

BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

M. H. GARDNER, Publisher.

BAXTER SPRINGS, - - KANSAS.

OH! BY THE BYE.

In my sanctum I sat one day, nervous and tired,
With a mountain of work yet to do,
When in came a fellow who said he desired
To consume my moments a few.
He talked for an hour, but at last he arose
And his form disappeared through the door;
But it opened again, and he stuck in his nose
With an "Oh! by the bye."
And came back for a half hour more.

He sat on the edge of a cane-bottomed chair
With his hat tilted back on his head,
And he talked with a breezy and nonchalant air
Till I wished I were crazy or dead;
When his second inflection he brought to a close,
And had bowed himself out as before,
I returned to my work—but he stuck in his nose
With an "Oh! by the bye."
And came back for a half hour more.

He had lungs that were leather and cheeks that
Were brass,
And his voice tore my nerves like a saw;
If Samson had met with this tedious ass
He'd have killed him, I know, for his jaw.
He talked and he talked till I itched in my toes
To kick out this unparalleled bore;
Then he left, but a third time he stuck in his nose
With an "Oh! by the bye."
And came back for a half hour more.

And I sat there like one in a horrible dream
Assailed by a gibbering imp,
Unable to stir hand or foot, or to scream,
Perspiring, impassive and limp.
But when for the fourth time he ended my woes
I sprang up, slammed and bolted the door,
For fear lest again he would stick in his nose
With an "Oh! by the bye."
And came back for a half hour more.

Then I said to myself: "There is not upon earth
An affliction so grievous and dire
As the fellow who comes with addenda of mirth,
Who repeats till you nearly expire;
And there's not such a fiend, I will add ere I
Close.
This side of the sulphurous shore,
As the talkative nuisance who sticks in his nose
With an "Oh! by the bye."
And comes back for a half hour more."
—George Horton, in Texas Sitings.

THE VICTIM OF HIS CLOTHES.

By Howard Fielding and Frederick R. Barton.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

As Drane emerged from the building the first thing he saw was the blue coat of which he was in search. A burly member of the force stood on the edge of the sidewalk, as if placed there by the hand of justice.

"How wonderful are the workings of chance," thought Drane, as he took in at a glance the advantages of the situation. "My luck changed from the instant my eyes rested on that ticket."

He decided not to call the officer into the bath so long as he showed no signs of going away, but to wait till the thief came out, clothed in his rags, to meet a fate still worse. He chuckled with a mean satisfaction at the thought. His experience should have taught him to pity the poor fellow, but it didn't. There can be no real sympathy between costly apparel and the habiliments of poverty. The brotherhood of man can never be accomplished except by putting all the world in one unvarying uniform.

So Drane stood there waiting for his revenge. Suddenly there was a hubbub at the door. An attendant rushed out hurriedly and looked about. Behind him Drane could see the thief expostulating with the man at the desk. Then the attendant's eyes fell upon Drane.

"Arrest that man," said he to the policeman; "he has stolen a man's clothes in our bath!"

"Come with me, sir," said the officer, laying his hand upon Drane's shoulder. The blunderbuss of vengeance had shot both ways again, as is the habit of that antiquated weapon.

CHAPTER VI.

IT PUZZLED THE JUDGE.

While the little party was on its way to the abode of justice, Drane had time to bring his mind to one definite and valuable conclusion. His misfortunes on a similar occasion had been aggravated by his own injudicious utterances. He resolved to keep still this time, even if he had to hire somebody to gag him.

It was little that he knew about New York except as to its pavements and its distances, and both these he was prepared to condemn as emphatically as would any reformer. He had not supposed that his second arrest took place in the same judicial district in which his first came to pass. By reason of his rehabilitation his nerves had maintained a fair poise during the short journey to the court, but when he saw the ornate tower of Jefferson market ahead of him and then realized that he was bound to appear before the same justice who had lectured him but a day or two previously, they fell to quivering ominously. Nevertheless he kept up appearances and entered the court room with an air of dignified self-possession.

The bulk of the day's business had been cleared away, so he and his companion in distress were summoned at once to the bar.

"What is this case?" demanded the judge.

"This man," responded the policeman, jerking his thumb towards the ragged tramp, "accuses this gentleman of stealing his clothes."

The judge glanced in surprise from one to the other of the parties, and he looked sharply at Lawrence as if the

face reminded him of somebody. Then he ordered the complainant to step up and asked him his name.

"Lawrence Drane," was the cool reply. Again the judge seemed to be trying to recall something out of the dim recesses of his memory, but the effort failed, and he composed himself to listen to the complainant's story. The false Drane told exactly what had happened at the bath-house, not deviating in the slightest particular from the truth, except as his story implied his claim to ownership in the clothes which the real Drane had on.

"Did you ever see the prisoner before?" asked the judge.

"I think I saw him not more than three days ago," replied the impostor; "it was late in the afternoon and he had a skate on. I remember him because of these rags which he wore at the time."

The judge turned to Mr. Drane, who had been listening intently, and began the examination in the usual way, by asking his name. Lawrence was vehemently moved to denounce his accuser, but he recalled his determination to control his tongue in this episode; therefore he responded simply:

"Lawrence Drane."

A big scowl tangled the judge's eyebrows and puckered up his lips. Judicial memory was again in process of castigation. This time the mental prodding turned up a clew.

"Haven't you been here before?" he demanded sternly.

Mr. Drane's conscience wriggled and groaned under the temptation of mendacity. He was immorally certain that a good lie would be more efficacious in the emergency than a guardian angel; but his gentlemanly instincts revolted at lying, especially when he knew he was in the right. Moreover the angel was present the court-room, though Lawrence didn't know it and she had not as yet discovered him. Perhaps her influence had something to do with inducing him to falter an affirmative to the judge's question. The reply stimulated the judge's memory wonderfully.

"You tried to pass yourself under two names then, didn't you?" he continued.

"May I explain, your honor?"

"Did you or didn't you? Speak up!"

"I did, your honor, but there were circumstances then that justified me. I was in trouble and hardly knew what I was about."

"What possible circumstances could have justified you in lying about your name?"

It instantly occurred to Lawrence that here was an opportunity to make a full explanation of his situation, but so much trouble had come to him from such attempts that he renewed his determination to say absolutely nothing. So he responded:

"I decline to say."

This surprised and angered the judge and he ordered the officer to search Lawrence. They took from him all his papers, his money and his watch. They considerably left him his handkerchief. Upset by the indignity of this proceeding, he exclaimed:

"I will say and maintain that I am Lawrence Drane! I live in Kansas City and am in New York simply on my way to Boston, where I propose to negotiate capital for a railroad."

"Very well," said the judge, dryly, and turning to the impostor: "What have you to say to this?"

"Why?" was the reply, "that I am Lawrence Drane and that this fellow is telling my story. Those papers and letters which you have will probably make the matter clear. Doubtless he glanced at them at the bath and so got his points."

The judge looked at the papers, but they failed to satisfy him. He asked for witnesses, and the attendants at the bath were sworn.

"Which of these men?" asked the judge, "came to the bath in good clothes, and which one in rags?"

"I remember," said the witness, hesitating, "that I took a fellow in those

rags to a room, and I think it was that one," pointing to Lawrence. "When he was in the sweating room," he continued, "he looked just about like anybody else."

There is an individuality in legs, but few men recognize it, not even attendants at baths who have unrestricted opportunities for observation. The testimony of these witnesses made it pretty clear that Lawrence had left the bath with better clothes than he wore when he entered, but they could do nothing to clear up the question of identity.

Then Lawrence requested the privilege of examining the plaintiff. This granted, he confused the fellow in short order by putting a series of questions designed to bring out his knowledge of Kansas City and his familiarity with the business mission in which he pretended to be engaged. The scale appeared to be turning in Mr. Drane's favor. Justice was still in doubt, how-



HIS NAME WAS JONES.

ever, and the court declared that it would be necessary to get some direct evidence as to the identity of each claimant to the name of Drane.

"I think, your honor," said the impostor, "that the people at my hotel can satisfy you. I should like to go there to get my grip and a decent suit of clothes. If I was better dressed my story would sound more likely."

Lawrence smiled grimly at this, for he knew too well how true it was. Things had changed. The clothes were on another man's back and he in turn was victimized by them.

"I'll send an officer with you to the hotel," said the judge.

Just then the angel appeared. It was the young widow whom Lawrence had met in the park up-town. She was in court with Mrs. Bowers, assisting that charitable lady in her work and at the same time keeping an eye open for her thieving maid, who might be expected to turn up at any time among the prisoners. During the examination of Lawrence and the impostor she had been busy with Mrs. Bowers in another part of the room, and so had not heard a word of the case. It takes an acute ear to detect any thing that goes on in a New York court, even when one stands beside the judge himself. The young lady had chanced to see Mr. Drane's face, and in spite of the great improvement effected on it by the barber and the radical change in his garb, she recognized him. It was not immediate, and she was not altogether sure. She whispered excitedly to Mrs. Bowers:

"See! is not that the gentleman who assisted me the other morning?"

Mrs. Bowers had recourse to her glasses.

"I should think so," she replied, "from his clothes. I shouldn't be likely to forget them."

"No, no; I mean the other one. I must go up and see."

Mrs. Bowers disapproved of this heartily, but the young widow took her own way, and presently Mr. Drane felt a light hand laid on his arm. It was at the point where the impostor had asked to be allowed to go to his hotel. Lawrence turned, and with a joyfully leaping heart saw the companion of his adventure in the park. He was never so glad to see anybody before, and forgetting his situation he cried:

"I am perfectly delighted to see you again."

She was about to reply when the judge interposed.

"You must not speak to the prisoner, madam, but you may come up here and tell me what you know about this man. You may be able to clear up this matter."

The young lady, blushing rosily and smiling at the thought of being able to give some assistance to her benefactor, stepped before the judge and was sworn. She gave her name, but in spite of, all attention Lawrence missed it in the confusion attendant upon the bringing in of several new arrests. He began to see the end of his difficulties, and joy possessed him as the judge listened with evident belief to the young lady's account of the park episode.

"And what is the gentleman's name?" asked the judge when she had finished her little story.

"Mr. Thomas Jones," replied the widow promptly. It was the name she had heard Lawrence give at the police station.

When he heard this answer Drane groaned audibly. The impostor's face was lighted by a triumphant smile and the judge frowned. The young lady saw that something had gone awry and she exclaimed hysterically:

"Oh, dear! Have I done any thing wrong?"

"Nothing whatever, madam," said the judge. "You may step down. Now, Mr. Thomas Jones, you told me emphatically but a few days ago that your name was Jones. Have you any thing more to say?"

"Your honor," and Lawrence's voice was ragged with emotion as he spoke: "I see that I have been continually beset with my own blunders. I blundered in lying about my name, which is really Drane; since then I have blundered at every step until I committed the last in declining to explain myself. I will gladly pay the expense of telegraphing to Kansas City. My friends there will reply to your satisfaction."

"We will let you do that, Jones," said the judge, "but meantime I shall hold you, and if a reply does not come before we adjourn you will have to remain."

There was nothing for Lawrence to do but acquiesce and write his telegram as fast as possible. This, after some judicial editing, read as follows:

SANFORD DRANE—I am held in court on suspicion of stealing my own clothes and my name. Please wire the court at once a full description of my appearance and history.

L. D.

Then his own statement of his adventures was taken down. If this should correspond to the account to be telegraphed he would be free. Confident of the result he followed an officer to the prison, leaving the pretty widow sitting on a front seat tearfully listening to a whispered lecture from that expert character reader, Mrs. Bowers.

The impostor, anxious to establish his case before a reply to Mr. Drane's telegram should arrive, hurried from the court accompanied by an officer. They went to a Broadway hotel and marched straight up to the pompous clerk.

"Do you know this man?" asked the policeman.

"Know him?" returned the clerk, scornfully. "I should hope not!"

"But you remember," cried the impostor, "that I came here this morning and took a room, don't you? I am Lawrence Drane, of Kansas City. You'll find my name on the register."

The clerk examined the big book. "There's a Mr. Drane here," he said; "I remember him. He was a well-dressed man, and you—why, he wouldn't let you in at the door if you didn't come with a policeman. Besides, this Mr. Drane came from New Haven."

"Oh, Lord! I forgot that!" exclaimed the impostor; "you see, I came down from New Haven on an early train. Why, I was married in New Haven yesterday!"

The clerk turned away with a sniff of disgust.

"Come now, whatever your name is," said the officer, "don't waste any more time. March back to court."

So back he went, regretting at every step that his sudden prosperity had so enlivened his respect for cleanliness that he had ventured to take a bath.

"First I've taken for years," he muttered, "and it serves me right. Got on well enough without before."

There were a lot of late arrivals at Jefferson market that day, and it was six o'clock before the court was ready to adjourn. Mrs. Bowers and the fair widow were still there, the former staying against her will at the earnest solicitation of the latter. She was sadly disturbed at having failed so signally to aid her benefactor, and was anxious to learn the result of the inquiry. Just in the nick of time, as it seemed to her, a messenger boy crawled into the room and demanded with amazing indifference:

"Is de judge here?"

The judge relieved the boy of his dispatch and addressed a remark to him which sent him out of court several thousand times faster than he came in. The two claimants to the name of Drane were already at the bar. The judge read the telegram silently, coughed, read it again and remarked:

"This does not seem to help matters for either of you."

Then he read the dispatch aloud: "THE JUDGE, Jefferson Market Court, New York—If Lawrence Drane is in your charge please hold him. He is undoubtedly insane."

"SANFORD DRANE."

"There is a vile conspiracy back of this!" cried the real Drane.

"Oh, I give it up! I'm not Drane at all," shouted the impostor.

Thumpity-bag! said the judge's gavel, angrily, and the judge himself added: "The court believes you are both demented. I shall commit you both to an asylum for examination and treatment."

CHAPTER VII.

JENKINS' RETREAT.

Amid the sorrows in which Drane was again involved, he had one consolation—the young woman with thirteen millions evidently felt almost as badly as he did. He heard her tell Mrs. Bowers that the judicial blacksmith on the bench was "simply dreadful."

But this was not the best of it; he heard Mrs. Bowers' reply. Only two words, indeed, and as irrelevant as are most feminine utterances in times of emergency: "Why, Bessie!" was all she said, or at least all that Drane heard, but he was more than rejoiced. Her name was Bessie! At last he had something to call her in his thoughts. It was the first hint on the subject. In his joy at this discovery he forgot to regret that he didn't know the other half of her name. He watched her pour her woes into Mrs. Bowers' ear, and was satisfied.

Such a spectacle is always entertaining, for when a woman has embarrassed a man by making a blunder, if she is not too stupid to see it, nor too proud to acknowledge it, nor too nervous to know what she is about, she will sometimes pity him divinely, if he is reasonably good-looking. And if she has begun to feel a little tenderly toward him, she will often accuse herself unjustly, in order that she may have the luxury of telling herself how sorry she is that she has put him into a difficulty.

That was why Bessie now gazed at Drane with such angelic sympathy depicted upon her beautiful countenance. She said in her heart that her testimony had somehow helped to prove that he was insane. It was a question of the heart, and in such cases a woman never allows an appeal to the higher tribunal of the mind. So Bessie acted upon her first impulse and implored Mrs. Bowers to do something, no matter what it was.

With Mrs. Bowers it was a question neither of the heart nor of the mind, but of the conscience. Therefore she decided to be merciful, but just. It was her plain duty to protect Bessie from impostors, fortune hunters and lunatics; so she frowned at Drane in a way that gave him a chill to supplement the fever which Bessie's tender glances had put into his blood.

"Where will they send him now?" asked Bessie, shuddering.

"Probably to Ward's Island, temporarily," replied Mrs. Bowers.

"Will they be good to him there?"

"He will be cared for," said Mrs. Bowers, sternly; "and fed—to a certain extent."

"Oh, my!" cried Bessie, tearfully. "Can't we take him home with us? You have been so kind to me that I took upon your house as home now, you know."

"I couldn't think of such a thing," Mrs. Bowers said, firmly. "I can not have a lunatic in my house. It is all that I can do to look out for you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW REPUBLIC.

The United States of Brazil Fashions a Government Closely After That of the United States of America.

RIO JANEIRO, May 31.—The new Constitution has been elaborated by some of the most notable jurists and specialists of Brazil under the immediate supervision of the Ministers, who certainly represent in a fair measure the talent and experience of the country. This Constitution will be the fundamental law of the land only after the Constituent Assembly shall have approved it, which approval is not likely to be withheld long, as all feel the necessity of legalizing the Government just as soon as possible.

Immediately after the decreeing of the Constitution there is to be an election for Senators and Deputies—sixty-three of the former (three for each State and Federal District) and 900 of the latter, according to the population. The two chambers will meet and begin their legislative labors together in a constituent capacity. Immediately after their first regular session and election of presiding officers the Provisional Government will place in their hands the functions of Government exercised by the latter since the change effected November 15 last and the Assembly will at once select the new Chief of the State, who will then proceed to organize a regular Cabinet of Ministers. Then the Assembly will revise the Constitution and afterward promulgate it as revised. Subsequently the two chambers will assume their respective functions as regular legislative bodies.

The following are the principal ideas contained in the Constitution: Parliamentarism ceases. Brazil adopts the American system of a responsible executive with secretaries responsible only to him and to the people. The Senator or Deputy who is chosen a secretary loses his seat. The first election of the President will be in November next by Congress, but the Constitution establishes that this election subsequently shall be by means of electors. The people select electors in proportion to their delegations in Congress. Each State has a separate meeting of its electors on the same day and at the same hour. If no citizen shall obtain an absolute majority of the Electoral College then Congress shall elect, choosing from the three persons who may have the largest number of votes. After this, in case no one is yet elected, Congress shall again vote, dropping the third name and voting for the two who have the largest number of votes, so that the President elect shall have an absolute majority of the votes cast. The President shall be elected for six years, and shall be ineligible for the next ten years succeeding his term of office. The Secretaries of State are ineligible for the Presidency during their term of office. The President of the Senate shall be the Vice-President of the Republic. In case of the absence or death of the President his office shall be filled by the Vice-President, next by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, next by the Vice-President of the Senate, and lastly by the President of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice.

A DESPERATE FARMER.

A Kansas Farmer Shoots His Two Brothers-in-Law, His Wife and Himself.

YATES CENTER, Kan., June 25.—A. E. Coe, a farmer living thirteen miles southwest of here, about noon yesterday shot and killed one of his brothers-in-law, Nathaniel Anglin, mortally wounded another brother-in-law, Adrian Anglin, killed his wife and committed suicide.

A feud of long standing had existed between A. E. Coe and his two brothers-in-law, Nathaniel and Adrian Anglin, who recently rented farms near Coe, southwest of here. Yesterday just before noon Coe went to the field where Nathaniel Anglin was at work and shot him dead.

Then Coe went about a mile to where Adrian Anglin was at work and shot him, shattering his arm near the shoulder so that there is little hope of his recovery.

A short time after several shots were heard at Coe's house, and the neighbors went to the place and found Mrs. Coe dead in the garden, with a bullet hole in the back of her neck, and Coe lying on a lounge in his house dead, with a revolver in his hand, having shot himself in the forehead.

ORIGINAL PACKAGE BILL.

A Broad and Sweeping Change By the House Judiciary Committee.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—The House Committee on the Judiciary after having under consideration for four meetings the Senate "Original Package" bill, has decided to report to the House in its stead a substitute agreed on by the committee with one dissenting voice. It is broader in scope than the Senate bill, inasmuch as its provisions apply to all articles of Inter-State commerce, whereas the Senate bill only applies to intoxicating liquors. The substitute is as follows: "That whenever any article of commerce is imported into any State from any other State, Territory or foreign Nation and there held or offered for sale, the same shall then be subject to the laws of such State, provided that no discrimination shall be made by any State in favor of its citizens against those of other States in respect to the sale of any article of commerce, nor in favor of its own products against those of like character produced in other States, nor shall the transportation of commerce through any State be obstructed except in the necessary enforcement of the health laws of such State."