Gustav Huettmann. Chas. Sundstrom.

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THE POET

In the days when workingmen worked with their hands, not machines, it was difficult to form a good locksmith or a good cabinet maker. The chronicles of labor impress one intensely with the painful apprenticeship of artisans, but it is much more difficult nowadays to form a good poet. To catch quickly an aspect of nature or of the mind; to find at once the words that shall express it and plant these words in the righ places under the light; to imagine a novel and unexpected relationship between rhymes that come and coo like two doves; to create a harmony at once more precise and less brutal than that of music; to make of the word a sculptor, a painter and a delicate carver of arabesques; to imprison the infinite and express the inexpressible—such are the least objects of a poet's work, and surely one who does it is not lazy.

A young man of New Orleans whom his father had sent to New York to learn how to become a successful business man was studying how to become a poet. He knew nobody, had no desire to know anybody, but looked at the passers-by and read in heir faces the events of their minds. He looked also at the streets, the buildings, the scenes on the rivers, and he painted them in solid verses. He composed poems, odes, sonnets, roundels, ballads and other works with marvelous fidelity. He studied books also and newspapers. He had no other ambition than the true ambition and cared for fame, celebrity and glory no more than an elephant cares for a violet. In New York, where the millionaires are so poor, a young man rocked by the singing and dancing chorus of illusions may live happily on $30 a month.

This young man lived happily. One morning that he was rewriting his "Double Ballad of Girls Without a Dowry" there was a knock at his door. He said "Come in!" and there appeared a robust old man, clean shaven, with thick white hair in bristles brushed from a forehead expressing joy and well being.

"I am," he said, "Jose Miangolara, the owner of this house."

"Have I forgotten to pay my rent?" asked the young man, offering a chair to the visitor.

"On the contrary," said the old man, "you are only too punctual, but I intend that you shall have no rent to pay in future. I wish to offer this room to you in exchange for a great service that you may render to me, if you wish. I am a theatrical manager."

"There are sillier trades," said the young man conciliatingly.

"Doubtless," said the old man, "but there are less pleasant ones. I began life as a brigand in the Abruzzi. It was sweet then to sleep in caverns on the knees of a copper colored woman, to be dressed in a picturesque costume and to arrest stagecoaches, but there are so few stagecoaches now that my profession became a sinecure. I had to look out for another situation. I am not 'kicking,' as Miss Winifred, my star dancer—have you not heard of her?—says. In my hall, which is always crowded, I have already picked up millions. Crowds are crushed at my doors, and the newspapers laud me to the skies. My children, whose mother is dead, are married. I intend to marry a young woman who is pretty, stupid, 'kiddish,' and who deceives me with exemplary fidelity. I have carpets of Asia, rare furniture of all ages, and you may eat at my table delicious meals. My cook is a scoundrel, steeped in crime, but he knows how to make a sauce. I can satisfy any one of my whims, and that is why I have called on you. I should like to produce an operetta as silly as all those that I have produced, but written in excellent verse. What do you think of the idea?"

"I don't think of it at all," said the young man. "I never go to a playhouse and do not wish to go ever."

"Right you are," said Miangolara, "but the wise resolution may not prevent you from fulfilling the object of my visit. I have essential elements; a musician who respects the poetry that he interprets and has no objections to composing master pieces; a libretto, 'Queen Liliuokalani,' which is stupid, but which the public will like, and conscienceless actors. The author of the libretto is a biped who writes like a tinker, but he has caught the public's ear, and by the way that he martyrizes that ear everybody may know that he has it. What I want, the only thing that I lack, is poetry. I know that you can supply that."

"I never recited verses to anybody," said the young man. "Who told you that I could write any?"

"The janitor's daughter. She knows, for she has read Tennyson, and she says that you write adorably. Here is an analysis of 'Queen Liliuokalani.' It is six lines in length, and that is long enough. You may readily understand that the embassador and the queen, being in love with each other, may say anything that they like. When will your work be finished?"

"You may come for it after dinner," said the young man. At the appointed hour the work was done. Weeks passed, and the young man began to think that he had done very little work for so much lodging. He continued to write roundels and ballads, and never asked himself what had become of his Miangolara verses. He learned this one day that he met the theatrical manager in the street. The manager said to him, "You must be satisfied with your copywright."

"Pray what or who is Copyright?" asked the young man.

Miangolara explained to him that he had earned $100,000 With this fortune in certified checks the young man started for New Orleans, but when the train stopped at Pass Christian he saw at the station a young girl and read in her eyes that she was saying to herself, "If a man as handsome as this wants me, he can have me." He stepped out of the train, asked for her hand in marriage, got it and has been preoccupied by nothing since except the thought of making his wife happy.

If you do not believe this story, which is a very faithful, unadorned recital of facts, go to Pass Christian and ask any child in the crowd that waits at the railway station for the arrival and departure of trains to tell you the address of Professor Ludovic de Montluzin, who looks like Richelieu, and whom everybody likes ardently.—Exchange.

The Young Fellow Who Got Even.

"Will you be my wife?" asked the youth.

"Can't you read the answer in my face?" she answered in frigid tones.

"Sure," he replied. "It's certainly plain enough."—Chicago News.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS MEET.

Regular Session of the Board of Supervisors, April, 1901.

Warrants issued by county auditor between sessions:

M J Collins salary for January...	100 00
A G Stueber salary for January..	50 00
Theo Kuhl salary for January...	125 00
D P O'Brien salary for January..	50 00
Frank Faul salary for January...	116 67
O W Wheeler salary for January.	50 00
S V O'Hare salary for January...	50 00
W T Wright, M D, salary for January....	33 33
A G Myers salary for January...	108 00
Henry Bell salary for January, boarding prisoners, etc.....	213 25
Harry Huntington work for county in January....	73 00
James Sheridan janitor work in January....	15 00
W W Rhodenbaugh agent to pay county officers!....	4 00
M J Collins salary for February..	100 00
A G Stueber salary for February.	50 00
Theo Kuhl salary for February..	125 00
D P O'Brien salary for February.	50 00
Frank Faul salary for February..	116 66
O W Wheeler salary for Febrhary	50 00
S V O'Hare salary for February..	50 00
W T Wright, M D, salary for February....	33 33
A G Myers salary for February...	96 00
Henry Bell salary for February, boarding prisoners, etc....	196 34
Harry Huntington work for county in February.	28 00
James Sheridan janitor work in February....	15 00
W W Rhodenbaugh agent to pay county officers in February	4 00
F M Cole boarding paupers on farm in January	129 50
F M Cole boarding paupers on farm in February....	117 96
Peter Christ Eggers one wolf scalp	5 00
Soldiers relief commissioners for month of January....	171 00
Soldiers relief commissioners for month of February	170 00
Soldiers relief commissioners for month of March....	170 00
Dan McGrath grand juror	19 80
T J Shopshire " "	15 50
H F E Evers " "	14 30
E L Johnson " "	16 10
Albert Vernon " "	18 50
H Konekamp " "	17 90
Geo Riessen " "	18 20
P W Moeller " "	3 70
W F Malloy " "	4 20
Wm Lochmiller " "	3 20
J F Wiley " "	2 50
W F Graham " "	4 00
A D Rouilliard clerk	14 30
Alex Lindberg petit juror....	3 60
J G Wygant " "	22 20
S E Brown " "	24 40
L E Wright " "	24 00
Fritz Heiden " "	22 20
C A Sykes " "	24 60
Nels Miller " "	10 70
Carl Tedsen " "	14 60
Joe Ullrich " "	24 20
C A Buffington " "	24 00
F N Brogden " "	24 00
Fred Marshall " "	22 40
Jas McGuire " "	22 20
E W Casey " "	22 20
Fred Witt " "	23 40
Chas Evers " "	22 20
John Strathman " "	26 00
Thos Noonan " "	24 00
Nels Taylor " "	25 60
Ed McAndrews " "	15 50
Emil Mauritz " "	24 20
Carl Tedsen " "	6 80
T A Hickey " "	11 50
Ed McAndrews " "	11 50
John Worley " "	23 40
A Hallstein " "	23 00
Henry Namanny " "	24 00
Bert Campbell " "	18 80
Geo Lingle " "	18 20
Thos A Hickey " "	5 50
W C Heallon court reporter....	111 00
John Smith bailiff....	60 00
D Partridge bailiff....	60 00
A Alexander 1 wolf scalp....	5 00
Margarette Malone unclaimed witness fees	1 75
J B Dunbar witness fees....	1 35
Frank Darr witness fees....	6 75
D A Allen witness fees....	4 35
Mrs and Mr J A Smeaton witness fees....	12 70
Anton Bennette witness fees....	1 35
Fred Eggers witness fees	1 10
John Gibson witness before grand jury....	1 95
Isaac Bixler witness before grand jury....	2 45
Wm Marr witness before grand jury....	1 95
Albert Doidge witness before grand jury....	1 95
Mrs Rosa Jackson witness before grand jury....	3 45
E W Powers witness before grand jury....	2 95
J W Sturtevant witness before grand jury....	3 45
O C McAhren witness before grand jury	1 35
Horris Malone witness before grand jury....	2 45
John D Muir witness before grand jury....	1 35
Mrs H Savage witness before grand jury....	1 35
H H Savage witness before grand jury....	1 35
W H Kent witness before grand jury....	2 25
Mrs Charlotte Green witness before grand jury....	2 25
Joseph Thompson witness before grand jury....	2 25
Chas Green witness before grand jury....	2 05
Thos Gibbons witness before grand jury....	1 95
W A Powers witness before grand jury....	2 95
George Huffman witness before grand jury	1 95
Hans Neethen witness before grand jury....	2 45
Louis Love witness before grand jury	1 95
Henry Wells witness before grand jury....	2 75
H J Dyson witness before grand jury....	2 75
Chas Smith witness before grand jury....	1 95
I A Jackson witness before grand jury....	2 75
B H Buffington witness before grand jury....	2 75
B I Romaine witness before grand jury	2 75
John Jackson witness before grand jury....	1 35
Claus Grage witness before grand jury	2 75
Add Morgan witness before grand jury....	2 75
E C Petersen witness before grand jury....	1 35
Jas H Bishop witness before grand jury....	2 75
J L Breckenridge witness before grand jury....	3 45
H J Dyson witness before grand jury	3 45
A C Beers witness before grand jury	3 45
Ralph McLaughlin witness before grand jury....	3 45
F A Jackson witness before grand jury....	3 45
F E Craft witness before grand jury....	3 45
Claus Grage witness before grand jury....	3 45
Austin Wilson witness before grand jury....	2 70
John Silletto janitor work at institute....	2 00

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL FLIRTATION.

It was just 4 o'clock in the morning when Miss Clarissa Steele crept quietly down stairs and out at the side door. She turned away from the village, and, as if with a definite object in view, walked swiftly toward the fields and hills to the north.

It was only since April that Elmville had taken a lively interest in birds. It had known vaguely that there were birds within its borders—English sparrows, an oriole or two and out in the country crows and perhaps a few jays.

It was 7 when Miss Steele walked up the path to the side door. She was tired and very hungry, but she was also happy and had a quantity of bird news to tell her sisters.

Usually she greeted them with a cheery good morning, but this time she had hardly crossed the threshold before she was aware that something was wrong. A quick glance at Elinor and Caroline showed her that it must be something very wrong indeed.

"What is the matter?" she asked tremulously.

"I should not think you would need to ask that question, Clarissa," Elinor said in a hollow voice.

"No, I should not think so," echoed Caroline. "To think that you should disgrace us and not only us but the good name of our family by making your pretended interest in birds an excuse for going out mornings and carrying on a flirtation"—

"A scandalous flirtation," interrupted Elinor.

"Yes, a scandalous flirtation with Deacon Upton."

Clarissa started to her feet with a little cry. "I—I never did," she gasped, while the color rose in her face.

"You saw him this morning. You won't deny that, I suppose, though I don't know." And Caroline shuddered.

"Yes," said Clarissa eagerly, "I did see him. It was down in Mr. Ames' meadow, but he was on one side of the river and I on the other, and we just stopped to speak about birds a minute."

Elinor smiled sardonically. "And then," she said, "he kissed his hand to you—not once, but several times, and you"—

"You kissed your hand to him," finished Caroline as Elinor paused and seemed unable to go on. "Yes, Clarissa Maria, you kissed your hand to him. We know it, because Sally Porter was on the hill and heard your voice and saw you do it."

"Oh," cried Clarissa, her face lighting up, "he did not kiss his hand to me! How could you think he would be so silly? He was just showing me how to call the birds around. You just put your fingers to your lips and make a smacking sound, so"—and she illustrated—"and somehow it makes the birds come."

The elder sister looked skeptical. "That is a very ingenious excuse," said Caroline coldly, "and how do you explain your conduct?"

There were tears in Clarissa's eyes now. "I just tried to see if I could do it," she said, with a little sob.

"Well," said Elinor, "I don't know how many people will believe you. You know what Sally Porter is like. You'd better eat your breakfast and start right out and see and explain to all the people she has told the story to. Come, sit down, things will be stone cold."

"I—don't want any breakfast. I'm not hungry." And Clarissa went out of the room with her handkerchief held to her eyes.

An hour later Elinor tried Clarissa's door and found it locked. "You'd better come down and eat something," she said. But there was no answer, and she went away.

An hour after that she came again. This time she shook the door vigorously. "Clarissa," she called in a subdued tone, "come down stairs at once. Deacon Upton is here and wants to see you."

"Oh, I can't!" cried Clarissa in a frightened voice.

"You must," said Elinor emphatically. "He says he will wait any length of time, but he will see you."

When Clarissa entered the parlor Deacon Upton rose to meet her.

"Good morning, Miss Steele," he said. Then they both remembered that they had met before that morning, and there was an awkward pause. She looked down at the carpet, and he looked at her.

"I think, Miss Clarissa," he said desperately when the silence had become unendurable, "I think that you have heard the same thing that I have."

He felt that he had expressed himself vaguely, but she understood and nodded her head without looking up. She tried to keep her lips steady, but she could not prevent the tears from coming. When the deacon saw them, they seemed to give him the courage of desperation.

"I cannot express to you my regret that I was the cause—the innocent cause—of giving you pain. I would do anything in my power for the privilege of living over this morning and omitting that scene. But only on your account, remember," he went on impetuously, "only on your account. For myself, I would not care who knew or saw. I would not be content with merely kissing my hand to you, either, and I would be willing to—er—do it on the green in front of the postoffice in sight of everybody."

Clarissa was looking at him now, and the deacon moved his chair nearer. Her eyes made him think of drowning violets, and he had a strong desire to save them.

"Clarissa," he said, "did you ever want something very, very much, but, knowing that it was far beyond your reach, after a time almost forget that you wanted it and deceive yourself into thinking that you were happy without it? Did you, Clarissa?"

She nodded.

"Well," he went on, "that has been my experience, and this morning something happened that brought it all back to me, and— Oh, Clarissa! I don't see how I can live without you any longer."

She was silent for a moment; then she said softly, "I don't think you will have to."—Exchange.

Wealth In Beggars' Rags.

The emperor of China used to be carried by his coolies across an old wooden bridge, which was thickly infested with mendicants. On one occasion the emperor stopped his chair and commanded his retainers to seize all the beggars and strip them. Each was then presented with an entirely new suit of clothing. The discarded rags were searched, and enough money was found to pay for the erection of what is today one of the finest bridges in Peking. It is built entirely of marble.

Much Loud Talk!

Is not necessary to convince the ladies that now is the time to put up screens. Keep the flies out, don't let them in. Wheeler Self Fitting Screen Sash is guaranteed Fly proof. Will fit any old window, and can be put in or taken out by a child. You dont have to wait for a carpenter to put up your screens. We have the exclusive agency in Denison and they are the best and cheapest screen on the market. Also screen doors, plain or fancy

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ALF WRIGHT, Mgr., - - - - Denison, Iowa.

THE GIRL FARMERS

Characters: Miss Cecilia Preston (25), Miss Dorothy Landon (24). Scene: An artistically furnished farmhouse parlor. Miss Preston sitting by herself before the fire.

Miss Preston (glancing at the grandfather's clock in the corner)—Six o'clock! Dolly will be back directly, and then I shall have to break the news. What will she say? But not tonight, I think. She may be tired after her journey, and she'll want to know why I didn't tell her in my letters, and, of course, she'll be angry. No; I can't do it tonight. Tomorrow, perhaps—

(Enter Miss Langdon, in traveling dress.)

Miss Langdon (after embracing)—Oh, it's so delightful to be back at the old farm again! What a shame it was of me to take such a long holiday! Haven't you been dreadfully dull? Now, I'll have some tea, and you can tell me all the news. How are those silver gray Dorkings doing, and what have you got for butter lately?

Miss Preston (hurriedly)—Don't let's talk about the farm tonight, Dolly. I'd ever so much rather hear how you've been enjoying yourself. Were there nice people staying at the hall?

Miss Langdon—Yes, very. By the way, I saw a new churn which—

Miss Preston—Did they laugh at our starting a farm together?

Miss Langdon—Some of them made the usual stupid jokes, pretending that I couldn't tell turnip from mangold, you know. As if we hadn't been running the farm for quite three months! And then they said that—that before long we—should get married (glances quickly at her companion), and that the whole business would come to an end. Such an absurd idea!

Miss Preston (looking straight in front of her)—Perfectly preposterous. Who did you say were staying there?

Miss Langdon (vaguely)—There was a Mr. Ashburton, who was rather nice, and others. I felt quite ashamed of myself for stopping so long. How lonely you must have felt!

Miss Preston—Not very. There is a Mr. Stetway stopping at the rectory who's been to call pretty often. Did you ride much at Somerleigh?

Miss Langdon—Yes, a good deal. How have you been spending your days?

Miss Preston—Oh, much as usual. Is the fishing good at Somerleigh?

Miss Langdon—Really, Cis, you might have more to tell me after I've been away all this time. You're very dull tonight.

Miss Preston—And really, Dolly, you might give me some account of your holiday after having left me alone for a month. You're not in the least interesting.

(A long silence, Miss Preston gazing abstractedly into the fire and Miss Langdon tying and untying the tassels of her umbrella.)

Miss Preston (in a changed voice)—Dolly, I've got something very important to say to you.

Miss Langdon (startled)—Yes?

Miss Preston—You remember when we agreed to work this farm together we promised each other solemnly never to give it up—never to marry?

Miss Langdon (suddenly becoming scarlet)—Yes yes, of course. What about it?

Miss Preston (slowly and tragically)—Dolly, one of us means to deceive her friend—to break her solemn promise.

Miss Langdon (to herself)—This is awful! How did she manage to find out? (Aloud.) Oh, Cis, I know it's wrong and wicked of me, but I only met Mr. Ashburton three weeks ago, and I did tell him I couldn't possibly marry him and leave you, but he was so obstinate, and—whatever are you looking like that for?

Miss Preston (gasping)—Do you mean to say that you are engaged?

Miss Langdon—I really couldn't help it! (Tearfully.) Don't be too hard on me. If you only knew—

Miss Preston (hysterically)—But—but I didn't mean you. I meant myself! Dolly, while you were away Harry—Mr. Stetway—proposed, and I accepted him!

Miss Langdon—Cis! And after your solemn word of honor that never, never—

Miss Preston—You are every bit as bad, but I'm so glad you're wicked, too, darling! (They embrace.) Now tell me all about your him, and I'll tell you about mine.

(An interval. Then 20 minutes later.)

Miss Langdon—But what will our friends say? Yours is a barrister, and mine's a journalist, so we shan't be able to carry on the farm. Who would have thought that the experiment would have come to an end so soon? (Miss Preston seats herself at the writing table.) But I'm sure it would have been a great success if only— What are you writing, dear? A letter to him?

Miss Preston—No; look, if you like!

Miss Langdon (leaning over her shoulder and reading)—A commodious, well situated farm to be let.—Exchange.

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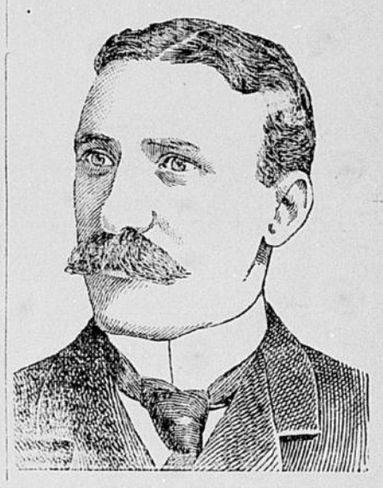
ON MONDAY, APRIL 29th,



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Professor Huffert Declines.

Ithaca, N. Y., April 5.—Professor H. W. Huffert of the College of Law at Cornell university has declined the position of dean of the law department in Iowa State university which was recently offered him.

Good for Rheumatism.

Last fall I was taken with a very severe attack of muscular rheumatism which caused me great pain any annoyance. After trying several prescriptions and rheumatic cures, I decided to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which I had seen advertised in the South Jerseyman. After two applications of this remedy I was much better, and after using one bottle, was completely cured. —Sallie Harris, Salem, N. J. For sale by C. F. Cassaday & Co., Broadway Pharmacy.