

ALL SHORT OF WIND.

NOT A MAN IN TOWN COULD BLOW UP TO SEVEN POUNDS.

Pay Perkins, the Postmaster of Jericho, Tells About the Meeting Which Discussed the Advantages of Starting a Brass Band.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.] "Look here, pap," said Squar Johnson as he dropped into the postoffice one day when I was alone; "I've got a scheme on hand that'll do more to boost the town of Jericho to the top of the ladder than 40 miles of new sidewalk. Yes, sir, it's a boomer, and if it's carried out you'll see the price of real estate jump 50 per cent."

He waited for me to get my breath and then lowered his voice and continued:

"Pap, I've got a notice written out for all patriotic citizens of Jericho to assemble at the postoffice this evening, and I'll post her up on the door. I want to spring it on 'em all of a sudden. I want to see 'em turn pale and their hair stand up. Jest say to all inquirers, pap, that Jericho is comin right to the front like a steer goin fur a cornfield."

I wanted to know what the scheme was, but the squar winked and nodded and looked mysterious and went off



BLEW OFF HIS SOLE.

Without givin his secret away. There was a great deal of curiosity durin the day. Some thought the squar had a balloon ascension in view in order to attract public attention to our new cooper shop, and others had it that he had found a way to dodge the state tax, but it was all guesswork. There was a tremendous crowd on hand when evenin came, and the squar went around rubbin his hands together and smilin all over his face. When he had got the crowd worked up to the pitch where everybody wanted to die fur liberty, he called the meetin to order and said:

"Feller freemen of Jericho, we hev here a beautiful town, a salubrious climate and a populashun to be proud of. We hev the best of water, the lowest of taxes and skassily any use fur doctors. We hev the telephone, electric corbells and a town pump. A stranger would look around him and say we needed nuthin else. But we do, and that is why I hev called you together here tonight. We need jest one thing more to put Jericho on the pinnacle, and that is a brass band."

"By John, but he's made a p'int!" said Deacon Spooner as he whacked on the counter with his cane. "Yes, sir, Jericho needs a brass band to boost her, and I'm with the squar. Let us hear what Moses Hopkins has to say about it."

"As I take it," said Moses, "a brass band plays tunes, and I'd like to know in advance what sort of tunes this band is goin to play. If it's goin to play 'The Sweet By and By,' then I'm in fur a band. If it's goin to play hiddle-diddle-tunes, then I'm ag'in it."

"That's a p'int as fur as it goes," said the deacon, "but it don't go fur 'nuff. Enos Williams, you was in the hog buyin bizness fur 20 years, and you ought to know about brass bands. What d'you think of the idea?"

"That depends," said Enos. "I don't go much on a brass band that toots its wind all over town and wastes it on the air. If we had a band that would come down to the depot to meet me as I come in from Tarrytown, I think I'd kind of like it."

"By John, but he's right, and he's made a p'int!" shouted the deacon. "I don't see the p'int," said Squar Johnson as he colored up. "Why should our brass band go down to the depot to welcome a man who hasn't never done anything in particular fur Jericho? Enos is a good 'nuff man in his way, but did the outside world ever hear of him? Was he consulted about buildin the new sewer or paintin the town hall? Has he ever laid awake nights thinkin how this town could be boosted to the top?"

"Enos, he's knocked your p'int out and made one ag'in you," said the deacon, "but we'll hear from some of the rest. How is it with you, Jabez Fowler?"

"I can't exactly say till I know what the band is goin to do," replied Jabez. "My old woman is mighty fond of brass band tunes which lift up the heels, and if the band'll come over to my house three times a week and give us sunthin lively I'll chlp in."

"Mebbe I'm mistaken in this crowd," said the squar as he looked around in a serious way. "Mebbe this is a crowd composed of freeborn Americans whose forefathers fought at Bunker Hill, and mebbe it's made up of men who'd steal the statue of Liberty and sell it fur old junk. To say that I am astonished does not half express my feelin's."

"That sellin the statue of Liberty is a p'int, and a strong one," said the deacon, "but what we want is a free expreshun of opinion. Jube Hornbecker looks as if he wanted to say sunthin."

"I'd like to ask the squar," said Jube

in his humble way, "if he expects that band to meet him at the depot when he comes home?"

"Bein I hold the postshun I do," answered the squar, "bein I'm referred to as the leadin man in Jericho, if the band wanted to go down and see me off or wanted to be there to welcome me home I don't reckon anybody would find fault."

"But I'd want the same thing," said Ebenezer Scott. "I ain't no justice of the peace, but my dairy is milkin 28 cows this summer, and I feel I'm as big as anybody. I go over to Dobbs Ferry once in two weeks, and I should want that band to toot me off and toot me home ag'in."

"There may be a p'int," said the deacon as he scratched his ear, "but I don't skassily see it. Mebbe the squar wants to say sunthin further about liberty and Bunker Hill?"

"I'm sayin," replied the squar as he heaved a long sigh, "that patriotism and love of country seems to be dead-er'n a doornail in these United States. Mebbe there's a man in this crowd aside from me who'd be willin to shed his blood that our glorious republic might be saved from ruin and desolashun, but if that be I can't name him. You might as well disperse to your homes and tell your wives and children that Jericho is doomed."

"By John, but what a p'int—that a p'int!" whispered the deacon. "Before we bust up and go to ruin, however, I'd like to hear from Reuben White. Reuben's bin as far west as Detroit, and he ought to know what influence a brass band has on a town."

"The influence of a brass band is accordin to the leader," said Reuben. "I've seen 'em where they jumped a town right to the front in four weeks, and I've seen 'em where they killed things dead in two. The leader wants to be a peccoliar sort of a man. He wants to be born fur the place, same as Washington was. He wants to be ready to die at two minits' notice or to live fur a hundred years."

"And mebbe you think you're that man?" queried the squar as he pounded on the counter with his fist. "I do. I know I am. I'm the only man in Jericho as kin lead a band to success and make the town hump herself. I'm a self sacrificin critter, as you all know, and if this meetin thinks best—"

But the meetin shouted him down, and it was five minits before Deacon Spooner could make his voice heard, and then he said:

"There's more p'int's bobbin up here than you kin shake a stick at, but we might as well hev one more. S'posin we hear from Lish Billings. He's the only man in Jericho who kin play on an accordian. What d'you say, Lish?"

"There's mighty little to be said and nuthin to bust up the country," answered Lish. "Do any of you sons of Bunker Hill know how much wind it takes to blow a brass horn?"

Nobody did, and a hush fell upon the crowd.

"It takes ten pounds, reckoned by a lung tester," said Lish, "and you'd want an extra pound fur walkin up hill. There was a lung tester man in town two weeks ago, and every son of us handed over a nickel and took a blow. We blowed and strained and blowed, and Rube White was one of 'em who blowed a sole off his boot, and yit no man reached seven pounds. What you goin to git your wind to blow them horns?"

There was a painful silence while you could count a hundred, and then Deacon Spooner said:

"By John, but I'm goin home and tell the old woman that I don't know beans when the bag's untied, and the rest of you'd better do the same thing!" M. QUAD.

Playtime in the Senate. Senator Butler once had a bill appropriating \$5,000 to build a monument on the Moore's Creek battlefield, North Carolina, which was an especial object of Senator Wolcott's fun.

"Can the senator tell me the date of the battle?" he asked Mr. Butler. "It was the first battle of the Revolution, 29 days before the battle of Lexington," was the reply.

"But cannot the senator tell me the day and the year?" persisted Mr. Wolcott. Mr. Butler was stumped. "I can tell the senator tomorrow," he finally remarked.

"Then," replied Mr. Wolcott, "I will let my objection stand until tomorrow also."

A few minutes later Senator Wolcott relented, and Mr. Butler made another effort to get the appropriation agreed to. This time it was Senator Lodge who objected.

"Oh, don't object, Lodge," said Wolcott in a stage whisper; "he'll put the date of the battle forward a year if you are jealous on account of Lexington."

But Mr. Lodge continued to object, and the monument bill remained on the calendar.—Washington Post.

How to Give a Cat Medicine. A New York gentleman has a very fine Angora cat, and so fine a specimen of her kind that she is famous in a large circle of fashionable folk. She is not rugged in health, yet she cannot be persuaded to take physic. It has been put in her milk, it has been mixed with her meat, it has even been rudely and violently rubbed in her mouth, but never has she been deluded or forced into swallowing any of it. Last week a green Irish girl appeared among the household servants. She heard about the failure to treat the cat. "Sure," said she, "give me the medicine and some lard, and I'll warrant she'll be atin all I give her!" She mixed the powder and the grease and smeared it on the cat's sides. Pussy at once licked both sides clean and swallowed all the physic. "Faith," said the servant girl, "everybody in Ireland does know how to give medicine to a cat!"

LILIES.

Lilies, white lilies, ye calm my soul, For the waters are wild and the willows roll, And love and trust have drifted away Like the distant sail on the breast of the bay. In a moment more 'twill have drifted from sight And be hidden away in the waste of night!

And then ye came with your pure, sweet gaze, With your dainty, winsome, loving ways, And crept like a dear dream into my heart. I could not bear to send thee apart, For the fragrance that floats on your balmy breath To me whispers "peace," though the world calls it death. —Dose Van B. Speece in Scranton Tribune.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

This Man Knew a Steamboat When He Saw One.

The agent of one of the ocean steamship lines, says the Chicago Tribune, told the following story of a St. Louis man who got into New York the day after the maiden arrival of a great liner:

After gazing at the vessel from the pier the St. Louisian said to the man at the gangplank: "Purty good sized steamboat."

"She's a liner, ocean liner," was the lofty reply. "She's purty high up, ain't she?" "Ocean liners have to be. But when she is under way she doesn't look so high."

"Her chimneys ain't very high, though." "You mean her funnels. No; they never make them high for liners."

"Hinges on 'em?" "Never heard of hinges on a funnel." "How does she get under the bridge?" "Why, any bridge. Steamboats out our way have hinges on their chimneys, and when they come to the bridges over the river they lower the chimneys, and she scoots under like she was greased."

The man at the gangplank observed the St. Louis man with lofty indifference. "She ain't got any wheelhouses on her sides nor none at her stern," remarked the St. Louis man after he had made further inspection.

"Liners have propellers," said the man at the gangplank, and his nose turned up visibly. "Well, I'll bet she can't run. It takes two wheels and a bow like an arrow-head and a scant hold to give a steamboat speed, sonny, and don't you forget it. If this steamboat was to get into the Mississippi, she'd go hard aground first clip."

"I have told you this is not a steamboat." "Shucks! You can't gimme that. I saw a picter of her in one of our newspapers before I left home, and the printin under it said 'steamboat.' Do you think a St. Louis editor don't know a steamboat when he sees one? You're not on to your job yet."

SOWN BY GUNPOWDER.

A Curious Way of Covering a Rocky Crag With Plant Life.

In the grounds of the Duke of Athol and near Blair castle, England, stands a high, rocky crag named Craigebarren. It looked grim and bare in the midst of beauty, and its owner thought how much prettier it would look if only trees, shrubs, etc., could be planted in its nooks and crannies. It was considered impossible for any one to scale its steep and dangerous acclivities, and no other way was thought of to get seed sown.

One day Alexander Nasmyth, father of the celebrated engineer, paid a visit to the duke's grounds. The crag was pointed out to him, and he was told of the desire of the duke regarding it. After some thought he conceived how it could be accomplished. In passing the castle he noticed two old cannon. He got a few small tin canisters made to fit the bore of the cannon and filled them with a variety of tree, shrub and grass seeds. The cannon was loaded in the usual way and fired at the rock from all sides.

The little canisters on striking the rock burst, scattering the seeds in all directions. Many seeds were lost, but many more fell into the ledges or cracks where there was a little moss or earth. These soon showed signs of life, and in a few years graceful trees and pretty climbing plants all sown by gunpowder were growing and flourishing in nearly every recess of the formerly bare, gray crag, clothing it with verdant beauty.

The Name Sioux. The Indian name Sioux, as it appears in such town names as Sioux Falls, Sioux City and Sioux Rapids, is usually pronounced "Soo," but sometimes, in the east chiefly, that simple pronunciation is not known. A committeeman not long ago visited a school in New England, where he heard the pupils say "Si-ox" with complete assurance. At a favorable opportunity he quietly spoke to the teacher of the error, saying, "You know, it is 'Soo,'" whereupon she asked the attention of the school and solemnly announced: "You have all been pronouncing this word wrong. It is not 'Si-ox,' but 'Soo-ox.'" The committeeman lacked the courage to pursue the subject further.—Exchange.

A Measure of Success. Friend—Oh, by the way, I have been curious to know whether you were successful with that strange patient you were treating last winter. Doctor—I was, partially. He has paid almost half of his bill.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Calves are never killed in Morocco because of a popular notion that if deprived of them the cows would cease to give milk.

If justice ruled, what a shifting of jobs there would be.—Milwaukee Journal.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Illinois Central.

Going East. No. 2 Chicago & St. Paul Limited—4:48 p. m. No. 4 Chicago Express—1:20 p. m. No. 26, Omaha & St. Paul Express—6:30 a. m. No. 32, Fort Dodge Passenger—5:15 p. m. No. 38, Chicago Manifest & Stock—11:35 a. m. No. 62, East Stock—6:30 a. m. No. 94, Local Freight—1:05 p. m.

Going West. No. 1 Omaha Limited—5:57 a. m. No. 3 Omaha Express—1:50 p. m. No. 25, St. Paul & Omaha Express—7:37 p. m. No. 31, Council Bluffs Passenger—8:00 a. m. No. 51, Manifest Freight—4:04 p. m. No. 61, Omaha Stock—11:15 p. m. No. 93, Local Freight—1:20 a. m.

Freight trains No. 93 and No. 94 carry passengers. Tickets sold and baggage checked to all points. H. E. GARDNER, Agent.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul at Arion

GOING WEST. No. 1 Passenger—6:31 a. m. No. 91, Way Freight—8:35 a. m. No. 3 Passenger—1:53 p. m. GOING EAST. No. 2 Passenger—9:00 a. m. No. 4 Passenger—7:32 p. m. No. 94, Stock Freight—9:35 p. m. Nos. 2, 3, 91 and 94 daily except Sunday.

Chicago & Northwestern.

Going East. No. 2 Overland Limited—stops—10:00 p. m. No. 4 Colorado Special—stops—9:10 a. m. No. 6 Atlantic Express—stops—7:14 p. m. No. 8 Chicago Express—stops—11:35 p. m. No. 16, Local to Chicago—stops—6:55 p. m. No. 24, Way Freight—11:05 a. m.

Going West. No. 1 Overland Limited—stops—5:54 a. m. No. 3, Pacific Express—stops—1:17 p. m. No. 5, Colorado Special—stops—9:15 a. m. No. 15, Fast Mail—don't stop—12:50 p. m. No. 11, Local to Council Bluffs—stops—5:20 a. m. No. 23, Freight—12:30 p. m.

Western Iowa Division—Boyer Valley Line. Leave Denison—7:15 a. m. 8:55 p. m. Arrive Wall Lake—9:00 a. m. 8:15 p. m. Leave Wall Lake—10:30 a. m. 8:40 p. m. Arrive Denison—1:10 p. m. 10:15 p. m. No trains Sunday.

Wall Lake, Boyer & Mandamin. Freight. Going West. Passenger 10:15 a. m. Boyer—3:15 p. m. Going East. 5:08 p. m. Boyer—11:15 a. m.

Reading a Book.

A writer in the New York Medical Journal says that the curved pages of the ordinary book are injurious to the eye of the reader. The curvature necessitates a constant change of the focus of the eye as it reads from one side to another, and the ciliary muscles are under a constant strain. Moreover, the light falls unequally upon both sides of the page, further interfering with a continued clear field of vision. It is suggested that the difficulty might be obviated if the lines should be printed parallel to the binding instead of at right angles to it.

Yesterday's Market Results.

Cincinnati, 2-9; Brooklyn, 7-13. Philadelphia, 11; Pittsburg, 6. Chicago, 6; New York, 5. Boston, 4; St. Louis, 6. Chicago, 1; Buffalo, 5. Kansas City, 13; Detroit, 4.

LATEST NEWS OF TRADE.

Chicago Grain and Provisions. Chicago, Sept. 13.—Higher Liverpool cables, small northwest receipts and a heavy cash demand caused a good advance in wheat today, October closing 15c higher. Corn closed 1/2c improved. Provisions closed 2 1/2c lower. Closing prices: Wheat—Sept., 75 1/2c; Oct., 74 1/2c; Nov., 76 1/2c; Dec., 77 1/2c.

Corn—Sept., 40 1/2c; Oct., 39 1/2c; Nov., 38 1/2c; Dec., 37 1/2c. Oats—Sept., 21 1/2c; Oct., 21 1/2c; Nov., 22 1/2c. Pork—Sept., \$11.37 1/2; Oct., \$11.47 1/2; Nov., \$11.15; Dec., \$11.35 1/2. Lard—Sept., \$6.77 1/2; Oct., \$6.80 1/2; Nov., \$6.80; Dec., \$6.80 1/2.

Flour—Sept., \$7.47 1/2; Oct., \$7.37 1/2; Jan., \$6.02 1/2. Cash quotations—No. 2 red wheat, 75 1/2c; No. 3 red wheat, 74 1/2c; No. 2 spring wheat, 76 1/2c; No. 3 spring wheat, 74 1/2c; No. 2 hard wheat, 69 1/2c; No. 3 hard wheat, 68 1/2c; No. 2 cash corn, 40 1/2c; No. 2 yellow corn, 40 1/2c; No. 3 yellow corn, 40 1/2c; No. 2 cash oats, 22 1/2c; No. 2 white oats, 24 1/2c; No. 3 white oats, 23 1/2c.

Chicago Live Stock. Chicago, Sept. 13.—Cattle—Receipts, 11,500, including 1,000 westerns and 800 Texans; heavy to common steers 10c lower; light and medium weak; butchers' stock steady; westerns strong; Texans 10c higher here, active; natives, best on sale today, three carloads, at \$5.90; good to prime steers, \$5.00-6.00; poor to medium, \$4.50-5.50; selected feeders, about steady, \$4.00-4.75; mixed stockers, lower, \$3.00-3.80; cows, \$2.75-4.50; heifers, \$3.00-5.25; canners, \$2.00-2.75; bulls, \$2.80-4.50; calves, \$5.00-8.50; Texas receipts, 700; best on sale today, 10 carloads, at \$4.20; Texas fed steers, \$4.40-5.00; Texas grass steers, \$3.40-4.30; Texas bulls, \$2.50-3.40. Hogs—Receipts, today, 28,000; tomorrow, 17,000, estimated; left over, 7,000; 5c lower; top, \$5.30; mixed and butcher, \$5.10-5.50; good to choice heavy, \$5.10-5.75; rough heavy, \$4.05-5.05; light, \$5.25-5.90; bulk of sales, \$5.15-5.85. Sheep—Receipts, 10,000; sheep strong to 10c higher, steady to strong; good to choice wethers, \$3.75-4.00; fair to choice mixed, \$3.40-3.65; western sheep, \$3.75-4.00; Texas sheep, \$4.25-5.85; native lambs, \$5.00-5.75.

Kansas City Live Stock. Kansas City, Sept. 13.—Cattle—Receipts, 8,000 natives, 1,200 Texans; 500 calves; dry lot cattle, shade lower; all other killing grades steady; best feeders steady, other slow; native steers, \$4.75-5.75; stockers and feeders, \$3.25-4.55; butcher cows and heifers, \$3.00-5.40; canners, \$2.40-3.00; fed westerns, \$4.00-5.55; wintered Texans, \$3.00-3.50; grass stockers, \$3.20-3.55; calves, \$4.50-6.00. Hogs—Receipts, 11,800; trade quiet; prices steady to 5c lower; heavy and mixed, \$5.20-5.30; light, \$5.15-5.25; pigs, \$5.00-5.00. Sheep—Receipts, 1,700; active; muttons steady; fat lambs shade higher; lambs, \$4.75-5.25; muttons, \$3.50-3.80; feeders, \$3.00-4.00; culls, \$2.50-3.00.

South Omaha Live Stock. South Omaha, Sept. 13.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,100; steady; native beef steers, \$4.40-5.75; western steers, \$4.00-4.70; Texas steers, \$3.40-4.25; cows and heifers, \$3.00-4.25; canners, \$1.75-2.85; stockers and feeders, \$3.40-4.70; calves, \$2.50-3.50; bulls, stags, etc., \$2.25-4.10. Hogs—Receipts, 10,300; 10c lower; heavy, \$5.00-5.12 1/2; mixed, \$5.07-5.12 1/2; light, \$5.10-5.20; pigs, \$4.00-5.00; bulk of sales, \$5.07 1/2-5.12 1/2. Sheep—Receipts, 8,800; 10c higher; western muttons, \$3.40-4.00; stock sheep, \$3.00-3.60; lambs, \$4.00-5.35.

WE are home from Chicago and are prepared to show you the latest styles in Fall Millinery. Our milliner, Mrs. Simms, has had wide experience in trimming for the best city trade. Watch for the date of our opening, which will be announced later. Apprentice girls wanted. SARACHON SISTERS.

Capital \$100,000. Deposits, \$300,000. Crawford County State Bank, DENISON, IOWA. The Best Security for Depositors. Farm Loans at Five Per Cent Interest. This Bank is incorporated under the laws of the State of Iowa. It gives the best security to all depositors, not only to the amount of stock, but the personal property of each shareholder is held to the amount of his share for any loss to the bank. Incorporated banks are under the control of the State Auditor, who can at any time examine the business, and according to his investigation the published statements are made. Depositors in an incorporated bank have more security than the confidence imposed in the officers. They have the best security, because the capital stock can not be used at pleasure for outside speculation and investment. The Crawford County State Bank is the best incorporated banking institution in the County. A general banking business done. Passage Tickets Sold. Insurance Written. Loans Negotiated. L. CORNWELL, President. GEORGE NAEVE, V-President. M. E. JONES, Cashier. C. J. KEMMING, Asst. Cashier. Directors: L. Cornwell, Geo. Naeve, H. F. Schwartz, Chas. Tabor, J. P. Conner.

L. M. SHAW, P. es. O. F. KUEHNLE Vice-Pres. C. L. VOSS, Cash. BANK OF DENISON. General Banking Business Conducted. Exchange Bought and Sold. Long and Short Time Loans at Lowest Rates. Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Accounts of all Branches of Business Conducted. Personal attention given to investments for local patrons. Business conducted in English or German. SHAW, KUEHNLE & BEARD, LAWYERS. REAL ESTATE LOANS AT LOWEST RATES.

THE INTERNATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA. REVISED 1898 EDITION. DO YOU WANT A CYCLOPEDIA? GET THE BEST. Hundreds of educators say the International is the Best for the home, the school and the public library. Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, late superintendent of the Chicago school, says: "Many of its articles are marvels of comprehensiveness and of concise and accurate statement." Write for sample pages and Easy payments. DODD, MEAD & CO., Pubs., 168 Adams St., Chicago. Save Money By buying your winter coal in August. We have a supply of all kinds at low prices. Green Bay Lumber Company, ALF WRIGHT, Manager. INK Artistic in Display Always Looks Well Review