

THE DODGE CITY TIMES.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

NICHOLAS B. KLAINE, - EDITOR

THE MAN WHO CARED FOR NOBODY.

This is the song the miller sang,
The selfish miller of Dee;
"Leave for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me."
He ate and drank, and worked and slept,
Money and land had he,
But never a power mortal step
Than the selfish miller of Dee.

The village maids grew good at I fair,
But they grew not near his life;
His heart-stone coldly held one chair—
He had no room for a wife.
No woman's footsteps quick and light
Came down the silent stair
To kiss him every morn and night
With kisses unaware.

The village lads and lasses knew
The charm of the old mill-race;
Oh, what a happy life they drew
Off made it their playing place!
But none of them climbed the miller's
knee
When the evening shades fell dim;
He cared for nobody, no, not he,
And nobody cared for him.

So he lived alone, he had no kin;
And in all the country-wide
There wasn't a mortal cared a pin
Whether he lived or he died.
The women gave him never a smile,
The men had nothing to say,
No friend's ear crossed his garden stile,
No stranger wished him good-day.

He lived alone, and he died alone,
So his selfish life was sped;
They found him cold on his cold hearth-
stone—
The miller of Dee was dead,
And no one cared to see his face,
No eye for him grew dim;
He cared for nobody, no, not he,
And nobody cared for him.

To share our life is to double our life;
And what if it double its care?
Loving can lighten the hardest strife,
Loving can make it fair.
Better to love, though love should die,
Than say, like the miller of Dee,
"I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me."
—Lilla E. Barr, in *Harpers' Young People*.

How Farmers are Plucked and Plundered.

The American farmer who can say at the end of the year that he has not been made the victim of at least one swindle during the twelve months may consider himself a lucky man. The hard-handed son of toil is considered the legitimate prey of sharpers and swindlers, and if they don't victimize him in some way or other it is no fault of theirs.

There are sharpers who make a regular business of canvassing the country for the sale of trees and vines. They buy or steal an illustrated catalogue from some well-known nursery, have cards and bills and receipts printed, and the game they play is safe and successful. When they make a sale of goods to be delivered four, six or eight weeks hence, they demand an advance of ten, fifteen or twenty-five per cent. to pay freights and delivery. It is seldom that they are unmasked, and they solicit such orders as will give them an advance of one, two and three dollars, and when time rolls by and the goods do not come the swindler may be a thousand miles away. The farmer now realizes the swindle, but it is a small amount, and, after unloading his mind at the village tavern, he lets the matter drop. This fruit-tree swindle has been practiced so often that genuine agents have the hardest kind of work to take an order.

THE TWO-HANDED PUMP.

Within the last year sharpers have brought forward the pump swindle and made considerable money by the game. A stranger with three pumps and a supply of pipe drives up to a farmhouse and offers to put one of his pumps into the well and give the farmer the use of it for a month for nothing. At the end of the month he will sell the pump for \$3. The farmer bites at the bait. It will be put in without cost to him, and if he concludes to take it the price is astonishingly low. The swindles are practiced after the pump is in. In one case the farmer signs a supposed receipt, which is actually an agreement to pay the bearer \$25 for the pump. This agreement is handed to the swindler's partner to collect, and he manages by threats and bluster to secure from \$16 to the full amount. In the other case, along comes a man who claims that the pump is an infringement on his patent, and he demands damages, under threats of prosecution. The patent law is a muddle to other classes besides

farmers, and the idea of litigation brings a chill. The swindler is sorry—don't want to make any trouble—hopes it can be avoided, and makes the victim pony up from \$12 to \$20 for the right to call the pump his own. One pumps the well and the other the farmer; and between the two they make a fat thing of it.

THE CARRIAGE SWINDLE.

Two or three years ago this State was overrun with carriages and buggies from the East, "warranted in every respect," and yet offered at astonishingly low figures. While the price of a carriage made at home was from \$175 to \$250, these vehicles were offered as low as \$50. They were highly varnished, abundantly silver-plated and went off like hot cakes. "How on earth they could be sold so cheap" was soon made plain. The springs were cast iron, the spokes pine, the top painted cloth, and the iron work a swindle of the basest sort. One washing took all the varnish off, and horse and thills parted company from vehicle and driver at the first mud hole. It was a paying swindle for a time, and is still being worked in some localities.

"SMUGGLED GOODS."

A smooth-talking man with a peddling wagon made many victims in the eastern part of Michigan last summer. He had his wagon loaded with boots and shoes and dry-goods, and wherever there was a chance to make a sale he grew confidential and softly informed the farmers that the goods had been smuggled from Canada. The idea of buying smuggled goods turned no one away. Shoes made almost wholly of paper found ready buyers, and bolts of moth-eaten cloth were freely "sacrificed" at from thirty to seventy cents per yard.

PATENT RIGHTS.

A patent right has charms which it is hard to resist. Let one have the best of churns, washing machines or farm machinery, and he will still give ear to the patent-right man with his wash-board which does all the rubbing, save all the soap, hangs out the wash and can be converted into a cabinet organ by a simple twist of the wrist. One of the cheekiest swindles of the past year appealed directly to avarice and dishonesty. Strangers traveled through the agricultural regions with a small model of a bee-hive and a sachel full of square cakes of some dark stuff weighing half a pound each. If a farmer had bees he was told that a hive constructed after the model and baited with the secret stuff, would quietly detach sufficient bees from the other hives to form a new colony and thus prevent swarming. If he had none, he was confidentially informed that he had only to set up hives and supply bait to draw bees a distance of twelve miles around. The dark cake was not only a bait to draw, but it offered sustenance for a swarm of bees through the longest winter, so that all the honey could be removed and sold. The farmer who had bees saw reasons for buying, and the farmer with none thought he could secure several swarms at the expense of his neighbors. Three dollars was the price for the privilege of constructing three hives, and the bee-bait was sold at a dollar per cake. No bait was sold without the hives, and no hives without the bait. Whoever invested got stuck. —*Detroit Free Press*.

—Prof. W. O. Atwater sums up his views of commercial fertilizers as follows: For general farming at a distance from the large markets, the chief use of such fertilizers should be to supplement the manure of the farm. The right way is to make the most and best manure that is practicable upon the farm, and piece out with commercial fertilizers as experiment and experience prove profitable. There are many cases, especially near cities, where everything depends upon getting the largest and best yield, where more exclusive use of chemical fertilizers is advisable. Either the combined testimony of many experiments and the best experience are totally false or chemical fertilizers bring larger, better and even surer crops than farm manures. Farmers cannot afford to use commercial fertilizers at random, and it is time they understood the reason why. The right materials in the right places bring large profits. Artificial fertilizers rightly used, must prove among the most potent means for the restoration of our agriculture. The only way to find out what a soil wants is to study it by careful observation and experiment.

Frands at Church Fairs.

"What a beautifully arranged table and what handsome articles," remarked a lady to her escort at a fair in an up-town church. The table contained a fine array of fancy articles. There were silver-mounted hand-glasses, carved dressing-cases, lace neckwear, jewelry and other goods. "How the ladies in charge must have worked to get so many nice things contributed. What a marked contrast this table presents to some of the others," said the gentleman. "It will bring the church quite a fund by itself." The couple moved on, and a gentleman who had heard their conversation approached and said:

"You must excuse me, but I cannot help setting you right on the subject about which you were just speaking. That table which you admire, and think will so benefit the church, is what is called a commission table, and will not obtain for the church as much money as many of the plainer ones. The goods are obtained from regular business houses at the current prices. What are sold are paid for, and what are not sold are returned. All that the church receives is the commission given by the merchant. This commission sometimes reaches as high as fifteen per cent., but more frequently does not exceed ten per cent. From this you can easily see that if a commission table in an evening takes in fifty dollars, the profit only amounts to five dollars. If ten dollars is taken in at one of the tables where the goods are contributed, the church fares doubly as well. Many ladies like to make a great show at their tables, and adopt the commission method. It is much easier to get them this way than to get them for nothing, or to personally make up fancy articles. People are attracted by the greatest display, and, as in the present instance, the lady who has the commission table gets greater credit than the one who has got her goods contributed, and who has been to much more trouble.

"Fairs are usually gotten up for a religious or charitable purpose, and the money expended at them is not for the articles received, but for the benefit of the deserving object. When a man spends ten dollars at a commission table he thinks that his money is expended for this good purpose, whereas nine-tenths of it goes into the pockets of the wealthy merchant, who really owns the articles until they are sold."

For the past three years the system of selling goods on commission in fairs has steadily gained ground. Many merchants sell thousands of dollars worth of goods in this way. It is considered a regular source of revenue, and is courted by many firms, who, in addition to receiving a fair price for their wares, also get a very good advertisement. Frequently a piano manufacturing firm give a \$500 piano to a fair, which is raffled for at one dollar a chance, there being 500 chances. For this piano the firm gets \$250 in cash and 250 chances, to say nothing of the advertisement. Other valuable articles which are raffled for in large fairs are often obtained in this way. —*N. Y. Sun*.

A Western Casabianca.

Yesterday afternoon a small lad rode up and down the streets trying to sell a little jackass which he was riding. "How much for this beautiful jackass?" he shouted, at which those along the street gave a broad smile.

"Is he gentle?" asked a horseman. "Just like a sheep," said the boy, and a moment later the animal landed him clear into the crowd.

"Ain't he awful funny?" remarked the boy, as he got up. "Dad learned him that trick," and there was a smile on his face that would have done credit to Grimaldi.

"Oh, he's a da'sy," continued the lad; "full of vinegar and spirits; can't tire him out."

Here the animal gave the lad a kick in the stomach that keeled him in the mud.

"Always tryin' to show off before a crowd; I learned him that trick for the fair," continued the lad; trying to suppress his tears.

Nobody wanted the jackass, and the boy, mounting, rode to the next corner, where about the same performance was repeated. All day long he rode up and down the street; extolling the gentle qualities of the jackass and picking himself up from the mud every time he was pitched off. He stood up to the racket with as much fortitude as Casabianca

on the deck of the burning ship until he finally got a bid of three dollars for the jackass. This seemed to entirely flatten out the boy's grit. He was thrown from the jackass for the last time, and, turning homeward, left the animal in the street, as he remarked:

"Have I been lyin' all day and wrestlin' with the mud for a three dollar mule? I wouldn't go through such a deal again for Shaughnessy's big trotter." —*Salt Lake Tribune*.

Eating Before Sleeping.

Man is the only animal that can be taught to sleep quietly on an empty stomach. The brute creation resent all efforts to coax them to such a violation of the laws of nature. The lion roars in the forest until he has found his prey, and when he has devoured it he sleeps over until he needs another meal. The horse will paw all night in the stable, and the pig will squeal in the pen, refusing all rest or sleep until they are fed. The animals which chew the cud have their own provision for a late meal just before dropping off to their nightly slumbers.

Man can train himself to the habit of sleeping without a preceding meal, but only after long years of practice. As he comes into the world nature is too strong for him, and he must be fed before he will sleep. A child's stomach is small, and when perfectly filled, if no sickness disturbs it, sleep follows naturally and inevitably. As digestion goes on, the stomach begins to empty. A single fold in it will make the little sleeper restless; two will wake it; and if it is hushed again to repose the nap is short, and three folds put an end to the slumber. Paregoric or other narcotic may close its eyes again, but without either food or some stupefying drug it will not sleep, no matter how healthy it may be. Not even an angel who learned the art of minstrelsy in a celestial choir can sing a babe to sleep, on an empty stomach.

We use the oft-quoted illustration, "sleeping as sweetly as an infant," because this slumber of a child follows immediately after its stomach is completely filled with wholesome food. The sleep which comes to adults long hours after partaking of food, and when the stomach is nearly or quite empty, is not after the type of infantile repose. There is all the difference in the world between the sleep of refreshment and the sleep of exhaustion.

To sleep well the blood that swells the veins in the head during our busy hours must flow back, leaving a greatly diminished volume behind the brow that lately throbbled with such vehemence. To digest well this blood is needed at the stomach and nearer the fountains of life. It is a fact established beyond the possibility of contradiction that sleep aids digestion, and that the process of digestion is conducive to refreshing sleep. It needs no argument to convince us of this mutual relation. The drowsiness which always follows the well-ordered meal is itself a testimony of nature to this interdependence. —*N. Y. Journal of Commerce*.

A Courteous Manner.

Brusque people underrate the importance of a pleasant manner. Look beneath the surface, they say, to the roots of character; pay no attention to outward appearance, to voice or gesture, tone or manners; they may be all deceptive, and they must be all superficial; it is what is said or done, and how it is said or done, that is alone deserving of notice. On the other hand, there are some to whom manner is everything. Each new acquaintance has to pass the ordeal of their criticism. Is he polished, courteous, graceful, dignified? Then they are ready to receive him without further question; he bears the stamp of their order. Is he rough, crude, awkward, or shy? Then they care not to examine the kernel that may be hidden under so unattractive a shell. Both these views are imperfect and mistaken, though each contains enough of truth to make it plausible. To depreciate or ignore fine manners is essentially absurd. Their charm is irresistible, even to those who fancy themselves proof against them. Yet it is not so much in themselves or for their own sake that they delight us as in the promise of something better and deeper. They are signs or symbols of character, feelings, affections, thoughts; and it is to this that they owe their value and their charm. —*Exchange*.