

# ABILENE REFLECTOR

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## OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

If you don't like it, lump it; if you like it, own it;  
Too big for his britches; acknowledge the corn;  
Standing water's unwholesome—a standing  
debt, too;  
And only give honor where honor is due.  
As clay in the potter's hands; might maketh  
right;  
Do not be the tail to another one's kite.  
The sweet bread of idleness moths it is crust;  
He eats humble pie; he takes nobody's dust.  
A Jew's consistency; all fiddle faddis;  
Strike the dog in the manger; your own canoe  
paddle.  
Nursing trouble don't mend it; speak not than  
speak ill;  
The still pig's the one which gets most of the  
swill.  
Upon its own bottom each tub ought to stand;  
Christmas cometh but once in a year; hand in  
hand.  
The children of old maids and bachelor's wives  
Are perfect; shank's mare; but the stitziest  
wives.  
Any port in a storm; going off like hot cakes;  
In your pipe put and smoke it; sly boots; no  
great shakes.  
Some old two-and-sixpence; too good to be true;  
Never trawl in another year's duties to do.  
Competition's the life of trade; sharp as a tack;  
As dead as a door nail; a hard nut to crack.  
Lookers on more than players see; slick as a  
whistle;  
Heavy as lead; just as light as a thistle.  
A ragged cap often may crown golden brains;  
What one person loses another one gains;  
A pot many own is ill stirred and worse boiled;  
For one rotten apple a barrel-fall's spoiled.  
Domestic infelicity is a thorn in the flesh;  
Happy go lucky; whipped cream dreads the lash.  
If a woman drowns hunt her up streams; split-  
ting hairs;  
The wits are wool-gathering; putting on airs.  
All moonshine; blue Monday; some pumpkins;  
high jinks;  
A chain's only strong as its weakest of links.  
As cool as a cucumber; thicker than mud;  
As long as a piece of string; nipped in the bud.  
Telling the truth is more easy than lying;  
The sweetest of sins from us always are flying.  
—H. C. Dodge, in Goodell's Son.

## ARTHUR MAY.

### How He Became Spriggs & Co.'s Chaplain—Not a Love Story.

[Written for This Paper.]  
Spriggs and Company, proprietors and operators of sundry sawmills, furnaces and rolling mills in Western Pennsylvania, sat in the "smuggery" at the rear of Spriggs and Company's office.

John Spriggs, who is "Spriggs," and Peter Spriggs, who is "the Company," intended the smuggery with an eye to other inventions in connection with their enormous business. In the smuggery no books, no desks, no anything were to be found, save and except a pair of immense armchairs, two pipes and a huge earthenware jar of smoking tobacco. In the smuggery Spriggs and Company held their cabinet councils, when they planned and sifted matters which they considered too exclusive even for the ears of their manager and their head book-keeper.

Perhaps the most unusual matter ever discussed and cordially settled by two wealthy business men was under Spriggs and Company's consideration in their smuggery some few years ago.

"He's saved us a clear hundred thousand in buildings and machinery. Pete, to say nothing about loss of orders," said Spriggs to the Company.  
"Not a cent less, John," responded the Company.  
"We can afford to do something handsome," continued Spriggs.  
"We can," echoed the Company.  
Silence ensued for a few moments save only for the steady puffing of Spriggs and Company on the brace of capacious pipes. Down came Spriggs' head upon his broad knee, and he bent forward as he exclaimed with considerable emphasis, "I have it!"  
"Have what?" queried the Company.

"I have a good idea by which, if carried out, we can help the parson and do ourselves and the boys no harm. We'll build a church—a church that shall be a credit to the Lord and to Spriggs and Company. There's a good lot near the old mill, and we might build a parsonage as well without crowding either the church or the mill. Then we might set aside a percentage of the profits each year to help run that church. I tell you, Pete, this young May has grit, and knows how to handle our men better than we do ourselves. So we'll appoint him chaplain in charge of Spriggs and Company's church. What do you say?"  
"I cordially agree with you, John. We owe young May more than ordinary recognition; besides which, I feel sure that a church, with such a parson, in connection with our works, will be a better thing for all of us than we can properly appreciate at present."  
After which prophetic remark, Spriggs and Company adjourned to consult with their bookkeeper in regard to wavs and means.

Such a convention, tending to such a very practically and worthy conclusion, requires some explanation; and therein lies our story.  
Arthur May was, by all his acquaintances and many of his friends, considered a crank; and a matter of fact he merely had some very decided notions and opinions of his own. For example: Upon coming of age he relinquished a fairly large fortune—bestowing it upon sundry charities and scientific institutions—merely retaining sufficient to supply his absolute needs from time to time. People said his ideas were wild, visionary and utopian—some even asserting that Arthur May was a socialist, nihilist and anarchist combined. When he announced his intention of studying for the ministry his friends said he was crazy, as no May had ever been known to bind himself to any creed or canon. That was true enough, and Arthur was May enough to refuse to trot in the traces of orthodoxy. He entered no theological seminary and subscribed to no confession of faith. He studied his New Testament with his own common sense for commentary and concordance. He thought that the love of God and love for his neighbor made a strong combination for a preacher, without the aid of "ologies and isms. When he was twenty-five years old he left his mother's home determined to find a field of labor—and he found it. Found it in the dirt-begrimed re-

gion of Ironvale, where a thousand men with dependent families earned their bread by the sweat of their brows—men who worked like horses six days each week and worked away their Sundays—men who said so much that was black and dirty and unpleasant that most of them were very near forgetting that they were men. And that, by the way, was one thing which Arthur May never proposed to overlook. He had started out to do his life-work as a preacher and teacher, but he never intended to forget that he was also a man.

Arthur May made his first public bow to the Ironvale population under rather favorable, if risky, circumstances. While in Johnstonown he had heard of the place, and sauntered over (a matter of ten-mile walk) one day in the fall. The more of dirt, squalor, misery and degradation he beheld in the streets and homes, the more he became convinced that it was the very place for practical Christian work—a place where a few simple sanitary and hygienic lessons would be more to the point than hypothetical discussions on such questions as conditional immortality and the personality of the devil. So he decided to stay, and established his headquarters at the home of the sweet and clean hostess dignified by the name of the Ironworkers' Exchange.

Opposite to the hotel was a three-story frame building, apparently rented out in flats. On the first night of his advent to Ironvale, Arthur May was about to retire when he noticed smoke entering his own half-open window. He peered out into the night and beheld a small flame slowly spreading itself over the front of the dinky tenement house across the street. Without waiting to don his coat and vest, he hastily ran down stairs and gave the alarm. All the inmates of the tenement were soon in the street, but as there was not even the pretence of a fire department in Ironvale, the meager furniture of the house was doomed and the building itself was soon enveloped in flames. Suddenly a small, slender figure in a white night-dress appeared at a window on the top-story. It was apparently a little girl of seven or eight years, and although not a word that she said could be heard in the crowd, it was easy to see that she was greatly terrified and crying for help.

"Great God!" said a woman, "it's Tim Doolan's little Em! She's all alone, poor young'un—her mother dead three weeks ago, an' Jim, the night watchman, over to the sheet iron mill!"  
Other women in the crowd screamed and wrung their hands; some of the men bemoaned the lack of a hook and ladder, while others, with hands in pockets and gaping mouths, watched with lazy unconcern or idle curiosity the fate of the helpless child.

But while the crowd talked, cried and gaped, Arthur May hastily endeavored to comprehend the plan of the burning house and its stairways. Then, heedless of the scorching heat, the blinding and suffocating smoke, and deaf to the warning cries of the men, he rushed into the ill-fated building. With great difficulty he found the child and wrapped her in an old shawl which he saw lying in the room. Then, dashing again through the smoke and flames, he emerged once more to the street where he was greeted with a loud hurrah and almost deafening hand-clapping. Arthur gave up the motherless girl to some of the women and quietly returned to his lodgings. But several of the Ironvale people followed him, and in the office of the hotel—his sleeping quarters, with his hair and mustache singed, and his face, hands and arms blackened by the smoke—Arthur May held quite a reception. In the course of which he took occasion to introduce and explain his object in coming to Ironvale. When he said, he was a preacher and wanted the men to come and hear him talk to them next Sunday, they all promised to be on hand, for they thought a man who wasn't afraid to risk his life, as Arthur had done, must mean a hearing whatever he might have to say. One thing was assured—Arthur's popularity with the women folk; and that was a great thing in Ironvale, as indeed it is in any community.

Another method was necessary in Ironvale to secure the lasting regard and esteem of the men, and the opportunity to bid for the respect of the Ironvale masculine population came in Arthur's way on the first Sunday in the smoky town.

There was no church in Ironvale; there was not even a hall, so on Sun day afternoon Arthur took up a position just outside of the big mill belonging to Spriggs and Company. Somehow or other he had managed to make it pretty well known that he was going to preach, and his first sermon attracted to him the young fellow who had so gallantly rescued "Jim Doolan's little Em."  
Arthur was a fascinating speaker, and being a good judge of human nature and possessed of his full share of common sense, he attracted himself more than any other of these rough men, who gave him a respectful hearing. There was one man in the crowd, however, who objected to the preaching. This was Jerry Burke, a big loafing bully, who worked very little and drank a great deal. He was a chronic grumbler and especially objected, on general principles, to anything like an innovation likely to better the moral condition of things in Ironvale. This same Burke was a sharp thorn in the side of Spriggs and Company, who only tolerated the fellow about their works, fearful of possible mischief which he might perpetrate should they discharge him. Physically, Burke was a powerful fellow, standing six feet high and tipping the scale at two hundred pounds. He was never satisfied with either the wages or the hours of work, though as a matter of fact he had small cause for being discontented. In short, he was a bully, a sneak, and unaccountably lazy. Still, among the Ironvale men he had a sort of following. The weak-minded and more ignorant workmen looked upon Burke as the champion of their rights, and an additional reason for their tolerance of Jerry as a sort of unacknowledged leader, was the fact that they knew he could "lick" any one of them.

Now about the time that Arthur May came to Ironvale, Burke, with some other restless spirits in a neighboring iron center, was secretly arranging plans for a strike among Spriggs and Company's employes. Of this fact Jerry Burke was never even cognized, he cared nothing about bettering the condition of the "boys"; he was looking to his own aggrandizement as a "labor leader," and to the easy acquisition of money by means of assessments which would be levied on the boys to further the strike.

Now Burke had a fairly good idea that a sensible young fellow like Arthur May would not naturally assist him in his schemes, so he resolved to inform the preacher that he must "git." Arthur had almost finished his "talk," when Burke, who was in the crowd, rudely interrupted.  
"Most through, parson?"  
"Yes, sir, Arthur. 'Are you tired?'"  
"O, you can finish your say this time, but you can't talk any more. Preachin's all right, mebbe, but we don't want it here. Savey!"  
"Well, my friend, no one else seems to object, and if you don't like it just stay away. Still, I would rather have you come and listen. I may as well announce now,

my friends, that I shall be here next Sunday afternoon. Perhaps before the cold weather comes we can get a hall or church built."  
"We don't want no hall, nor no church, nor no parson," said Burke. "If you try to shoot off in this part of the country again, you'll be sorry; that's all I have to say!"  
"If I do, what then?" inquired Arthur.  
"Only this; I shall knock a few of your teeth down your throat to sorter choke you up!"

All this time none of the couple of hundred men assembled uttered a word, though once or twice the women cried "Shame on ye, Jerry!" or "Give the parson a show!"  
Arthur sized up the situation in a moment. He saw at once that his would be persecutor was a bully, so often found in communities of ignorant men, and understood that Burke must be summarily disposed of if he hoped to stay and do any good in Ironvale. Now if there was one thing Arthur May had been proficient in at college it was boxing and wrestling. Still, he was not a powerful man, and weighed less by fifty pounds than Jerry Burke. So the resolution at which he arrived was a risky one.

"Boys," said Arthur, "this man says he will lick me if I stay in Ironvale. Now, I am going to stay and he may as well lick me now as later on. I don't much believe in fighting—never saw any fun in it; especially if it looks bad on a Sunday and in a preacher. Sometimes, however, it is necessary, and it is necessary now, I think, and I guess you boys will stand off and see that a stranger gets fair play!"

Off came Arthur's coat, and stepping down from his impromptu platform of rough stones he walked boldly over to Burke, who was at that moment the most completely surprised man in Ironvale.  
"I'll take that licking now, Mr. Bully!"  
Burke had no coat to throw off, as he was already standing in his shirt-sleeves, but he replied by giving Arthur a back-handed slap in the face.

Well, some of the Ironvale men tell, to this day, how it was the "prettiest" thing they ever saw—"the way that the parson knocked out Jerry Burke," in ten minutes from the time he first interrupted Arthur, had as much as he could do to sneak off like a whipped cur.  
From that time on, with the exception of half a dozen malcontents like Burke, every young'un—her mother dead three weeks ago, an' Jim, the night watchman, over to the sheet iron mill!"  
Other women in the crowd screamed and wrung their hands; some of the men bemoaned the lack of a hook and ladder, while others, with hands in pockets and gaping mouths, watched with lazy unconcern or idle curiosity the fate of the helpless child.

Yet, although Mr. Burke removed from Ironvale, he by no means renounced his various schemes for bringing about a strike at Spriggs and Company's. But, in view of the fact that thousands of men in adjoining districts were idle, Burke and his cohorts did not find many of the men very enthusiastic about striking, and when Spriggs and Company, getting wind of the efforts of the Burke gang, voluntarily raised the wages ten percent, the professional growlers felt that they might as well withdraw from Ironvale. Burke, however, remained an angry and disappointed man in Western Pennsylvania; all his chronic ill will and bad blood was focused in a determination to wreak vengeance, first on Spriggs and Company, and then on the "poor fools" who could be pacified with a "paltry ten per cent. sop."

Somehow or other Arthur May got to know that Jerry Burke occasionally found his way to Ironvale, and certainly sly and underhanded actions of the fellow made Arthur suspect that Burke's motive in visiting his old haunts was more than ordinary, so he resolved to watch him closely.

One night, about two months after Arthur May's first appearance in Ironvale, the parson (as every one called Arthur, and as he rather liked to be called) was making his way to his humble lodgings. As he passed Spriggs and Company's engine house—the only building belonging to the firm which could lay any claim to substantiality or architectural beauty—he noticed a man steal up to one of the windows, which he opened and entered. He noticed that the man carried a small package. A minute later the man emerged from the same window, minus the package, and Arthur then saw that it was Jerry Burke.

Now Arthur, for prudential reasons, carried a small revolver, and this Mr. Burke suddenly found within about two yards of his eyes.  
"Burke, you are up to no good!"  
"What's that to you?"  
"Now, my lad, you know you can't bluff me. You ought to know I am not afraid of you at even odds. With this weapon I absolutely command you to explain your presence here."  
"I don't have to. Pity a man can't move about without telling his business to a d—d preacher!"

Arthur addressing the crowd.  
"Now, Burke, I mean what I say. But as you refuse to tell me anything, I must out with you where in the engine house. You will lead the way through the door, not through the window. You know me. If you disobey me I shall feel compelled to shoot. Go on!"

Slowly and sullenly Burke led the way. The door was open, and just inside sat an old man who did duty as watchman. "Ah, Walker," said Arthur, "bring your lamp, will you?"  
The old watchman was surprised, but asked no question as he complied with Arthur's request. The building was large, built of red brick and stone. It was divided into two portions, one covering the six immense boilers and the other the two powerful engines.

The window which Burke had entered was on the side farthest from the doorway and just behind one of the engines.  
All was quiet for a short time, work being slack, and consequently no night-shift being run.  
"Look around a little, Walker," said May, as with pistol in hand, he closely watched Burke.

But Walker discovered nothing unusual.  
"Ain't you glad?" asked Burke, sneeringly.  
"Why were you here, Burke?" inquired Arthur, very sternly.  
"Because it suited me," was the rough reply. Arthur wondered what he should do next. He still kept his eyes on Burke, but his thoughts were very busy. For a minute or two all was as still as death—so still that Arthur could detect what sounded like the muffled ticking of a clock.

"Is there a clock in this building, Walker?" queried Arthur.  
"Yes, sir. But it stopped this two weeks and more."  
Arthur noticed a queer expression pass over Burke's features, and an inspiration seized the parson.  
"Burke, that ticking is of some infernal machine which you have brought here—I know it. I have both read of and seen such things. If you have no more to say, you may as well get out. You know me, and I know you. You can't bluff me. You ought to know I am not afraid of you at even odds. With this weapon I absolutely command you to explain your presence here."  
"I don't have to. Pity a man can't move about without telling his business to a d—d preacher!"

Arthur still watched his man, and still thought. He thought of the costly engines which if destroyed would threaten the employment of a thousand men for several weeks.

He thought of a possible terrific explosion and the loss of life, probably, in the cottage which stood only a stone's throw away; he thought of his own life, and of old Walker, and even of Burke himself.  
"Seize you are not a man. You are a devil. If you will pick up that package and carry it down to the creek you shall have that chance of your life; if you refuse I shall shoot you in a moment—shall kill you!"

The fellow began to whine like a baby and said it was almost time for the horrible machine to do its work. Said it was only set for fifteen minutes. Coward that he was, Burke begged for his own life, caring nothing for the lives or property of others.  
"At once, fellow, at once—pick up that devilry and take it to the creek. When it is in the water I will see that you have a chance to escape—and then, never show your face near Ironvale again!"

Seeing Arthur in earnest, Burke tardily took the package from the machinery of the engine and made his way out of the building, followed at a short distance by Arthur—who was himself running a great risk.  
Once outside the villain walked briskly toward the creek, which lay some three hundred yards distant. He soon reached the banks and hurled the package, which was evidently heavy, into mid-stream. But one thing both he and Arthur had forgotten, or had been ignorant of. There was thick ice on the water, and as the package struck with considerable force there was a tremendous explosion which shattered the ice and splashed the water in all directions.

Arthur was fifty yards or more from the creek, and he was not in the least shocked and severely stunned. As for Burke, a dozen large pieces of ice struck him—dealing him a fearful death.  
It isn't necessary to go into any more particulars—but that's how Arthur May came to be Spriggs and Company's chaplain.  
W. H. S. ATKINSON.

## LONE STAR GREATNESS.

The Plethoric Treasury and the Grand Capital of the State of Texas.  
No man can travel through this great Lone Star State, as I have often done, without being impressed with its magnitude and present wealth and over-awed at its prospective importance. We get but a vague idea of its size when we are told that its area is 294,000 square miles. It helps us to think of it as forty-one times as large as the State of Rhode Island, six times as large as the State of New York, and that it might have a lake in the center of it so large that if the whole of France were anchored in the middle of this lake it could not be seen from the Texas shore.

Governor Ross gave me a few facts about the finances of the State that comport with its magnitude. Its bonded indebtedness, mostly held in the State, in round numbers, is \$4,500,000. Like Uncle Sam, it is troubled with a surplus that it don't know what to do with. It has in the general State Treasury a surplus of over \$2,000,000. Its school fund has a surplus of over \$1,000,000, more than half loaned out on county and railroad bonds, and they are seeking an investment for the balance.

The farmers to whom the State has been selling its lands for forty years' time, with only 5 per cent. interest, in the hope that they would be very dilatory about paying the principal, are piling in the money to the overburdened State Treasurer. The counties are doing the same. To add to its misery the State has 30,000,000 acres of land yet to sell, which are bringing every year higher and higher prices. Poor Texas! Let every nation and individual on the face of the earth that is sighing "for lack of a dollar or two" drop a tear over the lofty loneliness of this melancholy State.

The first State House of Texas was simply a double log cabin. Then came two or three larger ones, one after the other. But such was the obesity of the body politic that in 1875 a State Convention offered anybody three million acres of land up in the Pan Handle that would build them a real big State House. These lands then were not supposed to be worth more than fifty cents an acre. Governor Ross told me that under General Houston he commanded the frontier when he was nineteen years old, and was all over these lands, then in a particularly dry time. He says he has to confess with shame that, as a member of that convention, he told them how barren these lands were, and that he wouldn't accept them as a gracious gift. Well, in five or six years the three men from Chicago came along that were fools enough to take up the offer—they said they would build them a big, fine State House for those worthless lands. These men were John V. Farwell, his brother Charles B. Farwell, now United States Senator from Illinois, and a little man called Abner Taylor. Work was begun in 1884, and to help along some quarries in Belton gave all the red granite for the building, and the State sent its convicts to quarry it. Now the State has the largest State capitol in the Union, if not the finest, and second in size only to the capitol at Washington. It is 562 feet long, 287 feet wide, and its height, from base line to the silver star in the hand of the goddess of Liberty surmounting the dome, is 311 feet—four feet higher than the national goddess at Washington. It is grand, elaborate and massive in its exterior, and its 255 interior apartments are light, airy, elegant, magnificent. I have been all through it to-day, and I don't wonder that Texans are tickled with it. Governor Ross tells me it cost the Chicago syndicate \$1,500,000 in cash. And what have they got to show for the pin money they have spent? A little farm that it takes 750 miles of fencing to surround, to say nothing of cross fences, watered, where lakes, rivers and springs are lacking, by flowing artesian wells only 150 feet deep—worth, says Governor Ross, \$9,000,000.—C. M. Cady, in Atlanta Constitution.

No kind of grain is so well adapted to feeding young stock of any kind as oats. Their large proportion of husks keeps them from cloying the stomach even of stock that has too poor digestion for thriving on corn. Pigs will prefer the latter grain, if both are given together, but the pig is not the best judge of what is adapted to his needs. The oats should, however, be at least full weight to give the best result.

There is an impression derived from excess in that direction that faults are signs of a fertile nature; like the bark on wholesome trees; like gnarls and knots on the oak; and people say that they would not want a man to have fewer faults, because they give a kind of robustness to character.

Now, there may be certain kinds of faults of which this is true—faults of manner, faults of irregularity—but this ought not to blind us to the moral character and to the effects of faults that involve principle, that touch the question of benevolence and selfishness, that run their roots even deeper, and touch the very seat of honor and character.—N. Y. Ledger.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

—A shoemaker at Atlanta, Ga., lately completed a pair of shoes that are fourteen inches long, 5 1/2 wide and 8 1/2 deep.  
—A human subject without collar-bones has been met with in a St. Louis dissecting room. This structure is that of most of the vertebrates, such as lions, bears, etc.  
—A New York coroner's physician remarks that in his experience he has found that more people die in the fourth floor of a building than any of the others. In the cases of sudden deaths he says that there are more which take place on the fourth floor in one year in New York than in all other parts of the houses combined.

—For quickness in raising money for business enterprises Hutchinson, Kan., seems to outrank some of the large cities. They called a meeting out there for such a purpose, and, after the hall was filled, locked the door. A local paper tells that work then began, and in just one hour and fifteen minutes the sum of \$224,000 was subscribed.

—A novel instrument was filed the other day at Springfield, Mo., by George Schmidt, in the shape of a deed adopting Maggie Brown, the three-year-old daughter of Julia Brown. In consideration of one dollar the mother agrees to relinquish all legal rights and privileges over her child, and the foster father agrees to properly support and maintain her, to treat her humanely, and properly feed, clothe, shelter and educate her.

—It was at Dublin, in 1741, that the first performance of the "Messiah" took place. Dr. Beattie, author of the "Minstrel" and the "Essay on Truth," records an interesting anecdote told him by the Earl of Kinnoull. Calling on Handel a few days after the first performance, he naturally paid him some compliments on the success of the noble entertainment which he had given the public. "My lord," said Handel, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better."

—A Belfast, Me., woman has found a way to dispose of money with holes punched in it. She recently offered one to a merchant there, not with the shame-faced or hurried manner in which such coins are often offered, but reluctantly, asserting that it was a keepsake, and she would not part with it for any money, but would leave it provided the merchant would promise to keep it until she could call for it, which she promised to do within a week. The merchant took the keepsake, delivered her goods, and gave back the necessary change for five dollars, and the customer departed and has not been seen since. The merchant is about fifty cents out.

—Salutations in Japan are something remarkable, and are thus described by a correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle: "The men of Japan are always excessively polite to one another. They bend their backs and bow their heads, and put their two hands back to back between their knees and have a great time. But the most amusing thing is to see two old ladies in Japan meeting one another on the street. They catch sight of one another three or four blocks apart. They immediately begin to make obeisance to one another, and they keep bending and bowing at short intervals until they come together, when they make a peculiar hiss by drawing in the breath and keep on saying 'Ohavo' for about two minutes."

—A fish of the sturgeon variety, about eighteen inches in length was recently given to the superintendent of an ice factory in Parkersburg, W. Va. It was placed in one of the ice molds and frozen in the center of a huge cube of ice. This block of ice was put in a public place, where the citizens could view the fish, frozen hard and fast in the center of the cake. The ice began to melt and it dwindled until the body of the fish was exposed to the air while the head was still firmly imbedded in the ice. The tail of the fish was seen to move slightly, as the hot sun poured its rays upon it. Attention being called to the fact, the head was carefully released from its icy prison and the sturgeon placed in a tank of water. It recovered completely in a few minutes, and was apparently as sound as ever.

CONCERNING FAULTS.  
Whatever May Be Their Cause There Is No Merit in Them.  
It is difficult to define exactly what we mean by a fault. There is a popular impression, which is nearly correct, that it is something irregular, but that it lacks in magnitude or intent something of that which goes to constitute a positive sin. In many instances faults are simply irregularities in execution, or mere inattentions, negations, and almost always have the quality of being incidental; not intentional, not purposed, nor the result of passion.

There are a great many who suppose that there is a merit in faults. We think they do not discriminate very wisely. It is true that perfect people are the most disagreeable and intolerable people in the world—those so-called perfect men that, in order not to speak wrong, never speak at all, and, in order not to do wrong, do nothing; those cold, precise, inelastic, hard, smooth, polished people, that are regarded as perfect—by themselves. It is true that when you are in contact with such people you hunger and thirst for some roughness, and wish they would break out somehow and seem to be human.

There is an impression derived from excess in that direction that faults are signs of a fertile nature; like the bark on wholesome trees; like gnarls and knots on the oak; and people say that they would not want a man to have fewer faults, because they give a kind of robustness to character.

Now, there may be certain kinds of faults of which this is true—faults of manner, faults of irregularity—but this ought not to blind us to the moral character and to the effects of faults that involve principle, that touch the question of benevolence and selfishness, that run their roots even deeper, and touch the very seat of honor and character.—N. Y. Ledger.

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A. FRY. J. C. BOYER, Attorney and Notary. C. G. BESSEY.  
**FRY, BOYER & CO.,**

## REAL ESTATE, LOANS AND INSURANCE.

Loans on farms and city property. Real Estate bought and sold. Insurance contracts at current rates. Notary business promptly attended to. Special bargains in city and suburban property.

Citizens' Bank Building, - - - ABILENE, KANSAS.

ESTABLISHED 1870.

# ABILENE BANK

ABILENE, KANSAS.

LEBOLD, FISHER & CO., Proprietors.

## BANKING BUSINESS

Done in all its branches. MORTGAGES negotiated on Farm Property at 6, 7 and 8 per cent., with reasonable commission. Also, money on Farms without commission.

## STEAMSHIP TICKETS

At all times; for sale at lowest rates.

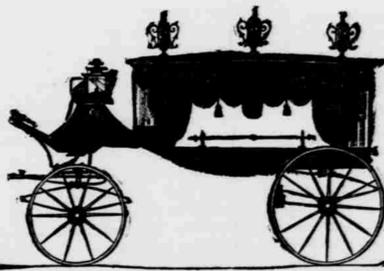
## Foreign Exchange

Furnished on all the principal cities of the world.

## BONDS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special attention given to business of Farmers and Stockmen. Personal liability not limited, as is the case with Incorporated Banks.

# Upshaw Furniture and Carpet Co.



# UNDERTAKERS.

We are giving special attention to this department; carry the largest and finest line of UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES in the city, and are prepared to attend to this business in all its branches.

# LOWEST PRICES

Corner Fourth and Broadway.

# ABILENE BANK. ABSTRACTS.

C. M. LEBOLD, J. M. FISHER, J. E. HERRST, Proprietors. E. A. HERRST, Cashier.  
No one should purchase real estate until they know the title is perfect.

Our individual liability is not limited, as is the case with stockholders of incorporated banks.  
LEBOLD, FISHER & CO., Bankers, ABILENE, KANSAS.

W. T. DAVIDSON  
has the most complete set of Abstracts in the County. 15 years' experience. Office over Post-office.  
ABILENE, - KANSAS.