model arranged stock farm. In conveniences and appointments for grinding and cutting feed and delivering the same to stock, distance time and labor is economized by the use of the best improved machinery, all driven by an eight-horse power engine. Another feature of the place is a bluegrass pasture, the seed of which was sown about three years ago. The sod now covers the ground completely except in a few spots, and by next year it will be equal to the best bluegrass field in the state. For house use and other purposes, water is conducted, by the means of iron pipe, from an elevated spring, on the east side of South Fork, to the residence, on the west side of the creek, with a force sufficient to carry it to the top of the highest building on the farm.—Chase county Leader.

"AD ASTRA PER ASPERA."

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

They had been married twenty-two years by the town clock. It is true the town clock was a sad affair, with its four faces pointing to the four cardinal points of the compass, and its eight hands always at half-past ten, never moving forward or backward—as immutable as time itself. Why the artist did not paint four great eagles, one facing to the east, another to the north, another to the west, and still another to the south, each bearing in its beak a pennant, which bore the words, "ad astra per aspera," so that when the passer-by looked up at the court house steeple a thrill would have run through every fibre of his being to think that he was a citizen of the proud young commonwealth, can only be answered by him and the architect.

The wedding had been a quiet affair, and the young couple went to housekeeping on little—very little. Their capital was, mainly, as follows: Two warm, loving hearts, two expansive souls, and two energies. But this is the kind of capital that has moved the world for six thousand years, more or less. The wedding tour extended from the kitchen to the dining-room of the log cabin and back again; in fact, one more extended would have been somewhat disagreeable. About the only way to reach Kansas City or St. Louis was in an ox-team, over the Santa Fe trail, or in the mail coach, which was eternally behind time or everlastingly water-bound, or always stuck in the mud.

Yet they managed to get along pretty well and enjoy life, simply because they could not very well help it. The young wife sang at her work, and love made the bread light, the dishes easy to wash, the broom sweep clean; while the young husband whistled at the plow as it turned over the virgin soil; at the horses as they plodded along in the furrow, and threw clods at the thrushes, who thought they had as much right to whistle as he.

But one morning in April, 1861, something terrible happened. The news came that the rebels had fired on Fort Sumpter, and the blood tingled through his veins as it had never done before at the mention of the word flag. His flag—our flag—your flag—had been insulted, and he quickly and firmly resolved to have a "finger in the pie."

One morning, shortly after, the young wife put her shapely arms around her husband's neck, and with unmoistened eyes and in a firm voice bid him go forth and battle for the right. He could not look back, an half hour afterwards, into the room in which he had left her, nor hear the low, pitiful moan, followed by an April shower, as she prayed to the God of battles for his safe return. But through the falling tears she saw, on the rude wall of that Kansas cabin, the hand-writing,—"Ad astra per aspera," and instantly the shower ceased and the heroic young wife arose to duty.

On the 10th of August following our hero stood near the banks of Wilson's creek, Mo,; saw a puff of white smoke here, another there; heard the deep booming of the guns, the screech of the shells, the whistling of the bullets; saw men jump two, three feet into the air and fall, like logs, to the ground; others throw up their hands and give a yell—a yell once heard never to be forgotten; others drop their guns and limp away to the rear; others put their hand to their broken and useless arms, while great drops of blood pattered on the leaves and grass; saw the heroic Union leader ride up in front of the Iowa troops and tell them he would lead them; saw him fall from his horse as the minnie ball from the rebel ranks sent the Union Lyon to his den, and nipped in the bud the most promising leader on either side; stood to his place through that long, sultry August afternoon and saw our ranks melting away until his heart almost failed him; when, looking through the white sulphurous smoke, he saw, on the dark, crimson back-ground of the battle-field, in letters of blood, the words "Ad astra per aspera," and from that moment he knew the Union cause would triumph.

Thirty days afterwards he sat by side of his happy yet humble fireside, for there is more happiness in an humble home lighted by love than in a palace amid hate and strife. But the war had but fairly begun. More men were wanted, and one bright September morning in 1862 he bid farewell to home, wife, everything he held most dear, to try the hardships and uncertainties of a three years' campaign.

Three months thereafter he received a letter which read as follows:

"It is a girl, ten days old, and looks like you. Please come home."

But the pleading of the wife and mother could not be heeded, for already the clouds were gathering in the southwest that were to break in such fury upon a little, unknown prairie amid the hills of Arkansas.

Ten days afterwards, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, our hero stood in front of the rebel ranks at Prairie Grove. Through all that bloody afternoon he stood at his post, until the rebel charge drove the Union lines back behind their guns. When the red throated dogs of war, throwing grape and canister into the dense masses, failed to check their advance, his heart stood still. But looking at the dark hillside beyond, he saw, in white letters formed of sulphurous smoke, the words, "Ad astra per aspera," and his courage returned, and well it might, for when that short December day's sun went down behind the Arkansas hills, the rebel power in the west was permanently broken.

* * * * * * * *

Thirty months of the long, weary three years—three years of carnage, bloodshed and woe—passed away, when, one evening, a comrade handed our Kansas veteran a letter, the contents of which ran as follows: "Minnie is very sick, perhaps dying. Come home, and come quick."

There was no hesitancy now, the commandant was informed, and a good horse procured. Soon the Kansas border was crossed; on, over the green prairies; no attention paid to food or rest; and at midnight of the second day after the start, when the door of that Kansas cabin opened, the wife, with streaming eyes, rushed into her husband's arms, and spoke his name in that tone no man ever forgets when used in tones of agony or endearment. Taking him by the hand she led him to a little coffin at the back part of the room, and there the brave soldier stood, with bowed head, looking down upon the inanimate form of the little being he had never seen, and whose last lisping word had been, "papa!" But, as the grief-stricken parents stood there, and while their tears, like rain, fell upon the little, white, upturned face, they saw, on the lid of the coffin, right over the little golden curls, in golden letters, "Ad astra per aspera," and they knew that the God who had given them the little soul and then taken it back again was neither dead nor asleep.

Eight months afterwards, Lee, the great head and center of the rebellion, "tumbled to the racket," and our hero returned to his peaceful home. Soon a better house was built, other improvements made, and they were getting along in a way, when one dry, hot sultry August afternoon they saw a dark cloud in the northwest, remakable for its rapid, undulating movement. The long-looked for rain was coming. But it wasn't a rain cloud, nor did it contain the destructive force of the tornado—but it *did* contain grasshoppers—the *cicada* of naturalists; the then, scourge of Kansas—and they came to stay till spring, and they meant business, and lots of it. They came down until they fell over the second rails of the worm-fence. The blades of corn, the spears of grass, everything green, disappeared like mist before the uprising sun. Then they ate the splinters off the fence-rails, the fuzz off the clothes-lines, the edges off the mowing-scythes, the grit out of the grind-stone. Kegs of Paris green set in the fields attracted immediate, prompt and numerous attention. Poison: Well, not to any very alarming extent, at least not to a Kansas grasshopper. But while our friends were debating the question of going to "wife's folks," they saw strange hieroglyphics on the wings of the struggling, writhing mass, and these letters being put into intelligible shape, read: "Ad astra per aspera;" and they knew that the next year the grasshopper—the cicada of naturalists, the then scourge of Kansas—would be nowhere; that the rain would descend, the dews fall, the sun shine, the grass grow, the birds sing, and that there would be good crops and a bountiful yield; and they were not disappointed.

And again they prospered; again the future looked bright; again the wife sang at her work, and the husband whistled at the plow; another had come to take the place of the little golden-haired innocent that had gone to help light the city that has no need of the sun or moon to give it brightness. But through "difficulties to the stars" had not yet been reached. One April afternoon, when the face of nature looked peculiarly lovely; when that wonderful resurrection from dead winter to living, growing, blooming spring, was taking place, a dark and ominous looking cloud arose in the northwest, and came on with wonderful rapidity, rolling backward and forward, this way and that, like some huge serpent writhing in the agonies of death—on, on—sweeping everything before it. Our friends took refuge in the cellar, and soon their home went to pieces, flying in every direction before that terrific Kansas wind. But through the cracks in the cellar floor, amid the awful roaring of the elements, the pounding of the hail, the lightning's vivid flash, and the awful peals of thunder—they saw, in the center of that whirling mass of cloud, in letters painted in all the hues of the rainbow, "Ad astra per aspera," and they knew they would soon have another home; and lo! in a few months a better house arose, surrounded with trees, shrubs and flowers; the children went to school; there were books to read, pictures on the walls and papers on the stand; the sewing machine made more and faster music than the old, tedious way of hand sewing. Happy home!

But, alas, for human hopes! The wife sickened and in a short time the husband's bravest and best friend; the wife of his youth; the sharer of his joys and sorrows; the best ally he ever had or ever will have in fighting life's battles, lay cold and silent in death. As the brave soldier stood there looking down upon the cold, silent lips—the lips he so often kissed in love and affection; at the closed eyes—eyes that would never "look love to eyes" again; at the motionless bosom that would never throb again with love or emotion—the form that had never trembled amid the awful crash of battle, trembled and shook like a reed in a storm, and his soul died within him and hope departed, for he thought the star of his better destiny had set forever. But the next day as the clouds of the valley fell upon the coffin, he looked up and saw in mid-heaven, as Constantine had seen centuries before, the cross bearing the motto "In this we conquer," a golden anchor on the top of which sat a pure white dove, bearing in its beak a silken pennant on which was emblazoned in letters of fire, "*Ad astra per aspera*," and hope returned, for he knew he should meet his wife and child in the great hereafter—hope returned, for he had duties to perform—children to raise and educate.

Old settler, reader, is the picture overdrawn. Are there not some things herein described that you have passed through at some time during the last twenty-two years? But rest easy. Better days have dawned. The proud young commonwealth is rapidly rising to the head of the great sisterhood of states. The time is coming when her hills and valleys will teem with an industrious, temperate and happy people—a people admired and respected by the civilized world.

HOW PETE CAME ON THE FORCE.

Late on a warm August afternoon some five years ago, while the Captain of the Church street police station was leaning negligently back in his chair behind the desk, a chunky-built brindle dog of solemn mein walked gravely into the room, and sat down grayely in the middle of the floor with the air of a dog whose right to such a liberty was entirely beyond question.

"Whist! Get out!"

The Captain yelled these syllables at the dog, but the animal never moved. Then the official shied a small paper-weight at the dog, who looked up with an expression of grave disapproval and settled himself in his former position, and paid no more attention to the man behind the desk. After one or two more attempts at dislodgement, the Captain fell into a reverie and left the dog in peace. Later the dog aroused himself and trotted into the rear room where the policemen congregate. He walked about quietly until he found a position to his liking under the table, in the center of the room. He lay down here and went to sleep.

At midnight the fourth section of the second platoon was rung up. The men marched into the main room and ranged themselves in line. The dog followed and at once took up his position at the foot. When the roll was called the sergeant named the dog Pete, and bade him go with the men. He followed them out, went around from one post to another, returned with the platoon in the morning, and went to sleep under the table.

Relays of men were called during the day, but the dog did not move. At six o'clock the fourth section of the second platoon was again called out. The dog marched in with the men and took up his position at the foot of the line.

"By George," said the Captain, "there's that pup again. Well, don't feed him, doorman, and he'll soon go away."

But he didn't go away. He has never been fed in the station, and he has always acted thoroughly at home.

"There's one peculiar thing about Pete," said the sergeant at the desk, recently. "He moves and acts exactly like a policeman. He never runs or jumps or plays, but simply strolls along. He's fond of janitor's daughters, and will stand stock still in a doorway for hours at a stretch. Not a man in the precinct has ever seen him eat, and I'm pretty sure that the general public never saw him drink. And then what a clever dog he is! In the winter of '79, on the 10th of January, if my memory serves, Pete was walking along Greenwich street, on his way from post to post, when he saw three men at the basement door of the bonded warehouses Nos. 98, 100 and 102. A moment later, and the men had forced the door, entered the building, and closed up their work so that a passing glance could not detect that anything had been tampered with. Pete lay down by the door and growled. After awhile officer Dougherty came along, and, patting the dog on the head, walked on, expecting the dog to follow. Pete never moved, but growled louder than before, with his eyes fixed like augers on that door. Dougherty tried to get him to move, but it wouldn't do. At last the officer saw that something was up. He examined the door, then rapped for assistance, and the building was searched. Two of the burglars were captured. The other one escaped. About three o'clock one morning last winter Pete was trotting along Broadway, when he discovered a broken pane of glass in a clothing store near Cedar street. He stopped at once and barked like mad. Every man in the precinct knows Pete's voice. Officer Donnelly ran to him and found that there had been a light robbery. Whether the dog frightened the thieves away or not, we never knew. Another time the dog discovered a fire at 240 Fulton street. Pete has never missed his turn on the second platoon, and has never gone out with any other than the fourth section in five years."—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE WAY TO SPOIL NEWSPAPERS.

[Presbyterian]

"Good-natured editing," says some wise man, "spoils half the papers in the United States." Yea, verily. "Will you please publish the poetry I send," says one; "it is my first effort;" and some crude lines go in, to encourage budding genius.

"Our church is in great peril," says another; "will you publish our appeals?" and a long, dolorous plea is inserted. "My father took your paper for twenty years," writes another; "I think you ought to publish the resolutions passed by the session of the Big Brake church when he died," and in go resolutions of no interest to a large majority our readers.

"I am particularly anxious that the views I present should go before the church this week." Out go a covey of small, pithy contributions, to make room for three columns from a ponderous D. D.

"There is an immediate necessity for the exposure of one who is a bitter enemy to the truth," writes another, as he sends an attack upon an antagonist which will fill an entire page. "I am about to publish a book, identifying the Great Image of brass, iron and clay, and I would be obliged to you to publish the advance sheets of the fifth chapter, which I herewith enclose to you."

"Why do you not publish in full R—'s great speech in the general assembly? It would increase your circulation largely." "If you will publish the sermon I transmit to you, I will take eight extra copies!" "The church must be aroused on the subject of foreign missions," says a pastor, as he forwards the half of his last Sabbath's services—a good-natured editor surrenders to them at once, and they go away happy, utterly unconscious that they have helped to spoil the paper.

THRILLING EXHIBITION OF NERVE BY A HOUSE PAINTER.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

Bernard Koehler and Fritz Hisgen, two house painters, yesterday began painting a large house at Betts street and Central avenue. Three o'clock in the afternoon found them close up under the eaves of the house, and sixty-five feet from the ground. They had just finished the surface within reach, and had started to lower the scaffold a few feet. When the required distance had been reached, Hisgen called to his partner to hang on to the rope until he (Hisgen) tied his own when he would come over and perform a like service for him. Hisgen had just completed his own knot, when Koehler cried out: "Come over quick; I can't hold it." Hisgen, as quickly as possible, started across the aerial bridge, but had not gone two steps when he saw the man let go his hold, and felt the ladder give way beneath his feet. As he began to fall, in the energy of desperation he, with both hands, grasped the almost smooth top of the fourth story window cornice, and there hung in the air, a distance of sixty feet from the pavement. He then gave an exhibition of nerve that terrified every one who saw it. Placing the toe of one boot against the window frame he gave his body a slight pendulum motion away from the house. A second push gave him a better impetus, and as he swung on the return toward the window he released his hold and went crashing through the glass safely to the floor of the fourth-story room, from whence he immediately looked out through the aperture he had made to see what had become of his companion. Koehler had not been quite so fortunate. As he went shooting through the air he caught the hanging rope with both hands and lessened his speed all the way down at the expense of all the cuticle of his palms, which was burned off by the friction. He landed in a sitting posture on the sidewalk, and was taken to the hospital with a pair of very sore hips.

Daniel Webster, travelling, had the night stage from Baltimore to Washington, with no companion save the driver, and contemplated that worthy's forbidding visage with a very uneasy mind. He had nearly reasoned his suspicious fears away, when they came to the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington, when Mr. Webster felt the courage oozing out of his finger-tips as he thought what a fitting place it was for a murder. Suddenly the driver turned toward him and roughly demanded his name. It was given. Then he wanted to know where he was going. "To Washington. I am a Senator," said Daniel, expecting his first thoughts were near realization. The driver grasped him by the hand, saying: "How glad I am, mister, to hear that! I've been badly scared for the last hour, for when I looked at you I felt sure you was a highwayman."

Because it adds to personal beauty by restoring color and lustre to gray or faded hair, and is beneficial to the scalp, is why Parker's Hair Balsam is such a popular dressing.

HARDWARE.

LOOMIS & LOOMIS,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE

Stoves and Tinware,

BARB WIRE,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

AND SEWING MACHINES.

East side Commercial street between Sixth and Seventh avenues.

BUGGIES, PHAETONS

AND

Carriages!

We will keep on hand a full line of Spring work during the season---strictly "A" and "B" grades.

A FRESH CAR ON THE WAY.

LEWIS LUTZ.

Sixth Avenue Hardware Store.

SMITH & HAIL,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS & FARMING TOOLS. AGENTS FOR McCORMICK REAPERS, MOWERS and SELF-BINDING HARVESTERS, HAPGOOD SULKY PLOWS, I X L GRAIN DRILLS and the KANSAS WAGONS.

SMITH & HAIL,
Successors to S. J. Smith & Co.

GROCERIES.

Grange Store,

CHARLES PAINE, Agent,

—DEALS IN—

Groceries, Provisions, Queensware & Produce

First door north of Dr. Moore's Drug Store.

Bottom Prices to Cash Customers.

Go to D. W. JONES & CO'S

NEW GROCERY STORE, Southeast corner of Fourth avenue and Commercial St,

FOR YOUR

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, CANNED GOODS VEGETABLES. &c., &c.

N. B.—Highest market price paid for produce.

J. T. BURTON'S

Cash Grocery

is the place to buy the

CHEAPEST AND BEST GOODS.

BY SELLING STRICTLY FOR CASH, I can and will save my customers the cost of helping to pay the bad debts of others. The highest prices paid for country produce.

178 Commercial Street, north of Sixth avenue.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

The Place to Buy Bird Cages.

A Full Line of Pumps, Etc.

D. C. McMURTRIE

Late Bruner & McMurtrie, has established a

Stove and Tinware Store

—IN THE—

HALLBERG STONE BUILDING,

East Side Commercial Street, EMPORIA, KANSAS.

Buy the old reliable Cook Stove, SUPERIOR. If you want a good Cook Stove for wood and coal buy the SCOTIA.

HARNESS AND SADDLES.

P. J. HEILMAN,

Manufacturer of and dealer in

HARNESS, SADDLES AND COLLARS, BRIDLES, WHIPS, &c.

THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF

FLY NETS AND LAP ROBES.

Uncle Sam's Harness Oil always on hand. Repairing done neatly and cheaply. All work warranted.

LUMBER.

Lath, Shingles, Mouldings. LUMBER. Sash, Doors, BLINDS

BUILDING PAPER

CHICAGO LUMBER CO.

Cor. Constitution St. and A. T. & S. F. R. R.

EMPORIA, - - KANSAS.

MIXED PAINTS.

HAIR, PLASTER, LIME. CEMENT.

E. C. MacLENNAN & Co.

at the

NEWS JOB OFFICE

Are prepared to do all kinds of job printing at reasonable rates.

DAVE A. PAINTER,

Salesman for WHITE & HOLMES,

LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Kansas City, Mo.

POST OFFICE DRUG STORE.

Pure Drugs and Medicines,

STATIONERY AND CIGARS.

Attorneys at Law.

PEYTON & PEYTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Emporia, Kansas. Will practice in the state and federal courts.

J. W. FEIGHAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office with J. Jay Buck in News block.

C. N. STERRY. T. N. SEDGWICK.
STERRY & SEDGWICK,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Emporia, Kansas. Will practice in the several courts of Lyon, Osage, Greenwood, Coffey, Chase, Harvey, Marion and Morris counties, Kansas; in the supreme court of the state, and in the federal courts for the district of Kansas.

F. P. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY and Justice of the Peace. Office: Emporia National Bank Building.

SCOTT & LYNN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Will practice in all the State and Federal Courts.

E. W. CUNNINGHAM. W. T. M'CARTY
CUNNINGHAM & McCARTY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Emporia, Kansas. Will practice in all the State and Federal Courts. Office in NEWS block.

Physicians.

G. W. FROST, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office with Dr. McCandliss, over Sisler's drug store. Residence at southeast corner of Seventh avenue and State street.

DR. W. W. HIBBEN,
OFFICE—Over Dunlap & Co's. Bank

JOHN A. MOORE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office at his Drug Store, No. 150 Commercial st.

L. D. JACOBS, M. D.,
OFFICE in North & Ryder's drug store.

J. H. WILHITE, D. V. S.,

[Graduate of American Veterinary College.]

Veterinary Surgeon.

Office is at Joseph Peak's barn, on Constitution streat. All diseases of animals successfully treated.
J. H. WILHITE.

Dentists.

J. A. YOUNG,
DENTIST
Emporia, Kas.
ROOMS OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK

DR. THOS. F. DAVENPORT.
DENTIST,
Cor. Sixth Avenue and Commercial St
UP STAIRS. EMPORIA, KANSAS.

Shops and Factories.

EMPORIA
Foundry and Machine Shops.
JOSEPH C. JONES, Prop.
Manufacturer of Iron Fronts, Land Rollers, Iron Flower-stands, Fancy Brackets, Aquariums, and every description of Iron and Brass Castings. Machinery and Boiler repairing a specialty. Correspondence solicited.

STEAM POWER
WOOD WORKING FACTORY
Plans and specifications for all kinds of buildings furnished, and low figures given on all contracts.
Factory and shop on Commercial Street, just north of Seventh Avenue, Emporia. Give me a call.
E. F. SPRAGUE.

Emporia Carriage Factory
of T. L. RYAN,
Manufactures of all kinds of CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, PLATFORM WORK, ETC., ETC.
REPAIRING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE!
Sixth avenue east of Commercial St.

YOUNGGREEN & SMITH,
Sixth Ave. Shoeing Shop.
Horse Shoeing a Specialty.
Plow and machine work guaranteed to give satisfaction. All other work promptly attended to. North side of Sixth avenue, east of Commercial street.

Miscellaneous.

J. H. HIBBEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
AND
City Engineer,
Will make surveys of land, locate corners, run division lines, &c. Will also furnish plans and estimates for bridges and lay out foundation work of all kinds. City lots staked out correctly. Office at court house, Emporia, Kansas.

ROBERT MILLIKEN.
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.—Office over Hall, Waite & Co's music store.

C. P. THEIS,
Boot and Shoe Maker.
All kinds of Foot Wear made to order in the best style. Repairing promptly attended to. Shop on west side of Commercial St., a few doors south of 5th avenue.
EMPORIA, KANSAS.

Hedge Laying & Hedge Trimming.
I own the county rights of the Patent Hedge Layer and the Champion Hedge Trimmer, and am prepared to lay down or trim hedge better and cheaper than any other party can do. Call on or address,
J. L. W. BELL,
Emporia, Kansas.

Banks.

THE EMPORIA

NATIONAL BANK.

Capital, - $100,000.
Surplus, - - 42,500.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Drafts drawn on Eastern cities and all points in Europe.

Special Attention given to Collections.

Gold Coin and Sterling Exchange bought at Current Rates.

Advances made on Shipments of Grain and Stock, and Commercial Paper Discounted.

The highest prices paid for School, Township, City and County Bonds.

P. B. PLUMB, President.
C. HOOD, Vice President.
L. T. HERITAGE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS—P. B. Plumb, W. T. Soden, I. T Heritage, Lewis Lutz, C. Hood, Daniel Bitler A. G. Edmiston, M. W. Phillips, A. Roberts.

H. C. CROSS, President.
Wm. MARTINDALE, Vice Pres't.
C. S. CROSS, Cashier.

First National

—BANK—

OF EMPORIA, KANSAS.

Capital Stock Paid in, $100,000.

SURPLUS FUND, $20,000.00.

Does a General Banking Business.

EMPORIA

Savings Bank.

TRANSACTS A GENERAL

BANKING BUSINESS

Interest Allowed on Time Deposits.

J. JAY BUCK, President.
H. DUNLAP, Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
J. JAY BUCK, E. P. BRUNER,
J. J. WRIGHT, J. W. TRUEWORTHY.
HOWARD DUNLAP.