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in which the usual branches of sound and
practical education are carefully imparted.
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I recommend it as superior to any prescription
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and at Barber-Shop east of Courthouse.

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Undertakers,

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Have a full line of UNDERTAKING GOODS, of All Classes and Kinds. All
Orders by Telegraph promptly executed. We have
CA FINE NEW HEARSE
of Latest Style, that will be Furnished on Application.
Office One Door North of V. Effinger's; also, at Ebrecht's
Blacksmith Shop.

Old Times.

Ed. Register.—In the summer before
I was married we made the brick for
my house, with the expectation of hav-
ing it built, so I could go into it as
soon as I was married, which was to
be in October of that year. But when
it came time to build the house father
came to me and said, "I don't see how
we are to put your house up this fall,
everybody has gone to work for the
Iron Mountain Company." For they
had just commenced work, building
furnaces and putting up buildings, etc.
"We can't hire a hand for love or
money." I told him to let us live in
brother Cyrus' house, as he had no
wife, and it would be better to have
some one live in it. He said, "Well,
that will suit all around, so go ahead
and get married as soon as you want
to."

After we were married and got home,
expecting my wife's furniture, which
her father had made for her, for he
was a cabinet-maker and made all of
her household goods, as they had been
shipped before we started for home.
We thought we would be able to go to
house-keeping almost as soon as we
got home, but the Illinois river was
very low and the boat they were on got
aground and did not get off until next
spring, so we had to remain with father's
folks until the next May. That
Summer we built my house. I remem-
ber one Saturday while we were build-
ing a number of school boys came over
just as peaches were getting fit to eat.
That day after dinner all of us, as we
passed the peach orchard, filled our
pockets and handkerchiefs with those
half-ripe peaches. When we got to
the house we were building we put
them in a pile under the old oak tree.
When those boys came they sat down
and pared and ate those peaches. Af-
ter awhile the boss mason spoke to
them and said, "Boys, you better not
eat too many of those peaches, it will
not be good for you, they are too green
to eat too many at a time." They all
stopped but one boy. He kept on par-
ing and eating until we told him to
stop or he would kill himself. At last,
after he could eat no more, he put up
his knife and went to the creek
swimming. This boy began to feel
bad in his stomach, and while the rest
of us were swimming, he lay groaning,
rolling and tumbling around with the
colic. That night the doctors worked
all night with him and the next morn-
ing (Sunday) he died. Monday I went
to his funeral. I stood by the side of
Farnham and sang with him. After
the funeral I went home.

That night Charley was born. After
my wife had got about, one pleasant
afternoon, I think it was Saturday,
she said, "If you are going to be about
the place this afternoon I would like to
go up to father's and see the folks once
more. I have nursed the baby and he
is asleep, and if you don't disturb him
I will sleep until I come back." "All
right; I'll see to the boy, you needn't
hurry back; I'll attend to him." As
soon as my wife was out of sight, I
spread a large shawl on the floor and
laid the boy carefully on it. I then
tied the corners of the shawl together
and slung him on my back, took down
my gun and started for the woods, and
don't you think that boy never made a
bit of noise until I began to shoot squir-
rels. The first shot he made a spring,
but soon settled himself to sleep again.
I found I couldn't shoot so good with
him on my back, so I hung the shawl
to a big swining limb. I gave the
shawl a swing and went on killing
squirrels. When I had killed about
half a dozen he began to fret, so I
shouldered him on my back and went
home, where my wife had come and
found everybody gone, but she heard
me shooting down in the woods. Then
she just knew where we were and she
didn't feel very good about it. As soon
as I got to the house she met me and
said, "What sort of a father are you to
treat a baby that way?" I said, "I am
the best old dad you ever saw. Why!
I can kill two birds with one stone:
kill squirrels and take care of the baby
at the same time." "Well, you ought
to be ashamed of yourself; what will
folks say?" "Huh! they will say he
is a professional body-tender. That's
what they'll say if they know what's
what, and I'm going to make a hunter
of him." "Well, you ought to be
ashamed of yourself to treat a baby
like that." "Now, mamma, you go in
and tend the boy and I'll dress these
squirrels for supper and he shall have
a leg to know if he wants one."

Well, we got the house built and fin-
ished just a week or so before Christ-
mas. As we had been so very busy
and in such a hurry to get moved be-
fore cold weather, I had had no time to
hunt only once in a while, I would steal
out and kill a deer or some squirrels.
So when we had got moved and things
sorter straightened up I went over to

see father and mother. I told mother
I wanted to make a kind of a house-
warming and she would come over
Christmas morning and spend the day
with my wife, and father would come
to dinner and we would have a good
roast turkey. She said, "Have you
killed your turkey?" "No, mam, but
I am going to." "Are you sure?"
"Yes, mam, sure."
Well, I was very busy getting things
fixed up about the place and cleaning
up around out of doors, for I do hate to
see the yard and all about the house
littered up with old boards, stones,
mortar and all. You see my mother
always taught us children to keep
things up in good shape about the
house. She always despised a sloven
or slut. The day before Christmas I
told my wife, "Now, you cook all of
the bread and pies, cake and so forth
to-day for to-morrow I want full con-
trol of the stove, for I have promised
my ma to cook the dinner while she
and you sit and visit." The evening
before Christmas I saw ma and she
said, "Have you got that turkey yet?"
"No, mam, but I am going to get it."
"Well, sir, I don't think I shall be very
likely to eat turkey at your house to-
morrow." "Yes, mam, you will if you
live and deep your appetite." Next
morning about eight o'clock she came,
and the first thing she said, "Have you
got that turkey yet?" "No, mam, but
you see that kettle of water on the
stove, that's to scald my turkey in as
soon as I get back." "Well, sir, I
don't think I shall eat any turkey to-
day if you have to kill it yet." "Yes,
mam, I am going now as soon as I can
wipe out Old Betsey and load her; we
are going for that turkey, and I am
going to have it for dinner at precisely
two o'clock."
After I had got everything ready, I
shouldered my gun and made tracks
pretty lively for the bottoms above the
Shut-In. I knew pretty well where I
should find any number of turkeys. I
told you the grass didn't have much
time to grow under my feet. When I
had got about half-way down to the
Shut-In I ran right into a large flock of
one big fellow. As I came on them
full run they all raised their heads and
stood looking at me, as much as to say,
"What's your hurry old man?" and
before they had got over their surprise
I drew down on a fine young gobbler
and fired. At the crack of my rifle they
all raised and flew towards the moun-
tain, which was not far off, but the one
I shot at. I kept my eye on him. I
saw he did not get up as high as the
rest and soon came down towards the
ground, but I lost sight of him for the
time. I stopped and loaded up my gun
and went to the place where they stood
when I shot. There I found I had cut
some of the wing quills from his wing.
Well, Mr. Turkey, you are my bird.
I took the course they had flown. When
I reached the place where I thought I
should find my turkey lying dead, I
couldn't see him. I knew from the
way I had cut the feathers he was not
far off. I looked all around, under
every old log and every brush. I went
back to the place where I shot it, look-
ed at the feathers again, I said, "That
bird is hid somewhere close to where
he ought to fall." I noticed there was
a dry brush close by with some drift
across it. I looked under that, but
couldn't see no sign of a turkey. I
thought, "Well, well, I don't know but
we will be without the turkey," and I
started to go away. I got about a
hundred yards, I said, "No, sir; that
turkey is there." I went back; "I be-
lieve he is under that drift." I got
down on my hands and knees and look-
ed up under the drift, and, don't you
think, I saw the ends of his tail. I
told you I made the old brush fly for
a few minutes, and there lay my turkey
dead as a herring, and he was a nice
one. I took that turkey on my back
and trotted home in a hurry. As I
came in mother said, "Have you got
that turkey?" "Yes, mam, I have
that."

T. P. R.

Royal Baking Powder Has no Equal.

The United States Official Report
Of the Government Baking Powder tests recently made, under
authority of Congress, by the Department of Agriculture,
Washington, D. C., furnishes the highest authoritative infor-
mation as to which powder is the best. The Official Report
shows the ROYAL superior to all
others in leavening power; a cream
of tartar powder of highest quality.

The Canadian Tests:
"The strength of the Royal is shown to
be 23 per cent. greater than any other."
"As a result of my investigations I find
the Royal Baking Powder far superior to the
others. It is pure, contains none but whole-
some ingredients, and is of greatest strength."
"F. X. VALADE,
"Public Analyst, Ontario,
"Dominion of Canada."

An Income Tax.

The sense of responsibility which the
result of the late election forces on the
Democrats, is causing them to cast
about earnestly for some system of
taxation that will enable them to meet
the necessary public expenditure, and
at the same time allow them to make a
material reduction of the tariff; and an
income tax is proposed as one way of
effecting this.
The trouble with an income tax,
whether graduated or horizontal, as
ordinarily assessed, is that it is not only
wrong in principle, but grievously in-
equitable in practice. It makes lying
profitable and offers a high premium to
perjury. This however is true of it
only as is ordinarily assessed; and it
seems never to have occurred to any of
our Saviors that an income tax can be
so levied that those objections will not
lie against it, and that it can be made
more certain and less objectionable in
every way than any of the systems we
now practice, except that it would re-
quire a large number of internal reve-
nue officers. All that is necessary is to
levy on all incomes derived from certain
sources. Sources that are not only the
basis of all incomes, but which at
the same time enable us to estimate
the income with certainty.
We all know how much is charged
as royalty in mines; how much for
stumpage in forests; how much for the
rent of lots and lands, and it would be
easy to ascertain what every corpora-
tion franchise was worth. All income
taxes heretofore laid, permitted many
things to escape, no matter how vigilant
the officers were; but under a system
levying upon these things nothing that
ought to be taxed could possibly escape.
Stocks and bonds might be hidden; but
this tax would fall upon the lands,
mines, and franchises, that secured them,
and before the dividends could be
declared.
It would not only not fall upon labor,
but would open to labor many natural
opportunities that are now held out of
the reach of workingmen; and this
tendency could be very greatly in-
creased by exempting improvements
from the burden of the tax. It is not
hard to find whole townships where the
income of one or two individuals, from
one or more of these sources is greater
than the whole direct tax paid by the
whole township. Nor would it be
necessary or advisable, to graduate
such a tax, for it would touch no one
who should be exempted, and would be
drawn wholly from a fund that is
properly a public fund. Give us such
an income tax. WM. CANNON,
Murrayville, Ills., Dec. 7, 1892.

A Reign of Anarchy.

If newspaper reports are to be relied
upon, the bald Knobbers are becoming
very aggressive in Taney county since
the election. It appears that the bald
knobber-Republican ticket made a clean
sweep, and now the lawless element
feels at liberty to inaugurate a reign of
anarchy. The officials who endeavored
to bring to justice the cowardly mur-
derers of Deputy Sheriff Williams have
been notified to leave the county and a
notice has been posted on the door of
the office of the Taney County Star
warning the editor to leave. The Star
has fearlessly advocated law and order
and endeavored to create a sentiment
against assassinations and arson, and

this is its reward. The editor is as his
post yet, but there is no telling what
day he will be shot or what night his of-
fice will be burned. The only church
in the county was burned several weeks
ago.
It is not a pleasure for us to refer to
Taney county in such uncomplimentary
terms, because Taney is a part of the
state and the whole people must bear
some of the odium.
But when scores of cowardly murders
are committed and arson is rife and
law-abiding citizens are ordered to
leave the county, it is time to use plain
language. There is no use in us trying
to conceal what the lawless element of
Taney county makes public with im-
punity. This however is true of it
only as is ordinarily assessed; and it
seems never to have occurred to any of
our Saviors that an income tax can be
so levied that those objections will not
lie against it, and that it can be made
more certain and less objectionable in
every way than any of the systems we
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the income with certainty.
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Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.