

**HONEST ABE, U. S. M.**

**THE RURAL MAIL CARRIER ON HIS REGULAR TRIP.**

Besides Delivering the Mail He Acts as a Confidant and Adviser to the Folks Along His Route Who Are in Trouble.

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As I got along to Farmer White's the other day Mrs. White was down at the gate waiting for me, and after I had handed her out a paper she said:

"Abe, do you remember the letter I got four weeks ago, the one in a yaller envelope?"

"I think I do."

"It was from my sister in Iowa, you know."

"Yes."

"My sister Sarah, who married and went out there six years ago. Do you now I hev'n' even said a word to Jacob about that letter, and I did think I'd keep it all to myself, but I feel I can trust you. What do you think Sarah wrote me?"

"Can't possibly guess, and I can't sta' long today."

"No, Abe; you could never guess, but I'm goin' to tell you. It's strict confidence, you know. I wouldn't hev it



"BETWEEN ME'N YOU AND THE GATEPOST," get out for nothin' in the world. Waal, now, just as true as you live and breathe, Sarah's had a row with her husband."

"No!"

"Yes, she has, and she wrote me all about it. He come home one day with a headache and found her readin' a novel and chawin' gum, and he flew mad and called her a lazy, shiftless hippodram. She flew mad and answered him back, and he kicked two chairs over, spanked the baby and busted in the bottom of the washtub."

"But what did he mean by hippodram?" I asked.

"Dunno, Abe. That's the word as plain as day; seems to be some sort of a word used out there. Sarah says it struck her like a club and almost

knocked her over. She says she stood it up to Hiram and called him a med. cohort. That's another word I use out there, and Jacob says it means the next thing to a polecat. The fight was still goin' on when Sarah wrote, and I'm awful anxious to know which licked. I wrote and told Sarah that if she give in first I'd never speak to her ag'in. Do you think it would be right for her to give in, Abe?"

"Can't hardly say."

"Would you advise me to write to her to kinder smile and be ready to make up whenever he was ready?"

"Yes, I think I would. -Yes, that would be my private advice. I ain't advisin' you officially, remember. I'm representin' the United States through the postoffice department, and if the American eagle seems to roost on the brim of my hat and the stars and stripes to cover me from head to foot I'm no more stuck up over it than another would be. Officially I don't even know your name, but as a private citizen who used to work in a sawmill it's my opinion that you'd better write to Sarah and tell her to get ready to eat humble pie."

"Waal, I'll do as you say, about it. I know you wouldn't tell me to if you didn't think it was best. Yes, I'll do it, Abe, but don't you mention a word, not a word. I've taken you into my confidence and asked your advice, and you mustn't even whisper it around. You'll probably hev another letter for me this week, and I'll read it to you. Yes, I'll keep you posted right along as to which gives in first, but we ain't to say nothin' to nobody till it's all over."

At Farmer Taylor's the old man was at the gate with a glass of cider and a fried cake, and we had scarcely said good morning when he began:

"Say, Abe, I want to ask you a straight question and git a straight answer. I wouldn't ask it of nobody else in this world. You know my daughter Viola, of course?"

"Of course."

"Waal, now, between me'n you and the gatepost a feller has got struck on her. He's a windmill agent, and there's no end to the style he flings on. He don't seem to care as much for \$5 as I do for 10 cents, and he says if he ever gets married he'll take his wife to Nigry falls and New York and all around. He's only an agent of the windmill company now, but he expects to own the hull business in less'n five years. He's struck on Viola, and Viola is struck on him, and I want to ask you what you think about it."

"Why, it seems to be all right," I said.

"Yes, it seems that way, but is a windmill man to be trusted, Abe? Is he straight up and down, like a lightning rod man or a tin peddler? If he's worth \$600 in cash, as he says he is, and his gold watch and diamond pin are all right, I ain't goin' to stand in Viola's way, but if he's only blowin' around it's my duty to hump him out. Did you ever meet with a windmill man, Abe?"

"Not that I remember."

"I've heard that they went a good

deal on wind, same as their mills, but this feller seems to talk bizness. Up to this time he hasn't asked the gal to marry him. He's only squeeze her hand and praised her good looks and flung out hints, but it'll come within a week. You can see the love shinin' right out of his eyes and hear his toes crack as he walks, and when a feller gits that way he's goin' to lay his heart at a gal's feet purty soon. If it was your daughter, Abe, would you let her go ahead with her dream of bliss?"

"I think I would, until he proposes anyhow. When he asks her to be his wife, you'll have opportunity to ask him questions and find out about him."

"But I don't believe I will. You don't know what a way Viola's got. She's snippy and snappy and thinks she knows it all. Only yesterday she was tellin' me that she was runnin' this love bizness and that I needn't trouble to interfere. I don't believe she'll let me ask him a single question. Would you box her ears and put your foot down?"

"Hardly. You might give her your opinion and let it go at that. If you go to opposin' the match, they may run away. Things generally work out all right. See you ag'in tomorrow."

"By thunder, Abe," he said as he reached up to shake hands, "I'm goin' to do jest as you say about it! You represent the American eagle and the great United States, and you've got a head on you. Yes, sir, I'll let that dream of bliss keep right along without interference, and if Viola makes any mistake about it she can't blame me. I was tellin' her an hour ago that if windmills bobbed around every which way a windmill husband would probably do the same, but I'm done talkin'. Let 'em squeeze and love and git married, and I'll keep right on hoein' corn and cuttin' three tons of grass to the acre. Much obleeged, Abe. You've lifted a big load off my mind and kinder settled me down, and next week when I kill a sheep you'll come in for a hull hind quarter." M. QUAD.

**Trouble With a Telescope.**

Continued observation with the telescope of the Yerkes observatory revealed the unpleasant existence of a number of curious streaks of light running horizontally, whose appearance had certainly never been noticed before and gave rise to redoubled uneasiness. And yet everything seemed right with the glass viewed externally and the most searching investigation could discover no cause.

At last in desperation the eyepiece end was unscrewed, and Professor Ellerman, the slimmest of the party, was bidden to crawl, as he well could do, along in the tube itself, and see if he could discover aught amiss. He crept along well enough, so wide is the tube, till he got beyond the center, when the telescope began to turn over with his weight, and he would have slid down on the top of the glass had not the other end been promptly seized and held fast. Then he continued his journey, and in another moment had discovered the unsuspected author of the mischief, an overindustrious spider and her equally hardworking progeny, who had succeeded in filling up the entire end of the tube with a mass of cobwebs in the hope of catching what must have been wholly imaginary flies. The webs and their spiders were carefully removed, and from that day to this the behavior of the Yerkes 40 inch glass has been all that heart could desire.—Good Words.

**An Easy Matter.**

"The reason some men don't get along happily," said Mr. Meekton, "is that they don't know how to manage a wife."

"You know this?" was the skeptical query.

"Certainly. It is the simplest thing in the world. All you have to do is to say 'yes' whenever she wants anything and always let her have her own way."—Washington Star.

**His Recommendation.**

Tom—Hello, Bill! I hear you have a position with my friends, Skinner & Co.?

Bill—Oh, yes; I have a position as collector there.

Tom—That's first rate. Who recommended you?

Bill—Oh, nobody. I told them that I once collected an account from you, and they instantly gave me the place. —London Fun.

**More Bad Luck.**

"People are always giving me too much change by mistake."

"Well, doesn't that make you cheerful?"

"No; I'm so blamed honest that I have to give it back."—Chicago Record.

**Unfortunately.**



"You were perfectly aware of my weakness when you married me, sir!"

"Yes, my dear, but I wasn't aware of your strength."—New York Evening Journal.

**Highly Probable.**

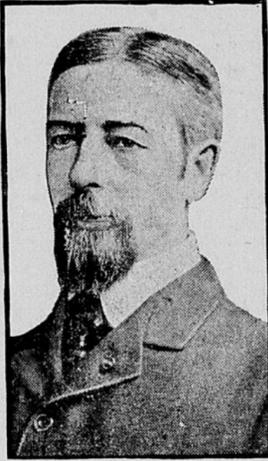
Borrower (at public library)—Have you any works on microbes?

Flippant Attendant—No, sir. But we've got lots of microbes on works.—Chicago Tribune.

**READING'S NEW HEAD.**

A Leading Corporation Attorney; Chosen as President of the Road. Clerk, soldier, journalist, lawyer, financier and railroad man are some of the titles that George F. Baer, the new president of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad, has borne, and he has achieved a good measure of success in each of these callings. His recent election as president of the Reading came as the successful culmination of a 29 years' connection with the road.

Mr. Baer is a native of Somerset county, Pa., and is 58 years old. At an early age he owned and conducted the Somerset Democrat, although his ambition was to become a lawyer. In August, 1862, he raised a company of volunteers and served up to and including Chancellorsville. Returning to civil life, he resumed his studies of the law and was admitted to the bar in



Photo, copyright, 1901, by Gutekunst, Philadelphia. GEORGE F. BAER.

1864. In 1868 Mr. Baer removed from Somerset to Reading and became the leader of the Berks county bar. In 1872 he entered the service of the Philadelphia and Reading as resident solicitor, and he has been connected with it ever since. Mr. Baer is considered Reading's leading citizen.

Mr. Baer's ability as a lawyer and financier was soon recognized, and he was called into the directory of the road. For 15 years he has been a member of the board of managers. Mr. Baer is also connected with a number of allied interests and other corporations and enjoys the friendship and esteem of some of the greatest capitalists of the country.

As a corporation lawyer Mr. Baer has few superiors, if any, in the United States. He is a clear and entertaining speaker. He is genial and a favorite in the circles in which he moves. His recreation is politics, and he is one of the leading Democrats of Pennsylvania. Mr. Baer is president of the board of trustees of Franklin and Marshall college.

**A SIGHTLESS ACTRESS.**

Miss Barter, Though Blind, Will Go on the Stage.

Although the rays of light are almost entirely shut off from her nearly useless eyes, Miss Horton Barter of San Francisco, with courage and determination worthy of all praise, is about to go on the stage and attempt to achieve distinction as an actress. If unflinching determination, patience, courage and mental ability will overcome the handicap of sightlessness, Miss Barter will surely succeed.

Although Miss Barter is not absolutely blind, yet the little ray of light that enters her eye is exceedingly feeble, and she sadly awaits the time when even that will be snuffed out. She has been so since babyhood, and only by the use of the strongest magnifiers has



Photo from the Elite Gallery, San Francisco. MISS HORTON BARTER.

she been able to gain an education. She has, however, by the exercise of great will power learned not only the ordinary branches, but also to play the piano, to sew, to make lace, to cook and to care for herself. She is of a bright, cheerful disposition and utterly averse to melancholy. Miss Barter is quite alone in the world, her father having died when she was a child and her mother a few years ago.

"Worry is a habit. Being melancholy is a habit. If I had nothing of my own to be cheerful about, I'd be cheerful about something somebody else had," says brave, determined, blind Miss Barter.

**LOW RATES**

VIA THE

**Illinois Central**

—TO—

St. Paul, Minn., Annual Meeting Military Surgeons of the United States, May 29-31; American Academy of Medical Science, June 1-3, and American Medical Association, June 4-7. Tickets on sale May 27-31 and June 2nd and 3rd, limited to June 15th for return.

St. Paul, Minn., Head Camp Modern Woodmen of America, June 11th. On sale June 8-10, limited to June 18th.

Kansas City, Mo., Imperial Council, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, June 11-12. On sale June 9-10, limited to 14th.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Annual Convention United Society Christian Endeavor, July 6-10. Tickets on sale July 4, 5 and 6, limited to July 14 for return, with extension to August 31st on payment of fifty cent fee.

Milwaukee, Wis., Annual Meeting Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, July 23-25. On sale July 21-23, limit July 27, with extension to Aug. 10th on payment of 50 cent fee.

Chicago, Ill., International Convention Baptist Young Peoples Union, July 25-28. On sale July 23-25, limit July 30th, with extension to August 31, on payment of 50 cent fee.

Louisville, Ky., Triennial Conclave Knights Templars, August 27-31. On sale Aug. 24-26, limit Sept. 2, with extension to Sept. 16, on payment of 50 cent fee.

The rate for all of these meetings will be, **One Fare Plus \$2.00** for the round trip.

J. F. MERRY, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Dubuque, Iowa.

**Half Rates to Lincoln, Neb.,**

Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold at one fare for round trip from stations within 150 miles, May 24 to 31, inclusive, limited for return until June 3, inclusive, on account of German Baptist meeting. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y. 39-2w.

**Excursion Rates to the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, N. Y.**

Via the North-Western Line, will be placed in effect May 1st, and on Tuesday especially low-rate tickets will be sold with favorable return limits. Direct connection at Chicago, with fast trains of all lines to Buffalo. For further particulars, apply to agents. An illustrated booklet will be mailed on receipt of two cents postage by W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago. 35-3t.

**No Loss of Time**

I have sold Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for years, and would rather be out of coffee and sugar than it. I sold five bottles of it yesterday to threshers that could go no farther, and they are at work again this morning.—H. R. Phelps, Plymouth, Oklahoma. As will be seen by the above the threshers were able to keep on with their work without losing a single day's time. You should keep a bottle of this Remedy in your home. For sale by C. F. Cassaday & Co. Broadway Pharmacy.

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Yes, that is it—four pianos sold in four weeks, and here is the secret of the whole matter. We have bought a line that cant be beat, consequently they sell fast. If in need of one take an Ivers and Pond on trial and we can easily guess the result and don't stop at that but try us for watches, Clocks, Silverware and Jewelry and you will find in the end it will pay your Our stock is not one thing and our representation of it another. We do not advertise impossibilities but sell the very best goods at the lowest possible price. Try our 10c sheet music. Pianos from \$175 to \$750 on a cash or time basis.  
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