Wichita Eagle.

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State Historical Society

The Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK. R. P. MURDOCK.

M. M. MURDOCK & BROTHER.
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Harper, Runnimede, Levy, Milton and Ruby, arrives Wednesday and Saturday at 4 p. m.; departs Monday and Thursday at 8 a. m.

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Castleton, St. Marks and Germania, arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 m.; departs same days at 1 p. m.

Douglas, Rose Hill and Iowaville, arrives Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12 m.; departs same days at 1 p. m.

El Dorado, Towanda, Benton and Greenwich, arrives Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 6 p. m.; departs Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8 a. m.

Hutchinson, Eldridge, Mt. Hope and Fayette, arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 p. m.; departs Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 a. m.

Haysville, Clearwater, Rolling Green, Ohio Center, Waco and Peotone, arrives Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12 m.; departs same days at 1 p. m.

Mails going east and south close promptly at 8:10 a. m.; mails for north at 5:10 p. m.; express mail for west and Newton at 12 m.

Postoffice open for delivery of letters and sale of stamps from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

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CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor—Wm. Greiffenstein.
City Attorney—J. M. Balderston.
Police Judge—A. A. Glenn.
City Treasurer—C. Kimmerle
Marshal—James Kairns.
City Clerk—Fred. Schattner
Justices of the Peace—W. G. Hobbs and W. W. Thomas.
Constables—Frank Thomas and I. S. Worrall.
Council, First ward—M. Zimmerly and N. A. English.
Council, Second ward—C. L. Adams and F. G. Smyth.
Council, Third ward—C. E. McAdams and B. K. Brown.
Council, Fourth ward—J. L. Dyer and J. P. Allen.
Board of Education, First ward—Kos Harris and H. R. Butler. Second ward—R. E. Guthrie and Jacob Bissantz. Third ward—M. W. Levy and M. Hellar. Fourth ward—Jonh Fisher and C. S. Caldwell.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge of the Eighteenth Judicial District—Amos Harris.
State Senator—H. C. Sluss.
Representatives—E. B. Allen, John Russell.
Board of County Commissioners—G. W. Walter, G. W. Steenrod, A. W. Oliver.
County Treasurer—L. N. Woodcock.
County Clerk—E. A. Dorsey.
Sheriff—H. R. Watt, Deputy U. S. Marshal.
Clerk of District Court—C. A. Van Ness.
Probate Judge—E. B. Jewett.
Sup't of Public Instruction—R. D. Hammond.
Register of Deeds—H. D. Heiserman.
County Attorney—D. M. Dale.
County Surveyor—J. K. Hamilton.
Coroner—J. W. Wingard.

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church—J. D. Hewitt, pastor. Services every Sabbath at 10½ o'clock a.m. and 7½ o'clock p.m. Prayermeeting every Thursday at 7½ o'clock, p. m.

M. E. Church—B. Kelly, pastor. Services every Sabbath at 10½ o'clock a. m. and 7½ p.m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

St. Aloysius Catholic Church—Rev. — McCall, pastor. Services on the 2d and 4th Sunday of every month; high mass at 10 a.m., vespers at 7½ p. m.

Methodist, German—Rev. John Haller, pastor. Regular services at the church building at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday night at 7½ p. m.

Friends' meeting each First day morning, until further notice, at 10½ o'clock, on north side of Douglas avenue, between Tremont and Globe House, entrance third door east of Globe House.

Christian Church—Services every Lord's day at 11 o'clock, A. M., in Miller Hall. Sunday school at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Baptist Church—Rev. W. F. Harper, pastor. Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday school immediately after morning service; prayer meeting Thursday evening.

St. John's Episcopal Church.—Rev. — Chamberlain, rector. Services on Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.; Wednesday evening at 7½. Seats free.

Congregationalist—Services every alternate Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. until further notice, in Eagle Hall.

A. M. E. Church—Rev. M. Wooton, pastor. Corner Water and Church streets.

First (Colored) Missionary Baptist.—Rev. Frank Durden, pastor. Between Central avenue and Elm street.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The M. E. Sabbath school, A. H. Naftzger Superintendent, meets at the church at 2½ o'clock p. m.

The Presbyterian Sabbath school, J. D. Hewitt, Superintendent, meets at the Presbyterian church at 12 m.

German M. E. Sunday school, meets at the church at 2½ o'clock, p. m. Herman Mueller, Superintendent.

Episcopal Sabbath school, E. S. Magill, Superintendent, meets in Episcopal Church at 2½ p.m.

LODGES.

Mt. Olivet Commandery No. 12, K. T. Regular Conclave first Friday of every month.
C. E. Martin, E. C.
F. W. Todd, Recorder.

Wichita Encampment No. 29, I. O. O. F. meet on the second and fourth Thursday of each month. Wm. Matthewson, C. P.
A. J. Saur, Scribe.

I. O. O. F.—Wichita Lodge No. 93, meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock, at their hall, Temple Block. All brothers in good standing are invited to attend. Wm. Matthewson, N. G.
W. P. Stem, R. S.

A. F. & A. M.—Meets on the first and third Monday of each month. Members visiting the city are cordially invited. J. H. Aley, W. M.
J. M. Brownson, Secretary.

Garfield Post, No. 25, G. A. R.—Meets on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.
M. Stewart, Commander.
J. A. Wallace, Adjutant.

Wichita Chapter, R. A. M.—Meets on the second and Friday in each month. J. P. Allen, H. P.
Roy M. Sohn, Secretary.

Knights of Honor, meet at Odd Fellows Hall every first and third Wednesday of each month.
J. W. Wingard, Dictator.
Rob't. Jacks, Reporter.

Knights of Pythias, Warwick Lodge No. 44.—Meets on Monday of each week at Odd Fellows hall. Chas Hatton, C. C.
H. Stuart, K. R. S.

A. O. U. W.—Meets every Monday nig t at Miller's Hall. E. F. Wilson, M. W.
Geo Calhoun, Recorder.

U. S. LAND OFFICE.

Douglas Avenue, Commercial Block. R. L. Walker, Register, J. L. Dyer, Receiver. Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m. and from 1 to 3 p. m.

ATTORNEYS.

H. A. GEESKA,
Attorney-at-Law, Wichita, Kansas. Office over Kansas State Bank, corner of Main street and Douglas avenue. All business will receive prompt attention. 12-20-

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SLUSS & HATTON,
Attorneys, Wichita, Kansas, office in Eagle Block. 44-

RUGGLES,
Attorney at Law, Wichita, Kansas. 47-

AMOS HARRIS. KOS. HARRIS
HARRIS & HARRIS.
Attorneys at Law, Wichita, Kansas. Office in the building occupied by the U. S. Land Office. Loans negotiated on improved lands in Sedgwick and Sumner counties. 35-

DALE & DALE,
Attorney at Law, Wichita, Kansas. Office No. 94 Douglas Avenue.

J. M. BALDERSTON,
Attorney at Law, Wichita, Sedgwick county Kansas. Office in Centennial Block, over Aley's Shoe Store. ap28-

J. F. LAUCK,
Attorney at Law, first door north of U. S. Land Office, in Commercial Block, Wichita, Kansas. Special attention given to all kinds of business connected with the U. S. Land Office. 15-

EDWIN HILL,
Law and collection office over Kansas National Bank, Wichita, Kansas. Refers to Kansas National Bank. 20-

D. A. MITCHELL,
Attorney-at-Law, Wichita, Kansas. Office over Herrington's bookstore. 10-35-

JAMES L. DYER,
Attorney at Law, Wichita, Kansas. 33-

E. B. JEWETT,
Attorney at Law, Wichita, Kansas.

PHYSICIANS.

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German Physician and Surgeon.—Female diseases a specialty; competent and experienced treatment. Office open day and night, Werner's building, Douglas avenue, Wichita, Kansas. 15-tf

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BUNNELL & ROYS,

THE

Leading Firm in Wichita,

FOR

REAL ESTATE, FARM LOANS,

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

Agents for the A., T. & S. F. Railroad Lands.

Real Estate!

If there ever was a safe and profitable field for real estate investments, Wichita, and its surrounding country, is such a place. No other portion of Kansas can compare with it. For general excellence of soil, variety of products in grain, vegetables and fruits, and a delightful climate, the Kingdom of Wichita stands preeminent among the various kingdoms of the Great South-west. Our "Forest City," with over 8,000 population, its numerous schools and churches, brick and stone business blocks, beautiful residences, and its delightfully shaded avenues, is the pride of southern Kansas. Our county of Sedgwick, with its wide area of bottom lands for "hog and hominy," and its rich and productive uplands for small grain and pasturage, is shown by the agricultural reports to be the banner county of our State.

We have both city and country property for sale, and can generally find some genuine bargains on our books.

The Railroad Company has for sale in our district the following-described lands:

TOWNSHIP 24, 1 WEST.
Nw¼ ne¼ section 5 at $ 8 75 per acre.
Ne¼ " 7 10 50 "
Se¼ " 17 11 00 "
Sw¼ " 23 13 25 "

TOWNSHIP 24, 2 WEST.
Se¼ section 19 at $ 9 00 per acre.
Sw¼ " 19 8 00 "
E½ ne¼ " 25 6 50 "
Se¼ " 27 7 00 "

TOWNSHIP 25, 2 EAST.
Se¼ sw¼ of section 7 at $6 50 per acre.

TOWNSHIP 25, 3 EAST.
Nw¼ of section 11 at $ 7 25 per acre.
Se¼ " 11 8 50 "
Sw¼ " 11 8 50 "

TOWNSHIP 25, 1 WEST.
S½ sw¼ section 27 at $ 8 00 per acre.
Lots 8, 9 and 10, section 31 at $11 00 per acre.

TOWNSHIP 25, 2 WEST.
E½ sw¼ section 11 at $ 5 50 per acre.
Sw¼ " 17 10 75 "
Lots 1 2 3 4 " 19 10 75 "
Lot 9 " 19 14 25 "
Ne¼ se¼ " 19 9 75 "
Ne¼ " 21 9 75 "
E½ nw¼ " 21 11 00 "
Nw¼ nw¼ " 21 11 00 "
Lot 1 " 21 11 00 "
Lots 2 3 4 " 21 10 00 "
Ne¼ sw¼ " 21 10 00 "
Ne¼ " 23 9 00 "
E½ ne¼ " 25 8 25 "
Lots 6 7 " 35 14 25 "
Lot 8 " 35 12 00 "
Nw¼ se¼ " 35 12 00 "

TOWNSHIP 26, 2 EAST.
Lots 1 and 2 of section 27 at $6 00 per acre.

TOWNSHIP 26, 1 WEST.
Lot 5 of section 5 at $14 50 per acre.
Lot 7 " 5 12 00 "
Lot 1 " 15 12 00 "
Lot 6 " 29 8 00 "

TOWNSHIP 26, 2 WEST.
Ne¼ of section 7 at $10 75 per acre.
N½ se¼ " 17 10 00 "
Lot 6 " 27 8 50 "

Prices given are for the Eleven-Year Plan, until August 1, 1883. On the Six-Year Plan there is a discount of 20 per cent. and for Cash there is a discount of 33⅓ per cent. After August 1st, the discount on the six-year plan will be only 10 per cent., and for cash 25 per cent.

We are the exclusive agents in Wichita for the following unimproved lands:

TOWNSHIP 25, 2 EAST.
Se¼ section 5 at $ 7 50 per acre.
Ne¼ " 19 9 00 "
Nw¼ " 31 10 00 "

TOWNSHIP 25, 3 EAST.
Se¼ section 15 at $8 00 per acre.

TOWNSHIP 26, 1 EAST.
E½ nw¼ section 13 at $ 9 50 per acre.
E½ nw¼ " 23 9 00 "

TOWNSHIP 26, 2 EAST.
Ne¼ of section 3 at $ 8 00 per acre.
Nw¼ " 3 8 00 "
Se¼ " 5 10 50 "
Ne¼ " 5 9 00 "
Sw¼ " 5 8 00 "
S½ ne¼ " 9 6 50 "
Nw¼ " 9 10 00 "
Se¼ " 9 10 00 "

These lands, at prices given, are for sale on four years' time, one-fifth down, balance in four equal payments, with interest at 8 per cent. payable semi-annually. For cash we can allow a discount of 5 per cent.

☞ The owners of the last above-described lands have given us absolute orders to prohibit all persons from cutting hay, or pasturing on them, and to prosecute all cases of trespass on the same.

Farm Loans.

To the people of Sedgwick and adjoining counties we wish to say that our office is headquarters for cheap and satisfactory real estate loans. We obtain money direct from Eastern capitalists, and can, therefore, make loans at lower rates than parties getting their money second or third-handed. Principal and interest are paid at our office. Money always on hand, and no delays if your title is all sraight. We rather make a specialty of this loaning business, and borrowers will do well to call and get rates or talk loans, and see how it is that we can make loans quicker than anybody else, when title is all clear. There is one thing that is very satisfactory to us, and speaks well for our manner of doing business, and that is: Those men who borrowed of us five years ago almost invariably come to us to make new loans, in case they need renewals. They are satisfied to deal with us again. We aim to be accomadating in this line of business, as well as in every other. We draw papers so that a loan can be paid off before due, if desired by the borrower, and even where papers are drawn absolutely for five years, we have never yet failed to get a release when wanted. The long and short of it is that the parties East for whom we loan money are satisfied, and willing to do just about anything that we ask or recommend, and we can, therefore, sometimes give special favors to our customers.

Life Insurance.

If you have a family and have not yet laid up sufficient of this world's goods to leave them in comfortable circumstances in case of your death, or if from any other cause you need insurance on your life, we can write you up in the strongest and best company in the United States—the Equitable Life Assurance Society, of New York,—a company that wrote more insurance last year than any other company in the world. A policy in this company is as good as gold, and when such policies can be obtained, it is worse than useless to depend on policies issued by companies of uncertain reputation, such as the smaller stock companies, and the "Mutual Aids," "Benevolent" and "Home and Dower" concerns—no matter what the name or where they hail from.

Fire Insurance.

We have eight fire insurance companies in our agency, and they have assets of over $77,000,000. They are the largest, strongest, and best in the United States or any other country. A policy in any of these gives insurance that insures beyond question, and it costs no more than a policy in some small and uncertain company. From personal acquaintance with the special agents of the companies we represent, we can guarantee to our patrons in this line of business a fair, square and liberal adjustment of losses whenever they occur. To our country friends we wish to say that, if you have anything to insure, call at our office and get rates and find out about companies before insuring with men traveling about the country as agents of some wild-cat concern. We can almost invariably save you some money. The Home, of New York, and the Phenix, of Hartford, are now writing Cyclone and Tornado policies also. The same companies have a farm department, in which they write on stock, grain, etc., and we can take your note for the premium, if you can give a good note, and it is not convenient to pay cash. Please examine this list of companies, and remember where you can get their policies:

Name.	Assets.
Ætna, of Hartford, -	$ 9,054,611
German-American, N. Y.,	3,704,275
Hartford, of Hartford, -	4,337,981
Home, of New York, -	7,208,489
Ins. Co. of N. America, -	8,831,053
Liv. & Lon. & Globe, -	34,344,208
Phenix, of Hartford, -	4,446,208
Underwriters, of N. Y.,	5,125,967

Office, upstairs, in Roys' Block, Corner of Lawrence and Douglas Avenues, } WICHITA, KANSAS.

ALONE.

BY C. M. DOWLING.

My dear old wife! how still she glides
Within the open door;
I seem to hear her gentle step
Beside me on the floor;
I lift my eyes—'twas but the wind—
The wind, but nothing more.

I sit beside the cottage fire,
It blazes warm and high,
And as I sit, I hear her knit,
How swift the needles fly;
I look—and lo! a vacant chair,
And seeing that, I sigh.

The wailing wind across the moor
Is floating like a knell;
The snow is resting soft and white
On many a feathered swell;
And, oh! it falleth cold and chill
Within my heart as well.

I miss the precious tones of love
I've heard for many a year,
And still alone, I seem to feel
Her gentle presence near;
But when I look, and see her not,
I brush away a tear.

I travel back the mist of time,
And with a thrill of pride,
I clasp her little trembling hand—
My graceful, girlish bride;
And, ah! I love her better far
Than all the world beside.

And one by one, the by-gone years
Come gliding to my view;
I seem to meet her loving eyes,
So beautiful and blue;
And, meeting them, I softly smile,
The picture seems so true.

The clock upon the mantle strikes—
I start—the dream has flown;
I only hear the wailing wind,
So mournful in its tone;
Perhaps it knows an aged man
Is sitting here alone.

Alone! for, oh! the coffin-lid
Her placid brow hath pressed,
And silent now the loving heart
That throbbed within her breast;
And, ah! I yearn to lay me down
By her side and rest.

Poor, lonely heart! the weary throb
Will soon be silent here;
For, oh! I bear the heavy snows
Of many a wintry year,
And it is very sweet to me,
To know that death is near.

My pulse grows weaker, day by day,
And I am glad to go;
I shrink not at the chilling flood,
Though cold its billows flow;
I know a Father's guiding hand
Will bear me safely through.

And lo! what blissful world beyond—
I seem to enter there;
I seem to hear her welcome sweet
Float on the scented air—
And lift my eyes to get her own,
And see her vacant chair.

PROTECTION VS. FREE TRADE.

RIVERSIDE FARM, August 10, 1883.

To the Editor of the Eagle:

That tall tamarack of the American Nile, "Farmer Doolittle," has challenged me to show that we farmers are benfitted, and not plundered, by a protective tariff. I will not intrude upon your space by referring to statistics; but, be it known to your readers that I have the statistics to prove any statement I may make.

It seems that ever since this old earth swung around in the sunshine, it has been blessed with an abundance of seers, and sophists, and smart Alecks, and just at the present time there is a full supply, trying to educate us upon the great advantages that the people of this Nation would derive from the adoption of a system of free trade, and as soon as I can overcome the teachings of experience, the teachings of the history of free trade, and of the calamitous consequences that has ever befallen any people that has ever had free trade forced upon them, or made such a blunder as to adopt the system, then, perhaps, I may become a free trader.

It may be selfish, but I am in favor of American enterprise, American development, American growth, American greatness, and above all American independence; and whether it be "free trade" or a "protective tariff" that will the more surely advance those purposes, that, in my opinion, is the system to be advocated by every man who values above all other things on earth, his country's weal.

Free trade means unrestricted competition in labor. The object of all labor is the general good, and requires to be governed and regulated to be productive of the most beneficial results. Free trade would have it unregulated, uncontrolled by any rule or law. It would let everybody loose to prey upon everybody else, and the most successful would be those capable of the greatest amount of brute endurance. Protection is simply a defense of our industries against foreign invasion. Protection favors the growth of trade. It diversifies the industries of a Nation, finds employment for young and old, makes all of them producers and thus creates an abundance of the necessaries of life, and as it provides employment and wages for all, so it enables all to *purchase* largely of the abundance created. Being somewhat acquainted with the workings and effects of free trade on both sides of the Atlantic, I make bold to lay before your readers what I know about this principle of "buying where you can buy the cheapest."

In 1853 I was a worker in one of the largest iron manufacturing districts in Europe. The "iron masters" were men of great wealth. They took it into their heads about that time to form a combination for the purpose of "breaking down foreign competition." The workmen were requested to submit to a reduction of wages, with the promise of flush times when the object of the combination had been accomplished, and I am sorry to say that a great majority of the workmen willingly entered into the project and toiled like slaves, on half rations, or just enough to keep soul and body together, while the manufacturers run their mines, their furnaces, and their mills, at a clear loss of millions of money. The more unruly of the workmen refused to submit to that kind of nonsense, held meetings and resolved to "strike" against the reduction. I, with many others, was singled out as "a bad and dangerous youth, inciting discord and agitation among my fellow-workmen." And rather than submit to the coercion which I knew was in store for me, I waved adieu to their "blarsted" institutions and sailed for the New World.

Inside of two years I was engaged in the same occupation in Ohio. The iron trade of the United States was struggling for a foothold, but I earned $2.25 per day at Massillon, Stark county, Ohio, while my chums that I left across the water, who were putting in their best licks to "break down foreign competition," were earning 54 cents per day. The British capitalists began to glut the markets on this side by selling iron below the cost of production, which was no experiment with them. By this means they had overwhelmed the industries of many countries, impoverished their people, and reduced their governments to bankruptcy and dependence. But we "bought where we could buy the cheapest," and encouraged the invasion of American industry, and the "combination" were getting in their work. The first signs of coming disaster was a failure on the part of the American operators to pay their workmen, mines began to "shut down," furnaces to "blow out," until the sound of the mattock and the blast of the furnace were no longer heard in the land, and the whole mining and iron manufacturing industries of the country were completely demoralized. When work stops wages cease, when wages cease consumption decreases, until every branch of industry is affected. Thus it went on, at that time, from bad to worse until it finally culminated in the financial crash of 1857, and for several years we suffered all the glorious benefits and results of free trade.

We "bought where we could buy the cheapest" until everything got cheap enough to satisfy the loudest free trade advocate in the country. Wheat sold for 30 cents, corn 10 cents, oats 10 cents, and potatoes 5 cents per bushel, dressed beef 1½ cents, dressed pork 2 cents, butter 8 cents per pound, and eggs 4 cents per dozen. Thirty years ago, when we "bought where we could buy the cheapest," of all the manufactured articles consumed in the United States 90 per cent. were manufactured in foreign countries, and 10 per cent. were of home manufacture. To-day 91 per cent. are of home manufacture, and 9 per cent. made abroad. During that period manufactured goods, on an average, have decreased in price 30 per cent., while during the same period agricultural products have, on an average, advanced in price 33 per cent. Your free trade advocate will claim that the reduction in manufactured goods is due to the employment of improved machinery in the factories. If that be the only cause, why has not the employment of improved machinery on the farm had the same effect? How are free traders going to get around the above facts? They cannot claim that it is foreign demand with the fact staring them in the face that 92 per cent. of all our farm products are consumed at home, while only 8 per cent. find a foreign market.

Free traders claim that we are paying an excessive price on all the goods we consume to the extent of the import duty levied on same class of goods. I have been reading this kind of stuff until I have been on the point of jumping up and declaring that "henceforth I'll be a free-trader." Then I calm down and begin to reason after this style: No people export any thing but their surplus. If they have a surplus that they are compelled to find a market for, they are in no position to dictate terms to the people to whom they would sell such surplus. Therefore, if Kansas farmers have a surplus of wheat for which they must find a market, and wheat is selling, say in Wichita at 60 cents per bushel, and suppose that England should see fit to impose a duty of 10 cents a bushel on all wheat entering her ports, what would be the result? Would the consumers in England have to pay more for their loaves, or would the farmer at Wichita simply have to take 50 cents for his wheat? Again, suppose that we have a free trade system, and suppose that the iron manufacturers of England have a surplus for which they must find a market in the United States, and under our free import system they are receiving at Liverpool $50 per ton for rails, then should the United States government see fit to impose an import duty of $10 per ton on all rails entering our ports, would the American purchaser have to pay $60 per ton for them, or would the manufacturer have to content himself with $40 per ton? I will leave your intelligent and unprejudiced readers to answer these questions for themselves. And I think they will clearly see that it is not the consumer at the port of import that pays the duty, but the producer at the port of export. This is the logic of protection to home industry.

We are referred to England as a free Nation, and requested to accept a faith she professes, but by which she is not governed. One thing you may rely upon, that whatever England may do she does it, not for the love of God, but for the love of England. The motto of the Cobden Club is "Free Trade, Peace With all Nations," and history don't show that she has ever lost an opportunity to carry out the spirit of that motto to the letter. There is no nation on earth, heathen or christian, savage or civilized, that she had the physical power to pacify that she has not pacified. But she has done it by the clash of arms, the roar of artillery and the flow of human blood. Let me refer to a few of the nations with which she has free trade and is at peace. She threw open the ports of India and exposed the industries of the people to unlimited competition. It took only twenty years to completely destroy the native industries. Men, women and children were driven from the workshop to the fields, and all demand for labor was at an end, except for agriculture, and famines were of frequent occurrence. Mr. Thompson, a member of Parliament, who traveled in India twenty-five years ago, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons, describing the result of free trade, said: "Go with me to the northwest province of the Bengal Presidency, and I will show you the *bleaching skeletons* of 500,000 *human beings who perished from hunger in the space of a few short months.* Yes, and of hunger in what has been called the *granary of the world.*"

Before Turkey was cursed with this "free trade" and "peacefulness" the Turks were famed for their industry; powerful in arms and rich in resources. Their treaty with England stipulated that the duty on British goods imported into Turkey should be fixed at three per cent., and that provision, by subjecting the industries of Turkey to unrestricted British competition, wrought the overthrow of a power that had just threatened the conquest of Europe. The fate of India and Turkey is the fate of Japan, Egypt, Ireland, Portugal, and other nations too numerous to mention.

Now let me quote from an Englishman, David Syme, in his *Industrial Science.* "The manner in which English capital is used to maintain England's manufacturing supremacy is well known. In any quarter of the globe where a competitor shows himself, who is likely to interfere with her monopoly, immediately the capital of her manufacturers is massed in that particular quarter, and goods are exported in large quantities and sold at such prices that outside competition is effectually crushed out. English manufacturers have been known to export goods to a distant market and sell them under cost price for years, with a view to getting the market into their own hands again."

An English writer in the *Fortnightly Review* for July, 1874, says: "In the same way, and at the same time, we have everywhere obtained that our goods shall be imported into all these countries at duties of either three or five per cent. We are continuing to apply to Eastern Nations this double system of tariffs and jurisdiction, of goods and judges. To attain these ends we use all sorts of means, from courteous invitations to bombardments. We prefer to employ mere eloquence, because it is cheap and easy, but, if talking fails, we follow it up by gunboats, and in that convincing way we induce hesitating 'barbarians' not only to accept our two unvarying conditions, but also to pay the cost of the expedition by which their consent to these conditions was extorted from them."

I have much more to say on this question, but I must draw to a close for the present. If the world were one brotherhood, under one national flag, and justice was the motive for all individual action, then there could be no objection to free trade. But while mankind antagonize each other, as individuals and nations, and seek only to gratify their own selfish ends, it will always be necessary to govern, control and protect their respective industries.

I am of the opinion that Americans are not yet ready for free trade, or competition with European countries. When they get down to that point where they can consent to see their women around a mine besmeared with dust and smut doing the work of a donkey, as in England; or taking the place of an off ox, as in Germany; or have laws on their statute books prohibiting girls under thirteen years of age from working in the mines, as in Belgium; I say when they can witness these things, and look upon them as a matter of course, and a majority of their toiling millions be satisfied to live in a state of chronic starvation, it will be time enough to agitate the question of free trade. Until then, let us have peace.

WM. ROSS.

MOSES AND HIS FOOD VIEWS.

Of late years it has been considered cultured to despise the directions of Moses with regard to food, but careful scientific research is steadily coming round to his support. The "ceremonial" fiction of the clergy, will hardly stand against the facts revealed by natural history.

A large number of very instructive essays on sanitary precautions and observances could be written from the suggestive texts of the books of Leviticus for instance. Many of the distressing ailments which pass under the fashionable name of malaria can easily be traced to violations of some of the directions of the great Jewish lawgiver.

A paper read a short time ago before the California Academy of Sciences gives a very pertinent reason why the wild hare should not be eaten. The so-called water blisters, or water boils, frequently found on the body of that animal, are neither more nor less than "tape-worms in the larva stage, waiting patiently for their final transformation."

But this is only one of hundreds of examples which might be cited in favor of ancient practice and against modern consumption, not only respecting what one eats, but how and how generally.

LEGENDS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

J. V. S.

The first white man to look upon the Yellowstone river, was that intrepid explorer, Lieut. Clarke, who descended this stream in the year 1806 with a part of the command popularly known as the Lewis and Clarke expedition. A history of this exploration was printed, describing the country traveled through, which was read by thousands, and attracted universal attention. The mouth of the Columbia river on the Pacific coast was, however, considered the point of most commercial value and political interest to the Nation, the vast interim being soon forgotton and delegated to the trapper and fur fathers who maintained a precarious existence among the Indians.

The American Fur Company established two trading posts on the Yellowstone during the years 1814 and '15; this company was controlled by John Jacob Astor, and here was gathered the means to place the name of Astor high up in the list of the money kings to-day.

Tulloch's fort was located about a mile below the mouth of the Big Horn river, and its ruins are still visible. Different stories are told as to its destruction and abandonment, the most probable one of which is, that the agent in charge was "short" and purposely forced the fort to make a short settlement of his accounts.

Another visit and attempted settlement at the mouth of the Big Horn is told of by some old-time trappers, and this is our legend No. 1:

During the year 1829, a small party, consisting of four families and some employes, left Illinois, bound for California. They were well equipped for the trip, and to commence anew in a wild country, having in their outfit seeds, tools, provisions, horses and cattle. On the Platte river, they concluded to go to Oregon instead of California, and turning north too soon, while not exactly lost, they struck the Yellowstone river at the mouth of the Big Horn.

The winter season was near and the country being the fairest they had gazed upon, being, in comparison with what they had passed through, a paradise, therefore the conclusion to stop was soon arrived at without much discussion or opposition. Cabins were erected; apple, peach and cherry seeds were planted; provision was made for horses and cattle, and the little settlement prepared well for winter, all apparently being happy and contented. Influences were at work however, that brought destruction upon them.

A young man who had come along in the employ of one of the families, became enamored with his employer's daughter, while she had given herself to another of the party. The seed was sown, and the tree of discord grew right thriftily. During the winter the rejected suitor left the settlement, intent upon consummating his purpose, and wreaking vengeance upon those who had thwarted him. Of course his disappearance caused anxiety, but it was finally concluded that the missing man had strayed off and perished, and his absence restoring harmony, but few regrets were manifested. All being more than pleased with their location and surroundings, the temporary halting place was made the permanent home of the little party.

The Blackfoot Indians were at this time lords of the soil, although their title was at times disputed by roving bands of Sioux; during this particular fall and winter their camps were on the Missouri, Sun and Maria's rivers and were visited occasionally by white traders from Fort Benton. Clarke had been for some time a resident among them, had taken a squaw for a wife, and acquired influence in counsel. How is it that the career of this man has escaped the pen of the novelist? Descended from the F. F. V.'s, a graduate of West Point, and wealthy, he buried himself in the Rocky Mountain wilds and finally perished by a Blackfoot bullet. If he had not survived until the advent of white men in considerable numbers, he too would have been recollected only in camp-fire stories.

His taking a wife was to exercise a powerful influence over the little settlement on the Yellowstone, for that particular squaw was sought after by a rising young warrior of the tribe, and when the white man bore off the prize revenge was next in order. It would not do to attack Clarke openly, so he must bide his time.

The lost man from the Yellowstone made his way to the Blackfoot camp on the Missouri, and fate decreed that the two rejected suitors should come together. The Indian readily agreed to assist the renegade, for the blood of whites would go far toward satisfying his vengeance; so a war party started for the mouth of Big Horn.

One morning when the settlers were just preparing for the day's work, the Blackfoot was upon them, and it was all over in a few minutes. Not a soul escaped—all perished by the bullet and knife. The renegade, even was killed, in order that the bloody deed should not come to the ears of the whites. The sad story was learned by a few old trappers, whose suspicions were aroused by seeing fine horses and household goods in the Indian teepees, that could only have been obtained by murdering white men.

ANTICIPATION.

Like silken down, from milk-weed blown,
With sunshine flecked, and overstrown,
The joys to be, float through the mind.
So subtly sweet, and half defined
As rhythmic murmurs, through the trees,
Or odors borne upon the breeze.
Yet real all, with life replete
O'erleaping time's winged feet
Each sense to thrall. No wizzard's dower
Can match the mind's creative power.
Visions illume religion's face,
And mark the faith of every race.
Knowing this, why wonder then,
Realities oft tame have been?

—*Mrs. H. E. Kimball.*

THE GARFIELD HOME.

The large, airy house is in splendid condition and the entire place is kept up as well as any suburban home on the Western Reserve. The spacious lawns in front and at the sides of the house are velvety green, and are kept well cropped. The drives and walks are beautifully gravelled and not a spear of grass dares lift its head between the pebbles. Beds of geraniums and hot-house plants in full bloom dot the lawns. The trees are symmetrically trimmed. The barns are clean and in good repair.

A pleasant picture of the daily life of the now famous family was presented to the eye of the reporter. On the front piazza, in an easy rocking chair, sat the aged mother, a little grayer, perhaps, for the experiences of the past two years, but looking very cool and comfortable in the twilight. A little to the east on the broad piazza were the children, seated in a knot whittling, Irvin and Abram, and the two Rudolph boys. Around the corner to the east was Miss Mollie, sitting on a window-sill and toying with the shutters of the blind. In the rear, on the west side of the house, the family horse and carriage stood, as if in readiness to take some members of the family for a moonlight drive.

Mrs. Garfield, Harry and James were not visible, but are living on the farm, having returned from Saratoga last week. Here the family now live and will remain during the summer. There are twelve members in all, besides the help: Mrs. Garfield, grandma, and the five children; Mr. Joseph Rudolph, his father, wife, and two children. Their Mentor life is by no means tedious. The village is a decidedly pleasant one, the family is provided with every comfort, and there is no one to molest or make afraid. Occasionally a trip is made to Little Mountain to escape the heat for a day or two. Last week the Rudolph boys and some of the Garfield boys drove over to Kirtland and inspected the Mormon temple there. Frequent trips are made down to Cleveland, and occasional trips to other places even more distant, but the family spend most of their time in Mentor.

The youngsters, Abram and Irvin, seem to enjoy themselves hugely. There is a stream of water called Rose's creek, just west of the homestead, and here, in connection with other boys of the neighborhood, they have built a dam, thus causing the water to deepen and make a good place for swimming. Here they have some rare frolics. They also go on occasional fishing expeditions. Altogether the Garfield home is a delightful place, and its occupants experience no lack of wholesome diversion, although living in such comparative retirement.—*Cleveland Herald.*

A LETTER FROM TOPEKA.

The Political Muddle and the State Fair.

TOPEKA, August 14, 1883.

To the Editor of the Eagle:

Believing that your readers would like to read of how things are moving at the capital, induces me to forward you a few jottings. At present the business of Topeka is not very lively, every branch of mercantile business complaining of the dullness of the season, but all feeling cheerful over the bright prospects of the near future. Considerable building is going on, and some very fine residences and business houses are going up, but yet it cannot be called a boom.

The only thing that is booming is politics and the Republicans are all at sea over the judgeship. By some clever manipulating it has been so arranged that no Republican convention will be called to nominate a candidate, whereat many Republicans are no way backward in expressing their disapproval and exhibiting their wrath. They think it is a nice how do you do when Republicans are asked to vote for the chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee for the important position of judge, and that too in a district largely Republican, and where there are so many competent Republicans who could fill the position with equal honor and credit.

Then again we are in a terrible muddle over the county offices. The primaries are called for the 29th inst., and candidates are as thick as flies around a molasses barrel. One meets about half a dozen in block, and by the time he walks from Fourth to Tenth street he will have candidates' tickets in every pocket. They are so extremely polite about the business here, that all the candidates have neat little cards printed on which is printed their names and the office to which they aspire and these are liberally distributed. The truth is we are in a terrible muddle, politically, and the groundwork is being laid for some pretty loud swearing after the nominating convention adjourns on the first of September.

Other matters are being attended to, however, of much more importance to your agricultural readers than politics. Preparations are being made for the grandest State fair ever held in the State, and the indications point to the most magnificent display and largest attendance ever witnessed in Kansas. The secretary of the State Fair Association is overcrowded with business, and notwithstanding the large force at work he finds it almost impossible to keep up with the demands upon him. The grounds are being improved and beautified, new and commodious building are being erected, the different halls are being put in readiness, the racing track is being made not only one of the finest in this State, but in any State. Space has already been engaged for almost every breed of blooded stock known to stockmen. Kansas comes with herds of Cruikshank's short-horns, Devons and Durhams. Iowa will be represented by Alderneys, Jerseys and Ayrshires. Missouri has engaged space for several herds of short-horns. Illinois asks room to exhibit her Herefords. Ohio puts forward her famous Clydesdale horses, and Illinois expects to take the premium on her Norman Percherons. Many of the owners of the fastest runners and trotters in the country have signified their intention of being in attendance, and a letter was received the other day by G. Y. Johnson, the secretary, from a Mr. Flynn, at Grandville, New York, notifying him that many of the horses on that circuit would be present at the fair.

The display of cereals will be the finest ever witnessed in this or any other State, and the horticultural department will challenge successful competition from all parts of the world. The management are determined to leave nothing undone to make the fair a grand success, and to make every Kansas feel proud of his State and its productions. Judging from the numerous attractions, the grand display of all kinds of blooded stock, the promised contests in the speed ring, the unrivalled exhibition of fruit and cereals, and the abundant crops with which the farmers have just been blessed, and the prosperous condition of all agricultural classes, the coming State fair gives promise of being the most largely attended of any ever held in the State.

THE DOG WAS ALOFFIN'.

Old mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor daughter a gown;
She made it up slattern,
With a sack for a pattern,
And the style spread all over the town.

SEPTEMBER'S SURPRISES.

A Lively Fall in Passenger Rates, and Events in Store Which will Greatly Exceed Expectations.

The busy note of preparation in Baltimore for the coming Summer Night's Carnival is heard on all sides, and the city appears to be waking up as never before to the determination to make this year's celebration certainly the biggest event of the character ever conceived of in this or any other country. The novel features being steadily added to the already most brilliant programme speaks strongly of the striking talent possessed among the good citizens who spend day and night in planning and executing.

The city illuminations promise to be upon a most extensive scale, and almost altogether in the electric line. Many buildings will be literally ablaze with bright lights in all colors, and it is proposed to demonstrate in hitherto untried fields what can be done with electricity.

The harbor display on the opening night will be as unique as possible to imagine, and a veritable fairy scene. Every description of light will be introduced, and the pyrotechnical features novel and of great scope of design. Baltimore, as the nearest Atlantic seaport to an enormous section of country, will show her unsurpassed harbor to the multitude after a fashion never before dreamed of. The reception of Lord Baltimore on the night in question, with all its attendant effects, will be something to remember for years, and amply repay a journey even across the continent. Pageant night will also prove another memorable occasion, for never in European or American cities has a parade of such magnitude or of such remarkable richness and novelty been attempted. Last year's pageant was conceded by New Orleans mystic experts themselves, as well as those from Mobile, Memphis, Galveston and St. Louis, to have been beyond all comparison the grandest pageant ever witnessed in this country. If such was the unanimous verdict last year it would be difficult to measure the limit of praise this year, as the pageant, now in its finishing stage, is inestimably superior, larger, grander and in every way finer than that of 1882. It will require a regiment of men and horses to put it upon the street—upward of thirteen hundred men and two hundred and sixty odd horses. Thirty thousand dollars would not begin to cover the expense of this one display. From this prospective visitors may glean some idea of what is in store for them. Not only will expectation during sojourn in the city the second week in September be more than realized, but travel to and from will be looked after with most painstaking care.

The Baltimore & Ohio, not content with making the exceptionally low rate of half fare, or one regular fare for the round trip from all stations on its great system, but arranged a series of excursions which will afford the greatest possible facilities for enjoyment. The visitor cannot indeed find a single point to criticise, for should he so choose he need not have an hour unoccupied during his entire week's pleasure hunting. What with trips to Harper's Ferry, to Old Point Comfort, to Fortress Monroe, to Mount Vernon, to Luray Caverns, to Washington, and the Oriole in Baltimore, the man who could complain would certainly growl if he had the earth. The B. & O. has, with characteristic enterprise, issued an elegantly engraved programme, and which can be had for the mere trouble of an application to any of its representatives or at any of its offices throughout the country.

The B. & O. excursions announced for September afford opportunities for pleasure-seeking unprecedented of late years. With the solidity of organization maintained by the pool of the eastern lines and the rules of maintaining rates so rigidly observed, half fare for any event is a big thing, and no telling when it will be offered again.

LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURAL.

When Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington in advance of the announced time, to escape assassination, he brought his inaugural address with him in print, rather annoying to Mr. Seward, who as secretary of the new administration, had hoped to draft the production which was so eagerly awaited by the country. Mr. Lincoln had written his inaugural at Springfield, and had it confidentially put in type by his friend, the local printer.

Four copies were printed on foolscap paper, and wherever the writer thought that a paragraph would be effective, he preceded it with a typographical fist. A carpet-bag, containing these printed copies of the forthcoming inaugural, was intrusted by Mr. Lincoln to his eldest son, "Bob," now Secretary of War, who was so taken aback by the enthusiastic reception which they received at Harrisburg, that he permitted a waiter to take it and forgot all about it. When asked for it by his father, he was forced to confess that he knew not where it was.

Mr. Lincoln immediately started for the baggage-room, and, striding over the barrier at the door, he began overhauling without ceremony a large pile of carpet-bags, until he was fortunate enough to find the one containing the precious document. After arriving at Washington, Mr. Lincoln gave one copy of his inaugural address to Mr. Seward and one to the venerable Francis P. Blair, asking them to read and criticise. Some changes were made of no great importance, which were given to Mr. Nicolay, the President's private secretary, to write in a fair hand on one of the printed copies from which Mr. Lincoln was to read. Mr. Nicolay corrected another copy, which was furnished to the press and which I now own.

When Mr. Lincoln came out on the platform in front of the capitol, his tall figure rising above those around him, the usual genial smile was on his angular countenance but he seemed much perplexed to know what to do with a new silk hat and a large gold-headed cane. The cane he put under the table, but the hat appeared to be too good to place on the rough boards. Senator Douglas saw the embarrassment of his old friend and, rising, took the shining hat from its bothered owner and held it during the delivery of the inaugural address. Mr. Lincoln was listened to with great earnestness, and evidently desired to convince the multitude before him, rather than to bewilder or dazzle them. It was evident to all that he honestly believed every word that he spoke, especially the concluding paragraph which I copy from the original print:

"☞ I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may be strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. ☞ The mystic chords of memory which stretch from every battle-field and patriot grave to every loved heart and hearth-stone all over our broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature."—*Ben. Perley Poore, in Youth's Companion.*

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness;
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals a crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A creless shoestring, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

—*Herrick.*

CARNEY AND PLUMB.

A Delaware, Ohio, correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* in writing of the birthplaces in the Buckeye State, of prominent men, draws the following pen sketch which will interest Kansans:

"Three miles from the home of the Rosecrans family, in 1822, stood the cabin of a Dutch farmer named James Carney. He had a son named Tom, who grew up a strong, tall, energetic fellow, fond of going a fishing and making horse trades on Sunday. He was jovial, ingenious and liked by all. He had a boon companion and friend named Plumb, a little runt of a fellow, whose father owned a small farm about four miles away through the woods. Plumb was a freckle-faced, awkward boy, perfectly willing to go to school when it was too wet to go hunting or fishing with young Carney. He was as full of life and sunshine and as bright as his companion. What thoughts possessed these ragged, untutored lads, no one can tell. They both "hitched their horses to the stars." Carney left the farm and went to Cincinnati, from there he wandered westward and finally located at Leavenworth, Kansas, and soon after became famous as the war governor of that State. Young Plumb also became dissatisfied with the farm, and gathering together a few effects walked to Springfield, a distance of seventy miles. There he secured employment as devil in a printing office. After remaining there a short time he went to Xenia, where he finished his trade. For several years he led a nomadic life, but at last, full of the hope that never deserted him, he turned his face westward. He landed in Leavenworth and was given a royal welcome by his old friend Carney. He succeeded, and instead of the freckle-faced farmer's boy and printer's devil, he is now United States Senator Plumb."

There was a young king of Madrid,
Who married, though merely a kid,
He deserted his queen,
Whose name was Christine,
And off to her mother she slid,
She did.

THE MASHER MASHED.

There were plenty of seats in the car, but as he walked down the aisle he looked sharply to the right and left until he reached a pretty girl who was sitting alone.

"Seat engaged, Miss?" he asked with a knowing wink.

"N-no, sir," stammered the girl, looking around with dismay.

Down he plumped, and braced himself for the campaign. He was a regular passenger, and held his commutation ticket in his hand.

"Shall I open——"

"Tickets!" roared the conductor who had watched him from afar.

The regular passenger smiled sweetly on the pretty girl, and put up his pasteboard, out of which two sides were promptly nipped.

"Tickets!"

"Hold on!" protested the regular passenger, "you punched this twice. This lady isn't with me!"

"Sorry," replied the conductor, "but you walked in, sat down, and went to work on the regular married style. Supposed, of course, it was your wife. Too late now. Take a vacant seat next time. Tickets!"

And the passengers went to the conductor and asked him to drink, and offered him cigars, and bought out the train boy for him.

"I knew they weren't married," said he, as he squinted at a glass of extra prime. "I've seen him before, but this is the first time it cost him a couple of dollars to play it."

"Do you know who the lady is?" asked an inquisitive.

"My wife, gentlemen," replied the conductor, and even the flask chuckled a merry "glug glug" as he spoke.—*Traveler's Magazine.*

GROWTH OF THE NEW SOUTH.

Thirty years ago, in the heyday of the slavery regime, the total value of the Southern crops of cotton, tobacco, rice, hay, hemp and sugar cane was $138,605,723. The census report of 1880 shows the Southern products were in the last census year, valued at $780,000,000, one-third of which was the value of the cotton product, which remains the great staple of the South, whose standing in the markets of the world has not been affected by the East and West Indian, the Brazilian and the Egyptian cultivation. Instead of sending all the cotton to New England and Old England, the South to-day is looming up as the seat of a great manufacturing interest, as the cheaper or coarse grades of cotton cloth are readily made for home consumption, and are competing with New England mills successfully.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.*

NOAH'S ARK.

Finding the Ancient Vessel in a Glacier on Mount Ararat.

A Constantinople newspaper announces the discovery of Noah's ark. It appears that some Turkish commissioners, appointed to investigate the question of avalanches on Mount Ararat, suddenly came upon a gigantic structure of very dark wood protruding from a glacier. They made inquiries of the inhabitants (Q 1,725 in their report.) These had seen it for six years, but had been afraid to approach it, because a spirit of fierce aspect had been seen looking out of the upper window. Turkish commissioners, however, are bold men, not deterred by such trifles, and they determined to reach it. Situated as it was among the fastnesses of one of the glens of Mount Ararat, it was a work of enormous difficulty, and it was only after incredible hardships that they succeeded. The ark, one will be glad to hear, was in a good state of preservation, although the angles—observe, not the bow or stern—had been a good deal broken in its descent. They recognized it at once. There was an Englishman among them who had presumably read his Bible, and he saw it was made of the ancient gopher wood of Scripture, which, as every one knows, only grows on the plains of the Euphrates. Effecting an entrance into the structure, which was painted brown, they found that the admiralty requirements for the conveyance of horses had been carried out, and the interior was divided into partitions fifteen feet high. Into three of these only could they get, the others being full of ice, and how far the ark extended into the glacier they could not tell. If, however, on being uncovered, it turns out to be 300 cubits long, it will go hard with the disbelievers in the Book of Genesis. "Needless to say," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "an American was soon on the spot, and negotiations have been entered into with the local pasha for its speedy transfer to the United States."

LOVE IN A PIE.

At dinner, I
Ate of a pie—
Such a pie!
By quarters, I ate up the whole
Of that pie.

Laughing, said I,
To wife so shy,
Standing by;
"Tell me—shall I you most extol,
Or the pie?"

Then drew she nigh,
Winking her eye,
Very shy—
"Loving thee, I put my whole soul
In the pie."

A CHARITABLE AGENCY.

G. W. Jackson, city bill poster, Philadelphia, on July 4th, 1876, established at his residence an agency for the recovery of strayed and lost children.

Prior to this date when a child had strayed from its home, if too young to tell its name or locality, there was more or less of a quandary as to where it should be taken so that it could be the most readily regained by its anxious parents; but Mr. Jackson cut the Gordian knot when by his generosity and goodness of heart he converted his own home into an asylum where the little wanderers would be kindly cared for until borne by loving hands back to their parental fold.

From the first of January of this year until the present date eighty-five strayed children have found a temporary home under Mr. Jackson's hospitable roof—and since the institution of this charitable enterprise, nine hundred and fifty-seven have been cared for until it could be ascertained where the youngsters had strayed from.

The ages have varied from eighteen months to seven years.

Mr. Jackson established this new departure simply as a work of love, as he makes no charges for either the inconvenience he may be subjected to or the time it may consume. But there are but few so thoughtless or inconsiderate as not to give Mr. Jackson a generous reminder of their gratitude for his kindness of heart.

Mr. Jackson has recently taken a residence at 113 West 9th street which will be, in the future, the headquarters for all lost children.

ÆSOP REVISED.

A Dog and a Rooster, who worked the Damon and Pythias racket, were traveling together, one summer, and finding no Wayside Inn en route, wherein to rest at night, took up their abode on the soft side of a tree. The Fowl flew readily to a leafy branch near the tree top; but the Dog, remarking that "it was a heathen clime up there," laid down en root, and slept the sleep of the Democrat.

At early dawn the Rooster waked, and tooted his calliope as only a Rooster can. By his noise, which, indeed, was louder than the bark of a Dog—or the tree, for that matter—he attracted the attention of a Fox, who was in search of his morning meal, and who viewed with delight the prospect of Rooster on toast.

"Ah, my pretty bird," said he, "how useful you are. Will you not come down and live with me, and be my own 'ittle alarm clock? Come down; it is raining—you'll get wet."

"Does it, Rain-hard?" smiled the Fowl.

"Don't move," said the Fox. "A bird that will make such tough puns must, according to the proverb, 'toughs from the tough,' be unfit for my purposes. Why, I believe you're so tough that, if you were a hen, you'd lay hard-boiled eggs. You're a—"

Just then the Dog awoke, and striking the Fox on the collar-button, sent him to his halo, thereby deducing the moral that it don't pay to Vituperate a Rooster.—*J. K. Bangs, in Life.*

A MOVABLE TOWN.

According to the Emporia *News*, Marsh Murdock has a new town in the western part of Sedgwick county, on the line of the proposed Santa Fe extension. It is a movable sort of town, containing about fifty houses. The only thing it has never moved is its name—Marshall. It first moved to the Ninnescah river. Then, not being satisfied and for some unknown reason, it moved down the "river." Before it got well settled some one was unkind enough to build a bridge at its present location, and its inhabitants were again brought face to face with the necessity of tearing up and moving. This time it got pretty well settled, but finally railroad rumors were heard, the people got up on the fence and sat there, not knowing which way to jump to strike the road, or whether to jump at all; improvements were forgotten, wells remained undug, for the wise inhabitant knew he could not move his hole in the ground. But the railroad has at last made up its mind. The town will move again, its new location will be four miles from the present one.—*Leavenworth Times.*

When once fairly settled it will be one of the most thriving towns in this section of the State, but whether it will continue to hold its present name or not, we are unable to say.

THE STREETS OF VENICE.

Many persons are under a great misapprehension as to the means of transit or locomotion in Venice. It is a mistake to suppose that there are no streets, and that it is absolutely necessary to go from place to place by gondola. It is true that three bridges—the Rialto bridge of the middle ages, and two modern iron bridges—span the Grand Canal which divides the city in equal halves; it is true that the city is built upon 117 islands, intersected by 150 small canals and 2,400 passages; but almost every one of the water streets have a quay or footpath bordering it, while 400 bridges unite island to island, so that it is quite possible to go to every part of the city on foot, although few perhaps would care to do so, for there is not, in all the world, a more difficult place for the traveler, guided only by the "light of nature," to find a given spot. That spot may be only a few hundred yards away, but to reach it he may have to cross half a dozen bridges, some leading to the right, and some to the left, and traverse as many squares, of which there are 306; 127 larger squares, and 189 smaller squares.

Man wants but little here below, and he gets about that much.

CHINESE WALL.

An American engineer, who being engaged in the construction of a railroad in China, has had unusually favorable opportunities for examining the great wall built to obstruct the incursions of the Tartars, gives the following account of this wonderful work:

The wall is 1,728 miles long, 18 feet wide at the bottom, and 15 feet thick at the top. The foundation throughout is of solid granite, the remainder of compact masonry. At intervals between 200 and 300 yards towers rise up, 25 or 30 feet high, and 24 feet in diameter. On the top of the wall and on each side of it are masonry parapets to enable the defenders to pass unseen from one tower to anoter. The wall itself is carried from point to point in a perfectly straight line, across valleys and hills without the slightest regard to the configuration of the ground, sometimes plunging down into an abyss a thousand feet deep. Brooks and smaller rivers are bridged over by the wall, while on the banks of larger streams strong flanking towers are placed.

THE HALL BOY AHEAD.

Among the guests of a New York hotel was a maiden lady from the rural districts. The landlord noticed that about 9 o'clock every night she would come down stairs, get a pitcher of ice-water and return to her room.

"One night," he said, "I made bold to speak to her, and asked her why she did not ring the bell for a hall-boy to bring the ice-water to her."

"But there is no bell in my room."

"No bell in your room, madame! Pray let me show you," and with that he took the pitcher of ice-water in his hand escorted her to her apartment. Then he pointed out to her the knob of the electric bell. She gazed at it with a sort of horror, and then exclaimed:

"Dear me! Is that a bell? Why, the hall-boy told me that was a fire-alarm signal, and that I must never touch it, except in case of fire!"

"And that is how the hall-boy saved himself the trouble of going for ice-water."—*New York Star.*

MARTIN LUTHER.

The 400th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther will be celebrated, on the 14th of November next. In this country, however, it is proposed to begin the celebration on the 31st of October, which will be the 366th anniversary of the Protestant reformation in Germany. The centennials of Luther's birth and work have been attended, in the past, with great ceremony. A German artist in New York has a collection of medals, struck on such occasions. The oldest is of iron bronze, four and a quarter inches in diameter, and about half an inch thick. On one side is the head of Luther; on the obverse is an animated representation of the scene at the church door, with Luther in robes, directing attention to his challenge. The encircling legend in German words: "With God Begun at Wittenberg, 31st October, 1517." He has also a Luther medal about 250 years old, and a dozen others, issued at various times, to commemorate important celebrations in honor of the great German reformer.

BULGARIA.

When the head of a Bulgarian family perceives that he is about to die, he sends for the priest and begins to bargain with him about the cost of the funeral.

The moment he dies all the pots, pans and kettles in the house are turned upside down to prevent his soul taking refuge in any one of them, and great care is taken to prevent either man or animal—especially a cat or dog—from stepping across his body, as otherwise, in the opinion of his family, he would turn into a vampire and be a continual nuisance to them and to their neighbors.

The body is buried without a coffin, in a shallow grave, and left there three years, during which time many offerings of food and wine are placed upon it.

At the end of the third year the bones of the dead man are dug up, carefully washed, and put in a linen bag, laid before the altar in the village church, and, after receiving the blessing of the priest, are buried for good.

THERE'S VIRTUE IN WHISTLING.

An old farmer once said he would not have a hired man on his farm who did not habitually whistle. He always hired whistlers. Said he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with his food, his bed or complain of any little extra work he was asked to perform.

Such a man was generally kind to children and animals in his care. He would whistle a chilled land into warmth and life, and bring his hat full of eggs from the barn without breaking one of them. He found such a man more careful about closing gates, putting up bars, and seeing that the nuts on his plow were all properly tightened before he took it into the field.

He never knew a whistling man to beat or kick a cow or to drive her on a run into the stable. He had noticed that the sheep he had fed in the yard or shed gathered around him as he whistled, without fear. He never had employed a whistler who was not thoughtful and economical.

"Mister," began a small boy, as he entered a Woodward avenue grocery, yesterday, "ma bought some mackerel here last night."

"Yes."

"And in making change, you gave her—"

"No, I didn't! I haven't had a quarter with a hole in it for a month."

"But ma says you gave her a—"

"Don't believe it—don't believe it! I remember now; I gave her a half dollar, a quarter and a nickel."

"Ma says you gave her a gold piece for a penny, and here it is."

"Good gracious alive! but so I did—so I did. I remember now that I gave her a dollar bill and a lot of small change. Bub, what's your name, and do you think you can eat three sticks of lemon candy? Ah! it does me good to find honesty and reward it.—*Free Press.*

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.

I remember an eminent Russian diplomatist once telling me that he had passed a very successful examination on his entering the diplomatic service, although he knew absolutely nothing of the test subjects. His success so surprised him that he asked the chief examiner how it was that he had not failed. "We perceived," observed the gentleman, "that you in reality were utterly ignorant of all the subjects, but you concealed your ignorance so cleverly in your replies that we came to the conclusion that you would make an excellent diplomatist." It is in vain, however, to expect that examiners are often likely to show this sort of intelligence.—*London Times.*

A boy of eight years was asked by his teacher, where the zenith was.

"The spot in the heavens directly over one's head," he replied.

To test his knowledge further, the teacher asked: "Can two persons have the same zenith at the same time?"

"They can."

"How?"

"If one stands on the other's head!"

"Can a body eat with these things?" asked an elderly lady, who was handling a pair of artificial palates in a dentist's office, and admiring the fluency with which he described them.

"Mastication can be performed by them with a facility scarcely excelled by nature itself."

"Yes, I know," replied the lady; "but can a body eat with 'em?"

Rev. Dr. Jones, introducing to an audience a famous missionary from India, concluded his remarks with the following: "He comes to you from that land where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

"A Kansas woman," says a funny item, "was upbraiding her husband, when a cyclone hove in sight, and with a sigh of relief the unhappy man ran into its path, and was safely blown into the next county."

All the justices of the supreme court of the United States are infidels, according to the Truthseeker's declaration. An exception is made for Justice Strong.