

MAKING CORN A KING.

THE THIRD OF THE GREAT WESTERN MONARCHS.

Out 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 prairie stopped that the travelers might gaze on the stretching fields of wheat that covered thousands of acres in 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:

The rolling prairie's billyow 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 ascendency, 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 countryside 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 benevolent 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 less 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 country 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 does not come. The days go by, and the fields 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 pitiful 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 cities 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 harvested 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 satisfied on it as easily as on the Indian maize. It bids fair to help revolutionize the farming of the semiarid region. And it strengthens the power of the principal ruler—strength giving prosperity bringing King Corn.—O. 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 under appeal 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 at 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 Sweats 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, catch seize a chicken and bear it back to the wagon. 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 2:58 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 Fleetwing's slight break at the start, the team trotted evenly. The leaders were Dexter and Cricket, with Florrie and Higny in the center, and Lazar and Fleetwing at the wheel horses. The first eighth was made in .22 1/2, quarter in .43 1/2, half in 1:27 1/2, the three-quarters in 2:13 and the mile in 2:58 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.—Quinton Free Press.

WHEAT CROP OF 1896.

THE GOVERNMENT REPORT OF THE WORLD'S HARVEST.

An Interesting Report of One of the Great Staples of Food Products—The Harvest of 1896 Was Over 185,000,000 Bushels Less Than That of 1895.

The consular reports of the world's wheat crop for 1896, just issued, is very interesting at this time because of the recent spectacular jumps made by wheat in the stock market and the reports of the approaching famine in India. Following are extracts from it:

The result of the last wheat harvest, although completed in some countries, cannot be ascertained precisely as yet. So far three estimates concerning the harvest of 1896 have been published, namely:

1895.	1896.
Hungarian ministry Bushels. Bushels of agriculture 2,500,784,000	2,865,880,000
Parisian Echo Agricole 2,554,822,128	2,883,822,000
English Grain Trading Journal of Dorn busch 2,570,583,329	2,420,105,866

It must be stated, however, that in all these reports, as well as in the following tables, the figures for Russia are only preliminary and approximate. According to the reports, the world's harvest of wheat for 1896, in comparison with the preceding year, is below the average and considerably less satisfactory in quality as well as in quantity. The late and exceedingly cold spring had a bad effect on crops, and the drought spoiled the crops in Europe—to a great extent in southern Russia, but in Spain and Portugal especially. As to the transatlantic countries of the southern hemisphere, in which grain ripens in December to February, the conditions for the growth of wheat were also unsatisfactory. The drought during the first period of the growth of cereals and the continual rain during the harvest had a bad effect on the last crop of wheat in the Argentine Republic, Uruguay and Chile, while the drought also damaged to a great extent the crops of East India and Australia.

This information, of course, refers to the harvest gathered in those countries during the last days of 1895 and the first months of 1896. The greater part of the small surplus in these countries entered the international market long ago and was consumed during the second half of the last campaign, but in view of the fact that the new grain from these countries will not enter the European markets before the second half of the present campaign and owing to the insufficiency of information concerning the outlook for the future harvest the report of the present campaign for these countries has been made according to the figures of the last harvest.

From figures sent in by different consuls it is seen that, in general, the harvest of 1896 decreased 185,485,642 bushels as compared with the harvest of 1895. The harvest in the United States, Canada, Argentina, Uruguay, Chile, Australia and the East Indies shows a decrease of 165,892,959 bushels. Of the European producing countries, only Russia shows a large decrease—56,575,467 bushels. The countries of consumption harvested 37,205,128 bushels more than last year. Only Spain and Portugal among them had a bad crop. France harvested this year nearly as much as last year. An increase compared with last year is to be observed only in Italy and Great Britain.

The decrease of this year's harvest is also due to the decrease in the wheat acreage. Already, last year, in nearly all the large wheat growing countries the area under this cereal had greatly decreased. The great decrease took place in the United States, Russia, the East Indies, Austria-Hungary, Argentina and Germany, the principal cause of which was the extremely low prices the last three campaigns.

The information concerning the other cereals and grasses is very poor and of such indefinite character that any estimate, even approximate, is impossible. In general it may be said that the decrease in the rye harvest is still greater than that in wheat. The Hungarian ministry of agriculture estimates it at 154,765,714 bushels. Here the decrease falls mainly upon the exporting countries, especially Russia. Of the other countries, Austria-Hungary has scarcely an average harvest—a little below last year's. The bad harvest of breadstuffs is not compensated this year by a good harvest of fodder grasses, except maize, which promises a good yield. A decrease compared with last year's harvest of oats and barley is very probable in the principal countries of production in Europe and in the United States and also in the importing countries of Europe, but this decrease is not of such significance as that of wheat and rye.

It Followed Them to School One Day. News has reached Williamsport, Pa., of an adventure with bear in the wilds of Brown township. While Miss Lulu Beaver was teaching the little country school of 20 pupils all were thrown into a state of panic by observing a good sized bear entering the schoolroom. Boys and girls alike dashed through the windows, while the bear stood in the aisle, startled by the commotion. Miss Beaver, the teacher, hastened down one side of the room and ran out, closing the door after her. In the meantime several woodsmen heard the commotion, and hastening to the scene with a rifle, quickly dispatched the animal. The hide will be presented to the teacher.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Nothing More For Chicago to Annex.

Chicago is very proud of the fact that she cast 46,585 more votes than New York and 15,080 more votes than New York registered. But, then, Chicago has annexed everything she could find, while New York is just New York.—Buffalo Courier.

WON'T SHOCK BOSTON.

Wooden Fence Will Hide the Bacchante's Beautifully Chiseled Limbs.

The MacMonnies statue of a bacchante is going to Boston, after all, and is to be set up in its destined place in the courtyard of the Public library, which Architect McKim is bound that it shall decorate.

It has been refused once. Then an attempt was made to give it to Brooklyn, and that city declined it. Now a decorative wooden fence will be built around it, which will hide the chiseled limbs of this representation of physical delight from the eyes of all except those especially bidden.

It is said, however, that it will be only a matter of a short time when this environment will be removed, and the beautiful figure will be open to the inspection of all who visit the library.

TO PLEASE HIS WIFE.

Meek Iowa Man Pleads Guilty to Bigamy to Preserve Peace.

Gustave Erickson of Sioux City, Ia., went to the penitentiary to please his wife. He was alleged to have married in Omaha several years ago, to have deserted his wife after a time, and, coming to Sioux City, to have remarried without having previously secured a divorce from No. 1.

He entered a plea of guilty to the charge of bigamy and was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. "I was really never married to more than one woman," he remarked as he followed the sheriff from the courtroom, "but my wife was determined to send me to prison, and I'd do anything to please her."

IN THE VERMONT.

To go back to the previous question for a moment, it has to be confessed that the sultan still has the ball, even if the playing has mostly been done behind his ten yard line.—Detroit Tribune.

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