

MAKING CORN A KING.

THE THIRD OF THE GREAT WESTERN MONARCHS.

On the Prairies They Have Been Busy Celebrating His Greatness—Tragedies Connected With His Reign—This Year Dame Fortune Has Smiled.

There have been three kings in the west—King Wheat, King Cattle and now King Corn. Once the through passenger trains in crossing the prairies stopped that the travelers might gaze on the stretching fields of wheat that covered thousands of acres in a single body. Then there were excursions to celebrate the opening of new stockyards where the cattle by the herd were to be shipped to market. Now there is a new sovereign, and the plains people are having "corn carnivals" and making the yellow and white ears that are so plenty emblems of rulership proud to be called the vassals of King Corn. They sing pretty verses, which say:

The rolling prairie's billowy swell,
Breezy upland and timbered dell,
Stately mansion and hut forlorn—
All are hidden by walls of corn.
They're hid and held by these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn.

Out on the Kansas prairies a month ago they were busy celebrating his greatness. There was a day of rejoicing and a night of jollity. The people threw kernels at each other, and the girl with the red ear was kissed when caught. It awoke pleasant thoughts in the minds of the older ones to observe this latter custom—thoughts of the younger days in that halcyon world where everything seems beautiful and of good repute as they look back at the joys of it all—"back east." Corn was then king in a way about this time of the year, and the husking bees were the delight of the countryside. No carnival of these latter days can compare with that time for real delight, but the attempt to put the grain on its pedestal is commendable. The western farmer has seen too many failures not to appreciate anything that is of promise and that is likely to give a permanent prosperity. Corn does this and is the one great solace of the settler. In the long rows that are so beautiful in the spring and so fruitful in autumn (if the hot winds do not blow), there is inspiration to keep him and his family happy through many a day and night. Its possibilities as an implement of jollity have been a new discovery. The corn carnival is one of the outshoots of the flower festivals of the Pacific coast that have turned the tide of amusement for the multitude from the old fashioned fairs to the more modern methods. It is surprising what can be done. Corn was even drawn into politics the other day in one of these celebrations out on the plains. It was a two days' affair. On the first the white corn was the ruler and the decorations were all of that variety. The people who entered the gates paid as a toll one ear of white corn each. This was silver's day, and the speeches were of that stripe. The crowds yelled for the white metal, endeavoring to outdo all records. The next day gold had its inning. Yellow was in the ascendancy, and an ear of yellow corn was the price of admission. The decorations and the speaking were of a nature to please the opponents of those who attended the day previous. It was a stern rivalry, and the country-side for miles around was drawn upon to make the crowds as large as possible.

Dreams of good times are always connected with the corn crop on the plains. Wheat is so low and its price is so little changed in the course of the year that it is considered as a crop that will be of little speculative value to the settler. But the corn crop is all right for a splendid gain if it turns out well. It comes to maturity in a few weeks, comparatively, and the settler can plant it after the wheat is seen to be a failure or after the oats are blown out of the ground by the spring winds. He knows, too, that if the price is low he can feed the grain to the cattle and hogs, and so have another chance to recoup himself. Indeed, the most prosperous farmers nowadays are those who do not sell their corn in the grain, but feed it and take it to market in the more condensed form of pork and beef. Said a western farmer to a visitor the other day, "We took this country from the Indians too blamed soon!" Perhaps we did, but the Redskins left a beneficent gift in the maize that has been the foundation of so many a home through the passing years. As the settler looks back on the times when he was struggling to make the mortgage lessors he remembers that it was the corn that gave him the most help. It was this that made the batter cakes on which the family lived in the dull days in the prairie cabin. He thinks of these things, and if you talk with him you will find that he is still loyal to the grain as the best of them all.

But there are tragedies of the corn as well. When the summer has come to its height and the July sun is making havoc in the cities, there come into the newspaper offices special dispatches that tell of the dreaded "hot winds" out on the plains. "Corn is suffering," they say, and the next night they add, "Corn is severely burned and will be only half a crop if the county does not have rain soon." That does not tell it all by any means. In the settler's family there are anxious eyes looking for the cloud that is not come. The days go by, and the ears are parched, the stalks bent to the north by the furnace heated breezes that come up out of the south. Then the leaves begin to twist and curl, and the ears that were ready to fill are seen to be dried. The corn crop is hurt. It means that the profit is gone for the year's work, and that it is a question if there will be enough for the necessary feed. It does not take much to do it—a week will spoil the whole crop—yes, three days of the dreaded winds will make the fields valueless if they come at the right, or rather the wrong time. It is painful when this happens, and the farmer is not to be blamed if he looks at the cloudless sky and offers a few

forlorn remarks that are more spirited than elegant. It is pretty hard luck, for corn culture is by no means an easy task. It is only possible to win by doing the work well, and that is by the route of early rising and long days of following the plow, harrow and cultivator.

But when there comes a crop! Then the farmer is happy. That is the case out on the plains this year, and that is why they are celebrating the kingship of the grain. When corn is a success on the prairies, it is very much of a king. Along the lines of railway in northern Kansas and Nebraska there are yet the big cribs in which the speculators at the last crop time put up the grain for a rise. There were hundreds of thousands of bushels stored in long sheds, ready for market, and the piles had a great attraction for all who saw them. The trains passed between these sheds as between the lines of freight cars on the side tracks in city yards. But as to profit, there is little in these years of plenty. Corn sells out in the western counties of Kansas and Nebraska for 6 cents a bushel. That means small return for the days spent in the fields. Still, it is better than to be out altogether, and it makes certain the proper care of the cattle and horses of the settlers. Jewell county, in western Kansas, this year has corn enough to make a fence around the entire state of Kansas if it were piled in a long row. Over 9,000,000 bushels of it will be gathered.

Corn has a foreign cousin that is coming to the front rapidly in the west—Kaffir corn. Over 100,000 acres will be garnered this year in Kansas—twice the acreage of last season. It grows where the old variety will not and is sure to make a crop if it has half a chance. It makes fine feed, and the cattle are fattened on it as easily as on the Indian maize. It bids fair to help revolutionize the farming of the semi-arid region. And it strengthens the power of the principal ruler—strength giving, prosperity bringing King Corn.—C. M. Harger in *Chicago Times-Herald*.

ALL LOYAL TO THE FLAG.

Scene at General Gordon's Lecture on the "Last Days of the Confederacy."

There was a touching scene at the conclusion of Senator J. B. Gordon's lecture on the "Last Days of the Confederacy" before the Lincoln club at Rochester the other evening. General Gordon spoke for two and a half hours upon appeals to "Go on; go on." In concluding he said:

"As I stand here tonight in your presence and in the presence of the great God who is the judge of us all as the selected chief of all the living Confederate soldiers I want to present to you my honor, the honor of all the living Confederates, the honor of a great people, that we are ready to join with you in waving aloft this proud banner (here he caught up the American flag from the table and held it above his head), and we join with you all who love that flag in saying that, by God's help, there shall never come to it one blot or stain; that as long as the ages remain that flag shall be the most proud and potent emblem of human freedom in all this world."

The large audience arose as one man and fairly went wild with enthusiasm. Old soldiers, with empty sleeves and hobbling on crutches, rushed forward with tears streaming down their cheeks and greeted their former foe. General Gordon was much affected.

CHILDREN FOR BAILIFFS.

The Federal Court In Kansas City Swears In Boys.

Lawyers who practice in the federal court at Kansas City have not yet grown accustomed to having boys for bailiffs. Freddie Graham, Saul Pruzan and Harold Gale were made bailiffs not long ago. They have been sworn to execute the duties of their office with promptness and fidelity at the beginning of each term, and Saturday morning the sight of the three little fellows marching up before the judge's desk to be sworn caused considerable merriment among the members of the bar present.

As the little fellows stood up in a row to be sworn the head of the smallest and youngest—12 years old—reached hardly half way to the top of the judge's desk. They held up their right hands quite bravely, however, and took the oath of office.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Dogs Accused of Theft.

The county jail harbors Wilson Hoffman and wife, charged with being the instigators of a peculiar crime. According to the story of the neighbors, the Hoffmans used to go on foraging expeditions every morning, accompanied by their two dogs. When the expedition reached a farmyard, the dogs would bound over the fence, each seize a chicken and bear it back to the wagon. As the Hoffmans could undersell less fortunate dealers and quickly dispose of their goods an investigation disclosed the facts recited. One householder claims to have lost 150 chickens in this way.—*Philadelphia Press*.

New Six-in-hand Record.

Lawson N. Fuller has made a new record with his six-in-hand team at Fleetwood Driving Park. The time for the mile was 2:56 1/2, which was 1 1/2 seconds less than the previous record held by the team. The team was attached to a light two wheeled wagon.

With the exception of Fleetwood's slight break at the start, the team trotted evenly. The leaders were Dexter and Crickett, with Florrie and Higny in the center, and Lamar and Fleetwing at the wheel horses. The first eighth was made in 2:23 1/2, quarter in 4:38 1/2, half in 1:27 1/2, the three-quarters in 2:13 and the mile in 2:56 1/2.

A Georgia Challenge to the World. Rumor has it that there is a family in Brooks county who will acquire four sons-in-law between now and Christmas. We challenge the world to beat this.—*Quitman Free Press*.

HER GREAT DISCOVERY.

The Interesting Observation of a Woman Regarding the President Elect.

Who but "the sex" would imagine that we have got for ourselves a "bar-gain counter" president?

It was at a Brooklyn tea. The ladies were discussing politics and back breadths, husbands' foibles and gossip, all in that delightfully inconsequential way that makes up so large a part of woman's charms. She was an old lady, who had transplanted herself from the barren wastes and rocky coasts of Maine to the sunnier clime and the effulgence of a fuller life in South Brooklyn. To any one who knows the transplanted New Englander it is unnecessary to say she had brought all her New England thrift with her. She sat up in her straight backed way—it was at the close of a long argument on the good and the ill that would result from the outcome of the last election—pushed back a pretty white curl from the edge of her forehead and said as she set her teacup sharply down on the little table:

"Well, ladies, I thank the Lord that McKinley's elected. He's got an invalid wife, and he can't do much entertainin', and that'll be an awful savin' to the

men who are to be out together, and it makes certain the proper care of the cattle and horses of the settlers. Jewell county, in western Kansas,

this year has corn enough to make a fence around the entire state of Kansas if it were piled in a long row. Over 9,000,000 bushels of it will be gathered.

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Although the changes in the personnel of the United States senate will not be numerous at the beginning of the Fifty-fifth congress, they will be conspicuous. Many years have passed since so many prominent figures were retired at the same time, as will be remanded to lasting private life after the next senatorial elections.

Voorhees, a glittering spectacle in

public service for 35 years, fluent, superficial, stentorian, belligerent, often defeated in battles of his own invention, free silverite, greenbacker, sympathizer with the southern rebellion, social, companionable, not the least of Bohemians in his younger years, will pass from public view and contemplate whether his deeds are of sufficient importance to live after him. He will be much missed. He will be regretted. His health is such that he cannot hope for re-entrance to the arena of political strife.

If ex-President Harrison be not per-

suaded to stand for the succession, Indiana will probably be represented by

no Republican of note. Turpie, whose

term will end in 1899, is a strong intel-

ligent, and it would be uncomplimentary

to the dominant party if they place be-

side him a nobody.

Joe Blackburn will be lamented al-

most as greatly as Voorhees. Impulsive,

fiery, oftentimes coarse, he is yet known

as one of the best fellows in the world.

He is a notable bon vivant and will be

missed at Chamberlin's as well as in

the senate. The strength of Kentucky's

representation in the senate will wane

with the departure of Blackburn. Lind-

say, as the successor of Beck, has been

a failure. The places of such men as

Beck, Carlisle, Blackburn and even of

Cerro Gordo Williams cannot easily be

filled, not to go back to Henry Clay.

Don Cameron, silent and mysterious

as he has been, will be missed from his

seat, which, by the 4th of March, 1897,

will have occupied continuously for

20 years, almost as greatly as any sena-

tor that could be named. He was secre-

tary of war for President Grant when

he was elected to the senate to succeed

his lamented father.

Wishing to retire, wishing his son to

succeed him, recognizing the robust

growth of an anti-Cameron sentiment

in the state, the elder man presented his

resignation to the president of the sena-

te one Saturday in 1877 after the legi-

slature at Harrisburg had adjourned to

meet on Monday. Most of the members

were out of the city, and most of them

were in Philadelphia. Bob Mackey was

where he was most needed, and it was

all arranged that Don should be elected

on Monday, as soon as the legislature

was called to order and before the anti-

Cameron element of the state could

learn of the resignation of the old sen-

ator.

There were 20 Republicans in the

house and senate who would have vot-

ed with the Democrats for any accept-

able independent Republican, but the

Democrats preferred a Cameron to a

half way man, and Don was elected by

a party vote.

Cameron and Quay are directly cred-

ited with the defeat of the last federal

elections bill. They agreed to accom-

plish its gentle though lingering death if

the Democrats would permit the tariff

measure of 1890 to come to a vote. The

tariff bill was passed and the elections

were deferred to the next session, when

it calmly glided into the sphere where

there was no hope of resurrection.

None of the retiring members of the

senate will be regretted more than the

venerable General Palmer of Illinois,

who played a part in the late elections

that will have a great place in the poli-

tical history of America.

Since his advent in the senate, in

1891, Palmer has borne a strong hand

in all sorts of legislation, though ac-

cused at times of being a little tedious,

garrulous and peevish. He has always

been interesting, however.