THE NEWS-HERALD.

ESTABLISHED 1837. HILLSBORO, HIGHLAND CO., O., THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1887. VOL. 50—NO. 41

THE TRAMP

Offers Another Potpourri,

Containing The Hero of the Hill and a Few Incidental Remarks

That It Will Readily Be Seen Are Not Intended for Anybody in Particular—Her Answer —A Correction.

THE HERO OF THE HILL.

Say, pa, who is that haughty man
Who swaggers as he walks?
I heard him mutter: "If you can
Just beat her; money talks!"
Does he walk thus because his dad
Is called a millionaire?
Or does he think himself a lad
Most wondrous, witching, fair?
Does he possess the county all,
Or does he own but half?
Or prize won he at fair last fall
For pumpkin, pig or calf?
Is he too good for other folks?
Why does he notice none?
He smileth not at people's jokes,
And heareth not their fun.
I never saw another man
Who puts on airs so loud;
Why should he not be, if he can,
The biggest in the crowd?
Who is he, pa? I want to know;
Oh, ease my wild unrest!
And homeward then I'll meekly go
And act my very best!

Well, child, if all I understand
Will keep your tattler still,
His bob-sled—finest in the land—
Beats any on the hill!

* * *

Speaking about matters and things, the gall some folks are cursed with is really amusing. Those who have read more than the head lines of some articles furnished by a genius who seems to have a grudge against the world (probably with the best of reasons) and who gets even by inflicting upon a suffering public the "Snatch-as-Snatch-Can Club" papers, are all ready to assert that he is evidently one of these unfortunates. The report that the Detroit *Free Press* wants to fire Brother Gardner and employ the talented writer of these articles in his stead is, however, probably incorrect. To be charitable with their author, and also with our esteemed cotemporary up on the corner, and desiring to encourage novices at all times, I feel compelled to remark that they are as mirth-provoking as a funeral. Their author seems to be remarkably successful as a failure, and his numerous friends think that he will be as remarkably successful in failing to write readable humor as he was a remarkably successful failure in journalism—which is only mentioned since he has a word to say about journalists, editors and reporters.

Of course no one wonders who wrote them. Dittey really has too much sense to father such trash. Neither of the Houghs would waste time on them, and the boy who sweeps out the office would have cause to feel insulted if charged with their paternity. I simply give them these few lines in order to advertise them and help the poor man who thus seeks to earn a few *honest* cents, which George Roush, through pure charity and kind heartedness, is kind enough to pay for them. Poor fellow, how he must suffer! For the first rounds on the ladder of fame are the hardest to climb, and the beginning in decent journalism is its least remunerative stage.

The talented author of the "Snatch-as-Snatch-Can" papers is probably one of "dem big fellahs" who laughs at "Skip Jacks." However, it has not been very noticeable that *his* company is sought to any great extent by any of "dem big white folks," and neither Joe Peale or Ike Captain would feel complimented if accused of being his intimates.

* * *

The recent burning of the big *J. M. White* on the Mississippi recalls the days when The Tramp used to help out the river editor on the Vicksburg *Post*. Old Captain Tobin was her commander in those days, and G. Wash Floyd, who, after saving a number of lives at the recent disaster, was drowned in further attempts to aid the victims, was "on the hurricane roof" of the *Will S. Hays*, then in the Vicksburg and Memphis trade. I knew him well. He was just the noble-hearted man to perish for others. When the *Hays* used to arrive at the wharf, all loaded to the fenders with cotton, he has reached down his big, manly hand to pull me aboard up over the big bales before they made fast, when I wanted to "scoop" the opposition paper on levee news or getting the boat's "manifest" for the river column. And John Stout, the pilot who just in time jumped sixty feet from the *White's* "texas" into the river, used to be quite a friend of mine. I've interviewed him on levee breaks in the wheel-house before the mate had got the gang-plank out, and many a good little item John used to give me, too. This wasn't his first fire. He showed me one day an elegant gold watch, engraved upon the case of which was a pilot standing at a wheel around which the flames were streaming. On the inside of the case I read that the watch was the gift of numerous admirers for bravery and heroism displayed when the old *R. E. Lee* was burned, on which occasion, at the imminent risk of his own life, he turned the boat ashore and remained at his post amid the blinding smoke and flames until the keel of the doomed boat touched the shore. When the *White* took fire he was "off watch" and asleep in his bunk, and barely had time to make a jump sixty feet into the cold, merciless waters of the great river.

* * *

"It is strange", observed a prominent citizen in speaking of the unfortunate demise of the late Burch Miller, "how some people get rich and others don't; but the reason Burch Miller couldn't make a fortune was because he was too liberal and generous. When he was in business he always paid the very highest prices for everything he bought, and he and he wasn't the man to refuse anybody a favor. No one who is as generous and unselfish as was Burch Miller will ever get wealthy." And, as lots of other people will, The Tramp thought to himself that a record like that was a better thing to leave behind than a fortune wrested and wrung from tired hands of poverty.

* * *

Somebody, who probably had time to spare, has been counting up how fast the pen travels, and he estimates that a rapid writer can pen thirty words in a minute. He further computes that to do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, and that in forty minutes his pen might travel a furlong. In a little more than five hours the small instrument may have gone a mile, and in a year of three hundred such working days the pen would have traced a mark on paper three hundred miles long. Each letter of the alphabet requires from three to seven turns of the pen—on an average of three and a half to four. Writing thirty words in a minute, at least 480 such curves must be made; in an hour, 28,800; in a day of five hours, 144,000; in a year of 300 days, 43,200,000. The man who makes a million strokes with his pen in a month is not at all remarkable. Many persons, newspaper writers for instance, make four times that number. It looks as though such a prodigious amount of work ought to pay; yet now few of even the most successful Hillsboro journalists are millionaires! The inference to be drawn in that quality is preferred by folks who have to pay for reading matter, rather than quantity.

* * *

It is said that old Dan Rice, whose original name was McLaren, the ex-circus millionaire, ex-clown, ex lecturer and the biggest liar alive (with the exception of a few parties in Hillsboro) and who but lately was pinched for means, will yet end his days in affluence, it having been discovered that he is heir to 300,000 acres of land in Mexico, granted his father, George McLaren, in 1830. The Tramp met Old Dan in Calvert, Texas, a year ago last fall, and the cool ease with which he claimed Galveston Island brought to mind the iron nerve of some other folks—who are not as modest and unselfish as Uncle Dan, inasmuch as they, with less talent and fewer claims to greatness, would fain own the earth. But the inhabitants of Galveston, who have made it "blossom as the rose", are not preparing to move off yet, and at latest accounts the other folks on the earth, who have spent some time in improving it and making it pleasant as a place of habitation, have not indicated any intention of relinquishing any more of it than may be found absolutely necessary.

* * *

"What do you know", The Tramp inquired of Recorder Hugh Vance Monday evening, when on a search for news in the Temple of Justice. "You lied about me last week", replied that blonde cheeked and amiable gentleman; I never in my life ate more than twenty-three eggs at one time." The Tramp promised to make the amende honorable, and was spared to further usefulness. He was all the time inclined to think it was one of Hough's whoppers, anyway, and as he wouldn't misrepresent a nice young man like Hugh for the world, this correction is made with unalloyed pleasure.

* * *

A few days ago this paper contained an original effusion in verse entitled "The Last Lines", the heroine of which was, of course, imaginary. The imaginary heroine, however, kindly sent the imaginary unhappy lover an imaginary answer over the imaginary signature of "Guerre Aux Lente" The lines came into possession of The Tramp, who takes the liberty of reproducing them for the benefit of the NEWS-HERALD's 7,000,000,000, etc., readers, after naming it "The Answer to the Note that Never Came."

I wonder what's the reason
That so few times this season
I've seen a certain person who was once the first to call.
Perhaps he thinks I've snubbed him,
Or perchance a rival's clubbed him,
But I'm sure he needn't hold me to account for that at all.
I can't make the advances,
And if he won't take his chances
He'll come out at a terminus he'll find exceeding small.
Would I in secret sorrow
If I should hear to-morrow
That he with all his graces at some other shrine should fall?
Be still, my heart, nor utter
Thy thoughts, lest some quick flutter
Be caught by bird of air and borne away beyond recall!
Now, if he should come again
Would I greet him gladly then?
Well, he'll have to try and see—I'll not answer in this scrawl.

* * *

And the villain still pursued her!

The Tramp

HAPPY KANSAS.

Where "Prohibition Does Not Entirely Prohibit,"

But Where it has Interfered to a Considerable Extent with the Wholesale Liquor Trade.

Highlanders in Kansas City—Beautiful, Tolerant Kansas, a Modern Garden of Eden—We'll Let Cleveland Finish His Term of Office.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Dec. 17th, 1886.

EDITOR NEWS HERALD:—I am an old Highland boy and receive your paper through the kindness of Col. Glenn regularly once a week, and in the paper of December 9th saw and read a letter from one E. L. E, purporting to come from Kansas City. I don't know who the gentleman is, but he makes I think, some broad charges against the *good* druggists of Kansas, and as I am an old druggist I feel like replying to the aforesaid letter, in which he classes all druggists in Kansas with the saloon-keepers of Highland, saying probably the only difference is that the saloon-keeper is the most intelligent of the two. Now I perhaps have seen as much of Kansas as the gentleman has, and I must say I find the druggists in Kansas fully equal in intelligence to any I ever met in Ohio or any where else. Some people when they leave one of the Eastern States, seem to think that they have left all the intelligence behind, except what they have brought with them.

While it is true there are in Kansas drugstores that are no better than saloons, and are called drugstore saloons (and it seems that was the kind the gentleman visited), they are run by men who care nothing for law, so they can by a little show of authority rob the poor inebriate. These would-be druggists know nothing of the drug business whatever, but in order to comply with the law they hire some druggist who has a certificate from the Board of Pharmacy of the State, showing that he is a competent man to dispense drugs. That man they put in the front room as a sign, and the proprietor stays in the back room to dispense death and destruction by the glassful, regardless of law.

You find many drugstores in Kansas where no back room is kept, but all is done openly and no whisky is sold unless the druggist is fully satisfied that the customer really wants it for medical purposes, as he says, and I have seen many a man refused and go away empty. These men are druggists and not to be classed with saloon-men or saloon-druggists.

I admit that Prohibition don't entirely prohibit, but it is a great help towards it, and in some towns it is a success. I was talking with a wholesale liquor dealer in Kansas City the other day, and he freely admitted to me that he did not sell in Kansas one barrel of whisky now, to where he used to sell five. I hope the Legislature this winter will so amend the law that it will stop the traffic. I had the honor of voting for the amendment in the State, and I am proud of it, as the law is so much better than it was before.

I think E. L. E. acted wisely when he decided to spend his vacation in Kansas, but he must have been troubled with indigestion and hunted the sand hills so as to get a little more sand in his craw, for I am sure he needed it, but he must have taken an overdose of it, is why he got homesick so soon and hurried back to Kansas City. It is a wonder to me that he stopped here and did not keep on going till he got into the hills around Sinking Spring, where he could get under the shade of a large burroak and call mama and tell her how glad he was to get home again, where he could see the dear old trees and scruboak hills and small fields, for the broad prairies of Kansas were too much for him. And oh, such piles of sand, and the nasty thing wouldn't lay still when the wind blew, but got up and hit him in the face! Now if the gentleman had gone to the northern part of Ohio, his native State, he might have seen the sand hills and saved the expense of going to southwestern Kansas to see them. There are some places in Kansas where the sand drifts, but it is a small portion of it, and I suppose the gentleman got into that small portion, and perhaps was there on a windy day, and that is why he calls Kansas a sandy desert.

If the gentleman would go to the Agricultural Department at Topeka and post himself up in regard to Kansas products, I don't think he would have slandered the great State of Kansas as he did. Has he forgotten the train load of corn that went from Kansas to his native State for the sufferers of Cincinnati? Could anything beat it, even if it did come as he says, from the barren desert that he wanted to get out of and never make the second visit. I am glad he got out of it, for he is not the kind of men they want in Kansas; he would suit better in Sinking Spring.

To show your readers how rapidly this great State of Kansas is coming to the front, I will mention but one county, Harper, that I know all about, as I had the honor of building the first house in the county in April, 1877. At that time there were but four families in the county, living near the east line in what are called dug-outs, which are simply caves in a hill. Harper is to-day as large a town as Hillsboro, with a fine system of water-works, a good high school building, and good churches of Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Christian and Catholic denominations. The county now has a population of 20,000; the total amount of taxable property in 1886 was $2,790,875.10, and of course that is not over one-third of the actual value on this sum; the total levy for taxes was $129,425.36. Does this show a sandy desert?

I can say to your readers that the newspapers don't tell half the advantages in coming to this great State of Kansas; it is the place for the poor man to get a home for himself and family, if he only has the grit and won't get homesick if he sees a hill of sand, and throw up his hands and cry desert. It is true the prairie is large, and that is the beauty of it, no clearing of trees and brush to get ready to farm. When I went to Harper county there was not a tree in the county, and to-day you can see fine groves in every direction, and a good many farmers have all the firewood they need, cut from their ten-acre groves that have cost them only a little labor, and not as much expense as it would be to put one acre in good cultivation about Sinking Spring.

Again I say to the boys in Highland county, come to Kansas and get you a home while it can be had cheap. You will like the climate and will like the land if you go to the right place and keep out of the sand hills, as there are but few of them, and lots of as fine black soil as you have in your Paint bottoms, and no sand to bother you, and you can cultivate two acres here with less labor than you can one in Highland county, and can raise more grain to the acre. Send to the Agricultural Department at Topeka, Kansas, and get the statistics; it is a book worth reading and is written up by truthful men, and will only cost you the tronble of writing for it, as it is for free distribution.

It is true the Kansas man talks for his adopted home. He does it because he wants to see his town and county grow, and he knows in talking for it that it would be hard for him to misrepresent it. He has been so much benefited that he feels good towards everybody, and wants to see them do well, and says "Come and settle right here where I am; it is the best place in the State," and he really believes it. It is human nature to think our own is the best.

The man who comes to Kansas finds a live, intelligent population, sees good schoolhouses in every direction, and when he settles it is but a little while till he catches the vim and get-up-and-go, and he soon finds himself talking for Kansas, where he can live longer and happier because he can make more money and make it easier, and have better health than in most of the States east of us.

When you come to Kansas come by way of Kansas City and stop a day or so, and call and see us, and see the greatest city for get-up-and-go in America. Take a ride on our elevated railroad, see the miles of cable road, and see the improvements going on in every direction, and you will exclaim, "the half has not been told me!" Property is changing hands here at the rate of a million a week.

There are quite a number of Highlanders here: Mrs. Bernard, J. S. Black, Frank Rhoades (now one of the large wholesale firm of Tootle, Hanna & Co.), Robt. Rhoades, Clara Hubbs, and many others, all from Hillsboro.

You can say to the Republicans of Ohio that they need not be afraid to come to Kansas City and fully express their political views without the least danger of being molested. This city has a Republican Mayor, this Congressional district a strong Republican Congressman elected this fall. This don't look much like it was not safe, or took a brave man to speak his political sentiments in this community.

I can't tell where E. L E. could have been when he was told it would be better for him to be less enthusiastic in behalf of the Republican party, unless it was in the business house of his employers, and they thought it would be better for him to attend to business than to talk politics.

I have lived in Kansas City nearly three years and have attended political meetings of both parties, have seen big public demonstrations by both, and never have seen the least disturbance at any of them.

I think the gentleman is badly mistaken when he says that six out of eight Democrats here, were in the rebel army. I don't think there are two out of eight, for the large majority of the people here are from the North and East, from where many Democrats went to the army as good and loyal men as any in the Republican ranks. If he had said that seven men here out of eight that were in the rebel army, were good Democrats, I think he would have been nearer right. I hope Cleveland will not get to hear what he said about him, as it might make him feel bad.

I think I am as good a Republican as the gentleman, having voted the Republican ticket ever since it was a party, and expect to while there is any show to do good, but as we got beaten in fair fight let us quietly submit and not abuse the Administration, and say to Cleveland, the Democrats worked day and night for his success, while we did all in our power to defeat him, and they ought to be rewarded by receiving the offices in the gift of the Democratic party, and I hope the great God of the universe may give him health and spare his life that he may rule over this great nation for four years, and at the end of his term a good Republican may be elected to succeed him and that the grand old party may rule for the next fifty years. We have a foe to fight that is worthy of our steel, and we must not forget that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and with Governor Foraker of Ohio, for second place on our ticket, with an equally good man at the head, in 1888, by being well organized we will press on to victory, then we can cry, turn the rascals out. Yours truly,

J. B. GLENN.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of the NEWS-HERALD will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known in the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength, by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by W. R. SMITH & Co. jan

Grand California Excursions.

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway is out with a new list of dates for its unrivaled First Class Excursions to California, covering several dates (by all routes) during the months of January, February and March, at extremely low rates. For detailed information, tickets, sleeping car accommodation, etc., etc., apply to nearest ticket agent or address E. A. HOLBROOK, G. T. & P. A., C. R. I. & P. Ry., Chicago, Illinois.

A Clear Complexion.

How can you expect a clear complexion when the blood is full of impurities and the stomach clogged? The blood becomes impure because the liver does not act properly and work off the poison from the system, and the certain results are blotches, pimples and eruptions. Purify the blood with Simmons Liver Regulator, and regulate the liver, stomach and bowels, and then the skin will become clear.

About Advertising.

The New York *World* says that many a dealer who places a $10 advertisement in his home paper begrudges his investment, when it is worth double to him what he pays for it. Advertising rates in city newspapers would astonish such business men. One column in the Chicago *Tribune* costs the advertiser $26,000 per annum. The New York *Herald* receives for its lowest price column $39,563, and for its highest price $63,890. The New York *Tribune* gets for the lowest $29,754, and for the highest $85,648; and these papers never lack for advertisements to fill their columns.

Good Results In Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all coughs and colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this wonderful Discovery.

Trial bottles free at Seybert & Co.'s drug store.

Interstate Agricultural Convention.

Governor McEnery, of Louisiana, has issued a call for an interstate convention in the interest of stock-raising, dairying, fruit-growing and general agriculture, to be held at Lake Charles, La., on the 22d, 23d and 24th of February, 1887.

The convention will be formally opened on Wednesday morning, after the close of Mardi Gras.

One of the most noteworthy indications of the great industrial progress of the Gulf States is the marked attention of their public men to agriculture, and the efforts they are making to bring the theory and the methods of agriculture in those States into harmony with the teachings of science and the highest demands of a progressive civilization. Nature has been prodigal of her gifts to the State of Louisiana. For fertility of soil, salubrious climate, and for great variety of products, Louisiana ranks among the most favored countries of the globe.

This convention is so called that excursionists can remain in New Orleans till the close of Mardi Gras and take the train for Lake Charles on Tuesday evening.

Information in regard to the convention and the low rates of transportation can be obtained by addressing the Secretary, S. A. Knapp, Lake Charles, La.

Undue exposure to cold winds, rain, bright light or malaria, may bring on inflammation and soreness of the eyes. Dr. J. H McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve will subdue the inflammation, cool and soothe the nerves, and strengthen weak and failing eye sight. 25 cents a box. For sale by Seybert & Co.

Mrs. A. W. Downham, of Hillsboro, is visiting her sister and brother, Mrs. D. A. Lamb and Mr. Ed. DeVoss. * * * Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Waddell, of Hillsboro, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Bosworth part of last week.—*Wilmington Journal.*

ACROSS THE CONTINENT,

Or a Part of It, From Ohio to Kansas.

Some Things to be Seen—Prairies and Forests—Soils and Crops—Pompous Porters and Shivering Passengers—Lands, Sands and Some Sod Houses.

Left Hillsboro at 3:20 p. m. on Wednesday, December 1st, and arriving at Blanchester found the train for the city was over an hour behind time, as usual. After the due amount of speculation by those waiting, as to the probable cause of this particular delay, the train arrived and we were again on our way. Next came a brief period of shivering at the transfer depot and then we found ourselves on board the Big 4, enroute for Indianapolis.

I spent part of the time in "snoozing" and the remainder in watching the antics of a drummer and his "duckey," on whom he had made an impromptu mash. We arrived at Indianapolis about midnight, where we again changed cars and while waiting indulged in a cup of coffee and a railroad pie. At fifteen minutes past twelve we found ourselves on board the Vandalia train on our way to St. Louis. During this run we were treated to some phenomenally slow moving. There is an old chestnut about getting off the train to get apples, but I am prepared to improve on this, for the conductor and brakemen got off the train about fifty miles from St. Louis and went rabbit hunting.

Daylight opened up while we were crossing Illinois, about seventy-five miles from St. Louis. At sunrise the thermometer registered at six degrees below zero. The corn crop in southern Illinois was very short, owing, as we were told, to dry weather and the ravages of the chinch bug.

Sometime before we come to the Mississippi we strike what is called the timber lands, which consists of little more than straggling clumps of dwarfed and scrawny looking trees.

Vandalia, from which this section of road takes its name, is a rough-and-tumble looking place, badly scattered but contains some good buildings.

Next of interest comes the collections of mounds from which St. Louis takes its name of "Mound City." Just before crossing the river we passed through several groups, varying in size from slight elevations to hillocks of quite formidable dimensions, all rising abruptly from the level valley.

Crossing the majestic "Father of Waters," we next took a dive through the tunnel and in a few minutes more found ourselves in the waiting room at St Louis.

Here we were compelled to wait from 10 a. m. till 8:20 p. m. I should have enjoyed myself very well here in "doing" the town, but great Caesar! the thermometer registered fourteen degrees below zero and the wind was blowing a hurricane, so that to venture forth upon the streets was anything but pleasant. There was a considerable coat of snow on the ground and the jingling of sleigh bells was heard on every hand. I spent most of the time in conversation with Mr. Henry Rhoades, of the "Model Town," whom I chanced to meet here. Time wore on and we again found ourselves ready to start. After shivering for full fifteen minutes at the car steps, all of which time was occupied by the dignified colored porter in inspecting the ticket which he then knew nothing about, we were finally installed in a handsome reclining chair car which was to carry us over the Missouri Pacific to Atchison.

Being both tired and sleepy we tipped back our chair and prepared to sleep! No, indeed. Prepared to shiver; for the old heater was a nuisance of the most approved pattern and in addition to this the colored porter who must have owned the greater part of the road, judging from the pompous manner in which he moved about, absolutely refused to replenish the coal when the fire was almost out.

Sleep was out of the question. The grumbling of the passengers, mixed with an occasional burst of profanity, could be heard from all parts of the car. We passed the night thus and when daylight came at last we took our penknives and scraped the incrustation of ice from the windows so as to get a view outside. We were now about twenty-five miles from Kansas City, and the ground which had been covered with snow when last seen in St. Louis, was now found to be brown and bare.

From Kansas City to Atchison the road extends along the Missouri River and the bluffs give to the country a very broken appearance. Some two miles back from the river, however, the land is quite level.

At Atchison the Missouri Pacific divides into three branches, and here we again changed cars, taking the central branch to Marvin, the point to which we were going, and where we arrived about midnight of the 3d. From this point to Phillipsburg, a distance of six miles, we traveled in a barouche, facing a forty-five-mile-per-hour breeze, the temperature of which was about ten degrees below zero.

This, the northwestern part of the State, consists of rolling prairies, the soil of which is a deep black loam, containing little or no sand and very fertile. Fruits of all kinds do well and crops are good. The country is new and much is needed in the way of improvements, but these are being rapidly supplied. In some localities dug-outs and sod houses are frequently met with. Some of these are very primative in their appearance, while others are divided up into rooms nicely plastered, and altogether quite aristocratic in their make up. They are all rapidly disappearing however, and handsome frame structures are taking their places. Phillipsburg, the county-seat of Phillips county, is a rapidly growing and promising place. It contains a fine court house and two of the handsomest bank buildings we have recently seen are nearing completion.

A large and well arranged school building is being constructed and business houses and residences are going up on every hand. As there is no timber, coal of course forms the chief article for fuel. In some pacts of the State they cultivate a species of sun-flower, known as the mammoth Russian, for fuel. One acre is, I believe, estimated to furnish sufficient fuel for an ordinary family. Many of the farmers utilize corn cobs by using them for fuel. Coal is mined in several parts of the the State, but is inferior to Ohio and Pennsylvania coal.

Sheep raising is extensively carried on. Flocks of from three to five thousand head are taken care of by a single person, who drives them out upon the prairie to graze during the day and brings them into the coral at night to protect them from the wolves which are quite numerous. Quite a number of sheep were destroyed by the late blizzard.

Land usually rates from six to twenty dollars per acre, according to improvements; but occasional pieces sell for even less than this. Southern Nebraska resembles the portion of Kansas that we have just described; but as you go farther to the north the soil becomes more sandy. South of the Platte are the sand hills which consist of peaked and circular knolls, varying from ten to one hundred feet in height. They are a sandy waste, destitute of vegetation. Loaded wagons in passing over the roads which pass among them often sink to the hub in the sand.

Republican City, at the junction of the M. P. and B. & M. in southern Nebraska, is a live place with a very promising future. It has a large school building with a large boarding hall in connection, and most of the building houses are large and well arranged. Republican River is spanned at this point by two handsome bridges, extending from an island in the center of the river to either bank.

Game consists chiefly of quail, hare, prairie chickens and jack rabbit. The deer, antelope and buffalo are about all driven out.

The climate seems to be but little if any colder than in Ohio. The loss of stock so frequently occasioned by cold blizzards is chiefly caused by want of proper shelter, and not by the extreme severity of the weather. Produce is low and many of the articles of food and clothing are high, and this forms the worst drawback of the country; but this will become obviated in a few years when the country becomes more thickly settled and railroads are more numerous. High freights are the sole cause of this difficulty, as they, of course, add to all articles shipped in, and reduce the price of produce which is to be shipped out of the country. New roads are being projected and competition in freight will in a few years remedy this evil.

The greatest slur on Kansas' fair fame consists in the hypocritical seeming she presents to her sister States on the subject of prohibition.

If Kansas' prohibition is a fair sample, and I presume it is, then give us free whisky without law, limit or license, for that is what it amounts to and it would be better to have it without the mantle of hypocrisy in which it shrouds itself.

The weather here, excepting the one blizzard which occurred some time ago, has been very favorable and for some ten days past especially, has been quite nice. L. E. COUNTRYMAN.

Teachers of Highland County,

At the next meeting of the H. C. T. A., to be held in the M. E. Church, Samantha, Jan. 15th, 1887, at 10:30 a. m., the following program will be rendered:

MORNING SESSION.

Music.
Township Schools—J. M. Williams. Discussed by Prof. Doggett, Paxton Gall, C. B. Edwards and others.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Music.
What Should We Be?—Prof. E. G. Smith.
Culture of the Teacher—Prof. E. W. Coy, College Hill, O.
Music.

All the members of the Penn township Board of Education and local directors are requested to be in attendance, especially at the morning session, to hear and participate in the discussion of the subject of "Township Schools." The teachers look first to Penn township to see the Township System adopted and a Township Superintendency established.

By order of Executive Committee.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box, by Seybert & Co.