FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The question is not what could be done if we had certain other things, but what can we do to make the most of what we have.

—A sheep well fed and protected during the winter will yield in the spring two pounds more of wool than one that has been half starved.

—When butter is gathered in the churn in granular form, it is never overchurned. Pounding it after it is in a lump or large mass is what overchurns it.

—Warm water put in the cellar on cold nights to prevent freezing, should be in closed vessels, which warm up the air, making it dryer without evaporating moisture into it.

—Green Sponge Cake: Two teacups of sugar, one of cream, two of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder and one teaspoonful extract lemon; bake quickly.

—Never set the lamp upon a red table-cover; if you can not find time to make a green lamp-mat, put a piece of green card-board under the lamp, and you will find the reflection upon your work much more agreeable to the eyes than that from the red cover.

—Creamed Apples:—Pare your fruit and either scald or bake it until sufficiently soft to pulp it through a colander; sweeten to taste, fill your glasses three parts full with it, then plentifully sprinkle in some powdered cinnamon, put a good layer of rich whipped cream on the top and sift white sugar over it.

—A little meal stirred into a pail of water gives it a relishable flavor, and induces a cow to drink more, besides affording some additional nourishment. If the temperature of the water is first raised to seventy or eighty degrees, it is all the better, since the cow will drink more warm water than she will cold.

—To prepare zante currants for cake, put them in a colander, set the colander in a large pan of water, and unless there are stones in, the sand and stems will all settle in the pan. If you wash the currants thoroughly in this way, you will be surprised at the results, as it takes less time and water than in the old way, and it is so much easier to rub them clean.

—The brains of a well-bred, well-fed hog are said to present only about one-twentieth part of his gross weight. An animal of this nature must necessarily carry a great deal of fat, but the importance of making it well muscled to keep it from complete degeneracy is self-evident to any thoughtful person; hence, inasmuch as the natural tendency of the hog is to fat, feeders should make it a point to counteract the evil by using the most nutritious feed to the exclusion of fat-forming food.

—It would hardly pay the farmer to engage in the poultry business beyond the keeping of two or three dozen fowls for family use, unless there should be some one about the place who would make it a special business to look after the poultry and like to do it. Sometimes the service of a good, steady boy, who is a natural fancier, may be secured at a small cost, and all of his time may be profitably employed in caring for 200 or 300 hens, or, if he be experienced, probably 500 or 600. In embarking in the business it is best not to start out on too large a scale.

ABOUT MANURING.

The Use of Commercial Fertilizers and the Plowing Under of Clover.

In opening this article I submit these general propositions: First, to grow a crop of any kind profitably it is necessary to have sufficient plant food in the soil in an available form to produce a maximum crop. Second, this may be attained by the application of manure or commercial fertilizers, or, on soils which have plant food in an unavailable form in the subsoil, clover plowed down will have the same effect. Clover is a wonderful renovator of the soil. I am not of the opinion, however, that it adds any fertilizing material to the soil, but renders available that which is in the soil, and pumps up the plant food in the subsoil. I am in favor of making, saving and applying all the manure that can be made upon the farm, and believe in sowing clover upon all tillable land where it is a benefit to the soil.

I am in favor of "green manuring" so far as it can be practiced advantageously. The trouble with barnyard manure is that there is never enough. The trouble with clover and green manure is, that while they are good so far as they go, they do not go far enough on naturally thin soils to amount to much in the way of fertilizing the soil for a crop without the previous application of manure or commercial fertilizers. I think, therefore, that commercial fertilizers have come to be a necessity in this section of country, especially in the growing of wheat, oats and grass. I believe in carefully husbanding all the manure we can make. I also believe it is economical and good farming to apply this on land to be put in corn, potatoes and other crops that are to be planted in spring, and use commercial fertilizers on wheat and oats. Those who have a soil on which fertilizers can be used with success will find it to their advantage to follow this course. Of course every farmer must be his own judge, according to location, soil, etc., but I speak of farmers situated similarly to those in this section of country. We are distant from any large city and must therefore depend on general farming. I submit some figures to show the correctness of position:

The expense of hauling and spreading barnyard manure is a big thing. Besides in the busy part of the season it is a slow process. My estimate is for 25 two horse wagon loads per acre. I do not know what it costs others, but I have carefully estimated the time for team and hands at different times and on an average it costs in labor 30 cents a load or $7.50 for 25 loads. Some of it has to be hauled a half mile, and some, of course, but a short distance. Four hundred pounds of best fertilizers at $1.70 per 100 lbs., cost $6.80; hauling it 5 cts. per 100 lbs., is 20 cents; applying it at 50 cents per acre is 50 cents; making a total of $7.50. In other words it costs as much to apply the manure after it is made as it does to buy, haul and apply 400 lbs. of the best commercial fertilizers. That is not all. The fertilizer will produce double the amount of wheat, and just as much grass if it is left for a meadow.

My plan is to haul out the manure directly from the barn (without composting) to the field on which I expect to plant corn or potatoes, during the fall, winter and early spring, and spread it upon the sod at the rate of 20 to 30 tons per acre. I plow this sod 5 inches deep for corn or potatoes. By means of shallow plowing and good cultivation I get the full benefit of the manure. I think it a good plan to follow corn with oats and apply from 200 pounds to 300 pounds of a quick-acting standard fertilizer. Follow the oats with wheat, with 300 to 400 pounds of standard fertilizer meal, (or meal and superphosphate mixed) and sow to timothy in the fall and clover in the spring for a meadow, or if desired sow blue and orchard grass with timothy for permanent pasture. Avoid the use of acid fertilizers containing Carolina rock. If the after management of the fields is correct, I think no one will have reason to regret the investment. —*J. C. Edgerton, in Ohio Farmer.*

OLD SQUIRE BEASLEY.

The Officiating Genius of the Famous Gretna Green of America.

The village of Aberdeen, O., directly opposite this city, has become famous within the last quarter of a century as the Gretna Green of America. More couples are married there in a year than in many large cities of the country. It is the haven of runaway lovers from Kentucky, although couples go there from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and even New York. Aberdeen is a pretty place of about nine hundred inhabitants. It is situated on the Ohio river, sixty-one miles above Cincinnati, and is reached by steamer and ferry-boat. The town is a leading tobacco market. Runaway marriages have become so frequent at Aberdeen that the people pay no attention to them. There are sometimes six or seven weddings a day. The veteran marrying 'Squire is Massie Beasley, who is now seventy-seven years old. He has held his present office continuously for twenty years, and is always re-elected without opposition. Every grade of society appears before 'Squire Beasley to have the hymeneal knot tied. He is a good-hearted old fellow, and if the pair have no money to pay the fee, which is often the case, he dismisses them with his blessing. Some of the couples arrive in carriages and are dressed in silks and broadcloth. Others enter his office barefooted and in rags, but the 'Squire never turns them away, no matter how forlorn or pitiable their condition. He marries people at the dead of night when they are in a hurry to escape the wrath of pursuing fathers or brothers.

'Squire Beasley's office has furnished many sensations which never got into the newspapers. On two or three occasions the wedding has been harshly interrupted by the arrival of pursuers just in time to prevent the ceremony. The age of applicants for his services makes no difference to Mr. Beasley. He has united boys of thirteen and girls of eleven, but up to this time he has never been involved in any trouble. The oldest pair to enter matrimony before the marrying 'Squire was a man of eighty and a woman of seventy-two. It had been a wonder how many mere children could be wedded without making the justice liable to fine and imprisonment. It seems that Beasley is a law unto himself. He asks no questions, and aims to make every body happy without regard to age or color. Most of his patrons are from Kentucky, and the marriage laws of that State are decidedly crude and indefinite. Within the last five years West Virginia has sent many of her young people to Aberdeen to be married. 'Squire Beasley has tied the knot for 4,153 couples in the sixteen years of his career in that time. His predecessor, 'Squire Shelton, who has been dead many years, married 5,000 couples in his life. In thirty years nearly 10,000 pairs of lovers have been made happy or miserable in Aberdeen.

'Squire Beasley is youthful in spirits, being a man of fine social qualities. His office is at his residence, a two-story brick, just on the outskirts of the town. There, with his only son, Captain Tom Beasley, he keeps bachelor's hall. The room used for matrimonial purposes is large and attractive. It contains an old-fashioned book-case and table, easy arm-chairs, a bedstead, and the 'Squire's pet mocking bird. The experiences of Mr. Beasley prove that people will undergo almost any hardship to get married. The runaways knock at his doors at all hours of the night in the worst of weather. They come on horseback and on foot, frequently being only a few minutes ahead of the infuriated father.

The records of the 'Squire's office show that Lewis County, Kentucky, sends the most runaways to Gretna Green, although every county in that State is well represented in his register. Ohio couples are required to produce a license, and in this way Mr. Beasley saves himself from being amenable to the laws of that State.

Although 'Squire Beasley is a jovial fellow, he is aggravatingly reticent about his career as a dispenser of matrimonial bonds. He has refused repeatedly to be interviewed on the subject and will not have his picture taken. The 'Squire keeps his records, not in a book, but on slips of paper. He says it is nobody's business who the people are that come to him to get married, and he will not reveal any of the many interesting secrets of which he is the possessor. A newspaper man once offered him a $100,000 for two of his pictures and an interview, but he positively declined to consider the proposition. Mr. Beasley has made several thousand dollars as the result of his reputation as the marrying 'Squire of America.—*Maysville, (Ky.) Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

LUCK IN A HUMP.

A Singular Superstition Prevailing Among Professional Gamblers.

"I will let you rub my hump with your gold if you give me a franc," said a hump-backed girl to me one night in the gambling saloon at Monte Carlo. I looked at her somewhat astonished at the remark, but she seemed so much in earnest and so desirous of the small piece of money that I gave it to her and rubbed her hump for luck, put the money on 14 and—lost. It was the strangest piece of tipping that I ever encountered in all my European travels, yet there are three or four hunchbacks who are habitues of the gambling saloon at Monte Carlo, and who make a living by letting the superstitious rub their lucky hump with money.

I remember an experience once in America of the same kind, but it was not for a tip that the hump was rubbed. A friend once told me to rub the hump of a hunchback with money, not letting him see you do it, and it was good luck. It was race week and I thought I would try it; so, slipping up behind a little hunchback who was going through the corridor of a prominent hotel in Washington, I pretended to be taking off my coat, and, having money in my hand, accidentally, as it were, let that hand hit the hunchback, and thus rub the money on the lucky hump. But, alas! the man turned around and I had to apologize for thus seemingly assaulting him.

Of course I knew then that no luck would come from the contact of the money with the hump, and so did not put any on the races and perhaps saved by it. But at Monte Carlo it seems to be reversed, for you, with the knowledge of the unfortunate, rub your money up against them, and very often, at least they tell me so, the person wins. —*Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Forest Destruction in Russia.

According to the Moscow *Vedomosti* the banks of the Syr-Daria, not more than twenty years ago, were so thickly covered with woods that the operations of the Russian armies were thereby considerably impeded. So great, however, has been the destruction of timber in recent years that there are now extensive areas of from 5,000 to 8,000 square miles—notably around Perovsk, the old Ak-Metchet fortress—in the greatest want, not only of building material, but of ordinary brush firewood. To remedy this state of affairs several experienced foresters have been recently invited by General Rosenbach to visit Central Asia, and to take steps for the immediate formation of extensive plantations of young trees in this and other districts of Turkestan.

MARRIED BLESSEDNESS.

A Sensible Chapter on the Pleasures and Duties of Matrimony.

We do not hail this compulsory competition for self-support by women as a wholesome sign, for it is not.

There is a remedy that is in the hands of young men. Perhaps its use depends upon increasing the certainty of work and the stability of wages, and perhaps, too, these must follow its use. Who can tell?

This remedy is in wife-seeking by young men. We do not agree that a married woman's life is one of dependence, for it is not. In the management of her household and the nurture and culture of her children she is self-supporting in a higher sense than when working for wages merely to support her own necessities. Withdrawn from the wage-working ranks, the disappearance of her competition adds to the volume of wages the margin between the cheaper labor and the higher wages of a man, and her influence upon the temperance and frugality of her husband usually so far restrains his useless or vicious expenditure so as to net in the volume of wages an amount equal to what she would earn.

As a social force, tending to a better and more orderly life in the man who married her, she becomes a most important agent of the state. She stands in the place of prison and policeman, of judge and jury. So the married woman is crowned with much honor and her life is full of glory.

The advice to young men to marry is not limited to those who confess themselves wage-workers, but is applicable to those who boast of belonging to the salaried class—clerks, book-keepers, solicitors, agents, foremen, bosses, etc.

A man can marry sensibly and safely on $10 a week. At $20 a week he is without excuse for celibacy, and at a wage above that his abstention becomes almost a crime against society. He is almost sure to be wasting a large share of his earnings upon the major vices. He is a menace to virtue, a promoter of debauchery, a danger to the state.

If young men will not marry the upright girls in their own station, who are willing to help found a home, they must expect to meet these girls in the struggle for self-support as wage-workers in an increasing competition, which adds continually to the evils of society that flow from a lack of the normal percentages of marriage.

Finally, wages adjust themselves to a celibate society. In one of his decisions involving a question of labor and wages, Justice Field has wisely said that wages in this country should be adjusted, not to the standard of self-support for the wage-worker himself. They should be determined by the higher standard of his ability to maintain respectably his wife and his children. To provide for them a comfortable home, which he owns, and the means to enjoy the worship of God and its elevating influences, and to seek proper schooling and culture. Therein he uttered the law and the prophets upon the issue, which involves not only the domestic happiness of the individual, but the safety and greatness of the state.—*San Francisco Alta.*

AN AWFUL THREAT.

How an American Astonished the Officers of the Bank of England.

A story is told of Washington Connor, Jay Gould's old partner in the stock-brokerage business, which illustrates the proclivity of the Wall street man to play pranks in solemn places. Connor, during a sojourn in London, presented a £25 Bank of England note—which, like our own currency, is simply a promise to pay—to the bank for redemption in gold. The bank's custom on these occasions is to require the person presenting the note to indorse it. "I indorse it!" said Connor, when the rule was read to him. "I don't know about that. I'm a little careful what I indorse. This is a note of hand." The astonishment of the official could not easily be depicted in words. "I don't believe I'll indorse it at all. I don't know you. Besides, it ain't necessary. Give me the gold and take your paper." "But, sir, it's our rule—" "I don't care any thing about your rule. Isn't the paper good?" "Good! Good! Is a Bank of England note good? Are you mad, man?" "Well, if it's good I want the money on it." "Who are you? You must be an American. Quit your fanning, man, and indorse it." The official gasped nearly purple in the face. Connor's countenance did not change a muscle. "I'll not indorse it," he said. "And as it's a genuine note, if you don't pay it I'll protest it." "Protest it! Protest the Bank of England! Good heavens!" "Yes, protest it, and before night." The clerk climbed down from his stool and ran into a back room. He returned immediately with two elderly officials, all three greatly excited. Connor calmly reduced the new-comers to a panic by repeating his threat, and after enjoying the spectacle feigned a sudden understanding of the case, and indorsed the note and got his gold.—*Washington Critic.*

The Picturesque Mule.

Few of us realize what an important factor of army life is its picturesque aspects was afforded by this ungainly, slab-sided creature, with its discordant voice, ready heels and tremendous reserve of energy. Recall any picture of camp or march, and, if your memory is retentive of such details, you will be pretty sure to find a pair of long, pointed ears, and serious, half-discouraged mule-eyes somewhere on the canvas. Elwin Forbes has introduced them to excellent advantage in his admirably etched series of sketches of life in the Grand Army, which he made in the field; and save where actual fighting is in progress they are almost of necessity part and parcel of the scene. Not that the quadruped was indisposed to take his place in the forefront of battle when duty called him there. Not at all; the list of killed, wounded, captured and missing mules is a long one, or would be, if it could be completed, and the steed was, as a rule, far more willing to go into action than was his non-combatant driver.—*American Magazine.*

The Lightning Courtesy.

A recent reception at the White House was almost at an end when a unique little entertainment was furnished those who stood behind the receiving line. A fair young girl was presented to the President. As he took her hand she ducked down six inches; the movement might be termed a lightning courtesy. The same action precisely was repeated a moment later, as Mrs. Cleveland shook hands with her. She remained chatting with the wife of the President. "How awfully country!" What part of Idaho do you suppose she came from?" was the comment at my elbow on the "lightning courtesy." "That is the noted Bostonese professional beauty, and that trick is the latest English custom she has presented to people of note." The movement is a difficult one, and there will be much humor in town if the amateur beauties determine to adopt it.—*Washington Critic.*

—San Francisco policemen say they have never seen a drunken Chinaman.

SOCIAL AMBITION.

A Family Whose Happiness Was Sacrificed to the Attach of Fashion.

"When I first came to New York," said a well-known physician lately, "among my friends was a family named Burke. They lived in a modest little cottage in Orange. Mr. Burke was cashier in a large business house in the city and drew a small, but assured, income. He was an enthusiastic naturalist, and spent his leisure time collecting specimens of moths and insects. His wife was a pretty, merry little woman, happy in her husband, her children and her home. They had a few educated, congenial friends, who lived simply like themselves. They would often ask me to spend an evening with them. We would have a comfortable little supper, some good music, and friendly, intelligent talk. I always came home cheered and refreshed.

"In 1870 Mr. Burke's salary was raised. His wife urged that they should move into the city. She had social ambitions. They took apartments in a cheap, pretentious building; Mrs. Burke's pretty muslins were replaced by showy silks; Burke gave up his moth-hunting and joined a dining-club. They asked me to dinner occasionally, when I was regaled with half-warm dishes from the restaurateur's instead of Mrs. Burke's well-cooked suppers, and cheap wine in place of good coffee. A waiter, hired for the occasion, had replaced the neat little maid. None of their old friends were among the guests, but, instead, a few pseudo-fashionable folk, who talked incessantly of their wealthy acquaintances.

"Burke soon began to speculate in stocks and was successful. They at once took a house in one of the side-streets and gave it to an upholsterer to furnish. Mrs. Burke set up her own coupe. When, once a year, I was bidden to a state dinner, I found the sham fashionable friends had disappeared and in their place were the rich notables of whose acquaintance they had boasted. The dinner was from Delmonico's but Mrs. Burke's own footman served it. Burke's income, every body knew, would not half-cover his outlay. But what matter? We are making our way into society,' he told me, with a haggard, anxious face which betrayed how great was the strain upon him.

"In 1876 he made a large amount by a speculation. They bought a house on Murray Hill, and emulated the wealthiest families of that neighborhood in splendor and extravagance. I was once asked to a ball in their magnificent house, and saw Mrs. Burke paying court to a so-called Russian Prince, whom she had secured as a guest. They were still pushing their way, as anxious and discontented as at first.

"There was a sudden collapse on Wall street. Burke lost in a week every dollar he owned. The shock, in his exhausted, nervous condition, brought on an incurable cerebral disease. He still lives, almost imbecile, a mere wreck of his former self. His wife would not return to poverty and simple modes of living again. She opened a fashionable boarding-house, and drags out a hard-worked, miserable life, in debt on every side. Not one of her fashionable friends recognize her on the street, and that is, perhaps, the bitterest drop in her cup."

"By the time a man reaches middle age," says Jacob Mathurin, "the histodes of his contemporaries furnish him with moral lessons more significant than any sermon." The moral of such lives as that of the Burkes is a common one, and is easily read. In every community the man or woman who sacrifices real happiness to the ambition to be fashionable, finds, sooner or later, that the mess of pottage, for which a great birthright has been sold, is but small and bitter to the taste.

This is not because fashionable people are naturally more selfish or cruel than others; it is because the tie between them is not that of genuine affection or respect, or of mutual interest in any noble cause or work. It is avowedly, simply amusement and emulation in display. When the newcomer, who is "pushing his way" is no longer able to amuse or to compete in display, he is, necessarily, pushed aside. Every reader will, early or late, have to decide upon his course in society. Let him remember the Burkes and their false ambitions.—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW TO BE A POET.

Tricks of the Trade Only Learned by Years of Experience.

When I first determined to become a poet I used to lie beneath shady trees on pleasant hillsides and dream the day away. I would be a poet. I would not write for publication. My sense was too sound to be exchanged for wretched gold. I would be a poet for my own gratification. Well did I know that should any mercenary publisher discover that I was writing poetry my life would be rendered miserable by the demand for my work. As I say, I used to idly dream, and now as my thoughts go back I can remember the first poem that I really loved. It began:

> Now the leaves are slowly falling
> And the meadow lark is calling,
> Calling, softly calling to his gentle mate,
> Telling her the year is dying
> And the time has come for flying,
> Flying quickly flying to some warmer State.

I cherished this poem in my bosom fully many a day until one day an unworthy idea came into my brain. What if I should send it to a publisher. How would it look in print. This base idea grew on me more; day after day it would come up in my mind until I could stand the strain no longer. I sent it. I got it back again. The poem was accompanied with a polite note from the editor saying that he was sorry, but that his paper was a strong Northern paper and the words "warmer State" leaned too much toward the South. I felt badly about this but I determined that no fawning publisher should get the best of me. I would turn that poem into a humorous effusion and let it appear in some funny paper. I sat down and changed that poem. It read:

> Now the leaves are gently falling,
> Let them fall;
> And the meadow lark is calling,
> Let him call.
> To his noisy, senseless, restless little mate,
> But Susannah Jones' lover,
> Let him love,
> Near her side will cease to hover,
> Cease to hover,
> For her papa and the bull dog guard the gate.

I sent this poem away fully knowing that I had done violence to my feelings, but I did it for revenge. The publisher had once refused me; they should now observe my power of sarcasm. I waited several weeks without hearing from the publisher but at last the poem came back. It was accompanied by a second polite note saying that the poem was good, but—almost too pathetic for their purposes. I got mad then. I proposed to have that poem published if, as my friend Wm. M. Evarts would say, it took a leg. I went at it again and I did get it published. Not only that, but it filled my pocket with shekels; and though I may not have as much fame as I hoped I should, I have more food. The poem in its revised form was:

> Now the leaves are slowly falling,
> On the cold, damp ground,
> And the meadow lark is calling
> As he hunts around
> For his hearse, and chalked-up chilly, little mate.
> If you'd keep in good condition
> And avoid all earthly ills,
> Heed this firm and grand petition
> Use Dr. Swindler's pills.
> We want an active agent in each town throughout the State.
>
> —*The Earth.*

GIRLS AND MARRIAGE.

An Able Answer to an Old and Exceedingly Silly Question.

The old question, Why don't the men marry? is now up for its regular annual discussion, and the columns of the newspapers the country over are filled with it. It is even surmised that some anxious mammas are also discussing it in those lectures popularly supposed to have been originated by the late Mrs. Caudle. Not only is the old discussion up, but the same old conclusion is reached. As usual the blame is put upon the girls.

There is about as much nonsense concentrated in this as can be put into the same space on any other question, and it is so easy to throw the whole responsibility upon the girls that editorial and other moralizers take advantage of it to render their work thus simple. But there could be no more mistaken idea. That there are foolish girls is very true. Nobody ever could or would deny such a proposition; but that there are from two to half a dozen foolish young men, to whom the foolishness of girls is almost as nothing, is not only easy of assertion but much easier of proof. Much of this talk about the great extravagance of girls is nonsense. The majority of young women, brought up in good, respectable American homes, with honorable parentage and good lineage, are willing enough to go out from these homes and make those of their own with men who have the pluck, the manliness and ability to do this, without asking that they shall start where their mothers are just about to leave off.

The truth is that this country over there are not in any community, large or small, enough of bright, energetic, honest, straightforward young men to marry the good, home-loving and prudent young women to be found there. So that if the girls marry at all about a third or a half of them must be cheated, not because they wish to be, but because they can not help it. The young men are not worth marrying. So this cheating is inevitable.

The truth is there is no reason why any young man with ordinary business prudence, and with the good sense to make his way in the world, should not marry if he wants to. There are plenty of girls in his own circle ready and willing to help him make a home. But the trouble is that the average young man does not want to give up a few expensive luxuries, or more expensive vices in order to settle down. He wants what he is pleased to term his liberty, and if he does not have this he is willing and anxious to throw himself into the market and look for money, with the inevitable result that if he gets it he is likely to go hollooing to the dogs carrying every body else possible along with him.

It is about time that this nonsense which has grown into a cant, that American girls are so extravagant that young men can not afford to marry them, should be exposed with something of the severity which it deserves. The young men do not marry either because they do not want to or because they are so little worth it that the girls will not have them.—*New York Press.*

THE AMERICAN COWBOY.

An Eloquent Defense of a Much-Abused Class of Hard Workers.

Singly or in twos or threes, they gallop their wiry little horses down the street, their lithe, supple figures erect or swaying slightly as they sit loosely in the saddle; while their stirrups are so long that their knees are hardly bent, the bridles not taut enough to keep the chains from clanking. They are smaller and less muscular than the wielders of axe and pick; but they are as hardy and self-reliant as any men who ever breathed—with broad, set faces, and keen eyes that look all the world straight in the face without flinching as they flash out from under the broad-brimmed hats. Peril and hardship, and years of long toil broken by weeks of brief dissipation, draw haggard lines across their eager faces, but never dim their reckless eyes nor break their boarding of defiant self-confidence. They do not walk well, partly because they so rarely do any work out of the saddle, partly because their *chaparajos*, or leather overalls, hamper them when on the ground; but their appearance is striking for all that, and picturesque, too, with their jingling spurs, the big revolvers stuck in their belts, and bright silk handkerchiefs knotted loosely around their necks over the open collars of the flannel shirts. When drunk on the villainous whisky of the frontier towns, they cut mad antics, riding their horses into the saloons, firing their pistols right and left, from boisterous high-heartedness rather than from any reckoness, and indulging too often in deadly shooting affrays, brought on either by the accident of contact of the moment or on account of some long-standing grudge, or perhaps because of bad blood between two ranches or localities; but except while on such sprees they are quiet, rather self-contained men, perfectly frank and simple, and on their own ground treat a stranger with the most whole-souled hospitality, doing all in their power for him and scorning to take any reward in return. Although prompt to resent injury, they are not at all apt to be rude to outsiders, treating them with what can almost be called a grave courtesy. They are much better fellows and pleasanter companions than small farmers or agricultural laborers; nor are the mechanics and workingmen of the great cities to be mentioned in the same breath.—*Theodore Roosevelt, in Century.*

Time Enough to Lie.

There is a young man studying law in a Texas lawyer's office, and the young man is not very regular in his habits. Yesterday the old lawyer said:

"Why didn't I see you in court yesterday?"

"Because I wasn't there, I reckon. I was confined to my room with the toothache," was the response of the incipient Blackstone.

"Come, now," said the lawyer, good-naturedly, "stop that! You will have plenty of time to lie after you have passed your examination and been admitted to the bar."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A sick child in Orera County, Ky., has surpassed the feat of the hogs, human and otherwise, who sought distinction by eating thirty quails in thirty days. S. D. Duvall offered his little girl $25 if she would eat a partridge every day for thirty days, believing that the nourishing food would do her good. She ate the birds and got the money, but on the twenty-sixth day she said the partridge looked as big as a turkey.

—An enterprising clothier advertises, guaranteeing a wife to every man who buys a suit of clothes. This is no inducement at all. What would do for this country better would be a guarantee of a suit of clothes to every man who has a wife.—*London Tid-Bits.*

Professional Cards.

A. Wilkes Smith, D. D. S.

OFFICE: Main street, two doors above Second. June22-tf.

J. C. MORGAN, D. D. S.

OFFICE: Main street, over Madison National Bank, Richmond, Ky. June 22 tf

DR. J. M. POYNTZ,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE: Second street, next to White's Drug Store. June22tf

G. W. EVANS, M D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE: Second street. June22tf

DR. T. J. TAYLOR,

Practitioner in Medicine and Surgery, RICHMOND, KY.

OFFICE: Second street, over Dykes' Grocery Store. June22t

DR. JOHN M. FOSTER,

MAIN STREET,

Next Door to Luxon's—Up Stairs. Residence at Willis House. June 22 tf

DR. PHIL ROBERTS

Offers his professional services to the public.

Office in drug store on lower Main Street, Richmond, Ky. July 27-1y.

DR. U. C. AMBROSE,

PHYSICIAN

FORD, KY.

Office hours 2 to 4 o'clock in the afternoon. June 22 tf

W. T. SEXSMITH, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

WHITE HALL, KY.,

Offers his professional services to the public. aug 17 1yr

DR. T. J. FAIN.

UNION CITY, KY.

Offers his professional services to the public.

Office at Powell & Parrish's. Aug. 17-tf

M. C. HEATH. J. F. CORNELISON.

HEATH & CORNELISON,

Practicing Physicians,

RICHMOND, KENTUCKY,

offer their professional services to the public. 4jan1y.

DR. GILES HARRIS,

WACO, KY.,

Offers his professional services to the public. jan4tf.

DR. S. M. LETCHER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

—RICHMOND, KENTUCKY—

Office on First Street. jan.1y.

H. W. BRIGHT, M. D.

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,

RICHMOND, KY.

OFFICE: Second street, next door to White's Drug Store.

Special attention given to Microscopical and Chemical examinations of tissues and fluids of the human body.

PARRISH & TURNER,

Attorneys At Law,

RICHMOND, KY.

Special attention given to abstracting titles to lands in Eastern Kentucky.

Office in CLIMAX building, S. E. Corner Main and Second Streets, up stairs. June 22 tf

E. T. BURNAM,

Attorney at Law,

RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.

OFFICE with C. F. & A. R. Burnam, on First Street. June 22 tf

J. A. SULLIVAN,

Attorney at Law,

RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.

OFFICE on First street, same as formerly occupied by County Judge Miller. oct6. 1y.

T. J. SCOTT,

Attorney at Law,

RICHMOND, KY.

Office on Second Street. June 22 tf

C. S. POWELL,

Attorney at Law,

RICHMOND, KY.

Office on Second Street. June 22 tf

A. J. REED,

Attorney at Law.

Will practice in Madison and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

Office in Master Commissioner's office, over Circuit Clerk's office June 22 tf

REAL ESTATE

—AND—

INSURANCE.

J. SPEED SMITH, Agent,

RICHMOND, KY.

Sells, rents or exchanges all kinds of Real Estate on reasonable terms, and represents first-class Fire and Life Insurance Companies

Office in Covington & Mitchell's Clothing Store. June22-tf.

CHAS. S. POWELL. | GEO. Y. FORMAN.

POWELL & FORMAN,

Fire Insurance!

We represent the following Insurance Companies, and solicit your patronage:

Guardian of London,	Assets,	$21,603,323 00
Queen of Liverpool,	"	13,653,250 00
German of Freeport,	"	2,316,114 00
Commercial Union of London,	"	11,701,193 00
Fireman's Fund of Cal.	"	2,048,842 00
Total Fund,	- - -	$55,172,722 00

Powell's office on Second Street and Forman's at Bonanza Roller Mills. dec.28-1y. POWELL & FORMAN.

Madison Co. Bonds!

The Bonds issued in payment of subscription of Madison county to Louisville and Nashville Railroad due in February, April, July and October, 1887 and 1888, will be paid on maturity at the Madison National Bank, Richmond, Ky.

tf. C. D. CHENAULT, Com.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL R. R.

BLUE GRASS ROUTE.

Shortest and Quickest Route

—FROM—

CENTRAL KENTUCKY

—TO ALL POINTS—

North, East, West and Southwest

FAST LINE

—BETWEEN—

Lexington and Cincinnati.

Schedule in Effect Jan. 29th, 1888.

SOUTH-BOUND.	No. 2 Ex. Sun.	No. 4 Daily.	No. 6 Ex. Sun.
Lve. Covington	8:30 am	8:25 pm	2:00 pm
Lve. Falmouth	10:03 am	9:38 pm	3:26 pm
Lve. Cynthiana	11:05 am	10:34 pm	4:30 pm
Arr. Paris	11:40 am	10:51 pm	5:10 pm
Arr. Lexington	12:30 pm	11:30 pm	6:10 pm
Lve. Paris	11:50 am	10:55 pm	5:20 pm
Arr. Winchester	12:35 pm	11:25 pm	6:05 pm
Arr. Richmond	1:00 pm	.....	7:20 pm
Arr. Lancaster	5:10 pm	.....	.....
Arr. Stanford	6:00 pm	.....	.....
Lve. Richmond	2:05 pm	.....	.....
Arr. Berea	2:30 pm	.....	.....
Arr. Livingston	3:45 pm	.....	.....

NORTH-BOUND.	No. 3.	No. 1.	No. 5.
Lve. Livingston	8:00 am	.....	.....
Lve. Berea	10:25 am	.....	.....
Arr. Richmond	11:45 am	.....	.....
Lve. Stanford	7:20 am	.....	.....
Lve. Lancaster	8:10 am	.....	.....
Arr. Richmond	11:00 am	.....	.....
Lve. Richmond	1:30 pm	6:45 am	.....
Arr. Winchester	2:25 pm	7:35 am	.....
Arr. Paris	3:25 pm	8:00 am	.....
Lve. Lexington	3:00 pm	7:25 am	3:00 pm
Lve. Paris	3:40 pm	8:20 am	3:30 pm
Lve. Cynthiana	4:06 pm	8:59 am	4:30 pm
Lve. Falmouth	4:51 pm	10:03 am	5:25 pm
Arr. Covington	6:00 pm	11:35 am	6:50 pm

MAYSVILLE BRANCH.

NORTH-BOUND.	No. 9. Daily Ex. Sun.	No. 11. Daily Ex. Sun.
Lve. Covington	.....	2:00 pm
" Lexington	7:35 am	4:25 pm
" Paris	8:25 am	5:20 pm
Arr. Millersburg	8:52 am	5:47 pm
" Carlisle	9:16 am	6:11 pm
" Johnson	10:10 am	7:05 pm
" Maysville	10:45 am	7:40 pm

SOUTH-BOUND.	No. 10. Daily Ex. Sun.	No. 12. Daily Ex. Sun.
Lve. Maysville	5:35 a m	12:30 p m
" Johnson	6:30 a m	1:25 p m
" Carlisle	7:24 a m	2:19 p m
" Millersburg	7:46 a m	2:42 p m
Arr. Paris	8:15 a m	3:10 p m
" Lexington	9:15 a m	6:10 p m
" Covington	11:15 a m	6:00 p m

No. 15 leaves Lexington 8:00 p. m., arrives Paris 8:42 p m.

No. 8 leaves Covington 4:50 p. m., arrives Falmouth 6:50 p. m.

No. 7 leaves Falmouth 6:00 a. m., arrives Covington 8:00 a. m

Daily Except Sunday.

NOTE—Trains 3 and 4 are daily between Winchester, Lexington and Cincinnati; other trains are daily except Sunday.

Direct connection is made at Winchester with Chesapeake and Ohio for Mt. Sterling, Ashland, Huntington, Charleston, W. Va., and Eastern Cities.

FAST LINE—Nos. 3 and 4 run, via Winchester, Solid Trains, with Pullman Sleeping-Cars, between Cincinnati and Richmond, Va. and Winchester and Washington, D. C.

Through Tickets and Baggage Checked to any destination reached by a railroad.

For full particulars address or call on any agent of the Company, or

S. F. B. MORSE, Gen. Pass'r Agt., Covington, Ky.
E. H. BACON, Trav. Pass'r Agt., Lexington, Ky.
H. E. HUNTINGTON, Gen'l. Manager.
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General Offices, Covington, Ky.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. DOWELL, Editor Enquirer, Edenton, N. C., April 23, 1887.

PISO

The best Cough Medicine is PISO'S CURE for CONSUMPTION. Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

mar7-6m.

C. I. St. L. & C. R. RANKAKEE LINE

The Popular Line between

Cincinnati, Indianapolis, LAFAYETTE and CHICAGO.

The Entire Trains ARE THROUGH Without Change. Pullman Sleeping Cars and Elegant Reclining Chair Cars on Night Trains. Magnificent Parlor Cars on Day Trains.

SOLID TRAINS

—BETWEEN—

Cincinnati and St. Louis

Via the C., I., St. L. & C. Railway (Big Four) and Vandalia Lines.

Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars, Pullman Reclining Chair Cars, New First-Class Coaches, Second-Class Coaches and Baggage Cars, all run through without change between Cincinnati and St. Louis.

Elegant Reclining Chair Cars

—BETWEEN—

Cincinnati and Peoria, Ill.

—VIA THE—

"C. I. St. L. & C. and T. H. & W. Short Line"

Commodious Reclining Chair Cars

—BETWEEN—

Indianapolis, Peoria, Ills., and Keokuk, Iowa,

Via SHELDON,

C. I. St. L. & C. and T. P. & W. R. Rds.

At Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria close and immediate connections are made with all lines