THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1890.

hands clutching the mode of the chair. I turned to the girl. She had neither spokes nor stirred, but now came forward and calm-ly saked my business. "I think," said I, "that your name to Killi-

"I am Delia Killigrew, and this is my ather, Sir Deakin." "Now on his way to visit his estates in

Cornwallf

Cornwall" She nodded. "Then I have to warn you that your lives are is danger." And, gently as possible, I told her what I had seen and heard down-stairs. In the middle of my tale the servant stepped to the door, and returned quietly. There was no lock on the inside. After a minute he went across and drew the red cur-tains. The window had a grating within, of iron hars as thick as a man's thumb, strongly clamped in the stone work, and not four inches apart. Clearly, he was a man of few words; for, returning, he merely pulled out his sword and waited for the end of my tale. The girl also did not interrupt me, but list-ense in silence. As I ceased, she said: "In this all you know!" "No," answered I, "It is not. But the rest I promise to tell you if we see the rest I promise to tell you if we see from this place alive. Will this content you!" She turned to the servants, who nodded. Whereupon she held out her hand very cor-cially.

dially. "Bir, listen: we are travelers bound for Cornwall, as you know, and have some small possessions that will poorly reward the greed of these violent men. Nevertheless, we should be hurrying on our journey did we not await my brother Anthony, who was to have ridden from Oxford to join us here, but has been delayed, doubtless on the king's

She broke off, as I started; for below 1 heard the main door open, and Capt. Set-tle's voice in the passage. The arch villain had returned.

"Mistress Delin," I said, burriedly, "the twelfth man has entered the house, and un-less we consider our plans at once, all's up with us."

"Tush!" said the old gentleman in the chair, who (it seems) had heard all, and now sat up brisk as ever. "I, for my part, shall mix another glass, and leave it all to Jacques. Come, sit by me, sir, and you shall see some pretty play. Why, Jacques is the neatest rogue with a small sword in all France!"

"Sir," I put in, "they are a round dozen in all, and your life at present is not worth a penny's purchase." "That's a lie! 'Tis worth this bowl before

me that, with or without you, I mean to empty. What a fool thing is youth! Sir, you must be a dying man like myself to taste life properly." And, as I am a truthful man, up, quavering merrily:

> "Hey, nonni-noni-no! Men are foois that wish to die! Is't not fine to laugh and sing When the bells of death do ring? Is't not fine to drown in wine And turn upon the toe, And sing, hey-nonni-no! Hey, nonni-nonni-

"Come and sit, sir, nor spoil sport. You are too raw, I'll wager, to be of any help, and boggling I detest." "Indeed, sir," I broke in, now thoroughly angered, "I can use the small sword as well as another."

as another."

"Tushi Try him, Jacques." Jacques, still wearing a stolid face, brought his weapon to the guard. Stung to the quick, I wheeled round and made a lunge or two, that he put aside as easily as though I were a babe. And then-I know not how it hap-pened, but my sword slipped like ice out of my grasp, and went flying across the room. Jacques, sedately as on a matter of business, stepped to pick it up, while the old gentleman chuckled.

I was hot and ashamed, and a score of hitter words sprang to my tongue tip, when the Frenchman, as he rose from stooping, caught my eye, and beckoned me across to him.

He was white as death, and pointed to the hilt of my sword and the demi-bear engraved

thereon. "He is dead," I whispered; "bush!--turn your face aside-killed by those same dogs that are now below." I heard a sob in the true fellow's throat. But on the instant it was drowned by the

sound of a door opening and the tramp of feet on the stairs.

Continued next Saturday

Commercial Traveler vs. Lawyer. A wide awake commercial traveler generally gets the better of an adversary,

THE KING CORN GROWER.

DR. WOLFE, OF CINCINNATI, AND HIS WONDERFUL GOLDEN EAR.

tto Made Jorry Buck, Secretary of Agri enture, Acknowledge His Severeignty. The Doctor's Experiments on His Mass-meth Western Bauch.

[Special Correspondence.] WASHINGTON, April 24.—One day last week a short, robust old man, who wore a slouch hat and carried a large grip eack in his hand, called at the department of agriculture and sent his card to Secretary usk. He was shown in. "You are Jerry Rusk?" he asked, put-

ting down his grip sack. Yes; and you!

"I am the King Corn Grower of America.



"Glad to meet you, Mr. King Corn Grower. Have you some specimens of your skill with you? If so, trot 'em out." The visitor opened his big carpet bag and took out an astonishing number of little tin boxes, like a prestidigateur producing flowers from the inner recesses o a silk hat. He removed the sliding lids of these boxes, of which there were thirty, and spread them out on the secretary' desk. There were thirty small masses of corn, a chromatic scale in maize. Box No. 1 was full of kernels almost as white as periwinkles, while box No. 30 was as black as darkness. All the tints and shades known to the chemist were to be

found in this product of a corn field lab-"And here are some of the emblems of my royalty," said the visitor, diving deep down into his carpet sack and bringing forth two or three long yellow wands, set with rows of golden drops.

"You think that a kingly ear of corn do you?" exclaimed the secretary of agri-culture. "You think it can't be beat? Well, wait here one minute and I'll take the conceit out of you."

Uncle Jerry touched his electric bell button, and in a couple of minutes he held in his hand a long ear of corn. "Now, size up here with me," he ex-

claimed, merrily; "now we'll see if you are the King Corn Grower of America Measure up, now!" But lo and behold! the ear of yellow

corn which for many months had been the pride of the department of agriculture was shorter by an inch or more than the car which the visitor held aloft in triumph.

"I acknowledge the corn," said the secretary; "you are king; but now give as an account of yourself." The visitor needed no second invitation.

'My name is Wolfe-Dr. N. B. Wolfe -of Cincinnati," said he. "I practiced medicine for thirty-five years. Now I have retired and become a farmer."

"Being a millionaire, you can afford to till the soil." interjected the secretary.

we reneed that my farm is right in the midst of what was once known as the "Great American" desert—the region of which the authoritative Humbolds, whose word no one ever dared dispute

wrote 'it is as sterile as Sahara.'" "I have been out in that country," said Secretary Rusk, "and I saw no desert there. Do you think it ever was a des-

"I do not. While it is true that vege-table life has never manifested itself luxuriantly in this region, and that it was apparently barren, I have my own theory as to the causes. The land was always rich, was always waiting to be tickled with the alway and multi to the tickled with the plow and smile in return with a bountiful crop, but it was for an unknown period of time the runway for millions of buffalo which traveled north every spring and south every fall. The hoofs of the buffalo destroyed the grass roots, and gave to geography that immense fiction, 'The Great American Desert.' In 1870 the herds of buffalo became sensibly reduced in number, and in the fall of 1874 the bison disappeared from the plains of Kansas, never more to return. Coincident with his disappearance the grass began to grow on the hitherto dusty plains, and now it carpets the earth richly with green. Some say the buffalo enriched the soil and made it possible for the grass to grow, but I do not believe the fertility of the earth depends on top dressing. By planting the seed deep in the ground the germ reaches the electricity of the earth, and from this relation is nourished into life and stimulated into development. My crop of corn, twice or three times as great a that harvested by my neighbors, who plant in the old way, near the surface, attests the correctness of this theory. I

did not make any money on my cropno one can make money raising corn at present prices-but I succeeded in ac-complishing what I started out to do, and that was to give the American farmer an object lesson in the value of going below the surface of the ground with seed which is to make his crops." "I guess we shall have to confirm your title as the King Corn Grower of Amer-

ica," said Secretary Rusk. "Thanks for that. I confess I am a enthusiast on the subject of corn. All my life, though engaged in the practice of medicine, I have kept close watch of

the agricultural interests of our country. See how corn has entered into our national life. It is the one distinctively American product of the farm. It is plant of American origin. In the uni-versality of its uses, and its intrinsic importance to mankind, no other grain can e compared with it. Readily adapting itself to every variety of climate and soil

it is grown from the warmest regions of the torrid zone to the land of short summers in northern Canada. The first settlers learned from the Indians how to grow it, and a distinguished historian once told me the first larceny committed in America was when a party of Puritans stole the horde of corn from an Indian village in Massachusetts. The James river settlers, taught the art of corn rais-ing by the Indians, had thirty acres un-der cultivation within three years after

their arrival. It is a curious circumstance that the James river Indians and A second

-

St.P.

girls, and the clerks and every one was gone, there sat short Dr. Wolfe and tall Secretary Rusk, still talking corn. WALTER WELLMAN. WINNIE DAVIS WILLWED

THE DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDER-ACY TO MARRY & NORTHERNER.

New the Child of the Southern Leader Became Acquainted with the Grandson of an Anti-Slavery Agitutor-Love Broke Down All Barriers.

The present year has so far contributed no more interesting item to social his tory than the announcement that Miss Winnie Davis is soon to wed, and that her betrothed is Mr. Alfred Wilkinson, of Syracuse, N. Y. He is a young lawyer in moderate circumstances, and the grandson of Rev. Samuel J. May, a noted Abolitionist, who worked side b side with Garrison, Emerson and Phil-lips. She is the "daughter of the Conacy," the sole surviving child of the federacy, late Jeffe son Davia.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF MISS DAVIS (The Confederate White House).

The manner in which they became acquainted was romantic in the extreme, Four years ago Miss Davis left her fa-ther's home at Beauvoir for a visit to the north. She spent a portion of the time as a guest of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Emory at Syracuse. The Davis and Emory families were friends in Washington as long ago as when Mr. Davis was senator from Mississippi.

Dr. Emory is a son of Gen. Emory, of the United States army, and Mrs. Emory is a daughter of the late Denis McCarthy. While in Syracuse Miss Davis met at one of the receptions given in her honor the man who is to become her husband. The daughter of the Confederate leader had been given a very cool welcome at one or two houses, and this was resented by Mr. Wilkinson, who championed her cause and by his tact and gallantry made smooth many places that might otherwise have proven rough to tread. A warm friendship naturally followed, and in course of time the gratitude the young lady felt for the courtesy of her hand-some northern knight gradually ripened into a tenderer regard. After the close of her sojourn in New

York state Miss Davis returned to the charming home of her parents at Beau-voir, Miss., and there remained ustil a few months ago, aiding her mother in the conduct of the household, and acting, when occasion required, as her fa r's amanuensis and capable assistant in his literary work. Last summer, how-ever, her health failed her to a certain



MISS VARINAH DAVIS. extent, and an affection of the eyes forced

Miss Davis is now about ST years of age. Mr. Alfred Wilkinson is nearly 30. He is a graduate of Harvard and a patient lawyer by profession, his business party ners being George Hey and Arthur Par-sons. He is of medium height, has dark hair, dark blue eyes, a not very heavy dark mustache, and a rather fair com-plexion. His father, John Wilkinson,

was appointed revenue collector for one of the districts of central New York by Abraham Lincoln. The senior Wilkin-son was originally a Republican, but afterwards supported Tilden for governor.

Young Wilkinson's grandfather, Rev. Samuel J. May, as the associate and friend of Phillips and Garrison, aided Miss Prudence Crandall when, at Canterbury, Conn., in 1833, she transformed her "young ladies' seminary" into a school exclusively for colored girls. The affair created a tremendous sensation at the time and begot indictments and lawsuits without number. Dr. May's career as an anti-slavery lecturer included visits to several European countries. When he removed from Connecticut to Syracuse he continued his work on behalf of the blacks, had several collisions with

rioters and was once burned in effigy. But time heals wounds, changes con-ditions and brings consolations. Dr. May, the agitator of the north, and Jefferson Davis, the leader of the north, and set-ferson Davis, the leader of the south, are dead; the cannon that boomed defiance in 1861 are rusted relics in 1890; the flame dealing lines of blue and gray no more meet in deadly conflict; peace and prosperity have resumed their sway over a united country, and the "Daughter of the Confederacy" is to become the wife of a "Yankee" lawyer.

UNDUE FEMALE SWAY.

The Young Mothers Who Now Rule in Edgerton, Kan.

Mrs. Maggie Kelly enjoys a novel dis tinction. She is a resident of Edgerton, Kan., and within the limits of a week became a mother and the mayor of the town. Her name



brunette, of me-dium height, and not yet 30 years MRS. MAGGIE KELLY. of age. Her hus-band, W. H. Kelly, is a miller. She is a native of Kansas and not at all ambi-tious. "I think the men should run the city. I would rather take care of my

baby," she remarked the other day. The police judge, Mrs. Jessie Greer, is also a young mother, but her child is 18 months old, and Mr. Greer has by this time become so experienced that there will be no danger in leaving him to attend to the infant's wants while his wife looks after the duties of her office The new magistrate has already outlined her policy. She will suppress the "hard cider joints" and close up the restaurants on Sunday. Mrs. Greer is 25 years old and was born in Ottumwa, Ia. the mayor and police judge are Demo-crats. In religion the former is a Cath-olic and the latter a Protestant.

All the members of the council save one are Republicans and have young children. It is expected that the first municipal expenditure of the new regime will be for an ante-room off the council chamber where

bunks can be fitted up for the use of the babies. The triumph of P. the women is due

THE FASHIONS OF THE DAY

OLIVE HARPER GIVES INFORMATION ON THE BONNET QUESTION.

And Then She Describes in Detail, a M ber of Pretty Bonnets and Some Very Taking Wraps and Costumes-Pie of the Latter.

(Special Correspondence.) New YORK, April 24.—Truly the new spring bonnets are lovely. They are small, it is true, and lack something of that mining and lack something of small, it is true, and look something that pointed, aggressive style that we favorites for the last two seasons, it the velvet flowers and the fine to shown in the selection of colors and them beautiful. There was one his lace bonnet, with velves nasuring three or four shades of yellow, for hemon to tick orange beauty for lemon to rich orange brow cannot paint its superb beauty. The brilliance of the coloring was toned down by the black lace, which was twined among them so that they were pur veiled and shaded.



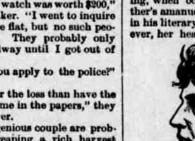
ELEGANT NEW WRAPS.

The crownless bonnets are a fixture The crownless bounded and visiting. The most of these have a de coronet effect, many having a band of jet or iridescent bead trimming in Eiffei points set so that the points seem to atand up from the head. It is very be-

stand up from the head. It is very be-coming to any style of face. If fashion shows sentiment in bonnets and hats she shows little in the naming of colors this season, and all the richest, prettiest shades are named after vege-tables. Aubergine, or egg plant, is the favorite. This is a rich purple with black shades. These are carrot, tomato, mushroom and lettuce tints in all the mushroom and lettuce tints in all the new fabrics, but Eiffel red, or terra cotta,

still retains its popularity. Plaids in soft surah slik and in po as well as woolen goods are very popular and, to be entirely de rigueur, should be made on the bias. Black velvet in bias folds or ribbon is the only suitable trimfolds or ribbon is the only suitable trim-ming, and black wraps or jackets the only outer garments that should be worn. I give here three new and very handsome wraps; two are made of black faille Francaise, twimmed with lace and chenille trimmings. They are easily made, as the back of them both are just like a dress waist, with a fall of lace and a bit of the passementerie trimming as a a bit of the passementerie trimmin finish. Black straw hats of satin braid, trimmed with ribbon and plumes to match, are worn with them. The plain skirt beside the plaid one is of Eiffel red camel's hair.

The other two costumes are just m and among the most elegant of the son. The walking costume has the plain skirt of stone gray bengaline, with lon-cnges of brown upon it. The daining wrap is of Effel ladies' cloth braided with black. The novelty of this i wrap effect, which is obtained by let ening the fronts, and the closing of it on the left side is also quite a pretty innovation. The sleeves are loose. The body of the wrap is a simple basque in the back, and it fits the sides under the arm. The house dress is of coachman's drat Henrietta cloth laid in double box plain in front where it is slightly draped. The back of the gown is princess shape in snuff brown Henrietta, the waist, cuffs and skirt being lavishly trimmed with silk passementerie one shade lig The dainty pattern gown has an been copied in several other com tions. Aubergine and light blue are seen together, but moss green and drab, cr color with olive green and such combina-tions are more refined. Two shades of gray, one very dark and the other light, are always elegant and ladylike, as are also different shades in brown.



zigzagging down the street under the guidance of a quiet little woman, will let him zigzag, philanthropy being, in their

Members.

How Cortain New Yorkers Have Been "Done Up" of Late. [Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, April 24 .- The ingenuity

New York, April 34.—The ingenuity of the New York sharper is proverbial, but the latest swindling scheme that has been developed really soars into the realms of high art. It is being worked by a very clever couple—a medium sized, rather nice looking man, and a delicate, modest appearing woman. How many times they have been successful is not known, for the police have not, as yet, been informed of their operations. I only heard of it by accident. While at lunch with some friends one

day this week an old friend of mine joined the party. For the better appre-ciation of the story, I may be permitted to remark that he is a solid and prosperous looking citizen of benevolent appear-

A NEW SWINDLE.

ance. "When I was coming from my house to the elevated station," he began, with the air of a man who has a story to tell, "there came round the corner, just in front of me, a pretty, modest looking lit-tle woman trying to lead a very drunken man. The fellow was well dressed and not bad looking, but he was horribly drunk. He would lurch over against her every few steps and nearly kn her over several times. Through it all he was good natured, even drunkenly affectionate. "As I passed them he lurched against

me and the woman, who naturally seem much distressed, spoke: 'Would you be so kind as to help me take my husband home,' she said. 'It is only around the corner, but I'm afraid he will push me down; he's been out all night and I must get him home.' The appeal was so sim-ple and pathetic that I of course took hold of his other arm and steadied him around the corner and saw him safe in the hallway of one of the big flats. I noticed that he lurched up against me once or twice, but I thought nothing of it until I reached the City hall station, when I went to look at my watch. It was gone, and my pocketbook had evi-dently departed to keep it company. He certainly could not have picked my pocket if he had been as drunk as he seemed to be," concluded the old gentle-

man sagaciously. "That was this morning?" queried a member of the party, who had listened to the recital with much interest. 'Yes.'

"Well, I guess it must be the same couple who played exactly the same game on me one day last week. They took \$180 in cash and a \$200 watch from me.

"Well, they only got fifty odd dollars from me, but my watch was worth \$200, said the first speaker. "I went to inquire about them at the flat, but no such peo ple lived there. They probably only stood in the hallway until I got out of sight."

"Why don't you apply to the police?" I inquired. "I'd rather bear the loss than have the

story with my name in the papers," they chorused in answer.

And so this ingenious couple are probably going on reaping a rich harvest among kindly disposed people. There are two middle aged gentlemen in New York, however, who, if they see a man opinions, too expensive,

THE M'CALLA COURT MARTIAL. Some Personal Information Regarding Its

even if the latter chances to be a lawyer A case in point is that of Leon Weill, of New York city, whose wife brought suit for alimony and won. The drum mer promptly made up the quarrel and resumed relations with Mrs. Weill, but declined to pay her attorney his fee. The latter began an action recently, which resulted disastrously for him, Judge Andrews saying in his decision:

"The husband and wife both swear that the alimony has been paid, and besides I am not referred to any case in which it has been held that an attorney has a lien upon the alimony awarded to the wife by a final judgment rendered in her favor in an action for a separation The costs cannot be collected by a proceeding to punish for contempt.'

They Have Little to Live For.

The illustration presented herewith gives an idea of the remarkable conditions under which existence is endured in certain portions of England. "In this old rotten van," writes the taker of



A VAN AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

the photograph from which the picture is reproduced, "which I saw near Rugby a fortnight ago, 8 feet 4 inches by 5 feet 8 inches by 5 feet 3 inches, there were one man, one woman and eight boys and girls from four to sixteen years old. It was their only home, and all were in a most pitiable state, and not one of them could tell a letter, except the mother, who could read fairly well."

It is said that 50,000 people in the British Islands have no other homes than these houses on wheels, and a general demand is being made for the passage by parliament of a movable dwellings bill, under the provisions of which the sufferings of these unfortunates may be in some measure alleviated.

Mr. Linton's Sharp Criticism.

The London Society of Arts listened recently to a lecture on "Engraving in Wood: Old and New," by Mr. W. J. Linton. The speaker saw nothing to commend in the illustrations of American magazines. He characterized them as "generally clever and pleasing pictures, well designed, effective and nearly as good as photographs. These photographs, if to be had, would, however, well replace them, and we should then escape the infliction of linear ugliness and be no longer annoyed and insulted with the pretense of engraving.'

Disliked "Vulgarities."

The Pall Mall Gazette, of London, has lost several subscribers because it recently published the shocking tale of a dock laborer who died from starvation. He had deprived himself of food that his wife and five children might live. The people who stopped the paper said they did not wish their families annoyed by the perusal of such vulgar atrocities.

Yes, and let me tell you what I have done with the soil. Let me talk corn to you. Some years ago I purchased four sections of land, 2,560 acres, in Reno county, Kansas, intending to have a cattle range. Mr. Secretary, you never saw a prettier piece of land. A stream runs through it, and it lies as a great basin, from the rim of which every other spot of its surface can be seen. In May, 1888. I gave orders to have one of the sections put under plow. To do this, the season being late, thirty breakers were set to work turning over the thick turf. Our furrows were a mile long. How long do you think it took us to break and plant a square mile of ground? Just twenty-two days. In the history of farming in Kansas never has so much been done in so short a time. Forty men and 125 horses did the work. Of course that year's crop of 'sod' corn didn't amount to much.

It was not expected to. "Last spring we began preparations for raising a real crop of corn. I had some ideas of my own about corn planting, and I put them into operation. The soil had not been touched for a year, but now we put the listers in, plowing out fur-rows ten inches deep, with a two inch subsoiler following to pulverize a soft bed in which to plant and bury the seed. Again, our furrows were a mile long, and by the time the three or four horses attached to each plow had dragged a heavy lister sixteen times across the field they were tired enough to quit for the day. Plowing and planting were done at the same time. When we had finished our field it looked like a lake on a breezy day. There was a succession of little ridges about three feet apart, and their crests rising a foot above the furrows which

ran between them. In the bottoms of these furrows the corn grew, and when it had attained a height of four or five inches the crests of the furrows were harrowed off and the earth thus disturbed fell into the furrows and covered the plant completely. The surface of the field was now perfectly level again, and no corn could be seen. In a short time the bright green blades reappeared, and when they had grown up six or eight inches the cultivators were set to work shoveling the earth toward the plant. Twice afterward the cultivators went through the field, and when the corn was up 15 or 18 inches, and again when it was about 30 inches. Then the crop was laid by to make itself."

"And how did the crop do?" asked the secretary of agriculture, now thoroughly interested.

"How did it do? Just wait till you hear the figures. Every grain of seed seemed to have fructified. Every stalk bore a good ear, many two ears. When we came to harvest we found a great deal of corn. It seemed as if the heaps never would stop growing in my cribs. It was a perfect mountain of corn. Why from the 500 acres devoted to this crop 38,500 bushels of first class corn were gathered, shelled, measured and weighed. From 140 acres of oats, the remainder of the section, the yield was 5,300 bushels giving us a total of 44,000 bushels of grain-the largest crop ever gathered from one section of land in America.

"Just think what a quantity of grain that is, Mr. Secretary," continued Dr. Wolfe, with the genuine enthusiasm of a farmer, a statistician and an economist combined in one. "It would load nearly a thousand wagons and would fill three freight trains, each composed of thirty five cars. It is a greater quantity of grain than was imported by the United States in the last fiscal year. What would the farmers of Germany, of Hol land or England think of a crop like that? And this must the more amaze us when

-3-32 1 THIRTY PLOWS TOGETHER.

the New England Indians had precisely the same method of planting. They dug little holes in the ground and put small fishes in along with the seed. At Plymouth in 1625 a writer said: 'You may see in one township a hundred acres to gether set with these small herrings or shads, every acre taking a thousand of them; and an acre thus dressed will produce so much corn as three acres with out fish.' Ah, Mr. Secretary, if they had only had my deep planting along with the herring in each hill!

"Undoubtedly corn saved the early settlements in America. But for maize the first colonists would have perished, and this continent would now be a cen tury or two behind the present mark Corn saved the day for our forefathers when they struggled for independence. Without corn there would have been no revolution-no great republic to lead the world into new paths of government. In the struggle between north and south in the late war it was corn against cot ton-two agricultural kings in mortal combat-and corn was the victor. Why should I not love this beautiful plant?

"Moreover," continued the doctor, placing his hand on the shoulder of the secretary of agriculture, "corn is today used for food, directly and indirectly, by a greater number of the earth's inhabit ants than any other article. Mr. Martin of the New York Produce Exchange whom I met only this morning at the hotel, told me corn was never so popular in Europe as it is today. The demand for it over there is so great that the export is limited only by the vessel room available. Yet it is within my recollection and yours, Mr. Secretary, when the exports were a mere trifle. I remember reading as late as 1847 an official report which stated in effect that the value of Indian corn had been heightened by the recent introduction of it into Great Britain, and that while it had not at once received universal approbation there was reason to believe it would win more favor there when more pains were taken to prepare it for a foreign market. When you and I were boys, Mr. Secretary, a few ships could hold all the corn that was exported from our shores. whole fleets sail with their holds full of the yellow grain and come back for more Corn has literally conquered the earth, and yet we of the prairies burn it in our stoves."

"Why?" "There is too much corn. Much as love this royal grain, my eyes are not blinded. Corn is king, but we do not need to make it a tyrant. We must dethrone it. Thirty years ago the good people of a section of our country thought cotton was king, that it ruled the land. One day a 'mudsill' rose in his place in congress, armed with official documents, and made the astounding statement that the hay crop of the country quite doubled the value of the crop of cotton. This hitherto undiscovered fact disturbed the stability of the Union. It recast the con-

tion. We do not want kings on our We farms. Kings are un-American. must dethrone corn, and in his place set a republic of diversified crops. We need more wheat, oats, rye, barley, sorghum, beans, peas, beets, goobers, hemp and tobacco. Our bins and barns are literally bursting with corn, for which there is no market at a price that will repay first cost. Corn absorbs too much of our energies, exacts too much of his subjects."

stitution, freed slaves, made a new na-

And when the shades of evening fell, and the typewriter girls, and the seed

NEW YORK, April 24. - The mem bers of the court now trying Commander McCalla, of the Enterprise, at the navy yard in Brooklyn represen the highest grades that were available and are all men of experience in com mand afloat and ashore. Rear Admira Harmony, at present chairman of the lighthouse board, is the president. He entered the service in 1847 and was made a rear admiral a year ago. He filled the important position of chief of bureau of yards and docks, has been in command of various vessels, has an excellent record and has spent about twenty years at

Capt. Erben entered the navy in 1847, and has a remarkably good record. He represented the navy in the Washington inaugural celebration, and is at present a candidate for the governorship of Sailors' Snug Harbor, on Staten Island, N. Y. He is familiarly known as "Bully Erben, on account of his unvarying good nature and willingness to help others. Capt. Meade, at present in command o the Washington navy yard, entered the service in 1850. He has always been an officer of unusual prominence. He published a work on naval architecture which was for years a standard text book at Annapolis. Capt. Beardslee entered the service in 1850, and made an excellent record while in Alaska, the system he established for dealing with the Indians and the miners being con-

tinued to this day. Capt. Matthews entered the navy in 1851 and is at present on duty in the Boston navy yard. He has always been a prominent authority on ordnance matters and is noted for his fair mindedness. Capt. Phythian, now at the naval observatory, is one of the leading scientists of the navy. His last command afloat was the ill-fated Trenton during her cruise in China. He is a candidate for superintendent of the naval academy. Capt. McNair is also a candidate for the same place. He is a classmate of Capt. Phythian and is an authority on seamanship. His various commands afloat have been most successful. Commander Day en tered the navy in 1858 and reached his present grade fourteen years ago. He saw considerable war service, has been twice in command afloat and is now or duty in Boston. Commander Bridgman stands at the head of the '59 date, is one of the most able officers and is now on duty with the board of inspection and survey. Commander Miller is now on duty at the Naval home, Philadelphia. He is a member of the '59 class, and the

Marion, when he commanded her is China, was always a "happy" ship. Commander Wadleigh, of the '60 date, is now in command of the Michigan, the only war vessel on the lakes. He gained an excellent reputation while in command of the Alliance during her cruise in Arctic waters in search of the Jean nette party. Commander Chester, now on duty with the organization board to revise naval tactics and methods, has held various important positions, and while he was in command of the Galena she took the prize of being the most efficient gunnery vessel in the squadron. Commander Whiting, the junior member of the court, entered the service in 1860, and is about a half dozen number ahead of Commander McCalla. He ha been on duty for a number of years in the Brooklyn navy yard, his last command afloat being the Kearsarge when she tool Minister Fred Douglass to Hayti. Lieut Gorst, the judge advocate, was graduated from Annapolis in 1868, has seen a considerable amount of sea service, and in now on duty in the judge advocate gen-eral's office at Washington.

a complete abandonment both of reading and of continuous labor with the pen. It was then decided that travel would be the best medicine, and the fair invalid went to Europe as the guest of Mrs. Pulitzer, of New York city. Two months ago Mr. Wilkinson, with whom she had corresponded since the date of their meeting at Syracuse, followed her across the ocean. He pressed his suit, she yielded, and before his return to America they had plighted their troth.

Miss Varinah Davis, better known to the world at large as "Winnie," born at the president's mansion in Richmond, Va., while the guns of contend-ing armies thundered about the Virginia capital. From the circumstances surrounding her birth she received the title of the "Daughter of the Confederacy. While yet little more than an infant she was taken with the other members of her family on that historic flight southward which ended in the capture of Mr Davis by the northern forces. At the age of 15 she was sent to a seminary in Carlsruhe, Germany, where she spent several years in the acquirement of a thorough and finished education. On her return she became and remained until her departure a short time previous to his death, her father's chosen companion and friend.

REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

Miss Davis is not, in the general ac-

eptance of the term, a "beautiful" wo

man, but she is distinguished looking

Her face is orientally oval and her com

plexion olive. She has dark brown hair

and large intellectual brown eyes that

grow eloquent with expression whenever she discusses a subject in which she is

interested. Her voice is of the soft.

sweet southern variety, and is particu-

gained a slight French accent during her

sojourns abroad. In repose her face is

grave and thoughtful, but when lighted

up by a smile it becomes girlish and viva

cious. She is tall, her figure is graceful

ly rounded, and her carriage stately. Her

hands and feet are small, the latter being

strikingly noticeable by reason of the

highly arched insteps. She dresses rich

ly but quietly, with no desire to attract

attention. Her language is as expressive

as her eyes. She is a skilled fencer at

In her words and acts she expres

the utmost respect for the social forms

and conventionalities of her native sec

tion. Besides English she speaks Ger-man, French and Spanish. Of her abil-

ity as a conversationalist, a lady who met

Miss Davis during her northern visit said

recently: "The naive way in which she

described for us the meeting on horse-

back of two fiery southerners, both stran-

gers and both stutterers, was delicious.

The predicament in which one man

found himself when the other asked him

the spot, was as real as life."

repartee and a charming story teller.

larly fascinating, as it seems

to have



men's negligence it is said that MRS. JESSIE GREER. after the death of the city marshal some time ago, the then mayor could not get

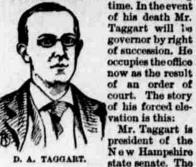
enough councilmen together to confirm a successor, and consequently disorder and rioting went unchecked throughout the otherwise thriving little city. Edgerton is the home of ex-Governor John P. St. John, the great apostle of temperance reform, and has a population of about

500.

MADE GOVERNOR BY MANDAMUS.

A Young New Hampshire Man Forced Int a High Office.

David Arthur Taggart is now acting governor of the state of New Hampshire Governor Goodell, the regularly elected chief magistrate, has been ill for a long



state senate. The other day Attorney General Barnard brought mandamus proceedings requir ing him to show cause why he did not fill the office and duties of governor during the illness of Goodell. Chief Justice Doe, of the supreme court, thereupon directed the clerk of the Hillsborough county court to enter a decree for the plaintiff. Mr. Taggart, on advice of the bench, followed the example of John Langdon, the

first president of the senate of New Hampshire, in a like case, and assumed the title of governor pro tempore. Mr. Taggart was born at Gaffstown,

N. H., Jan. 30, 1850. He graduated from Harvard in 1878, and in 1881 was admitted to the bar. He represented Gaffstown in the legislature of 1883 and became a member of the senate in 1888. He is a Republican and Prohibitionist.

An Irish City Abandoned.

The facility with which the miners and settlers of western America could establish or abandon a town has long been a theme for all sorts of articles, from the ephemeral statement of the daily newspaper to the solid and verified record of the painstaking historian, but nothing in the way of "boom" cities can surpass the pace recently set by a noted Irish municipality. Every one, of course, has heard of Tipperary. The place was owned by Arthur Hugh Smith-Barry, and he drew therefrom \$45,000 annually in rents.

His methods as a landlord became obnoxious to his tenants. They hired a large tract of land on a neighboring estate for a nominal sum, gave a contract to a Dublin builder to put up all the requisite houses, stores, churches and schools, named the place New Tipperary, and moved. The old city has not a man, woman or child left in it. The flitting was made the occasion of a great celebration, in which prominent home rulers how f-f-f-far it was to a certain city, and took part. Smith-Barry now claims the he realized that if he made answer that it right under an old feudal grant to desigwas s-s-s-soven miles he would be shot on nate the market place, and so the bitter controversy is not yet settled.



LADYLIKE COSTUMES.

LADYLIKE COSTUMES. Just now the maiden with the abnor-mally developed hat brim and the big dog are seen out, and the young lady's struggles to keep the dog within bounds and the hat from blowing off afford cause for anxiety on the part of the be-holder not unmixed with amusement. If the hat did blow off, could she trust the dog to catch it for her? Or is the hat nailed on securely? The whole is a subject for reflection, but I don't believe the nails would injure the brain of any girl who goes out in the street with a big dog. OLIVE HARPER.

They Didn't Know McGinty.

The editors of London newspapers have yet to learn that "messages from the sea" contained in empty bottles are not relia-ble, and that "Down Went McGinty" is

ble, and that the song. It is owing a popular American song. It is owing probably to this inexcusable ignorance probably to this inexcusable ignorance

that the leading English journals recent-ly published the following paragraph as

"A bottle containing a card, on which

"A pottice containing a card, on which was written the words: 'Steamer Erin, Capt. McGinty, at the bottom of the sea,' was picked up yesterday at Cadg-with, near the Lizard. It was a business card, on the reverse side of which was, printed D. J. Woelke, banker and broker, New York

New York. There is reason to believe

that this is a genuine message from the ill fated National liner Erin, from New

York, and seems to show that the steam

Irving's Pis

Henry Irving says that he is not likely to ever visit America again professionally; certainly not before 1992. It is possible, however, that he may cross the Atlanticon a visit late in the present year, as he has many very good friends in the United States.

ALL ST. D. SOLL

er was lost not far from England."

serious matter of news: