

The Chicago *Prairie Farmer* publishes a statement estimating the wheat yield at 500,000,000 bushels and the yield of corn at 1,700,000,000 bushels.

The farmers will be tickled, of course, to notice that while the new tariff bill deprives them of protection for their wool, it enables them to import their diamonds free of duty.

The Democratic statesmen and journalists who assert that the Gorman tariff bill will bring about an immediate era of prosperity were just as contented last fall that the repeal of the silverpurchasing clause of the Sherman law would make an end of hard times. But the melancholy failure of the prediction then has taught them humility.

The sum of \$1,000 left by Benjamin Franklin to the City of Boston in 1791 has increased to over \$400,000, and the trustees will expend \$22,000 in the establishment of a "Franklin Trade School," which is expected to be the foremost institution of the kind in the country. The remainder of the money will be kept at interest for future investment to benefit the city.

A BIT OF HISTORY WORTH CONSIDERING.

Prior to the adoption of the National Constitution there was no way open for the levying of a tariff on foreign imports, and everything came in free. Many voluntary associations were formed to prevent the importation of foreign goods, in order that the people here might make them at home. All goods were brought over in foreign ships, while American shipping was rotting at the wharves, for lack of something to transport. An association was formed in Boston, with the celebrated John Hancock at the head of it, to persuade the people not to buy goods imported in British ships. The mechanics of Boston also formed an organization and in their address to the people, they appealed to the Hancock organization by saying that they cordially agreed with the merchants and ship-owners' proposal that we should not buy any good imported in British ships; but they took the liberty, they said, of going a step further, and insisting that such goods ought not to be bought at all. "For," said they, "what difference does it make to us whether hats, shoes, shirts, handkerchiefs, tinware, cutlery, etc., came in British ships or in your ships, since in whatever ships they come, they take away our means of living." It is this kind of practical wisdom that to-day constitutes the foundation of the Republican creed. It is a matter of history that one of the main objects in organizing a National government was that the views so tersely and forcibly expressed by the Boston mechanics might be carried into effect by means of a National tariff law.

OUR COLORED SCHOOLS.

There seems to be some friction between the colored people and the school board in regard to the management of the Lincoln school. It is a well-known fact that the schools for the education of the colored children have not been efficient and the results have been far from satisfactory. For years the Board has been cognizant of this fact but just where to locate the fault was the difficult problem. If with the pupils it could not be remedied; if with the teacher the remedy lay in a change. It was mainly upon these grounds that the Board inaugurated the policy of employing white teachers. The experiment has been tried one year but not the most satisfactory results, yet the gentlemen composing the Board are of the opinion that the policy has not been sufficient tested and therefore have made all the necessary arrangements to continue the experiment another year. They have employed white teachers for these schools. To this policy, the colored people most seriously object. Public meetings have been held to protest against the action of the Board. At a recent meeting a committee was appointed to draft a memorial to be presented to the Trustees. The committee met with the Board last night and presented the memorial elsewhere printed in to-day's JOURNAL. The Trustees, however, were firm in the position they had taken and declined to make any changes that would conform to the views of the committee. The JOURNAL believes that the solution of the troublesome question is in the entire abolition of separate schools. The enumeration shows that there are 70 colored school children in the city while there is an enrollment of but forty or fifty in the schools. These forty or fifty could be advantageously sent to the Central, Mills and Willson buildings. When separated into the different grades there would not be on an average more than two to each room. Placed with white children they would have improved discipline and a better grade of scholarship at the end of the year. Frankfort, Lebanon, Greencastle and most of the other towns in Indiana have gone back to mixed schools and the reports from all these places are most satisfactory as to results, both in the matter of economy and the efficiency attained by the colored children.

In the Midst of Alarms.

BY ROBERT BARR ("LUKE PHARE.")

The boy spoke with the hopeful confidence of youth, and had evidently no premonition of how his appointment would be kept. Renmark left the road and struck across country for the tent, which he reached without further molestation, finding it as he had left it.

Meanwhile, two men were tramping steadily along the dust road towards Welland, the captor moody and silent, the prisoner talkative and entertaining. Yates' conversation often went beyond the entertainment, and became, at times, instructive. He discussed the affairs of both countries, showed a way out of all political difficulties, gave reasons for the practical use of common sense in every emergency, passed opinions on the method of agriculture adopted in various parts of the country, told stories of the war, gave instances of men in captivity murdering those who were in charge of them, deduced from these anecdotes the foolishness of resisting lawful authority lawfully exercised, and in general showed that he was a man who respected power and the exercise thereof. Suddenly branching to more practical matters, he exclaimed:

"Say, Stoliker, how many taverns are there between here and Welland?" Stoliker had never counted them.

"Well, there's encouraging, anyhow. If there are so many that it requires an effort of the memory to enumerate them, we will likely have something to drink before long."

"I never drink while on duty," said Stoliker, curtly.

"Oh, well, don't apologize for it. Every man has his failings. I'll be only too happy to give you some instructions. I have acquired the useful practice of being able to drink both on duty and off duty. Anything can be done, Stoliker, if you give your mind to it. I don't believe in the word 'can't,' either with or without the inverted comma."

Stoliker did not answer, and Yates yawned wearily.

"I wish you would hire a rig, constable. I'm tired of walking. I've been on my feet ever since three this morning."

"I have no authority to hire a buggy."

"But what do you do when a prisoner refuses to move?"

"I make him move," said Stoliker, shortly.

"Ah, I see. That's a good plan, and saves bills at the livery-stable."

They came to a tempting bank by the roadside when Yates cried:

"Let's sit down and have a rest. I'm tired out. The sun is hot and the road dusty. You can't let me have half an hour; the day's young yet."

"I'll let you have fifteen minutes."

They sat down together. "I wish a team would come along," said Yates, with a sigh.

"No sign of a team, with most of the horses in the neighborhood stolen and the troops on the roads."

"That's so," assented Yates, sleepily.

He was evidently done out, for his chin dropped on his breast and his eyes closed. His breathing came soft and regular, and his body leaned towards the constable, who sat bolt upright.

Yates' left arm fell across the knees of Stoliker, and he leaned more and more heavily against him. The constable did not know whether he was shamming or not, but he took no risks. He kept his grasp firm on the butt of the revolver. Yet, he reflected, Yates could surely not meditate an attempt on his weapon, for he had a few minutes before told him story about a prisoner who escaped in exactly that way. Stoliker was suspicious of the good intentions of the man he had in charge; he was altogether too polite and good-natured; and, besides, the constable dimly felt that the prisoner was a much cleverer man than he.

"Here, sit up," he said gruffly. "I'm not paid to carry you, you know."

"What's that? What's that? What's that?" cried Yates, rapidly, blinking his eyes and straightening up. "Oh, it's only you, Stoliker. I thought it was my friend Renmark. Have I been asleep?"

"Either that or pretending—I don't know which, nor do I care."

answered Yates, drowsily: "I can't have dropped asleep. How long have we been here?"

"About five minutes."

"All right," And Yates' head began to drop again.

This time the constable felt no doubt about it. No man could imitate sleep so well. Several times Yates nearly fell forward, and each time saved himself, with the usual luck of a sleeper or a drunkard. Nevertheless Stoliker never took his hand from his revolver. Suddenly with a greater lurch than usual Yates pitched head-first down the bank, carrying the constable with him. The steel band of the handcuff snapped the wrist of Stoliker, who, with an oath and a cry of pain, instinctively grasped the links between, with his right hand, to save his wrist. Like a cat Yates was upon him, showing marvelous agility for a man who had just tumbled in a heap. The next instant he held aloft the revolver, crying triumphantly:

"How's that, amper? Out, I expect."

The constable, with set teeth, still rubbed his wounded wrist, realizing the hopelessness of the struggle.

"Now, Stoliker," said Yates, pointing the pistol at him, "what have you to say before I fire?"

"Nothing," answered the constable, "except that you will be hanged at Welland, instead of staying a few days in jail."

Yates laughed. "That's not bad, Stoliker, and I really believe there's some grit in you. If you were a man catcher, still, you were not in very much danger, as perhaps you know. Now, if you should want this pistol again, just watch where it alights."

And Yates, taking the weapon by the muzzle, tossed it as far as he could into the field.

Stoliker watched its flight intently, then putting his hand into his pocket, he took out some small object and flung it as nearly as he could to the spot where the revolver fell.

"Is that how you mark the place?" asked Yates, "or is it some spell that will enable you to find the pistol?"

"Neither," answered the constable, quietly. "It is the key of the handcuffs. The duplicate is at Welland."

Yates whistled a prolonged note and looked with admiration at the little man. He saw the hopelessness of the situation. If he attempted to search for the key in the long grass the chances were ten to one that Stoliker would stumble on the pistol before Yates found the key, in which case the prisoner would be once more at the mercy of the law.

"Stoliker, you're evidently fonder of my company than I am of yours. That wasn't a bad strategic move on your part, but it may cause you some personal inconvenience before I get these handcuffs filed off. I'm not going to Welland, this trip, as you may be disappointed to learn. I have gone with you as far as I intend to. You will now come with me."

"I shall not move," replied the constable, firmly.

"Very well, stay there," said Yates, twisting his hand around so as to grasp the chain that joined the cuffs. Getting a firm grip, he walked up the road down which they had tramped a few minutes before. Stoliker set his teeth and tried to hold his ground, but was forced to follow. Nothing was said by either until several hundred yards were thus traversed. Then Yates stopped.

"Having now demonstrated to you the fact that you must accompany me, I hope you will show yourself a sensible man, Stoliker, and come with me quietly. It will be less exhausting for both of us, and all the same in the end. You can do nothing until you get help. I am going to see the fight, which I feel sure will be a brief one, so I don't want to lose any more time in getting back. In order to avoid meeting people and having me explain to them that you are my prisoner, I propose we go through the fields."

One difference between a fool and a wise man is that the wise man always accepts the inevitable. The constable was wise. The two crossed the rail fence into the fields and walked along peaceably together. Stoliker silent as usual with the grim confidence of a man who is certain of ultimate success, who has the nation behind him with all its machinery working in his favor. Yates talkative, argumentative and instructive by turns, occasionally breaking forth into song when the unresponsiveness of the other rendered conversation difficult.

"Stoliker, how supremely lovely and quiet and restful are the silent scented spreading fields. How soothing to a spirit tired of the city's din is this solitude, broken only by the singing of the birds and the drowsy droning of the bee erroneously termed 'bumble.' The green fields, the shady trees, the sweet freshness of the summer air, untainted by city smoke, and over all the eternal serenity of the blue and cloudless sky—how can human spite and human poison exist in such a paradise? Does it all not make you feel as if you were an innocent child again, with motives pure and conscience white?"

If Stoliker felt like an innocent child he did not look it. With clouded brow he eagerly scanned the empty fields, hoping for help. But if the constable made no reply there was an answer that electrified Yates and put all thought of the beauty of the country out of his mind. The dull report of a musket far in front of them suddenly broke the silence, followed by several scattering shots and then the roar of a volley. This was sharply answered by the ring of rifles to the right. With an oath Yates broke into a run.

"They're at it!" he cried, "and all on account of your confounded obstinacy! I shall miss the whole show. The Fenians have opened fire, and the Canadians have not been long in replying."

The din of the firing now became incessant. The veteran in Yates was aroused. He was like an old war horse who has smelt the intense, heady smell of battle smoke. The lunacy of gunpowder shone in his gleaming eye.

"Come on, you loitering idiot!" he cried to the constable, who had difficulty in keeping pace with him—"come on, by the gods, I'll break your wrist across a fence-rail and tear this brutal iron from it!"

The savage face of the prisoner was transformed with the passion of war, and for the first time that day Stoliker, quailed before the insane glare of his eyes. But, if he was afraid, he did not show his fear to Yates.

"Come on, you!" he shouted, springing ahead and giving a twist to the handcuffs well known to those who have to deal with refractory criminals. "I am as eager to see the fight as you are."

The sharp pain brought Yates to his senses again. He laughed, and said: "That's the ticket. I'm with you. Perhaps you would not be in such a hurry if you knew that I am going into the thick of the fight and intend to use you as a shield from the bullets."

"That's all right," answered the little constable, panting. "Two sides are firing. I'll shield you on one side, and you'll have to shield me on the other."

Again Yates laughed, and they ran resolutely together. Avoiding the houses, they came out at the Ridge road. The smoke rolled up above the trees, showing where the battle was going on, some distance beyond. Yates made the constable cross the fence and take to the fields again, bringing him around behind Bartlett's house and barn. No one was visible near the house except Kitty Bartlett, who stood at the back, watching with pale and anxious face the roll of the smoke, now and then covering her ears with her hands as the sound of an extraordinary volley assailed them. Stoliker lifted up his voice and shouted for help.

"If you do that again," cried Yates, clutching him by the throat, "I'll choke you."

But he did not need to do it again. The girl heard the cry, turned with a frightened look, and was about to fly into the house, when she recognized the two. Then she came toward them. Yates took his hand away from the constable's throat.

"Where is your father or brother?" demanded the constable.

"I don't know."

"Where is your mother?"

"She is over with Mrs. Howard, who is ill."

"Are you all alone?"

"Yes."

"Then I command you in the name of the queen to give no assistance to this prisoner, but to do as I tell you."

"And I command you in the name of the president," cried Yates, "to keep your mouth shut and not to address a lady like that—Kitty," he continued, in a milder tone, "could you tell me where to get a file, so that I may cut his wrists ornaments. Don't you get it. You are to do nothing. Just indicate where the file is. The law mustn't have any hold on you, as it seems to have on me."

"Why don't you make him unlock them?" asked Kitty.

"Because the villain threw away the key in the fields."

"He couldn't have done that."

The constable caught his breath.

"But he did. I saw him."

"And I saw him unlock them at breakfast. The key was on the end of his watch chain. He hasn't thrown that away."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous membrane of the nose. This should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Remedy, sold by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Remedy, see you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

It May Do as Much for You.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a severe kidney trouble for many years, and that he was in pain in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so-called kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to the cure of all kidney and liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c. for large bottle. At Cotton & Rife's Progress Pharmacy.

81-25 Quart Bottle.

"Royal Ruby" Rye Whiskey is a rye that's pure, old and mellow. It's years' storage in wood before bottling gives it a smooth, oily and a pleasant flavor. The connoisseur always calls for it. Quality guaranteed. Royal Wine Co., Chicago and Lexington, Ky. For sale by Nye & Booe, druggists.

Eureka!

Mr. Thomas Barte, editor of the *Graphic*, Texarkana, Arkansas, has found what he believes to be the best remedy in existence for the flux. His experience is well worth remembering. He says: "Last summer I had a very severe attack of flux. I tried almost every known remedy, none giving relief. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was recommended to me. I purchased a bottle and received almost immediate relief. I continued to use the medicine and was cured. I take pleasure in recommending this remedy to any person suffering with such a disease, as in my opinion it is the best medicine in existence." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Nye & Booe, 111 N. Washington st., opposite court house.

of Interest to Mothers.

The success of Mrs. Annie M. Beam of McKeesport, Penn., in the treatment of diarrhoea in her children, was undoubtedly of interest to many mothers. She says: "I spent several weeks in Johnstown, Pa., after the great flood, on account of my husband being employed there. We had several children with us, two of whom took diarrhoea very bad. I got some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy from Rev. Mr. Chipman. It cured both of them. I knew of several other cases where it was equally successful. I think it cannot be exaggerated and cheerfully recommend it." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Nye & Booe, 111 N. Washington st., opposite court house.

A MOTHER'S DUTY TOWARDS HER DAUGHTERS.

Suggestions Which May Help to Avoid Many Dangers.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

Less than twenty years ago even the medical profession scouted the idea that young girls could suffer from the misery of uterine troubles.

That form of disease, it was claimed, came only to married women.

When Lydia E. Pinkham first sent out the news of her great discovery, there was no lack of harsh speech from those whose practice and opinions she set at defiance.

But when young girls by the hundreds were absolutely cured by *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*, then the tongues of the detractors were silenced, and she was allowed to live in the hearts of the people.

Young girls are subject to this trouble. It robs them of the buoyancy of youth. It makes all efforts at self-suppression of menses, leucorrhoea, severe headache, waxy complexion, depression, weakness, loss of appetite and interest.

This being the condition of your daughter, what is your duty, loving mother? Certainly you ought to know that these are all symptoms of the one cause of nearly all the suffering that comes to women—to come to women, and to save your daughter you ought to know the remedy.

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LOUIS BISCHOF

A few more weeks and the Spring and Summer business of '94 will be history—its most important event—our Great Clearing Sale. We won't speak of the weather, but of the highest grade Dry Goods, in many instances less than cost.

Successful Storekeeping

Does not mean gigantic profit—it means doing business—continually—constantly—selling seasonable goods—even at a loss—before holding them over for many months. We are successful storekeepers and will sell thousands of dollars worth of seasonable stuff at even less than cost, while you most want them.

This is the argument for the great

DISCOUNT CLEARING SALE

Silk Department.
30 pcs Printed Chinas, all shades, worth 25c, in this sale, per yard.....**12c**
20 pcs extra fine printed Japanese Silks, 50c, in this sale, per yard.....**25c**
15 pcs beautiful patterns printed Chinas, 40c, in this sale, per yard.....**20c**
15 pcs printed Chinas and striped Kalamkars, worth 60c, in this sale, per yard.....**30c**

Read the Silk Prices.
3 pcs black satin Duchesse; 2 pcs black satin Marquise, each worth \$1.25, in this sale, per yard.....**79c**

Wash Goods.
With hundreds of yards of these worthy wash goods leaving the house daily—down go the prices one-quarter and more.

100 pcs dress style ginghams, plaids, stripes and plain colors, all good styles, worth 85c, and they go in this sale, per yard.....**50c**

10 pcs 34-in. Pampas cloth, very fine; 25 pcs fine 1/2 wool Challis, light colors, worth 10c to 20c, in this sale, per yd.....**12c**

50 pcs long cloth; 15 pcs beautiful flannel cloth for wrappers; 100 pcs dress style ginghams, 20 pcs good style ducks, worth 7c to 10