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THE CONCORD TIMES.

John B. Sherrill, Editor and Owner. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES

Leading Paper in This Section.

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THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within his brain?
Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power,
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillaried the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.
What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of the Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the roses?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.
O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?
O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute questions in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

—Edward Markham.

THE WOMAN UNDER THE HEEL OF THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

"Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this,"
—From "The Man with the Hoe."

Look into that "last gulf," O Poet! I pray thee,
Down, down, where its nether cave leans,
And find there—God help us!—a "shape" to gainsay thee,
A shape that affrighteth the fiends.
And listen, O listen! For through all the thunder
A voice crieth—heavy with woe—
"I, I am the woman, the woman that's under
The heel of 'The Man with the Hoe.'"

She is the begotten of derelict ages,
Of systems senescent the flaw;
She is the forgotten of singers and sages—
The creature of lust and of law.
The tale of she "Terror"—the ox's brute brother,
Can never be told overmuch,
But she is the vassal, and she is the mother,
The thrice-accursed mother of such.

Look up from that last gulf, thou newest evangel,
Thou builder of ladders for men,
Look up to the pleading, pale face of the angel
That wooeth a Prince of the Pen,
And sometimes, a little, tho' half the world wonder,
And critics cry high and cry low—
Sing out for the woman—the woman that's under
The heel of "The Man with the Hoe."

—Hester A. Benedict.

GEN. GOMEZ TO WRITE A BOOK.

HAVANA, Nov. 3.—Gen. Maximo Gomez said to-day that he had a very large quanity of manuscript treating of the warfare in Cuba from 1886 to the date of American occupation. This he regards as his greatest treasure. Of late he has been going carefully through his papers, collecting all data bearing on the subject, with a view of writing a history of the revolution, as he has known it internally and externally.

"Now that peace has arrived," he said, "it proves to be exactly what I had expected, with all its sadness and meanness. I do not care what people may say about me, though many are trying to injure me and telling lies about my motives and conduct. All that is immaterial. It does not disturb me, for I have known the ins and outs of the revolutionary movement better than any one else, and there is no use in trying to falsify history. I have known all who fought in the war. I have known who joined at the last minute in the struggle and who watched it from a safe distance like a spectator at a bull fight.

"One curious trait of character in the Cubans has impressed me. The more courage a Cuban showed in fighting the Spaniards, the less he has done for Cuba in times of peace. Yet the mania for peace has impelled many a Cuban to threaten the Americans, who are an extremely difficult people to move in that way. Diplomacy is much more expeditious in dealing with the Americans.

"Many of those who now occupy public positions in Cuba are convinced in all good conscience that they are serving the interests of the island, but they are really mistaken. They are really serving the cause of intervention, which though accepted, and even asked for, it will be found difficult to terminate on conditions that will enable them to transfer their services to the Cuban republic. They should bear in mind that they have taken an oath.

"The honorable Cuban should place before himself the ideal of the republic, remembering that every day on which the sun sets until the establishment of the republic is an injury to the Cubans."

The Cost of Politics.

Southern Farm Magazine, Baltimore.

The cost of an average campaign has become so great that the average man cannot afford to hold office if he is salary-dependent. The salary he deserves is not sufficient to meet his bills and to make him a living at the same time. The people who pay the exaggerated bills thus made, outside of the cities, are in a great measure the farmers, who not only suffer that ill, but who are liable to drawbacks arising from legislation concocted in vindictiveness or tomfoolery by men seeking to make fortunes at officeholding. The responsibility for the reduction of the crop rests upon the farmers largely, and it is hoped that the day is not far distant when they will cease to allow the office-seeker to throw sand in ther eyes,

The waiter girl knew a thing or two about table etiquette so she sniffed scornfully as she said: "It's not our custom to serve a knife with pie."

"No?" remarked the patron in surprise, "then bring me an axe."

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

A friend writes me from Florida that bacon will not keep well in that climate, and that the old settlers say it always gets rancid. He wants to know if there is any remedy for this. Yes, I think so, unless hogs fattened on pinders are different from those fattened on corn.

This reminds me of a war story.

In 1864 my wife and half a dozen little children found refuge from the foul invader at her father's plantation on the upper Chattahooche river. There was no white man there or near there save her old father, Judge Hutchins. There were about a hundred negroes, more than half of them too old or too young to work. Food for our soldiers was getting scarcer every day and orders came that every farmer should be tithed—that is to say, he should give up to the government agents a portion of his corn and meat and beef cattle. A mounted detail from the home guard was sent out with wagons to enforce the order and gather in the supplies. There was nobody to resist them, for everybody was in the army save old men and invalids and women and children. Late one evening a company of thirty men came to Judge Hutchins' house and rudely informed him that they came for bacon and beef cattle. The judge very calmly told them he had none to spare. For awhile they parleyed with him, but finally demanded the key to the smokehouse. My wife and children and two other little grandchildren listened in fear and anxiety. They knew that the judge was a fearless man, but there was so many well armed men against him, the odds were fearful, and when he refused to give up the key they said they would arrest him and break down the door.

Then he pleaded with them in a trembling voice and said to the captain: "Here is my daughter and her little helpless children and here are two others whose mother is dead and their father is in the army. I have but four sons and they are in the army. My two sons-in-law are there. Here on this place are fifty or sixty negroes who are too young or too old to work, and it is a struggle for us all to live. I am alone and getting old. I have done my share for the Confederacy and cannot do more. Now I know that you can overpower me or kill me and take away the little meat I have saved for these helpless ones, but let me tell you, Captain, the first man who goes to that door to break it down will be a dead man before he can do it." His black eyes flashed as if lit up by sparks of fire and his voice no longer trembled. He was desperate. Lightly he ascended the stairs, where he had two double-barreled guns well loaded, and planting himself by the window that overlooked the smokehouse, he said: "Now break that door if you dare to," and the percussion went click, click. The captain looked at the door and then at the judge. There was an awful silence for a few moments. My wife and children heard it all and trembled. Some of the negroes had gathered at the cabin doors, and old Sam dared to exclaim in a low, husky voice, "Better not—better not—old massa kill you—kill you shore."

The captain suddenly reconsidered. "Come boys," said he; "it's getting late, and there ain't no use in fighting about a little meat. We can report the case to headquarters and if we are ordered back we can try it again, I reckon." Without saying goodbye or farewell they left.

That night about midnight the judge called up old Jack and Virgil, whom he knew he could trust, and had the joints of the meat and a part of the sides carried quietly down to the old blacksmith shop on the bank of the river. With pick and shovel the cinders and earth in the old hearth were soon excavated and a chamber fashioned that would hold and hide a thousand pounds. It was buried there and the hearth was covered just like it had been. Some scattering charcoal filled in the space and some was left on top and the black old basket placed where it long had been. With shovel and wheelbarrow the surplus earth was taken down the river bank and tumbled in and then all was quiet on the Chattahooche. The burial of Sir John Moore was not more silent.

In January, 1865, I joined my family on the plantation and not long after the judge furnished us a good mule team and wagon and we returned to our home in Rome. The day before we left his hospitable mansion he opened the cache and found the meat all sweet and sound and we brought a good portion of it with us and it was as precious as gold. My wife says the charcoal purified it and kept it from tasting old or rancid.

Now, then, I have answered my friend's question. He must get up another civil war and hide his meat in the hearth of an old blacksmith shop. Earth and charcoal are both good disinfectants and preservers of flesh, and if I was in Florida I would pack my meat in charcoal, not dust, but small crushed coal. Before putting the meat down I would powder it from a pepper box with borax. Borax is almost universally used now. It is sure death to skippers and other vermin, and a druggist told me that the sale of it had increased a thousand per cent. within the last five years.

When my family got home we found that it was not good to live by meat alone and we had to send down the river a hundred miles for a few bushels of corn and hid it near a mill in the country, because the outlaws and deserters were patrolling the land and taking everything they could find. A good friend brought us half a bushel of meal at a time on the sly, and so we got along. The memory of old Rowland Bryant is still precious to us for kindness in those days of tribulation. It is encouraging to know that Armour & Co. have not abolished all the smokehouses in the land, nor drawn our home made meat into their mighty trust. Our farmers are generally raising their own meat and bring a good deal to town to sell, and my wife says that country lard is purer and better than any that comes from the packing houses of the west. Our home market is well supplied by our farmers with almost everything that is good to eat. Beef, pork, butter, chickens, eggs, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, beans and apples are in great abundance. Of course we can't have mutton, for the negroes must have dogs and the candidates must have negro votes. I lost eight fine Merinos in one night and my neighbor, Mr. Dobbins, lost three hundred in five years, and quit the business. But with all our drawbacks, our people are on the upgrade. Seven cents cotton has helped greatly, and if our farmers will cut down the acreage still more it will bring 8 cents next year and leave more land for wheat and corn. The southern farmers ought to form a mighty trust and regulate acreage and price. Our own county could regulate itself by organizing and combining with the local banks. Our average crop is 10,000 bales, and at 8 cents a pound would bring $400,000. About one-half of this could be carried and held by the more wealthy producers. The other 5,000 bales could get an advance of 6 cents a pound, or $30 a bale, from the banks on warehouse certificates. This would take only $150,000. Even $25 a bale would pay the cost of production and leave the margin for the producer, and this would require from the banks only $125,000. If every county was to do this a 10,000,000 bale crop would jump to 8 cents within sixty days. That's the way to meet trust with trust and defy the speculators. Why can't it be done? BILL ARP.

Porto Rico Under Military Rule.

The report of Brigadier General Geo. W. Davis, commanding the department of Porto Rico, has been made public by the War Department. It contains a large amount of interesting material on the social, commercial and political conditions on the islands.

Gen. Davis incloses a copy of a circular issued to the inhabitants of Porto Rico, outlining the General's scheme of military government. He calls attention to the fact that he has refrained from making anything that might be construed as a promise of what ultimate action would be taken by Congress for the government of the island, but he says that his aim has been to promote the well-being of the people under existing conditions. This he seems to have accomplished, from the fact that a general contentment reigns throughout the department.

Gen. Davis closes his report with a brief statement as to the great hurricane of 1899, and extends his thanks to the War Department for the prompt aid tendered him in caring for the destitute. Accompanying the report is an interesting discussion on the government of Porto Rico, by Major W. A. Glassford. Among the suggestions for reform offered by Maj. Glassford is one that a market for sugar, coffee and tobacco is indispensable for the well-being of the island. He says that a reduction of duties on Porto Rican products entering the United States, and also on some American products entering Porto Rico, would facilitate the development of trade relations between the two countries. He suggests that a removal of the duty on Porto Rican sugar would double the output, and that the same increase would doubtless take place on coffee and tobacco. He says that it would also be advantageous to remove the existing duty on such machinery and its repair parts as are used in the production of these crops. Lumber is also an article of prime necessity, together with building material.

Regarding the financial conditions, he says that about one-half of the 5,929,000 pesos in circulation is at present in the hands of the individuals, and the other half in the banks. He recommends the withdrawals of this currency and the substitution for it of United States money.

Our National Finances.

Hon. Lyman J. Gage, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for November.

Columns of figures are seldom interesting, yet I fancy the two which register the receipts and expenditures of the United States year by year from 1791 to the present time will, without illumination, stimulate the curiosity even of those ordinarily indifferent to statistics. If some modern Rip Van Winkle were to be handed this table, which annually appears in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury to Congress, he would know at a glance that in one instance, at least, some great and tremendous event had happened in his country's history. Beginning with gross receipts, which includes revenues and loans, of $4,771,000 in 1791, he would notice steady growth, until they rerched $83,371,640 in 1861. Next year, 1862, they were $581,680,000—an increase in a twelvemonth of nearly half a billion of dollars; in 1863, $889,379,652; in 1864, $1,393,461,000; in 1865, $1,805,939,345; and for three years thereafter receipts in incess of one billion dollars annually. From then until this day he would see, also, that the Government's ordinary revenues have been counted annually in the hundreds of millions. If, after seeing such a picture, one were to tell him that this country, a generation ago, suffered four years of strife such as the world had never seen, it ought to occasion in his mind no surprise. The plain cold figures are sufficiently graphic to tell the story of the magnitude of the Civil War.

"There's nothing like farmin' on a hillside," said the man with the faded hair, during a pause in the conversation, "if you pick out a good location."

"Do you mean to say," they asked him, "that you ever worked on a hillside farm or anywhere else?"

"Who said anything about workin'?" he rejoined. "I said hillside farmin' was all right if you picked out a good location right down below a forty acre farm where a feller put in one whole summer raisin' melons an' punkins. When they got ripe they broke off f'm the vine an' rolled down on to my land. It was a good deal of bother to gether 'em up, but I done it. Made a pretty good thing out of it, too."

It was a narrow escape and nearly cost him his reputation as the laziest man in the crowd.

Gentleman: "You can't work on account of paralysis! Nonsense, you look as strong as I do."

Tramp: "Well, you see, Boss, it's paralysis of de will dat I'm troubled wit."

WHAT GOOD REPUTATION STANDS FOR.

Baltimore Sun.

In a recent criminal trial, the accused persons being men of high standing in the community, counsel for the defense ostentatiously called high public officials to testify to their good reputations. There was scarcely any limit to the number of men who could have been called to thus testify, for without any doubt the defendants had borne a good reputation before they were accused of this particular crime. The testimony respecting good reputation had no effect upon the jury because there was positive evidence of guilt, and in the face of such evidence good reputation only adds to the offense committed. Where, however, there is only circumstantial evidence of guilt, or there is doubt arising from any circumstance, good reputation has great weight and may turn the scales of judgment. This is the real value of a good reputation. It shields one from the suspicion of wrong-doing, and it must be broken down by positive and unquestioned testimony before its possessor is deprived of its benefits. It is because reputation usually corresponds with character that it is accepted as an answer to unproved accusations of wrong-doing; it is because it does not necessarily correspond with character that it is accorded little if any weight as against direct testimony showing it to be a false reputation or one that has been sacrificed. Reputations are built up slowly, and a man is tried in many ways and for a long time before his fellow men feel fully assured that he is to be trusted, that he is in fact what he seems to be. His credit having been established, it cannot be swept away by mere suspicion. It is not easy to establish a false reputation in the smaller circles of one's intimate associates, nor can a false reputation be long maintained before the general public after its character has become known to the few. Gossip soon destroys it. But a good reputation honestly earned may be sacrificed by one criminal or dishonorable act. That good name which has been built up by years of probity and fair dealing may be swept away in an instant by a single act of lishonesty. Sometimes, also, a man of good reputation may maintain it for a long time after his character has changed, through concealment of his crimes; but the moment they become known his good reputation vanishes. Although it may be so easily lost or sacrificed, good reputation is a most valuable possession, and every man should aim to build it up on the sure foundation of good character. Reputation is seldom highly vlaued until its loss is threatened. Cassio had probably never thought anything about his until, in a moment of weakness, he suffered military disgrace, and then he felt that he had lost the immortal part of himself. There are men of character who are so careless of their good name that they fail to establish a good reputation. They do no evil, but their associations are of a character to make men suspicious of them. The young more especially should take care not only that they live upright lives, justifying a good reputation, but that they avoid the appearance of evil. They should not be hypocritical, but should be careful of appearances so that their characetrs and reputations may alike be good.

A Speaker With a Backbone.

Texas Correspondent of The Voice.

Judge Sherrill, present Speaker of the House of Representatives of Texas, allows no liquor of any kind in the house or other portions of the capitol under control of the Speaker and sergeant-at-arms. While there has never been any liquor sold in the Texas capitol, yet this fact did not debar members from drinking or keeping it for use. Often in other days, the Speaker's room and also the room occupied by the sergeant-at-arms are reputed to have been the places where beer has been kept on tap, or where bottles and jugs of stronger beverages have been stored for the use of the members, who were wont to resort hither to play poker.

This is the order of the present Speaker: "There shall be no drinking in any of the rooms under the control of the Speaker or sergeant-at-arms, nor shall any intoxicating liquors be kept in or about said rooms."

Eleven pages were appointed under control of the Speaker. They accepted their positions with the distinct understanding that any one of them known to smoke cigarettes would be discharged. Eleven colored porters were appointed, under control of the Speaker. They accepted their positions, all agreeing that drunkenness, or even drinking intoxicating liquors, would be cause for their removal.

Briefs From Billville.

Billville has a society for the prevention of cruelty to authors. Some of the farmers in this section plow them from sun to sun, and then make 'em chop wood by moonlight.

The Billville regiment reports that General Otis is not making much headway in the Philippines. But no man can make headway without a head.

We are getting ready for Christmas in this neigborhood, and are daily accepting turkeys, cows and 'possums on subscription. For one turkey you get the paper six months; for five 'possums you receive it one year, and for a good fat cow it goes to you during your life time; but we no longer give the paper in exchange for wood, as lightning struck five trees near our office and split them into fine kindling, stove length—which is another evidence of the fact that the Lord will provide.

Used By British Soldiers in Africa.

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Galishe. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men, and in every case it proved most beneficial.—For sale by M. L. Marsh & Co., Druggists.

HOW BILL JONES ACTED HORSE.

DONOHO, S. C., October 31.—There died not long ago in the Donoho community Bill Jones, a one-armed man. Bill made himself famous by pulling a plow one year, while his two boys held onto the plow handles by "spells." That was when Bill was in his prime. Bill owned a small farm, and his family as large and expensive. Then just before breaking the soil for planting one spring, Bill's only horse up and died; and Bill could not buy another horse in all the country around. The people who had horses to sell told Bill they were sorry for him; that he would certainly have to let his family starve.

There was no encouragement or assistance that he could get from his neighbors. So poor Bill, who was an industrious man and a good father and faithful husband, determined upon a novel plan for making the crop. He told his two boys that he would pull the plow if they would do the plowing. The boys ridiculed the idea and tried to disparage their father. Then Bill Jones hitched himself up to a plow and the boys "spelled" one another as their father pranced up and down the field, pulling a heavy turning plow to break the soil. The neighbors came by and looked on in amazement. Bill would not stop to talk to them; but the neighbors got in a word every time he reached them on his rounds and predicted that he would not be able to pull the plow all the spring and summer, and that the crop would never be made and the family would starve. But Bill proved himself equal to the any horse or any six horses in the county, and pulled the plow every week day till the crop was laid by. When the crop was harvested and marketed Bill paid himself out of debt, paid cash for a horse, bought winter clothing for his family, laid in a supply of provisions, and still had $100 in cash on hand.

When Bill Jones died he was the rich man of the Donoho community and his family lived in comfort and the boys and girls are married off better than their neighbors.

A Boy's Composition.

A boy's subject was "In School," and this is the result of his efforts:

"The schoolroom consists of the black-board, the benches, the inkstands, the ruler and the teacher. Most of the things in the schoolroom are old, but the ruler is new! Who comes to school later than the teacher is the laziest one of all and is punished by him. On the map the rivers are marked for us to learn by heart. The teacher has made a hole into Palestine. With the globe he makes the eclipse of the sun. In the singing lesson the teacher plays the fiddle, and he beats the time until we can sing. We sing 'do' to 'la;' some of us can go higher still; the teacher can go down to the lowest, but he can't come.

"There is also a thermometer in the schoolroom, with which they make it hot in summer until vacation commences. The teacher looks at it so long until there are 80 degrees. In fifteen minutes we eat our lunch for half an hour. Sometimes we play football, and the teacher can kick best. The teacher makes good men and women of us, for early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise. If you steal anyone's apple you are put down two. Now the teacher is sick, and we don't know if he will be well again, but we hope for the best."

The Farmer's Mainstay.

Southern Farm Magazine, Baltimore.

The man at the plow thinks that he has been working hard all day in the furrows, and he has a right to think so. But there is another worker on the farm, the real head of the family. She is not only occupied with the care of children, combining in herself the dressmaker, tailor, nurse and school teacher, but she must attend to the chickens and to the young lambs rescued from the sudden return of winter. She has her dairy to keep sweet and clean, or ought to have it. She must be preserving for winter, and, in the meantime prepare, or be bothered by the oversight of servants in the preparation of food for the family and for the hands. She deserves pleasure, and her husband will find pleasure in devoting a little time to beautifying her surroundings and lightening the labors of her culinary department.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident is narrated by John Oliver, of Philadelphia, as follows: "I was in an awful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite, growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Then I was advised to use Electric Bitters; to my great joy, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c., guaranteed, at Fetzer's drug store.

Teacher: "Bobbie, did you look up the story of the prodigal son, as I told you?"

Bobbie: "No'm. Ma woulden't let me take the Bible. She's pressin' autumn leaves in it."

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Safeguards the food against alum

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

STORY OF A GAMBLER.

"Two friends of mine," said the old gambler, "were broke and pretty hungry. One was an indefatigable gambler, the other a man who thought of his stomach before anything else in the world. They stood in front of a Sixth-avenue beanery, looking hungrily at a pot of pork and beans from which a waiter was taking some for a customer. They hadn't a cent between them, but pretty soon a friend of my game friend came along and passed out a $2 bill on request.

"'Thank heavens, we can have some of those beans now,' said the hungry one.

"'We can, eh?' said the other. 'Well, wait awhile and we'll see.'

"My friend made a bee line for a gambling house, followed by the hungry one, who pleaded with him eloquently to get something to eat first. He was inflexible, however, and a few minutes later was seated in front of a layout with $2 worth of checks before him. He won a little and then he lost a little, and every two minutes the hungry one would whisper to him to quit and get some beans. He drew fascinating pictures of that smoking bean pot they had been looking at, but the other was game to the core. He finally had about $20 in front of him, and then began to plunge. The hungry one gasped for breath and finally implored him to give him a quarter check to put aside for beans in case they went broke.

"'Not a cent,' said the ather, 'and if you don't shut up I'll kick you out of the place."

"The threat was useless, for the other was too far gone in hunger to fear violence. He kept nagging and nagging at the player, who finally got up and threw him bodily across the room. But the hungry one crept back, and his first remark was about beans. With an exclamation of rage the gambler jumped up, cashed in $300 worth of checks, grabbed his friend by the coat collar, dragged him down two flights of stairs to the street, and fairly hurled him through the swinging doors of the beanery.

"'Give this blankety-blanked idiot $300 worth of beans,' he roared, 'and make him eat every one of them.'

"Then he stood over the hungry one and made him eat beans for an hour. He wouldn't let him have anything to drink, not even water, and the hungry one's pleadings for bread and butter were in vain. He wanted to quit on his third plate of beans, but the other wouldn't let him. He made him eat beans until he could eat no more, and then he gave him a $50 bill and left him."

The Slabtown Bazoo.

St. Louis Republic.

We don't mind receiving wood at this office in exchange for the paper, but we [illegible] than money to understand that we do not call pine knots and worm-eaten fence rails wood. If this hits anyone in particular let them holler.

The pie-faced jay who runs a mildewed sheet in this town and calls it a newspaper may jump on us legitimately but he might as well know it now as not that we object to his wife talking about the wife of the editor of this paper at the meetings of the sewing circle. Let him paste this in his slouch.

The Up-to-Date Debating Society will meet at the courthouse to-morrow night and discuss the question, "Was Gen. George Washington Justified in Crossing the Delaware?"

Miss Birdie McGuffin is visiting the home of 'Squire Squilsby. Miss McGuffin is from the city and sings like a lark, her favorite selection being that popular ballad, "When the Surging Tidelets Tide."

While Deacon Hemlock was attending class meeting last Thursday some one entered his house and stole his large hair satchel. The deacon says he does not mind the loss of the satchel, but that it was filled with a new kind of green paper, which he intended to make experiments with in this country. He says he bought the paper in the city.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

New York Press.

When a girl can't think of any excuse to tell you why she did a thing she says she "had her reasons."

A woman always considers other women's romances as "love affairs," and her own love affairs as "romances."

Appearances are deceitful. Sometimes the girl you see in the street car with a music roll really owns a piano.

The time a woman puts in before she gets married in looking for a man she puts in afterward in watching him.

The reason that women always have the last word is probably the same why moths always eat a man's coat right where it will show the most.

Ethical Ideas of the Rain.

Tommy—Pop, the rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust, doesn't it?

Tommy's Pop—Yes, yes; don't ask silly questions.

Tommy—And it isn't just to steal another man's umbrella, is it?

Tommy's Pop—Certainly not. If you ask any more——

Tommy—But, Pop, the rain doesn't fall upon the man that steals the umbrella, and it does upon the man who had his stolen. Funny, ain't it, Pop?

Bismark's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. Only 25 cents at Fetzer's drug store.

Candidate (explaining away his defeat): "Yes, gentlemen, I have been defeated, but how have I been defeated?" Voice in the crowd: "You didn't get enough votes."—Tit-Bits.

"I guess there will be a great deal of war talk in this part of the country," said the affable foreigner.

"I don't know whether there is to be any war talk or not," answered Oom Paul. "But there's liable to be some fighting."—Washington Star.

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and I am afraid I have inherited it. I do not feel well; I have a cough; my lungs are sore; am losing flesh. What shall I do?

Your doctor says take care of yourself and take plain cod-liver oil, but you can't take it. Only the strong, healthy person can take it, and they can't take it long. It is so rich it upsets the stomach. But you can take

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It is very palatable and easily digested. If you will take plenty of fresh air, and exercise, and SCOTT'S EMULSION steadily, there is very little doubt about your recovery.

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