

# Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

Turkey, ordering a new warship without paying what is due on past contracts, recalls the optimism of the slater, who, falling from a tower, remarked as he passed each story, "All's well so far."

The Odelthing, the lower house of the Norwegian Parliament, has adopted a bill introducing universal communal male suffrage, and another providing communal suffrage for women paying taxes on an income of at least 300 crowns.

King Leopold has conceived the idea of a vast network of electric railways connecting Antwerp and the coast with Brussels, and comprising also a line connecting Brussels and Paris, with cars capable of making the journey between the two capitals in two hours.

Booker T. Washington has been placed at the head of the negro department of the South Carolina Interstate and West Indian Exposition and has issued an address to the colored people of the United States, inviting them to show the progress made by them since the date of their emancipation.

Farmers in Florida, in the low country of South Carolina and in the southern part of Georgia are experimenting with food crops in the hope of developing two ideal money crops. Their interest has been excited by the success of an experimental cassava starch factory in DeLand.

The innumerable admirers of M. Jules Verne will learn with regret that the author of "Dr. Ox's Experiment" and of so many other delightful scientific fairy tales is lying very seriously ill at his residence at Amiens. M. Verne was taken suddenly unwell some three months ago, and has been obliged to keep his chamber ever since, his sight being greatly affected.

The rector of St. George's, a fashionable church in Brooklyn, has deemed it necessary to issue a circular in which he announces that in future "audible courtship" will not be permitted in his church while service is in progress. He does not particularly object to such mild forms of expressing affection as the holding of hands, but the more strenuous manifestations must be reserved for less public places.

Mrs. Hanna Omeger of New York city, according to Law Notes, recently recovered \$750 damages for injuries sustained by an icicle falling from a tank on top of the defendant's building through the skylight of her house and striking the good dame on the crown of her head. She was not only knocked senseless, but was interrupted in the midst of her dinner, which, when she recovered, had grown cold. For all of these things she asked \$15,000 damages.

A citizen of Owosso, Mich., raised a howl to the city assessor, claiming that his property was assessed at an extravagantly high figure. He wound up by declaring that if Mr. Laverock could sell the property at the valuation named the city official named could have a commission of 2 per cent. In less than two hours Mr. Laverock had sold a fine residence and two business blocks. The taxpayer backed water, but the assessor declares he will have his commission, which amounts to \$400, if he has to sue for it.

Living representatives of four generations of one family are not uncommon in the United States, but living representatives of four generations who all have the same birthday anniversary are surely not frequently met with. This is said to be true of the family of Mrs. Edith Ford, who lives near Greensburg, Ind. She is the great-grandmother, was born in Scott county, Ky., and is 86 years old. Her daughter is 66 years old; the next representative of the family is 36 years old, and the fourth member is three years old. Their birthdays all fall on July 9.

A departure from old methods of log transportation has been recently made on the Columbia river. This consists in building huge rafts so substantially that they can be towed to San Francisco. It is no small undertaking to put to sea with a stupendous, unwieldy raft and successfully tow it almost a thousand miles; but the trip has been accomplished a number of times and promises to become a regular business. The logs are principally for piling and posts and one raft will contain as much as 500,000 lineal feet. The rafts are built somewhat in the shape of a colossal cigar, and each log is fitted carefully into its place. The whole is fastened together with tons of chains, till the danger of going to pieces at sea is reduced to a minimum.

It is now held by the New York Board of Health that pneumonia has permanently displaced consumption as the leading cause of death in that city. In the past year the excess of deaths from pneumonia over those by consumption was greater than ever before. Influenza has brought this about. Prior to 1890 consumption had always been the chief cause of mortality, but influenza, which easily runs into the acute lung trouble, has now become domesticated in this country. Chicago's experience in this regard corresponds exactly with New York's.

# Mildred Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"Why do you not reproach me?" she cried, passionately. "Abuse me, speak harshly to me—do anything but act toward me as you are doing: your kindness is killing me. Not all the epithets you could heap upon me would punish me sufficiently for all I have made you suffer. Have you forgotten that I actually thrust myself upon you—that it was I who offered myself to you that fatal night, not you who asked for me? Why do you not taunt me with all this? Have I not put these cruel thoughts into your head, or is it that you are too noble to use them against a woman? If you would only be unkind to me, I think I should not feel quite so wretched."

Lyndon smiled, though rather sadly. "I am afraid you will have to go on being wretched forever if you are waiting for me to be unkind to you," he said. "Do you know, strange as it may seem all the displeasure I felt in my heart against you has somehow disappeared, leaving only love and forgiveness in its place. I am not angry with you now, my darling; I am only sad, and a little lonely perhaps," he concluded, turning abruptly away.

After a short interval he came back to her side again, and went on with a forced cheerfulness that in nowise deceived her.

"However," he said, "of course this state of affairs will not last forever. Time, they say, cures all things. In the meantime I will get through a little traveling, I think, and refresh my memory about certain foreign cities, so good-bye for awhile, and do not quite forget me during my absence. And"—in a low tone—"remember, Mildred, that whatever you do, or whomsoever you marry, I wish you all the happiness that can possibly befall you."

"Are you sure you forgive me?" whispered Mildred, tremulously.

"Think of all that has happened."

"I do, indeed," he said.

"Will you not kiss me then?" whispered Mildred.

So he kissed her once again, for the last time, upon her lips; and it was thus they parted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Denzil did not appear to recover quite so rapidly as had been at first confidently expected, the inward injuries he had received—though slight—telling on him more seriously than the doctors had anticipated.

Mrs. Younge had been telegraphed for on the evening of the accident, and had arrived at King's Abbott early the following morning, having elected to travel all night rather than endure the agonies of suspense, though the telegram had been very reassuring.

The third day showed their patient apparently better than on the preceding one. There had been more decided symptoms of amendment, and he had gone through the dressing of his wounds with wonderful composure and stoicism. But toward evening he grew depressed and irritable, and evinced a faint inclination to wander; whereupon the doctor looked grave, shook his head and made certain changes in his medicine—but all to no purpose. The next day he was in a raging fever.

The fifth day after the fever first declared itself Lady Caroline, having insisted on the poor mother's lying down for an hour or two, was sitting in Denzil's room as the time wore on toward evening. Bending over his bed, she noticed a certain change in his face.

"What is it?" she asked, tenderly.

"Mildred," he whispered, with deep entreaty in his tone, and holding out his hand.

"I am not Mildred, dear Denzil," said Lady Caroline, thinking that he still raved; but he said:

"I know you are not," quite distinctly; and then again, "I want her—why does she never come to me?"

Poor Lady Caroline was greatly perplexed; she knew not what to do. Had things been different she would have followed the dictates of her own kind heart and sent for Mildred on the spot; but, as it was, she remembered former scenes and Lyndon's recent sad departure and did not care to take the responsibility on herself of bringing her daughter and Denzil together.

"Mildred, Mildred!" called the sick man, impatiently; and then the little ray of reason that had come to him in connection with her face vanished, and he wandered off once more into the terrible feverland, hearing with him the name of her he loved.

For two hours he lay thus, calling, sometimes wildly, sometimes feebly, but always for her, until his loving nurse's heart was smitten to the core.

At length came Stubber, the family doctor, and, seeing Denzil in this state, he regarded him silently for several minutes.

"Lady Caroline," said he, with decision, "Miss Trevanion must be sent for, be it right or wrong."

For which Lady Caroline blessed him secretly, and sent for Mildred forthwith.

She came without a moment's delay, and, even as her foot crossed the threshold of the door, a sudden silence fell on Denzil. He turned—the fever for a time sank conquered—while his beautiful eyes lit up with passionate expectation and fond hope.

Slowly and with hesitation Mildred advanced to the side of the bed, and then Lady Caroline went over to the

window, followed hurriedly by the doctor.

What happened after that nobody ever knew, for Lady Caroline and Stubber, standing with their backs to the bed, and their faces turned to the chilly outer world, could tell nothing.

When at length they returned to the bed they found Mildred pale and trembling, the heavy tears coursing each other down her cheeks in rapid succession, which she hastily brushed away as they drew nearer her, her hand tightly clasped in Denzil's. He had even made an effort to hold her with the poor injured fingers, and had brought them so far that the tips touched hers.

He was quite sane now. His face, slightly flushed, was looking upward; his eyes, glad and happy, were fixed on hers, while she answered back the gaze, forgetful of all else but that he lay before her sick, it might be, unto death.

"Denzil, you are exciting yourself," said Lady Caroline, nervously.

"No, I am not," answered Denzil, his voice clear and distinct, but without removing his eyes from Mildred's; "leave me for a moment."

He waved them back impatiently to the window, and neither Lady Caroline nor the doctor could bring themselves to disobey the command.

But Stubber, who was becoming seriously uneasy about his patient, glancing round at him cautiously and surreptitiously, saw what followed. He said that when he and Lady Caroline had again withdrawn, Denzil looked at Miss Trevanion, and that then Miss Trevanion stooped and kissed him, not once, but twice.

This was what Stubber said, but he also added that it was his firm belief that she did it out of pure humanity and nothing more. When two minutes later, he again approached Younge, he found that Mildred had disappeared, and that Denzil was lying perfectly composed, his face turned toward the half-open door. He sighed heavily but contentedly, and then came back to the realities of life.

"Doctor Stubber," said he, "do you know that I am better?"

"Time will tell," answered the little doctor, sententiously; "and now you must go to sleep if you wish to keep in that much-to-be-desired condition. Lady Caroline, I trust to you to let no more young ladies into the room this evening."

Denzil laughed quite rationally, and, changing over to the other side, in a few minutes, fell into a sound, refreshing slumber.

Not once again during all the remainder of his illness did Miss Trevanion enter Denzil's room; neither did he ask for nor allude to her in any way, although Lady Caroline noticed the intense look of interest that came into his face whenever her name was casually mentioned.

After a week or two, the remembrance of her visit faded, or came to him only as a shadow from the fevered past he had gone through, and not until the doctor had given him permission to quit his bed for an hour or so every day, to lie on a lounge in the adjoining apartment, did he venture to speak of it and try to discover the truth.

It was one morning, when he was feeling considerably stronger, and had Mabel beside his couch, reading to him scraps of poetry that every now, and then struck her fancy as she glanced through the volume in her hand, that he approached the subject.

"Is your sister away from home?" he asked, in the middle of a most pathetic passage.

And Mabel answered "No," reddening a little.

"Then I think she might have come to see me before this," he said, with all the fretfulness of an invalid.

"Well, you see, she has all the house-keeping to attend to, now mamma is so much your slave," returned Mabel, smiling; "that keeps her away. She always asks for you, though, and is so glad to hear of your getting on so rapidly."

This sounded rather lame, and Mabel, feeling it to be so, tried once more to resort to her book.

"I suppose it would give her too much trouble to make her inquiries in person," he said, bitterly; "everyone else comes to see me except herself. Surely Lyndon could not object to that?"

"Have you not heard, then?" asked Mabel, hesitatingly. "I fancied you would have known before this. Her engagement with Lord Lyndon is at an end. He has been abroad for the last four weeks."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Mildred's engagement is at an end with Lord Lyndon!" Denzil's pale, haggard face flushed crimson; he put up his uninjured hand and brushed back his hair impatiently, fixing his eyes on Mabel the while. "What caused it?" he asked with suppressed agitation. "It must have been very sudden. Four weeks ago, you say—why, that was just after—"

He paused.

"Just after your accident occurred," said Mabel, slowly; and she grew frightened, fearing that Mildred would condemn the remark if she heard of it, and determined to make no more admissions, whatever happened. "You

are talking too much," she went on, hurriedly; "you are looking very pale. Your mother will say it is all my fault when she comes in. Lie back amongst your cushions comfortably, and I will go on with my reading."

"No," interrupted Denzil, putting his hand hastily over the open page. "I am tired of reading." Then, with a short laugh—"I am afraid you think me a savage—do you?—and are wondering whether I have sadly deteriorated during this illness, or whether I am now, for the first time, showing myself in my real character. The fact is, I like talking to you better than listening to the most perfect poetry that could be written. Now you cannot call that uncomplimentary, at all events, can you? I feel as though I had left the world for years, and, having come unexpectedly back to it, am now hearing all the strange things that have happened during my absence—a sort of Rip Van Winkish feeling, I suppose; so I want you to educate me before I make my way down-stairs. Miss Sylverton was with me yesterday, and told me of Charlie's promotion. She said nothing of her marriage, however; but no doubt that will follow, as a matter of course."

"It is almost arranged to take place next month," observed Mabel.

"Queenie," said Denzil, in a low voice, "tell me this—when did I last see Mildred?"

"It was she that saw you fall and went to your assistance, you know," returned "the queen" evasively.

"I know that," said Denzil—"your mother told me the whole story. But have I never seen her since—in any way?"

"Oh, where could you have seen her?" asked Mabel, jestingly, and with considerable confusion, turning to arrange some flowers on the small table near her.

"It was only a dream then," murmured Denzil, disappointedly, and said no more on the subject to his companion's great relief. But the next day he tormented little Stubber to allow him to go down-stairs.

(To be continued.)

## DISTANT 30,000,000 MILES.

### Eros Is That Far from Us Most of the Time.

Late last December the asteroid Eros, which was discovered about three years ago, came within 30,000,000 miles of the earth. This is not the nearest it gets to us, for at one point in its orbit it is, or would be if the earth was in the corresponding position in its orbit, within about 13,000,000 miles, but unfortunately this only occurs once in about forty-five years. Consequently the astronomers took advantage of the conditions prevailing in December to take innumerable photographs of it and a few stars in its vicinity in connection with the sun from all points possible, with the object of using them as a basis for the computation of the sun's distance from the earth, which, though known approximately, has never been determined with precision. As the earth and the star are now speeding away from each other and further photographing, therefore, of no avail for the purpose, the astronomers have begun the task of measuring the photographs some 5,000 or 6,000 in number, to ascertain the distance in minutes and seconds of an arc between Eros and the neighboring stars. After this is done the intricate mathematical calculations will be entered into. These will occupy many months, or perhaps a year or more, before anything like a definite result can be reached.

## Children's Friendships.

From about the fifth or sixth year children are apt to make firm friendships with their small contemporaries. This should be a watchful period for mothers, for these early friendships have a marked influence on the mind, morals and manners of a child. Nearly every character is moulded very largely by early companionship and surroundings. Every mother should take care to be her children's companion as far as possible, for she may be quite sure that if they are left to the care of servants they will at the best only attain the local manners and customs of the nursery or servants' hall, which are not quite those of the cultured classes, says the Evening Star. Children require the companionship of little folks their own age, and a mother should be so much her children's friend that she knows all their associates and that she knows all their associates and is able to nip in the bud any acquaintance which she thinks undesirable. The one which she thinks undesirable. The one which she thinks undesirable. The one which she thinks undesirable.

## Lieutenant Townley Guilty.

News has been received at Washington through unofficial channels that Lieutenant Richard Townley of the navy had been convicted by court-martial at Manila and sentenced to dismissal. The charge on which Lieutenant Townley was court-martialed was in connection with the recent commissary irregularities at Manila. The sentence must be approved by the president to become effective. Townley was formerly a resident of Lincoln, Neb.

## Priest Not Poisoned.

The report of George A. Ferguson of New York, an analytical chemist, who made an examination of the stomach of the Rev. E. S. Phillips of Hazelton, Pa., who was found dead in the apartments of Dr. Kirk Stanley, three weeks ago, shows that Father Phillips was not poisoned.

## Kirk Stanley was Discharged.

Miraculous Escape of Child.

At Greeley, Neb., T. M. Brown's little girl, Lucille, fell from a two-story window to the ground. It was found that she was badly injured but she slept well and don't appear to be specially suffering from the shaking up she got. She is only about two years old and it is a wonder she was not killed.

## Tragedy in a Tenement.

Francisco Alaska, twenty-two years old, shot and killed his first cousin, Miss Angelina Fala, aged twenty-seven years of age, and then committed suicide by shooting himself in the breast. The tragedy occurred in a tenement at 163 Elizabeth street, a poor part of the city of New York. Alaska was in love with the woman.

## Weather Conditions.

The reports received by the climate and crop service of the weather bureau shows that Nebraska received a good wetting down on Monday and Monday night. The rain was widely distributed and was almost everywhere heavy enough to give relief to the crops, which were beginning to suffer.

## Bad Burglars Looted the Residence of Mr. Jones.

The residence of the W. H. Harrison lumber yards at Grand Island, but the amount of loot secured was not large.

## Lawson Yacht Has Accident.

The Lawson yacht Independence in her second sail trial at Boston, met with her first accident, a not very serious jamming of the steering gear, but sufficient to stop the trial after an hour and a half of splendid sailing, during which she attained a speed of a little over thirteen and one-half nautical miles an hour. The accident led unexpectedly to a most thorough test of the yacht's rigging and her big steel mast and the result showed that it would take a pretty severe blow to dismast the Boston yacht.

## Dickens' Love Letters.

Charles Dickens' love letters exist—a boxful of them. So states a writer in a London weekly: "I had the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Dickens and had the privilege of receiving her at my house in my earliest London days. Without ever for a moment hinting at their contents, she would smile in a half-amused and yet pathetic way at the suggestion of a mutual friend that her famous husband's love letters would make a popular volume, after being edited, of course."

## King Edward Likes Society.

King Edward much prefers congenial society to solitary state and so has introduced the custom of having a good-sized dinner party every evening at the royal table. The members of his own family, all guests and several members of the suite are always in attendance.

# HOMES FLOODED

## Rising Water Follows Heavy Rainfall in Ohio.

## MARY LIVES SUPPOSED TO BE LOST

### A Number Are Missing and Supposed to Have Been Drowned—Live Stock Carried Away—Property More or Less Badly Damaged.

A terrific rainstorm, accompanied by a heavy wind, visited the vicinity of Ripley, O., doing great damage to property and causing the loss of a number of lives.

Eagle creek suffered severely and a number of people are reported missing or drowned, among the number being so reported is the wife and daughter of John Hiatt, Hiatt postoffice, who left just before the storm broke.

Advices received at Cincinnati from parts of Brown county and the adjacent territory show that houses were flooded. Relief committees are caring for the flood victims.

Fifty cattle were drowned near Ellisberry and all the telephone and telegraph lines in the path of the storm suffered.

At Maysville, Ky., the heaviest rainfall in years occurred. Houses on Canada creek were moved from their foundations.

At Portsmouth, O., the rainfall was nearly two inches.

Wires are down and all communication with stricken district is cut off.

## TO AVOID BODY SNATCHING

### Remains of Lincoln to be Replaced in Old Tomb.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean will print a story saying that the recent reinterment of the remains of Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., has been done in such a manner as to leave them in a measure at the mercy of body-snatchers, and that steps are to be taken at once, at the instance of Robert T. Lincoln, to have the body placed as in the former monument, under a huge block of cement where it will be out of the reach of any attempt at molestation.

## Mines on American Side.

A Whateam, Wash., dispatch says: The boundary commissions of the American and Canadian governments, now engaged in relocating the line on the western slope of the Cascade mountains, have completed their work through Mt. Baker mining district, and finds that it runs three-fifths of a mile farther south than has been heretofore supposed, but all of the more valuable mines remain on American territory.

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## CAN SEE NO CHANGE.

### Mrs. McKinley Barely Holding Her Own—Doctors Tell Same Story.

A Washington dispatch says: Mrs. McKinley's physicians were in consultation Friday for over an hour and the following statement was issued:

"Mrs. McKinley's physicians state that her condition is about the same as reported Thursday. There has been no material change in the past twenty-four hours."

The examination of Mrs. McKinley's blood, which has been made under the direction of the attending physicians, showed negative results, there being no evidence of blood poison. This is the only one of the various examinations that are being made by the physicians to determine the character of the illness of Mrs. McKinley. The blood was taken from her arm last Tuesday.

Dr. Rixey made this statement as he left the white house:

"Mrs. McKinley is resting comfortably. Her condition shows no change as compared with the situation announced in the bulletin. She has not yet lost any ground, nor, on the other hand, has there been any perceptible improvement. She is just the same as when we saw her Friday morning."

## INSANE WITH JEALOUSY.

### Suitor Scorned Kills Woman and Then Himself.

Insanely jealous because she scorned his offer of marriage and made desperate by imaginary grievances against members of her family, Nels Nelson, a Swedish farm hand, of near Kingston, Ill., shot and instantly killed Mrs. John Ludwig. He then turned the weapon on her sister, Mrs. Peter Wing, and sent a bullet at her head, and later, when cornered by a crowd of farmers anxious to lynch him, ended his own life.

## Takes Bath in Blood Tank.

Frank Taylor, a young man of Oxford, Mich., who became despondent because his sweetheart married another man, attempted to drown himself in a tank of blood in Green's slaughter house. He was assisting in killing cattle, and when the tank in which the blood was retained became full he stripped himself and jumped in. He was rescued by his companions. It is believed he was temporarily insane.

## To Take Sternberg's Place.

Col. William H. Forwood, assistant surgeon of the United States army, chief surgeon of the department of California has been ordered to report to Major General Sternberg, surgeon general of the army at Washington. He will soon leave San Francisco. Colonel Forwood will assume the duties of the chief medical officer of the army while the latter is making a tour of inspection of the Philippines.

## Trying to Save the Assyrian.

A St. John, N. F., dispatch says: Three wrecking steamers are lying by the stranded Leland line steamer Assyrian, ashore off Cape Race, and three divers are making an examination of its bottom. Everything is ready for discharging its cargo or attempting to tow it off, if such a step is decided on. The weather is most favorable and it is likely to remain unchanged for some time.

## Machinists to Get Aid.

The machinists of Chicago, Ill., are to receive assistance in their strike from the local branch of the amalgamated society of engineers, which is composed of men in all the metal trades. Representatives of the two organizations had a conference and plans were outlined for concerted action.

## Physically Disqualified.

A Washington dispatch says: Two West Point cadets, Albert H. Mueller and Louis Soloviev, jr., who have just graduated from the military academy, have been honorably discharged from the services of the United States on account of physical disqualifications. Mueller was appointed from Illinois and Soloviev from New York.

## Dies From Rabies.

Aaron Ewing of Leeton, Mo., died on Hunker creek, in the Klondike, in May, from what was supposed to be rabies. The patient had all the symptoms of rabies before and after death and the camp was greatly alarmed. The patient was bitten six weeks before the disease developed. He died in great agony.

## Woodmen Begin to Gather.

The chief officials of the Modern Woodmen of America, which opens its national convention in St. Paul, Minn., next week, have arrived. The party included Head Consul W. R. Northcote of Illinois and A. R. Talbot of Lincoln, Neb., a member of the board of directors.

## Falling Off in Average.

The crop bulletin issued Friday by the secretary of the Kansas state board of agriculture shows the condition of wheat in the state to be 82.8, as compared with an average of 99.8 for last month.

## Suicide Identified.

The man who committed suicide in Crapo park at Burlington, Ia., has been identified by his son, Frank, as F. S. Peavy, at one time a wealthy farmer near Newton, Ia. The body is now in a medical college vat at Kirksville, Mo. The remains will be secured and buried by the son.

Considerable fun is being poked at Labette county because its coroner is a colored man of limited education. But at inquests he wisely says little, remembering that the man who is long on words is short on deeds.