

BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS

CHARLES L. SMITH, Editor and Proprietor.

BAXTER SPRINGS, KANSAS

STILL NEEDS THE WORKERS.

The world still needs the workers, though it may sometimes forget that it owes the weary laborers an everlasting debt; Without the busy toilers gold would cease at once to buy; The things that please the palate or are grateful to the eye; The world still needs the people who must labor day by day; But the world keeps on forgetting, in its easy-going way.

The lady in her satins, who is beautiful to see; Forgets that those who labor lend her all her witchery; Without the busy toilers all the millions she commands; Would not procure a scented piece of soap to wash her hands; Without the busy people who must labor all their days; All her money wouldn't even buy new laces for her stays.

The magnate who looks proudly on his million-dollar yacht; Forgets to give the carpenter a single kindly thought; He ceases to remember as he sips his splendid wine; That without the ones who labor there would be no fruitful vine; He forgets that all his money wouldn't clean the crumbs away; If there were no luckless people who must labor day by day.

The ones whose names are famous, who are high and great and proud; Forget that pride would die without the busy, weary crowd; Without the ones who labor none could hope for greatness here; Without the busy toilers all we prize would disappear.

Oh, the world still needs the people who must toil through all their days; But the world is so forgetful in its easy-going ways.

-S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

His First Weak Fish

By "MICKEY FINN."

THE sloop yacht Sibyl lay tugging at her anchor rope in the middle of the Fishkill channel, in Jamaica Bay. June had lain her smiling benediction over all the land and sea. Oases of grass in the black water waved in the pulsing of the ebbing tide. A strong breeze from the ocean had kicked up a fretful sea. The wind was warring with the tide. The wide water reaches were alive with white caps. The spume from the little waves swept the deck of the Sibyl. It was a baptism by sprinkling. The sun was resting his chin on the edge of New Jersey, throwing a fiery pathway up the lifting tide, and painting the horizon with reckless prodigality of color.

The angler stood in the cockpit with a ten-ounce rod in his hand. It was fashioned with wood from the jungles of Calcutta. A master workman had welded 100 pieces of this resilient wood together with glue such as Guaranius used in his sobbing violin. The rod was further strengthened at intervals with fibres of crimson silk. The guides were lined with smooth glass and the tip with amber. When at home the rod reposed in a rosewood box carpeted with blue velvet. No woman can ever take the place in an angler's heart occupied by his best fishing rod. That rod had skittered pork rind for pickerel in the wilds of Pennsylvania. It had jerked the gymnastic bluefish from his environment of blue water. It had thrown a thin shadow over the smiling ripples of the Neversink at the foot of Slide mountain. It had conjured leaping grilse from the tide waters of the Miramichi, and still its spring was arrogant, its fiber unimpaired.

The reel was a mechanical gem of solid silver, cunningly devised, like a Jurgenson watch, its pivots running on jewels, its barrel multiplied four times with each revolution of the handle. The lightest touch would set it whirling as if in sheer delight of its perfect bearings. For any one but a high priest of the art of angling to touch this reel were a profanation. The line was of 12-thread linen of a special weave, with a tensile strength of ten pounds to each of the 300 carefully paraffined feet. The cost of the line only was sufficient to pay a month's rent in a tenement house. The double leader was five feet in length, of carefully selected silk-woven gut, and the hook of blue steel, keen and cruel. It measured three-quarters of an inch from shank to barb, and would have held anything from a shark to a rubber boot filled with sand in a swirling East river racing tide-way.

"The wind is rising, sir," said the guide. "We'll have to reef her goin' in. Shall I take up the anchor?" "Not yet," replied the angler. "I have been out here all the afternoon and not a sign have I seen of our old friend, Cynoscion regalis. I have chummed him with two quarts of shrimp, I have tempted him with yards of blood worms at five cents per yard, and yet he has not responded to my wooing. I shall try one more cast,

and then we will pull up the anchor and sail for home."

Three of the largest shrimp left in the bait box he carefully impaled on the hook. Then he dumped the remaining shrimp into the bubble and yeast of the bay. They vanished like snow on a pancake griddle. The line ran slowly out, carried by the tide. The twilight was deepening, the breeze freshening. Sea lettuce, weeds and grass floated down and lodged against the throbbing anchor rope. The Sibyl yawed and plunged. Still the line ran on and on until 150 feet of water had been covered.

Suddenly the line lifted over the intervening furrows of water. The point of the rod went up in the air. The line tightened until it sang a tune in the stiffening breeze, and little beads of water dropped from it into the bay. Cynoscion regalis had come. The angler braced his feet, for the Sibyl was as uneasy as a yearling colt. The fish had struck the hook in the white-plumed apex of a wave, which the departing sun had dyed a vivid crimson. In the red glare he shone like refined gold. Urged by the resilient rod and persuasive revolutions of the silver windlass, the fish came nearer and nearer to the boat, in narrowing areas of a circle, crossing and re-crossing the radiant waterway made by the setting sun; the line cutting a little jet of spray before its tense fiber.

Only once did Cynoscion reveal his silvery symmetry as he darted through one water furrow into another in the effort to rid himself of that inexorable, line. Frightened at the sight of the boat, the fish dove and tore 15 feet of line from the willing reel and the unwilling angler. But the hook kept his mouth open, and he was slowly drowning. One despairing attempt he made to rush under the boat, but the strong wrist turned him, the landing net slipped under him, and he was laid tenderly upon the rounded, wave-swept free-board of the Sibyl. Run-



PLACED THE FISH GENTLY IN THE WATER.

ning the hook of a pocket scales through the bight of the snell, the angler raised the fish.

"Three pounds ten ounces," said he, "and with a belly rounded like a fifteenth century prior's."

Then he lay Cynoscion regalis back upon the deck, a living jewel bathed in brine. His sides were silvery, with irregular dark, undulating stripes. His eye looked like a spot of jet in a circle of amber. He lay perfectly still except for a faint motion of his fanlike rudder. As the light touched his armor the burnished scales took on iridescent, kaleidoscopic hues.

"Do you think he is dead?" asked the angler.

"No, sir; he is only wind-blown." The angler leaned over the side of the boat and placed the fish, gently in the water. He lay upon his side, supine, inert. But the waves dangled him and the juvenescence of old ocean trickled through his crimson gills. His body began to tilt until it stood nearly on an even keel. His dorsal fin rose like a sail on the far horizon. Cynoscion regalis was alive again. One flirt of his mighty tail, one heave of his virile, flexuous body, and he was gone, leaving the angler wet with the spray of his parting salute.

Two hours later the angler went down an elevated railway staircase, near Central Park West. At the foot of the stairway a carriage was waiting. In it sat a woman wearing an anxious look.

"Oh, John," she said. "I am so pleased to see that you have come back in time. Really, I was getting frightened."

"Well, my dear, I don't see what there was to be afraid of."

"Why, do you know, I was afraid you would not get back before all the fish stores were closed."—N. Y. Times.

Explanation of Astronomer's Find. Astronomer Husey, of Berkeley, Cal., announces that he has discovered 200 double stars. We are inclined to think, says the Chicago Chronicle, that Astronomer Husey must have tried to cross the street in front of a "devil wagon."

Latest Kansas Events.

Recites a Peculiar Story.

Minnie A. Bushnell has brought suit at Ottawa to set aside a divorce recently granted her husband, D. J. Bushnell. The petition sets forth that Mrs. Bushnell was induced to sign an agreement for separation by Bushnell's representation that he was in a compromising relation with a girl at Williamsburg, and that he would remarry her—the plaintiff in the case—as soon as the Williamsburg affair could be settled. Bushnell is said to have failed to carry out any part of his agreement, and to have deserted his divorced wife entirely.

Against Political "Pulls."

"The state board of charities will endeavor to have a bill passed by the legislature next winter making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for a person to bring political influence to bear to secure the appointment of employes in the various charitable institutions," said Henry J. Allen, president of the board. "The proposed law will also make it a crime for a superintendent to make political recommendations, and the penalty will be removal from office and a fine."

Grandfather Before He Could Vote.

In Franklin county a boy of 19 recently married a woman of 49. This woman had a grown up son and at about the same time this son also married. Now the son is father of a child and the Ottawa papers are presenting the step-father as a record-breaker—as a man who became a grandfather before he could vote. —Kansas City Journal.

Option on 1,700 Acres.

It is understood that a site for the proposed \$10,000,000 cotton mill, projected by southern and eastern capitalists, has been selected at Holiday, 14 miles from Kansas City. The promoters, it is said, hold an option on 1,700 acres of land at Holiday.

Bigger Acreage Than Ever.

Despite the comparative failure of the wheat crop this year, the farmers of the wheat belt are putting in a larger acreage of the cereal than ever. They consider that it was only exceptional conditions which interfered with the crop this year.

Record for Quick Corn.

Tanquary brothers, who are extensive farmers near Beloit, claim the record for quick corn. They have well developed corn exactly 86 days from the time they planted the seed. They expect a yield of 60 bushels to the acre.

Baptised over 3,000 People.

Rev. W. B. McNutt, a Baptist minister who died in Pratt at the age of 79 years, had been engaged in active church work for half a century, and during his career as a minister had baptised over 3,000 persons.

Big Wheat Yields at Hillsdale.

Some big wheat yields are reported around Hillsdale. J. T. Minnick thrashed 52 acres and the total yield was 1,889 bushels, an average of 36½ bushels per acre, and it was of standard weight.

Boy Killed by Lightning.

Grant Frame, aged seven, son of a farmer near Jerusalem, Johnson county, was killed by lightning as he was entering his father's barn. A horse and three hogs were killed and a brother stunned by the same bolt.

This Will Relieve Them.

A license tax imposed on Wellington druggists by the action of the city council of \$100 a year for selling liquor and \$300 a year if beer is included, was declared invalid by Police Judge Shearman.

Farmer Uses Motor Cycle.

J. G. McClun, a farmer near Cawker City, uses a motor bicycle in riding over his farm and the surrounding country. The machine makes 35 miles an hour and cost \$200.

Two Crops from One Field.

In Brown county, Morgan Walters planted corn in his wheatfields immediately after harvesting that grain. He has now plowed it three times and will have a good crop.

For Spanking His Wife.

Before a Coffey county justice of the peace O. D. Dow, of Lebo, was fined \$10 and costs for "spanking his wife, just as he would a two-year-old boy, only harder."

Tasted Just Right.

Charles Marbel had a second crop of strawberries on his vines near Troy. They were not as plentiful as the first crop, but were of good size and tasted just right.

A Pioneer of 1859.

Charles Swartz, a resident of Lyon county since 1859, is dead at the age of 80. He still occupied the farm he homesteaded 43 years ago.

Township Will Run a Railroad.

The Kansas & Southern railroad, a short line operating between Blaine and Wetmore, has been placed in the hands of receivers on application of the Rock Creek township board. The road was built in 1899 by the Thayer-Moore Brokerage company, of Kansas City. The township gave them \$31,500 in bonds and took stock in exchange. The township board contends the right to take the engine and proposes to continue the operation of the road as soon as an engine can be repaired. Representatives of the receivers and brokerage company are guarding the property.

The Job Goes Begging.

The board of regents of the state agricultural college is having a hard time to find a man to take the place of Prof. A. M. Cottrell as professor of agriculture and superintendent of the college experiment farm. After a trip through the east they first offered the place to Prof. Gibbs, of Durham, N. Y., at a salary of \$2,500. Prof. Cottrell's salary was \$1,800. The offer of the board to Prof. Gibbs was refused. It was offered to three others, who likewise turned it down.

The Field All to Himself.

Abilene has a unique industry employing 100 men almost night and day who make all parts used in mechanical shooting galleries, merry-go-rounds, nickel-in-the-slot pianos and military band organs. The concern is said to be the only one of its kind in the world and is operated by Charles W. Parker. His trade field includes the two Americas, Europe, Asia and Africa and the islands of the sea.

School Fund Distributed.

The school population of Kansas is 508,011 and the semi-annual distribution of the state school fund aggregates \$223,524, being the interest on a \$7,000,000 permanent school fund investment. This is 44 cents per capita, an increase of five cents per capita over the last distribution.

Drowned While Seining.

Harvey Baker, a farmer, was drowned in the Kaw river a mile above Bonner Springs. He with a number of neighbors, had gone to the river to seine fish. Mr. Baker had the outer end of the seine in charge, and was swinging out from the bank when he stepped off into a pool over his depth.

Rose Is Working Hard.

Vernon Rose, the democratic nominee for congress in the Seventh district against Congressman Chester I. Long, is conducting a very active campaign. He is in the field all the time and is speaking twice a day most of the time.

Clinics Harris' Re-Election.

Grant Harrington, who has charge of the fusion legislative campaign, asserted that the fusionists would elect 80 out of the 125 members of the house and that W. A. Harris would be returned to the United States senate.

Must Come Further West.

The center of corn production in America is 54 miles southwest of Springfield, Ill. The crop which will be raised in Kansas this year will yank the center of corn production a few leagues further west.—Topeka Capital.

Has the Largest Acreage.

According to a statement prepared by Secretary Coburn, of the state board of agriculture, 458,000 acres was planted to alfalfa in Kansas this year, and it has a larger acreage than any other tame grass.

Perish the Thought.

They are now claiming that the "pre-historic" skull dug up at Lansing belonged to an ex-convict. The skull was found on the site of the old prison cemetery.

Rock Island May Be Interested.

It is believed at Wellington that the Rock Island is back of the scheme which is being pushed to develop salt mines in that vicinity.

Eighty Bushels to the Acre.

Eighty bushels of oats to the acre is the phenomenal yield of a ten-acre tract on the Isaac Baughman farm, near Centropolis.

Marshall County's New Jail.

The new \$15,000 jail at Marysville is nearing completion. It is located on the public square alongside the \$40,000 courthouse.

One Cow Brought \$61.65.

Lew Baker sent a cow from Cpmanche county to the Kansas City market which weighed 1,370 pounds and brought \$61.50.

Varnell Will Dig for Gas.

R. I. Varnell, of Eldorado, will sink a gas well on his farm adjoining town and proposes to spend several thousands of dollars.

Only One of Many.
Smith—Sad thing about Brown, isn't it? Jones—Don't know. What's the trouble? "Why, his recent illness has affected his mind, and he is now unable to recognize his wife."
"Pshaw! I know lots of sane men who can't realize that their wives are the same women who fished them out of the bachelor pool."—Chicago Daily News.

TO MOTHERS

Mrs. J. H. Haskins, of Chicago, Ill., President Chicago Arcade Club, Addresses Comforting Words to Women Regarding Childbirth.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Mothers need not dread childbearing after they know the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. While I loved children I dreaded the ordeal, for it left me weak and sick



MRS. J. H. HASKINS.

for months after, and at the time I thought death was a welcome relief; but before my last child was born a good neighbor advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I used that, together with your Pills and Sanative Wash for four months before the child's birth;—it brought me wonderful relief. I hardly had an ache or pain, and when the child was ten days old I left my bed strong in health. Every spring and fall I now take a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and find it keeps me in continual excellent health."—Mrs. J. H. HASKINS, 3248 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill. — \$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

Care and careful counsel is what the expectant and would-be mother needs, and this counsel she can secure without cost by writing to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass.

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