

THE CHANUTE TIMES.

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CHANUTE, KANSAS.

KANSAS ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It cost the city of Chanute just \$617.60 to entertain the G. A. R.

At the bridal chamber scene in "The Ironmaster" which was put on at Atchison the other night several people breathed audibly.

Topeka might catch that bar-keeper in that real open saloon and have him on exhibition in the Historical Rooms at the State House.

The city and council of Garden City has refused to pay any more rent for the appellate court room there. The court will be removed. It is an outrage to ask a city to pay the expenses of a state court.

Jacob Buck of Osage City, who has taken the Emporia canning factory, made a contract, just for a starter, with the H. T. Lee Mercantile Company of Salina to furnish them with twelve car loads of fruit and vegetables of Lyon county products canned in Emporia.

Grand Master Workman J. H. Crider of the Kansas jurisdiction of the A. O. U. W. announces that the membership has just reached the 30,000 mark. Crider has appointed Representative Weiler of Crawford county to go to Oklahoma to arrange for the reunion of the Oklahoma and Kansas jurisdictions under the Kansas officers.

The semi-annual state convention of the county superintendents will meet in Junction City May 12 and 13 at the First Baptist church. An open half fare rate has been secured on all roads. The Junction City schools will furnish the music. Superintendent George E. Kyner at Junction City will answer all all particulars regarding the meeting.

An epidemic of measles has broken out among the convicts in the United States penitentiary at Ft. Leavenworth and the working of many of the men has been suspended. Those with the measles have been quarantined and all new-comers are put in a separate cell house. The disease is proving very troublesome to many of the prisoners and the hospital is crowded.

The grand council of the southwestern division of the united commercial travelers will hold its annual meeting in Leavenworth on May 14 and 15. Arrangements are being made to entertain 750 visitors. E. E. Brewster of Leavenworth, grand councillor, will preside, and Mayor J. D. Edmond, of Leavenworth, who was formerly a traveling man and member of the order, will hand over the keys of the city to the guests.

Fabian Lagree, a well known member of a French colony in the vicinity of Moundridge, McPherson county, has come into the possession within the last few weeks of the income of a large fortune. Lagree is now a man of almost 70 years of age. He is a French Canadian by birth but has been a member of the Moundridge French colony for a number of years. The fortune which has recently come his possession is said to be \$100,000. It comes to him through his sister who years ago went to Montana, where she engaged in the cattle business. She has grown immensely wealthy and her recent gift to her brother is only one of the several he has received from her. Not long ago she visited him at Moundridge, it is said, and finding that he had a heavily mortgaged farm, she paid the entire indebtedness and gave him the farm unencumbered.

Six new jam brakes for the driving wheels of locomotives have been received at the round house at Wellington. They will be put on the engines immediately. The Santa Fe is fitting up all their engines with these excellent brakes.

Assessor Herr has made his return on Abilene. The population is 3,331, a gain of 88 in the year. The taxable property is \$39,690 as against \$367,808. The assessed value is \$113,230 as against \$122,603. The largest decrease is on notes which decreased \$11,000.

The cattle business in eastern Colorado and western Kansas has reached high water mark. There is more demand for calves, stockers and feeders, and they are selling at higher prices than at any time in the past ten years. The shipment of fat cattle to market is large.

It is true that Kansas men will boast of disasters. Recently in Wichita two men from two towns which had suffered from tornadoes almost came to blows over which town had lost the most people.

W. H. Brown of Wellington, an early timer, believes that it was not Indians who killed the famous Pat Hennessey, but an organized band of horse-thieves.

Fritz Schultz, an inmate of the Pawnee county poor house died, but not in time to escape a surgical operation for which the county commissioners had appropriated thirty dollars.

An Emporia policeman is advertising for a club he lost while sonambulating.

It is a fact startling but true that no one ever started to death in all the history of Western Kansas.

This state is getting ungodly. In every big town in the state photographers do their heaviest business on Sunday.

Thomas Ryan has appointed a young man named Raymond, who it is said, can prove he lives in Kansas, his private secretary.

This is a wonderfully cool spring in Kansas. It has been so cold that even the tornadoes have been frost-bitten and so benumbed that they cannot whirl.

The next great improvement which the Santa Fe will begin in Kansas will be the construction of a \$40,000 grain elevator at Winfield. Work on this will be begun at once and will be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible.

Ritter Bros., of Chetopa have just broken ground for a new 50-barrel flooring mill with meal and feed attachments. Work will be pushed and they are expecting to have it in operation by the time new wheat comes in again.

Although the wet weather has interfered with the work on the irrigation ditch at Great Bend to some extent, the first mile is completed with the exception of the riprap on the lower side. The working force has been increased to over eighty men.

A man was up before the police judge of Topeka the other day for stealing coal. The railroad detective said he caught the fellow in the coal car, but the man said that he was only sleeping there because his wife had locked him out and he had no money to go to a hotel. "Pretty hard bed, wasn't it?" asked the judge. "Oh, no, sir," he answered. "It was soft coal." And the judge was so struck with the joke that he let him go.

Manager Harry Love of the Missouri & Kansas Telephone Co. reports laying reached a distance of seven and a half miles north of Pittsburg with the extension of the long distance line; also that the soil so far has just been right for digging post holes and that the line has been constructed at the rate of one and a quarter miles per day. However, he expects to encounter some hard ground before reaching Ft. Scott, which is thirty-eight miles from Pittsburg.

At the Dickinson county poor farm recently arrived a charge who has for many years puzzled physicians and whose case is to-day stranger than ever. Newton Reed was born about 37 years ago and for a long time has lived in South Dickinson with relatives who have cared for him. Their removal made it best to bring him to the county farm where he is well cared for by the superintendent. When between 5 and 6 years old Reed had inflammatory rheumatism, which stopped the growth of his body. So it is to-day as then, the body of a child with tiny limbs, drawn and misshapen by disease. The head, however, is that of a normal man, full-sized, with beard growing as usual. Mr. Reed wears only a moustache, however. There is a good shaped forehead and the eyes show an observant and intellectual brain behind. He reads the papers, talks well and takes a lively interest in life. Yet he cannot sit up, but lies always in the little bed, helpless and hopeless of ever being better. It is a sad fate yet many people with all the advantages of a sound body are less contented than this unfortunate who abides in resignation his destiny. The physicians say there is no hope for improvement, yet he may live to old age. About ten years ago his story crept into the papers, but some of the local papers branded it as a fake. It was, however, strictly true, yet so strange that few could believe it.

When Mrs. Cleveland of Pratt shot her husband last week at Pratt he was so anxious that no one should know it that after falling to the ground he arose and walked home with her, five blocks.

The Coffey county normal institute will be held in Burlington commencing May 31 and closing July 3. Prof. S. W. Black, principal of the Pittsburg schools, will be conductor. Ex-County Superintendent George Scheneck and Prof. J. M. Pieratt, of Coffey county will assist.

The Populist central committee of Dickinson county has appointed a committee to draft resolutions condemning Senator Hannah for his vote against the maximum freight rate law.

The farmers of Kansas have set out in the past few years 147,340 acres of forest. Among them are 11,500 acres of black walnut, 12,486 acres maple, 2,637 acres of honey locust, and 55,553 acres of cottonwood. The cottonwood grows the quickest and makes fuel for the farmer sooner than any of the others, hence his preference for it.

A Kansas preacher in marrying a couple ended by saying: "My children, may your pathway be strewn with roses, but don't rain, if it don't rain before to-morrow, your pathway won't have even cactus flowers."

Four members of the Topeka fire department have been fired for firing their brains with fire-water.

The Holton church which gives dances to raise money is out of debt.

Ratt'eskakes are numerous at Coolidge this spring, but the antidote keeps up with the demand.

All bills passed by the last legislature become effective May 8.

A big saloon with hard-wood bar and French plate mirrors has started up in Topeka and the town is at last getting its mixed drink privileges.

The assessor of Abilene, who is a man who is set crazy with music, discovered to his surprise that there are only seventy-seven pianos in the town.

Some man has started out to prove that western Kansas is located on a thin crust and is liable to sink down some night with an awful crash.

In Meade county once a big hunk of carts fell in right where the trail passed. This hole filled up with salt water and is 175 feet wide and quite deep.

Mrs. John Aleome of Ionia, who cut her throat from ear to ear with a razor while in a fit of insanity, has almost recovered from the wound. She has been insane before having been in the Topeka asylum.

For several years it has been apparent that it was but a question of time until the exorbitant prices demanded by the manufacturers of bicycles would have to take a tumble. That this theory has now become a condition is apparent to those who have investigated the strictly high grade wheel just placed on the market by the Harrah & Stewart Mfg. Co., of Des Moines, Ia.

A new danger is threatened in the corn crop in Lyons county in the form of a black small insect in every way resembling the flea. Hundreds of acres of corn have already been ruined and are now being replanted. The matter has been referred to Secretary Coburn who can give no information regarding the insect and has referred the matter to E. A. Popenoe, entomologist at the state agricultural college.

The Santa Fe has out a new order. It is in effect that no stock will be permitted to run at large upon the company's right of way. People have been in the habit of lariatting their cows and horses alongside the railroad track to graze. The new order will be enforced from now on. All stock found grazing on the company's right of way will be taken to the city pound. This order applies to all towns along the line of the Santa Fe.

The Santa Fe has filed in the supreme court, upon an appeal from the district court of Cowley county, the case in which Albert Cunningham secured a judgment for \$6,250 for personal damages. Cunningham was a news agent on the Santa Fe's southern Kansas division and sustained severe injuries in a collision caused by a freight train running into the passenger train upon which he was employed. Cunningham sued for \$15,000 and secured a judgment for not quite half of that amount.

It was the unanimous sentiment of the convention of representatives from Oklahoma, Kansas and Texas, which met at Austin recently, in the interest of lower freight rates to the gulf, to have lower rates or build a road from Kansas to the southern seaboard. From this time his should be the sentiment and purpose of the people of the two states and the territory of Oklahoma. This is a great factor in the agricultural and live stock interests of the northwest. The problem will be solved in the evolution of commerce; it had just as well come now as later. It is the great boon which the people, who inhabit the vast country lying to the north and west to the gulf, have been battling through the years, and the time is at hand when the prospect is bright for its consummation. We must have cheaper rates to the seaboard or go into agricultural decay.

A young lady from Manhattan named Holler is visiting Ellsworth. The Ellsworth girls don't holler.

About the only way we know of to rid pasture land of garlic is to plow it up and grow cultivated crops on the ground for five or six years, keeping them perfectly clean during the whole time. Even then, if the fence rows are left for growing garlic seed, and the manure from the rest of the farm is used on the cultivated crops, the pest will be sure to re-appear in the new pasture.

The Newton Mill & Elevator Company will at once proceed to enlarge their property to a 4-story building, giving it a capacity of 400 barrels of flour per day, giving 10 more men employment and involve an expenditure of \$10,000.

The general revenue fund of the city of Atchison is bare and city officers have not received their April salaries. Mayor Donald will not sign their warrants until there is sufficient cash in the general revenue fund with which to pay them.

The statute book will be published May 8th and all laws which were ordered to take effect on publication in the statute books will then be in effect.

The Rock Island will ballast its track between Caldwell and Wellington with burned gumbo. The gumbo is prepared by burning with slack coal in immense pits and makes excellent road-bed.

The construction of a thing is what counts. Walking is not a crime. But a Pratt woman shot her husband for walking with another woman.

TALMAGE'S SERMON,

"THE BREAD QUESTION" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text "And the Ravens Brought Him Bread and Flesh in the Morning, and Bread and Flesh in the Evening"—1. Kings 17:6.



THE ornithology of the Bible is a very interesting study. The stork which knoweth her appointed time. The common sparrows teaching the lesson of God's providence. The ostriches of the desert, by careless incubation, illustrating the recklessness of parents who do not take enough pains with their children. The eagle symbolizes riches which take wings and fly away. The pelican emblemizing solitude. The bat, a flake of the darkness. The night hawk, the ossifrage, the cuckoo, the lapwing, the osprey, by the command of God in Leviticus, flung out of the world's bill of fare.

I would liked to have been with Audubon as he went through the woods, with gun and pencil, bringing down and sketching the fowls of heaven, his unfolded portfolio thrilling all Christendom. What wonderful creatures of God the birds are! Some of them, this morning, like the songs of heaven let loose, bursting through the gates of heaven. Consider their feathers, which are clothing and conveyance at the same time; the nine vertebrae of the neck, the three eyelids to each eye, the third eyelid an extra curtain for graduating the light of the sun. Some of these birds scavengers and some of them orchestra. Thank God for quail's whistle, and lark's carol, and the twitter of the wren, called by the ancients the king of birds, because when the fowls of heaven went into a contest as to who should fly the highest, and the eagle swung nearest the sun, a wren on the back of the eagle, after the eagle was exhausted, sprang up much higher, and so was called by the ancients the king of birds. Consider those of them that have golden crowns and crests, showing them to be feathered imperials. And listen to the humming bird's serenade in the car of the honeysuckle. Look at the belted kingfisher, striking like a dart from the sky to water. Listen to the voice of the owl, giving the key-note to all croakera. And behold the condor among the Andes, battling with the reindeer. I do not know whether an aquarium or aviary is the best altar from which to worship God.

There is an incident in my text that baffles all the ornithological wonders of the world. The grain crop had been cut off. Famine was in the land. In a cave by the brook of Cherith sat a minister of God, Elijah, waiting for something to eat. Why did he not go to the neighbors? There were no neighbors; it was a wilderness. Why did he not pick some of the berries? There were none. If there had been they would have been dried up. Seated one morning at the mouth of his cave, the prophet sees a flock of birds approaching. Oh, if they were only part-ridges, or if he only had an arrow with which to bring them down! But as they come nearer, he finds that they are not comestible, but unclean, and the eating of them would be spiritual death. The strength of their beak, the length of their wings, the blackness of their color, their loud, harsh "cruck! cruck!" prove them to be ravens.

They whirl around about the prophet's head, and then they come on fluttering wing and pause on the level of his lips, and one of the ravens brings bread, and another raven brings meat, and after they have discharged their tiny cargo they wheel past, and others come, until after awhile the prophet has enough, and these black servants of the wilderness table are gone. For six months, and some say a whole year, morning and evening, a breakfast and a supper bell sounded as these ravens rang out on the air their "cruck! cruck!" Guess where they got the food from. The old rabbins say they got it from the kitchen of King Ahab. Others say that the ravens got their food from pious Obadiah, who was in the habit of feeding the persecuted. Some say that the ravens brought their food to their young in the trees, and that Elijah had only to climb up and get it. Some say that the whole story is improbable; for these were carnivorous birds, and the food they carried was the torn flesh of living beasts; and therefore ceremonially unclean; or it was carrion, and would not have been fit for the prophet. Some say they were not ravens at all, but that the word translated "ravens" in my text ought to have been translated "Arabs"; so it would have read: "The Arabs brought bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening." Anything but admit the Bible to be true.

Hew away at this miracle until all the miracle is gone. Go on with the feasting process, but know, my brother, that you are robbing only one man—and that is yourself—of one of the most comforting, beautiful, pathetic and triumphant lessons in all the ages. I can tell you who these purveyors were—they were ravens. I can tell you who freighted them with provisions—God. I can tell you who anchored them—God. I can tell you who taught them which way to fly—God. I can tell you who told them what cave to swoop—God. I can tell you who introduced raven to prophet and prophet to raven—God. There is one passage I will whisper in your ear, for I would not want to utter it aloud, lest some one should drop down under its power—"If any man shall take away from the words of the prophecy of this book, God shall take

away his part out of the book of life and out of the Holy City."

While, then, we watch the ravens feeding Elijah, let the swift dove of God's spirit sweep down the sky with divine food, and on outspread wing pause at the lip of every soul hungering for comfort.

On the banks of what rivers have been the great battles of the world? While you are looking over the map of the world to answer that, I will tell you that the great conflict to-day is on the Potomac, on the Hudson, on the Mississippi, on the Thames, on the Savannah, on the Rhine, on the Nile, on the Ganges, on the Hoang-Ho. It is a battle that has been going on for six thousand years. The troops engaged in it are sixteen hundred millions, and those who have fallen by the way are vaster in number than those who march. It is a battle for bread.

Sentimentalists sit in a cushioned chair, in their pictured study, with their slippers on a damask ottoman, and say that this world is a great scene of avarice and greed. It does not seem so to me. If it were not for the absolute necessities of the cases, nine-tenths of the stores, factories, shops, banking houses of the land would be closed to-morrow. Who is that man delving in the Colorado hills? or toiling in a New England factory? or going through a roll of bills in the bank? or measuring a fabric on the counter? He is a champion sent forth in behalf of some home-circle that has to be cared for, in behalf of some church of God that has to be supported, in behalf of some asylum of mercy that has to be sustained. Who is that woman bending over the sewing machine, or carrying the bundle, or sweeping the room, or mending the garment, or sweltering at the wash-tub? That is Deborah, one of the Lord's heroines, battling against Amalekian want, which comes down with iron chariot to crush her and hers. The great question with the vast majority of people to-day is not "home rule," but whether there shall be any home to rule; not one of tariff, but whether there shall be anything to tax. The great question with the vast majority of people is, "How shall I support my family? How shall I meet my notes? How shall I pay my rent? How shall I give food, clothing and education to those who are dependent upon me?" Oh, if God would help me to-day to assist you in the solution of that problem the happiest man in this house would be your preacher! I have gone out on a cold morning with expert sportsmen to hunt for pigeons; I have gone out on the meadows to hunt for quail; I have gone out on the marsh to hunt for reed birds; but to-day I am out for ravens.

Notice, in the first place in the story of my text, that these winged caterers came to Elijah direct from God.

"I have commanded the ravens that they feed thee," we find God saying in an adjoining passage. They did not come out of some other cave. They did not just happen to alight there. God freighted them. God launched them, and God told them by what cave to swoop. That is the same God that is going to supply you. He is your Father. You would have to make an elaborate calculation before you could tell me how many pounds of food and how many yards of clothing would be necessary for you and your family; but God knows without any calculation. You have a plate at His table, and you are going to be waited upon, unless you act like a naughty child, and kick, and scramble, and pound saucily the plate and try to upset things.

God is infinite in resource. When the city of Rochelle was besieged and the inhabitants were dying of the famine the tides washed up on the beach as never before and as never since, enough shellfish to feed the whole city. God is good. There is no mistake about that. History tells us that in 1555 in England there was a great drought. The crops failed; but in Essex, on the rocks, in a place where they had neither sown nor cultured, a great crop of peas grew until they filled a hundred measures; and there were blossoming vines enough, promising as much more.

But why go so far? I can give you a family incident. Some generations back there was a great drought in Connecticut, New England. The water disappeared from the hills, and the farmers living on the hills drove their cattle toward the valleys, and had them supplied at the wells and fountains of the neighbors. But these after awhile began to fail, and the neighbors said to Mr. Birdseye, of whom I shall speak, "You must not send your flocks and herds down here any more; our wells are giving out." Mr. Birdseye, the old Christian man, gathered his family at the altar, and with his family he gathered the slaves of the household—for bondage was then in vogue in Connecticut—and on their knees before God they cried for water; and the family story is, that there was weeping and great sobbing at that altar that the family might not perish for lack of water, and that the herds and flocks might not perish.

The family rose from the altar. Mr. Birdseye, the old man, took his staff and walked out over the hills, and in a place where he had been scores of times, without noticing anything particular, he saw the ground was very dark, and he took his staff and turned up the ground, and water started; and he beckoned to his servants, and they came and brought pails and buckets until all the family and all the flocks and the herds were cared for; and then they made troughs reaching from that place down to the house and barn, and the water flowed, and it is a living fountain to-day.

Now I call that old grandfather Elijah, and I call that brook that began to roll then, and is rolling still, the brook Cherith; and the lesson to me, and to all who hear it, is, when you are in great stress of circum-

stances, pray and dig, dig and pray, and pray and dig. How does that passage go? "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my loving kindness shall not fail." If your merchandise, if your mechanism, if your husbandry fail, look out for ravens. If you have in your despondency put God on trial and condemned Him as guilty of cruelty, I move today for a new trial. If the biography of your life is ever written, I will tell you what the first chapter, and the middle chapter, and the last chapter will be about, if it is written accurately. The first chapter about mercy, the middle chapter about mercy, the last chapter about mercy. The mercy that hovered over your cradle. The mercy that will hover over your grave. The mercy that will cover all between.

Again, this story of the text impresses me that relief came to this prophet with the most unexpected and with seemingly impossible conveyance. If it had been a robin-redbreast, or a musical lark, or a meek turtle dove, or a sublime albatross that had brought the food to Elijah, it would not have been so surprising. But, no. It was a bird so fierce and inauspicious that we have fashioned one of our most forceful and repulsive words out of it—ravenous. That bird has a passion for picking out the eyes of men and of animals. It loves to maul the sick and the dying. It swallows with voracious glee everything it can put its beak on; and yet all the food Elijah gets for six months or a year is from ravens. So your supply is going to come from an unexpected source.

You think some great-hearted, generous man will come along and give you his name on the back of your note, or he will go security for you in some great enterprise. No, he will not. God will open the heart of some Shylock toward you. Your relief will come from the most unexpected quarter. The providence which seemed ominous will be to you more than that which seemed auspicious. It will not be a chaffinch with breast and wing dashed with white and brown and chestnut; it will be a black raven.

Here is where we all make our mistake, and that is in regard to the color of God's providence. A white providence comes to us, and we say, "Oh, it is mercy!" Then a black providence comes toward us, and we say, "Oh, that is disaster!" The white providence comes to you, and you have great business success, and you have a hundred thousand dollars, and you get proud, and you get independent of God, and you begin to feel that the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread," is inappropriate for you, for you have made provision for a hundred years. Then a black providence comes, and it sweeps everything away, and then you begin to pray, and you begin to feel your dependence, and begin to be humble before God, and you cry out for treasures in heaven. The black providence brought you salvation. The white providence brought you ruin. That which seemed to be harsh and fierce and dissonant was your greatest mercy. It was a raven. There was a child born in your house. All your friends congratulated you. The other children of the family stood amazed looking at the new-comer, and asked a great many questions, genealogical and chronological. You said—and you said truthfully—that a white angel flew through the room and left the little one there. That little one stood with its two feet in the very sanctuary of your affection, and with its two hands it took hold of the altar of your soul. But one day there came one of the three scourges of children—scarlet fever, or croup, or diphtheria—and all that bright scene vanished. The chattering, the strange questions, the pulling at the dresses as you crossed the floor—all ceased.

Mrs. Jane Pithey, of Chicago, a well-known Christian woman, was left by her husband a widow with one half dollar and a cottage. She was palsied, and had a mother ninety years of age to support. The widowed soul every day asked God for all that was needed in the household, and the servant even was astonished at the precision with which God answered the prayers of that woman, item by item, item by item. One day, rising from the family altar, the servant said, "You have not asked for coal, and the coal is out."

Then they stood and prayed for the coal. One hour after that the servant threw open the door and said, "The coal has come." A generous man, whose name I could give you, had sent—as never before and never since—a supply of coal. You cannot understand it. I do. Ravens! Ravens!

Japanese in Hawaii. The little republic of Hawaii is embarrassed by an extraordinary influx of Japanese immigrants, stimulated by immigration societies working with the encouragement if not actually as agents of the government of Japan. The Japanese in the islands already are more numerous than the people of any other nationality, except the native Hawaiians. Various forms of restriction imposed by the Hawaiian government were evaded by the immigrants, until at last the government forbade the landing of a ship load of Japanese, and ordered them sent back. Japan claims the privileges of free immigration under an old treaty, and appears to be using them to carry out a plan of virtual colonization.

A Gentle Hint. "Nice dog! Have you taught him any tricks since I was here last?" "Oh, yes. He will fetch your hat if you whistle," said she sweetly.—Dublin World.

A Good Word for Johnny. Mamma—Sh, Johnny! You must not interrupt papa in the middle of a sentence. Papa—He doesn't. He never lets me get as far as that.—New York Tribune.