

BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

H. H. GARDNER, Publisher.

BAXTER SPRINGS, . . . KANSAS.

HE THINKS HE'S THINKING.

You know him well, you've seen him oft;
The man who holds his head aloft
And keeps his eyelids winking;
He meets with little sympathy.
This man who would a thinker be,
This dunce who thinks he's thinking.

He to his friends has naught to say
The while he strolls along Broadway,
From them he's always shrinking;
He knows them, yet he sees them not,
Right past them he will briskly trot,
This wretch who thinks he's thinking.

Each morning for an hour he'll stand
With plate-glass mirror in his hand,
Indulging in much prinking;
For, though his friends he fails to see,
Upon himself he'll gaze with glee,
This ass who thinks he's thinking.

Sometimes he'll at the corner wait,
As if deciding nation's fate,
Outlandish ideas linking
Together, all devoid of sense,
For common mortals too intense,
This fool who thinks he's thinking.

The while he in the street car sits,
His bulging brows he tightly knits,
And keeps his orbs a-blinking;
His stupid glances upward aim,
He holds himself a child of Fame,
This dolt who thinks he's thinking.

I've watched him sitting at his lunch,
And while his sandwich he doth munch,
His glass of cider drinking,
He stares around with vacant gaze,
As if recalling distant days,
This fraud who thinks he's thinking.

But, if he'er falls overboard,
And straight a rope to him is lowered,
To rescue him from sinking,
You'll see him seize it every time,
And to the deck he'll quickly climb,
For now he's really thinking.

—Addison F. Andrews, in Journalist.

QUEER DETECTIVE WORK.

How the Big Stores Find Out What Rivals Are Doing.

Clerks Sent Out on Bargain-Purchasing Tours—Efforts That Are Made to Balk Their Designs—Hustle Is the Word.

The proprietor of one of the largest dry-goods stores on Fourteenth street sat in his office last Monday morning looking over some marked advertisements in the Sunday newspapers. Presently he rang for the superintendent and that gentleman came in.

"Mr. Johnson," said the merchant, "these advertisements that I have marked here are worth inquiring into. It seems that some of our competitors are offering special inducements at this time in the matter of holiday goods. Attend to this at once, please, and let me hear from you."

Mr. Johnson bowed, took the papers and walked out. He devoted about half of the next hour to carefully reading over the advertisements referred to by his employer. Then Mr. Johnson turned around and nodding to one of his clerks in his office, said:

"I wish you would find Miss Williams in the bric-a-brac department. Tell her I would like to see her at once."

The clerk went out, and in a few moments returned with a young woman. She was a very pretty, demure and intelligent-looking girl. She was well dressed, and seemed to know why she had been sent for. She looked up at the superintendent with an inquiring glance as she said:

"You sent for me, sir?"

"Miss Williams," said Mr. Johnson, "we will have to send you out again to-day."

Miss Williams simply nodded, smilingly, and then Mr. Johnson took the marked papers and spread them out before her. A long conversation followed. Miss Williams made notes from the advertisements as she read them and repeated them over to herself a number of times as though committing them to memory. The superintendent said to her:

"Now, I would like to be able to report this matter to the firm by to-morrow, and if you are very spry you will be able to get around to all these parties to-day before six o'clock."

Miss Williams now withdrew to the room in which the clerks hung their wraps. In a few moments she came out with bonnet, gloves and wrap, looking not unlike many of the stylish young women who were coming in to start their day's shopping. When she stepped out into the street she looked up and down for a moment as though undecided which way to go. Then she pursed up her pretty lips into a pout, nodded her head in a knowing way and tripped off at a lively pace toward Fifth avenue. She had not gone far before she saw a throng of shoppers going into one of the big stores. She followed in their wake, and although the crowd in front of her was very large she managed in some way to get near the front at each counter with very little difficulty. At one of the counters she remained for some time.

"I want to see some of that surah silk you have advertised," she said.

The clerk took down several bolts of the silk and she examined it critically.

"Thank you," she said.

A moment later she was at another counter, where large wax dolls were being disposed of to a hungry crowd of shoppers. There were several clerks at this counter and the floor-walker also happened to be standing there. He let his eye fall upon Miss Williams and he seemed to recognize her. He stepped

up to her, standing so that he was between her and the counter, and said, in a voice slightly tinged with sarcasm:

"Ah! how do you do, Miss Williams; very glad to see you."

Miss Williams drew herself up very rigidly, stared at the floor-walker in a most haughty manner, and said, very indignantly:

"Who are you, sir? I don't know you, sir. What do you mean, sir, by addressing me?"

"Well," said the floor-walker, "I thought I recognized you as the Miss Williams who once was employed here as a cash girl."

"No, sir. I, a cash girl! I am not the person, sir, at all. I don't know you. Am I to be insulted?"

"Oh, no; I did not mean to insult you," said the floor-walker, taken somewhat aback by her grand airs. "I must have been mistaken."

Miss Williams bowed frigidly in recognition of his apology and pushed her way up to the counter. She bought several of the dolls after examining them very closely, paid for them and ordered them sent to a house in West Forty-fourth street. She stopped at several other counters and bought other articles, which she had sent to the same address.

In the meantime the floor-walker, whom she had so brusquely repulsed, had been talking to a young cash girl of more than usually intelligent appearance. Evidently he was not satisfied of his mistake so far as Miss Williams was concerned, for he said to the girl:

"You just follow her. Don't lose sight of her if it takes until to-morrow morning. If she goes into a house, wait for her. If she goes into a store follow her. If she stays there, find out whether she is a clerk or not. If she don't, keep on following her until you run her down."

In consequence, when Miss Williams again went into the street the little cash girl was following her at a respectful distance. After her experience with the floor-walker Miss Williams had become very wary. She had maintained with considerable success the haughty demeanor she had assumed, and even when she stepped out into the street she held her nose high in the air. But after she had gone about half a block, and had looked around several times to see if she was being followed, the success of her bluff tickled her so much that she burst out laughing. In a moment the laugh had departed and her face had resumed its usual demure expression, for she was sharp enough and experienced enough to know that such indulgence might prove fatal to her purpose. There were several other stores along Fourteenth street in which Miss Williams stopped, and at nearly every one she purchased something and had it sent to the Forty-fourth street house. She frequently referred, when her memory was at fault, to the notes she had made; but this was usually done on the street, and only with great caution within the stores.

From Fourteenth street she started up town on Sixth avenue. One of the first of the big stores that she came to was more than usually crowded because of certain advertisements that had appeared in the paper of the day before. Before entering this store Miss Williams spent several minutes in studying over her notes. As she looked up from them and was about to put them into her pocket her eye caught the young cash girl, who had been following her. There was hardly a change in her face to denote that she recognized the girl, and only for a moment did a shade of annoyance linger on her brow. Then she pretended to resume her study of the notes, but all the time she was watching the little girl out of the corners of her eyes. She had seen the girl in the store, and recognized her from this. It was now her aim to put the little one off her track. She put her notes into her pocket with a decided air and turned about as though to retrace her steps. The little girl did not budge. Miss Williams walked half a block away, then turned round as though undecided, and saw that the little girl had still not moved. For a moment Miss Williams was in doubt as to whether or not she had been mistaken. As she stood there outside the door the little girl looked as though she were waiting for her mother to come out, and not as if she were playing the detective. To make certain, Miss Williams decided upon another test. She turned quickly and walked around the corner, stopping so she could see through the windows of the corner store on to Sixth avenue. A minute passed and the little girl had not appeared. Miss Williams was about to return when she saw the cash girl come slowly up the avenue, apparently with no special idea in mind. Miss Williams stepped back into a doorway and waited to see if the girl would pass, but she was too wise for that. After having waited several minutes Miss Williams' stock of patience was exhausted, and she came out. There was the little girl standing on the corner, calm as ever, with just a little hint of a confident smile on her face.

"You little rogue," said Miss Williams to herself, "you knew I couldn't have gone to the other corner in so short a time, and so you waited for me to come out of hiding. Well, we will see."

Miss Williams walked right along now as though she had really had some business in the house from which she had emerged, and returned to the dry-goods store she had started to enter when interrupted by the little girl. But all her unpleasant experiences were not yet ended. She was examining some toys when a clerk said, sharply:

"See here, what store do you come from?"

"What do you mean," returned Miss Williams, again assuming the airs of a queen.

"Oh, I know you," returned the clerk. "I have seen you before."

"How dare you insult me," said Miss Williams. "I shall report you."

"Oh, that's all right," said the clerk. "I don't want to insult you, but I won't sell you any thing. You can not buy any thing here."

Several other customers who were standing near looked up in surprise, while the little cash girl, who had smuggled herself in, leaned up against the adjoining counter and grinned from ear to ear.

"Well, we will see about that," said Miss Williams. "Where is the superintendent?"

"Here, cash," said the clerk, calling up a little cash girl, "take this lady to the superintendent."

The clerk said this in a very sarcastic manner, and for once Miss Williams' anger and indignation were not feigned. She did not go to the superintendent, however, but tried to outwit the clerk by going to another part of the store. The clerk was apprised of the fact, however, and got around in time to balk Miss Williams in her attempt to purchase. The clerk could not, of course, refuse absolutely to sell to her, but overcame this obstacle by saying that every thing was sold. Miss Williams was followed from counter to counter, and finally gave up in despair, having been able to purchase only one article of the many she had started to get in this store.

With few exceptions, however, in the other stores she went to she found no difficulty in obtaining all that she desired. With the exception of a few minutes for lunch she was on her feet nearly the whole day. Several times she attempted to escape from the little girl who was following her, but each time was entirely unsuccessful. She stopped for half an hour at the house of a friend. When she came out she thought she had worn out the little girl's patience, for she was not in sight, but several minutes later the little girl bobbed up serenely, having spent the meantime munching cakes in a bakery across the way from a house at which Miss Williams had been visiting.

When Miss Williams finally turned up at the store from which she had started, the cash girl was close behind her. She saw Miss Williams go upstairs and report to the superintendent, and managed, through a shrewd question or two, to find that she was employed there. Then, with a knowing nod of the head and a self-satisfied smirk, she gave up the chase. Miss Williams had been comparatively successful, and there were many articles awaiting her at home. Having announced this to the superintendent, she went home, and the next morning came to the store at the usual hour with a written report of her entire experience and the samples she had obtained. These were critically examined by the superintendent, and then taken to the head of the firm.

Nearly every Monday clerks from the various dry-goods houses go through this same experience, so that it has become a recognized custom. It is the only way in which the big retail merchants can keep themselves informed as to the inducements offered by their rivals. Monday is especially selected because the greatest bargains are usually advertised on the day previous. The object more particularly is to see whether the goods are really sold as advertised, and to enable each merchant to see for himself whether he is being undersold by a competitor in any particular article. Rarely does the same clerk go out for more than two or three weeks in succession. When the articles he or she has purchased are brought to the merchant, he compares them with the announcements in the advertisements, and if any of them are sold cheaper than in his own store, then the buyers of those particular articles are likely to be hauled over the coals.

"Some clerks," said the superintendent of one of the big stores recently, "go beyond their orders. I remember a girl who had been buying up bargains for a firm up town some time ago. She came to us and secured employment for the mere purpose of getting our prices and turning them over to the other firm. Of course no reputable clerk would do that and neither would a reputable firm countenance it. A very amusing instance of one firm's picking up the bargains offered by another firm occurred about a year ago, when an up-town firm advertised Webster's Unabridged Dictionary for less money than we could buy it from the publishers. Every one of our clerks received orders when they went out to luncheon to buy one of these dictionaries. Unfortunately the clerks in other houses had received similar instructions, and the dictionaries were disposed of long before half our men had been able to get to the store."

Not only do the firms endeavor to keep track of the bargains offered by their rivals, but they are fully as much interested in the prices of the regular stock goods. These are just as apt to vary as the prices of special bargains."—N. Y. Sun.

—An Irishman who is noted for being in scrapes was lately waiting examination in the matter of a fight in the police court when there entered a dignified young lawyer who had a case in court. "Hello," said the dignified young lawyer, "what are you doing here?" "I'd have you understand, sor, I do not practice in this court. I am a defendant."—San Francisco Chronicle.

GOSPEL OF MAMMON.

A Sermon for the Times Preached by Rev. Robert Burdette.

(Appointed to be read in a loud tone of voice in the Church of the Holy Sinners the first Sunday in the calendar of Saint Dives and fifty-one Sundays after that, three times a day, before, after and during service, and at other times when convenient and there is a big crowd present. To be read in all the churches that expect or hope to collar the shekels of the ungodly or rake in the shekels of the good in the year of grace 1899.)

Now there was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day. Blessed forever be his memory, for he hath this day given \$95,000 to the church societies, and hath \$4,000,000 left for himself.

Shout his name mightily, and let it appear in four-line pica at the head of the column.

Blessed is the man who can give his check for three figures; his seed shall be mighty upon the earth.

But more blessed is he who can make it four; his name shall be written in the records and printed in the minutes of the association and graven with the pen of a cunning scribe upon the chronicles of the conference. Yes, they shall call him Mister in the synod and Doctor him in the convention.

But thrice blessed is he who can make it a ten and five noughts; his horn shall be exalted with honor; he shall be known in the congregation and on 'change, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. Yea, when he goeth forth a horn shall be blown before him, and when he giveth a dollar a gong shall be beaten in the sanctuary.

Lazarus shall behold him from afar off and make ready to vacate the premises in Abraham's bosom.

Abraham shall hear of it and shall greatly enlarge his bosom and have it newly furnished and reupholstered throughout. Selah.

The praise of our lips shall set him on high; if it be so that he can not read then will we call our colleges after him; and if it be that he signeth his name with a "mark," lo, then shall we endow Chairs of Egyptology and Sanscrit literature in his name.

FROM AN OBSOLETE GOSPEL.

(Extract from a strange manuscript found in an obscure country church, said to have been written by a man named Mark, but believed by our richest scholars, on account of the general air of improbability and the absurdly impracticable and preposterous teachings enunciated therein, to be the cunning invention of a satirist.)

"And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto Him His disciples, and saith unto them: 'Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury. For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.'"—Brooklyn Eagle.

SENSIBILITY TO PAIN.

It Is More Developed in the Nervous Than in the Muscular Type of Men.

In dealing with man we may roughly divide him into two main types—the nervous and the muscular. The nervous type would be represented by the man with an active, piercing eye; a face whose features exhibit all the characteristics of energy, intensity of thought and feeling; a narrow chest and badly-developed muscles. In the muscular type we should find the man with features exhibiting a constant expression of repose, with powerful and well-developed limbs and slow of speech and movement.

Good examples of the one type might be found among our scholars and students, of the other type among our agricultural laborers. These are extreme cases; in some of us the muscle element predominates, in others the nervous. But the important part is that these types are not equally sensitive to pain. Any medical man, relying on his own experience, would say that as a general rule the nervous type was far more sensitive than the muscular.

Numerous examples have occurred in the writer's own experience all pointing in the same direction; indeed, he has known men of the muscular type undergo the most painful operations who have at the time exhibited no indications of suffering, and have on being questioned by him acknowledged that they did not feel much. But the evidence is even stronger in the case of uncivilized races, the observations of all travelers pointing to the extreme insensibility to pain exhibited by savages. A good example was given in the Spectator a few months ago, when a correspondent related the fact that on the introduction of boots into New Zealand the vanity of the natives was so great that when one of them was happy enough to become the possessor of a pair and found that they were too small he would not hesitate to chop off a toe or two, stanch the bleeding by covering the stump with a little hemp, and then force the feet into the boots.

Other facts connected with diseases of the brain may be cited in support of this suggestion that the more active and wide-awake the brain is the more sensitive to pain does it become. In early inflammation of the brain, when the amount of blood circulating through it is larger than usual, it becomes extremely sensitive, so much so that a bright light or a loud sound gives rise to

actual pain, while at a later stage, when the circulation is much diminished, all these symptoms disappear, and the patient becomes less sensitive than when in health.—Nineteenth Century.

WOOLEN UNDERCLOTHING.

Why It Should Be Worn in Summer as Well as in Winter.

Without going so far as to say that every article of a man's apparel ought to be woolen, it is an undisputed fact that this material is the best suited for underclothing, either in winter or summer. And the reasons are not far to seek. Neither linen or cotton is capable of protecting the body from external heat in the summer, nor of conserving the warmth of the body in winter, because, being good conductors of heat, they allow it to permeate. Wool, on the other hand, is a non-conductor; and there is little doubt that the death rate in this country would be greatly reduced, and the wards of the hospitals for diseases of the chest less crowded, were woolen garments to be worn by young and old.

But to parody the words of an ancient advertisement, when we ask for wool we should see that we get it. Two kinds of articles will be placed on the counter before the intending purchaser—a cheap and a dear. The latter, however, will be the cheaper in the long run, for ten to one the former is a well-put-together mixture of cotton and wool. It is easy to show any one how to tell such a mixture at a glance almost, but difficult to describe on paper, so the novice in this matter should take some one with him, or her, when going to shop, and should pay a fair price and deal only with respectable tradesmen.

Beware of wearing dyed flannels next to the skin. I know there is a great run on red, but this color is just as likely to contain poisonous matter as any other. Silk for the undergarments of men with tender skins has much to recommend it, though it takes but second place to wool. Thea, in point of cold-resisting qualities, comes merino. This may be worn next the skin by men wearing the time-honored linen shirt. The undervest or semmet must not be of dyed material.

Another thing may be said in favor of woolen underclothing—it keeps up the healthful action of the skin far better than any other material can.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

APPETITES OF BIRDS.

A Theory That Much Feeding May Be a Cause of Long Living.

A German ornithologist has been looking into the subject of birds' ages recently. The swan, he concludes, is the longest lived of all birds. The oldest swan of which there is a record lived 300 years. Many falcons are known to have lived 162 years. The vulture and the eagle are also very long lived.

In 1819 an osprey died which had been caught in 1715, at which time it was full grown and probably five or six years old. A white-headed vulture caught in 1706 died in the bird-house of the imperial pleasure palace at Schonbrunn, near Vienna, in 1824.

Parrots often live a century after they have been captured and tamed. Sea and swamp birds usually live several generations. Geese, if left to themselves, and cuckoos also reach a very old age. Ravens rarely die under 100 years of age. Magpies seldom pass more than twenty or twenty-five years in confinement. When free they live forty or fifty years.

The barn-yard rooster in good luck is generally healthy and strong till he has passed his fifteenth year. Pigeons are good for ten years; singing birds for eight to eighteen years. Nightingales in captivity live about ten years; blackbirds about fifteen years; canaries, in captivity, twelve to fifteen years; although on the islands where they originated they often live twenty-five or thirty years.

Just why birds get so much more of life than men is something that nobody knows. One reason often given is that they eat so much. A bird's appetite is tremendous. A thrush puts down with one swallow the biggest snail. To perform a corresponding feat a man would have to take a whole leg of beef at a bite. A robin redbreast is also a terrible eater. It has been calculated that a mass of food equivalent to an angle-worm fourteen feet long is required daily to keep a robin in good condition.—N. Y. Sun.

Pretty Sofa-Cushion Cover.

A beautiful sofa-cushion cover, which is new and fast becoming popular, is made of pale terra cotta moire and leaf green satin ribbon. The ribbon is two inches wide and the cover is formed by cutting the ribbons in lengths twenty-four inches long. The terra cotta ribbons are all laid in one direction, and those of leaf green are woven in and out so as to form squares like a checker-board. At each corner of the square a small, stemless daisy is worked in terra cotta and leaf green. The ends of the ribbons are turned to form sharp points, and small silk tassels are fastened on each point. This unique cover is laid over a large cushion covered with terra cotta silk. Any favorite combination of colors might be used which would harmonize with the general furnishings of the room for which the cushion is intended.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—There is no reason why any girl or woman not deformed and about twenty-five or thirty years of age should not have a graceful and well-developed figure, and gymnastics will give it to her.—Albany Argus.