FONSO COLT A WINNER

OLD HORSE TRAINER RELATES A QUEER EXPERIENCE.

Colt Was of Good Ancestry, but Gawky and Homely and Too Mean to Run—Comes to Life at an Opportune Time.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

An oldtime trainer, who was trying out a bunch of yearlings, was chewing wisps of hay the other afternoon and thinking aloud.

"One of the things that I can't exactly figure out," said he, "is whether I'm a ringer-worker or on the level. That proposition has been bothering me a heap in the middle of nights right along since the fall of '87. I got in the center of a game then that has kept me apologizing to myself ever since. And then, again, that plug wasn't a sure enough, proper ringer. And I didn't put him over the plate, either. My end of it was only to cop out a few, and all I had to do was to——

"Well, anyhow, I went down to a yearling sale in Kentucky for the man I was training for in 1885. There were some Fonso bull pups to be auctioned off, and the boss wanted a Fonso or two. You remember Fonso, don't you? He's the old nag, a great one in his times, who got the blue ribbon only the other day at the age of 23 for being still the finest specimen of a thoroughbred in Kentucky. The boss wanted a couple of Fonsos, and I went after them. I got him two and myself one. The one I got was the worst looking he-scrag that ever wore hoofs. He was out of a good mare, but he upset all the calculations of breeding. He was the worst seed in looks that ever I clapped my eyes on, and I've been fooling with yearlings for a quarter of a century. He was an angular swayback, leggy, low spirited, thick headed and as fast as a caterpillar. Yet I bought him. I didn't expect ever to make anything out of him, but I was pretty flush then, and I didn't want to see a Fonso pulling a dray if there was a chance in a thousand of making anything out of him. That colt was a joke. The whole crowd gave him the hoot when he was led into the auction ring, and I couldn't hold down a grin myself when I sized up the poor mutt of a camel, the worst libel on a great sire that ever crawled into an auction ring for a bed. The whole gang jeered me when I offered $100 for the skate. I didn't blame 'em. But I led the colt out, put him in a stall and then went back to the sale. I got two high grade Fonsos for the boss, and they won themselves out for him twenty times over in the next three years. But they don't figure in this story.

Sold to a Friend for $25.

"I went at my freak Fonso right away to see if anything could be done with him. I devoted more time to that one than I did to any of my 2-years-olds or 3-year-olds in training, hoping that he might have something up his sleeve, and that it could be dug out of him with careful handling. It was no go. I couldn't get him to do a quarter in better than 35 seconds. Bat or steel had no effect on him. He had a hide like a rhinoceros, and he made the exercise boys weary. Here was a colt born a Fonso, out of a mare that had been of stake class when in training, that was no better than a truck horse, and at the end of two weeks I gave him up. A circus came along to Lexington, where I had my string, and with the circus, in charge of the performing horses, was an old friend of mine from the St. Louis track who had been chased into the show business by a long run of hard luck. I took him out to look over my bunch, and when he came to the Fonso colt he laughed.

"'Where did you get that world beater?' he asked me.

"'Oh, that's a Fonso colt that I picked up down the line at a sale awhile back,' I told him.

"He didn't exactly call me a liar, but he looked as if he wanted to. Then I told him all about the colt. Like most trainers, he had the blood and breeding bug pretty bad under his bonnet, and he tried to throw it into me that I wasn't giving the colt a fair shake. Told me a lot of stuff that I already knew about some great race horses that couldn't get out of their own way as yearlings, and tried to convince me that this Fonso thing of mine was liable to fool me up a whole lot as a 2-year-old.

"'Well, he doesn't get oats at my expense until he's ready to race,' said I. 'If you think his chances at next year's stakes are so devilish big, he's yours for a quarter of a hundred.'

"'I've got you,' said my friend with the show. 'I'll take him along, anyhow. It's worth that much to a man to be able to say to himself, as he smokes his pipe after his work's done, that he's got a Fonso colt of his own. And I'll bet you an even $100 that I get one race out of that sayback, anyhow, before he's two years older.'

"I didn't take him. I was disgusted with my $100 worth of Fonso, and I was glad to get the $25 that my friend in the show business gave me for him. He took the mutt away with the show, and I forgot all about that sentimental purchase of mine for a couple of years.

Coup on the Missouri.

"I hadn't any killing luck during those two years. In fact, the game went against me pretty strong. Most of the string that I had in training went wrong or showed themselves platers, and when the boss decided to quit racing I was up against it completely. I had two or three platers of my own that made their oats money, and a little more, and these I raced on the St. Louis track, pulling down a purse once in a while, and getting second money often enough to keep me in coffee and sinkers. When the St. Louis game closed down at the end of September a number of us that had small strings struck out for the bush meetings in nearby states. I shipped my three to a metropolis on the banks of the Missouri river, where a state fair was about to be held and where $200 purses were offered for running races. I figured my three lobsters to be as good as any for the bush meetings, and I calculated on getting one or two of the purses at this state fair.

"I got into the town—they call it a city out there—with my horses three days before the state fair was to begin. On the day that I got there a circus that had been exhibiting in the town for two days wound up its season and started East for its winter quarters. I saw the boarded-up wagons passing through the streets on their way to the freight depot. I was watching the dead procession when my circus friend, the man on whom I had worked off my no-account Fonso colt, picked me out of the crowd and came up to me. The circus moving out was the one he had been attached to when last I saw him and sold him the colt.

"'Hello,' said I, 'how many stakes have you pulled down with that one, up to date?'

"He dug his hands into his pockets and grinned, but made no reply.

"'Have you still got that colt?' I asked him.

"'Yep,' said he.

"'Going to take him along with you to the show's winter headquarters?' I inquired.

"'Sh-sh-sh!' said he. 'I'm not going along with the show. I quit 'em here. Season's over. I've got some business here next week, anyhow. I'm going to race that Fonso on the Uncle Tom circuit, beginning with the state fair here.'

Got Two Kinds of "Dope."

"Of course, I couldn't do anything else but prod him, and I did.

"'Fact,' said he, seriously. 'Got him entered in the first race on the card—mile.'

"'I've got one in that myself,' I told him. 'Shall we fix it up between us?' I added, just for fun.

"'You might do worse, at that,' said he, sizing me up out of the tail of his eye. 'I'm going to win in a walk.'

"Then I hooted him a good deal more, of course. He let me go through, and he then took me off into a corner and told me some things.

"'That plug like to have broken my heart ever since I got him,' he said. 'I've had him in four or five times already at the bush meetings, but he was never one, two, three, until the last time, when he took it into his head to run when they got into the stretch, and was only beaten a nose by a pretty fair bush plug. This was two months ago. The trouble with this Fonso colt you sawed off on me is that he's a sulker. He's got the speed in his crazy shaped bones, but he won't let it out. Well, between you and me—and I put you next because I know you want a dollar or so as bad as I do—I'm confident that with a douse out of a pail and a bit of a punch with a needle just before post time he can beat anything out this way. He's out at the fair grounds now, and I worked him a mile in 0:48 this morning. He roars like a blast furnace, but his wind is all right, nevertheless. He's still as ugly as ever, if not uglier. I put you next because it might be a good thing for you to scratch your nag out of that first race and cotton to your castoff. There'll be a big price on account of his wheezing and his ragged looks.'

"'How did you enter him?' I asked; 'as a Fonso?'

"'Not on your natural,' said he. 'Any old thing's eligible, and I simply told 'em I didn't know the mutt's breeding; that I had him along with me in the show, and just had an idea he might run a little.'

"Well, son, the winter was beginning to loom up, and I wasn't ulstered and swaddled out for it. I went out to the fair grounds with my friend and looked over the Fonso freak. My friend called him Star Boarder, because he'd been eating circus oats and hay for two years without ever doing a lick to pay for his fodder. The colt had, of course, filled out and lengthened, but he was still as homely a beast as ever I capped an eye on.

Trial that Warranted a Wager.

"We had him led out on the six-furlong track, and an exercise boy who weighed about 145 pounds took him over the course at top speed. The nag did it in 1:21, and the performance tickled me. The colt had a crazy, jerky, uneven stride, and seemed to go sideways, but he certainly got over the ground lively at that weight up. I saw the chance, and I needed the coin.

"'Can he keep that gait up for the mile?' I asked his owner.

"'He wants four miles,' he replied. 'His roaring is a bluff.'

"'Count me in, then,' said I. 'He'll walk in that race. I'll scratch mine out.'

"We went along the line and looked over the other horses, especially the twelve that were entered for that first race, and although there were some good lookers in the bunch, they had been campaigning heavily for months and were a jaded lot. I scratched my pretty fair horse out of the first race. Then I sold the poorest nag of my three platers to a banker in town for a stylish saddle horse. Got $400 for him. I wanted the money for betting purposes.

"There was a big crowd at the fair grounds on the day the racing began. Four books were on, all of them run by representatives of big gambling houses in town. My friend had the Fonso colt taken out of his stall and slowly trotted around the track about three-quarters of an hour before the first race, that in which the horse was entered. The gathering crowd in the stand laughed over the horse's awkward, climbing gait and clumsy appearance. That's what we wanted 'em to do. We wanted the price, or the horse would have been kept in his stall.

Anxious for a Prompt Start.

"Only seven of the field originally entered for the race went to the post. Now, I didn't have anything to do with conditioning Star Boarder, and I never belonged to the syringe gang, anyhow; I kept strictly away from the paddock and the barns before the race, and I didn't want to see anything. But the way that Fonso colt, with all his clumsiness, held his haud up and pranced around as he was going to the post, with a pretty fair boy that I brought along with me from St. Louis on his back, by the way, was certainly great. Dope makes a horse about as perky as three drinks of whisky makes a man who's been off the booze for a long while. The trouble is that the dope doesn't last so long in a horse as it does in a man, and I was pretty anxious for a prompt start, so that the dope in the homely castoff of mine wouldn't die out.

"The betting on Star Boarder opened at 15, 6 and 3. There was an even money favorite, a horse that had pulled down a number of mile purses at St. Louis, a 2 to 1 shot, and the others slid up to the nag my friend and I wanted to have win; Star Boarder was the rank outsider at 15 to 1. I put my $400 down on him with the four, booked all ways, $200 to win, $100 for the place and $100 to show. In the morning my friend had handed me $200 of his savings from the circus business to bet. I played his coin $100 to win and $100 a place.

"I had hardly got the money down before I heard a big whoop of laughter from the stand, and I rushed out to see what was the matter. Star Boarder was running away. There had been a false break, and the fool plug had kept right on going. He had a mouth like forged steel and the boy couldn't do anything with him. I stood and damned Fonso and all his tribe to the last generation, and I could see my friend in the paddock shaking his fist and grinding his teeth.

Odds Went Sailing Up.

"'Oh, well,' said I to myself, 'it's all off, and it serves you bully good and right for not racing your own plugs and letting these con and dope grafts go to the devil.'

"The horse went the full length of the course before he was pulled up, and then he was roaring and wheezing like a sea-lion. The crowd laughed, and the books gave the post-time bettors all the 60 to 1 against Star Boarder that they wanted—which, of course, was none.

"I went back to the paddock then, while the horses were gyrating at the post, and found the brute's owner. I laid him open.

"'To blazes with casting up!' he said. 'Isn't the last of my cash on the skate, too?'

"I felt like 10 cents' worth of dog's meat when I slunk back to the stand to see 'em off. After fifteen minutes' delay at the post—the starter was a farmer—and Star Boarder blowing like a sandblast and the foam standing all over him from that little six-furlong sprint, away they went in a line, Star Boarder in the lead. Star Boarder at the quarter by a length! Star Boarder at the half by a length! Star Boarder at the three-quarters by two lengths! Star Boarder in the stretch by three lengths! And if that dogged, knock kneed, bone spavined, no-account maiden Fonso colt didn't just buck-jump under the wire by six clear lengths of open daylight, you can feed me hay and carrots until the next spring meeting, and I'll only say, 'Thank you, kindly, sir.'

"I can't, as I say, make out whether that was a case of ringing or not. Anyhow, it was up to the state fair people to make the holler, if any was coming, wasn't it? They didn't. The rube bookmakers did, but they weren't sustained, and they had to dive into their satchels. Star Boarder is over in Anne Arundel county, Md., to-day, pulling an old lady around in a phaeton and still holding down the distinction of being the homeliest son of one of the handsomest sires in the history of the American stud."

Hopeless and Helpless.

The consequences of a diseased condition of the stomach and digestive and nutritive system are most disastrous to the whole body. One by one every organ may become involved. The misery is maddening. The most extreme cases of "stomach trouble" and the evils resulting from it have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It strengthens the stomach, purifies the blood and builds up the body with sound healthy flesh.

"I was taken with severe headache," writes Thomas A. Swarts, Box 103, Sub-Station C, Columbus, Ohio, then cramps in the stomach, and my food would not digest, then kidney and liver trouble, and my back got weak so I could scarcely get around. I just gave money to the doctors whenever I thought they would do me any good, but the more I doctored the worse I got until six years passed. I had become so poorly I could only walk in the house by the aid of chair, and I got so thin I had *given up to die*, thinking that I could not be cured. Then I saw one of my neighbor boys and he said, "Take my advice and take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and make a new man out of yourself." The first bottle helped me so I thought I would get another, and after I had taken eight bottles in about six weeks I was weighed and found I had gained twenty-seven (27) pounds. I have done more hard work in the past eleven months than I did in two years before, and I am as stout and healthy to-day, I think, as I ever was."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness.

FIRST FORCED ON HIM

JIMMIE CATRON SHOT HIS FIRST MAN IN SELF-DEFENSE.

After That, Killing Came Easy and He Killed Seven of Uncle Sam's Troopers—The Reputation Came Unsought.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Of all the Western characters who have achieved prominence by reason of intimate acquaintance with six-shooters and rifles, and dexterous manipulation thereof, perhaps the least known to readers of newspapers is Jimmy Catron. This may be because a combination of events and a strange following of circumstances forced upon him the title of "bad man." Certainly in his modesty he would never have chosen it, and although seventeen men, and it may be more, have crossed the divide full clad and boot shod in front of his gun, and he enjoys the distinction of having battled almost singlehanded against a troop of cavalry, it was none of h's choosing. The hand that stood off Mysterious Dave Mathes and his band of claim jumpers near Dodge City has lost its cunning, for that hand was Jimmy Catron's, and Jimmy Catron is paralyzed and being cared for on his claim in Oklahoma.

It was better thus than to have traveled and finished life as Clay Allison did, who, with twenty-six men to his credit, rolled from a wagonload of lumber in a drunken stupor and broke his neck while on his way to kill his twenty-seventh. Allison was a bad man from choice. Catron was compelled to bear the title. In 1877 Catron was a cowboy in the San Luis valley in Colorado. Three years of plains life served to transform a Missouri farmer boy into the typical be-pistoled character. He had also two men to his credit, had passed the point where a man's life is the cause of worry; for it is the killing of No. 1 that causes mental trouble, which ceases with the passing of No. 2. This, at least, is the story of all whom the writer has met.

Dispute Over Flapjacks.

A sudden dispute over nothing more weighty than the number of flapjacks eaten by Jim Mountz for his breakfast at the tailboard of the chuck wagon of the outfit was begun one morning south of Alamosa, and that night Mountz was sleeping beneath the sage brush of the San Luis. He had chosen to deem personal a joking sentence from Jimmy Catron, and Jimmy had "got his first man." The reason of it was that the bullet from Mountz' six-shooter drilled a hole through the top of Jimmy's hat, instead of his forehead, as Mountz had intended. Jimmy's response was quick and resulted in a bullet through Mountz's heart.

Men who were present say that young Catron stood in stupefaction and gazed upon his work. Although purely a case of taking life in defense of his own, he was filled with such grief that for days he spoke to his companions only in monosyllables, and chose for his task daily that work which would take him farthest from his fellows.

Killing of Jim Mountz' Brother.

Assured by his companions that he was in the right, and with the lapse of days, Catron became more like his former self, and as they neared Alamosa there happened that which brought him about thoroughly. A rider halted at the outfit's camp one night with the news that George Mountz was only twelve hours behind, and that it was his intention to kill Jimmy Catron on sight for the death of his brother. The news created a ripple of excitement in the camp among the older hands, to whom the sight of dead men in settlement of quick dispute was not novel. For the proposed victim it brought a sense of awakening to his five feet four inch frame and 135 pounds weight. While he said nothing, it was noted at the camp that fresh cartridges were placed in his six-shooter before he rolled up in his blanket that night and that plunger, lock and ejector of his rifle received each a touch of oil.

The next day about 11 o'clock a rider was seen approaching the party, of which Catron was a member. As he drew near, word was passed that it was George Mountz. As though inviting the contest, Catron bore to the right from his post in the rear of the driven herd. Mountz singled out his man and bore to the left. When within firing distance he raised his rifle. A puff of smoke and Catron's horse jumped sidewise, while his rider veered in his saddle. Only an instant, though, and his gun, pointed toward his opponent, spoke and Mountz pitched forward on to his horse's neck, his gun dropping to the end of its sling strap. Catron worked his lever, and, throwing another cartridge into position, continued forward, keeping his eye on Mountz to detect possible strategy. It was all over with him though, for Catron's bullet struck him just below the heart, and he died within twenty minutes. Mountz' shot at Catron passed between his horse and his right leg, cutting his stirrup leather and raising a welt along the horse's side.

Thrust at a Mexican.

There was up to the time of the advent of Jimmy Catron, nothing very rapid about Old Conejos, but after he dropped into life, which was a short time after the incidents recorded above, life there, at times, assumed a dark merino tint.

It was his misfortune one night in a dance hall to kill a Mexican who made a thrust at him with a big knife and kept coming. The sheriff of the county was present, and a witness to the killing. He saw that Catron was so clearly in the right that he refused to take him into custody. About 3 o'clock in the morning, as Jimmy was leaving the dance hall by a darkened side door to avoid a possible ambushment, a pistol flashed at his side, a ball passed before his face and his right cheek was blown full of powder grains. He had a revolver in each hand and his arms crossed. As the pistol at his right flashed he fired with his left hand, and in answer to a flash in front of him, as he fired with his left, he answered with his right. Whether it was chance or skill it matters not, but when lights were brought they disclosed two dead Mexicans.

Two weeks after this Catron rode into the town to make some purchases. As he was riding out, reading a paper and with his pony's bridle reins thrown over his saddle horn, he heard a shot behind him and a bullet whistled past his head. He put his spurs into his mount and made for a wall in front of a Catholic church which commanded the street. From behind this he answered the shots from down the street.

The Mexicans were after him for the triple killing of the dance hall fight. Secure behind the wall he held his fire until his assailants grew careless, and he succeeded in dropping one as he thoughtlessly exposed himself. At about this time bullets began to glance from the wall, coming from above, and he made the discovery that he was being fired upon from the roofs of the houses. This occasioned a retreat to the church itself, which he held until rescued by men from his camp.

After this he went to Southern New Mexico, remaining until 1883. That year he came to a place fifteen miles below Old Fort Garland and took charge of a large herd of sheep and Mexican herders, for his brother-in-law, who resided in Alamosa. One day he and the foreman, an American, rode to the postoffice to get their mail. As they entered they noticed that a soldier, wearing the chevrons of a sergeant-major of cavalry, passed out, giving Catron a hurried but critical glance.

Seven Soldiers Killed.

While resting in the office Catron's companion called attention to a placard offering $10,000 reward for the arrest of a stage robber. The description almost exactly fitted Catron. His companion remarked this, and both laughingly commented upon it. Having rested their ponies, they mounted and started for their camp. Just here followed something strange, resulting in seven dead soldiers, one dead and one wounded civilian, and after inquiry by the war department, and several transfers of officers from Fort Garland. Although only sixteen years have passed, it is almost among the traditions, but the investigation of records will exhume the story.

Catron says they were riding along talking, mainly of the description of the stage robber, when they heard the command "Halt!" and simultaneously with it came what almost amounted to a volley from the carbines of a troop of soldiers drawn up across the road. Catron's companion fell over the pommel of his saddle, but not before he had drawn his six-shooter. Catron out with both of his, and together they charged the soldiers. Catron's partner fell from his saddle before they got half way through. Catron succeeded in making his way clear, getting five, while his partner got two.

Not knowing what to make of it, Catron continued on the run, the soldiers firing at long range, wounding him in the right thigh. That night he telegraphed his brother-in-law, who came to him with a surgeon, looked after the body of the dead man, and set on foot an inquiry as to the cause of the attack. The result of the inquiry disclosed the fact that the sergeant-major, who saw the two men in the postoffice, returned to the fort reporting that the stage robber, for whom the $10,000 reward was offered, was there. The officer in command ordered a lieutenant to make the capture, with the result as here recorded.

In 1886, during the railway strikes, when Bat Masterson was taking out trains from Pueblo for the Santa Fe, the Denver & Rio Grande officials sent for Jimmy Catron. His reputation was known, and whenever the strikers saw an engine coming through the yards with a little man wearing a brown overcoat, and seated on the pilot with a rifle resting across his knees, they made no attempt to "kill" that engine, although it was nothing unusual for them to chase a guard of half a dozen special policemen.

Dodge City, Kas., next knew him. There he pre-empted eighty acres near the city. He soon found that a cattle syndicate wanted it, and that he had a "neighbor" in the person of one of their men. He proceeded to file a contest, and in the meantime the cattle people tried to chase him off. He refused to be chased, but built him a sod house commanding a view of the whole tract, and, in the language of a citizen of Dodge City, "proceeded to stand off Mysterious Dave and every outfit they sent after him."

He fought it out in the land office, as well, and secured a decision. When the Cherokee strip was opened he went there. A year ago he was stricken with paralysis.

NEWS FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

The Recent Convention of Stamp Collectors at Detroit—Story of the St. Louis Stamp.

Three stamp societies of America, the Sons of Philatelia, the Philatelic Sons of America and the American Philatelic Association, have been having their annual convention at Detroit the past week. The first session was held by the Philatelic Sons of America, Monday morning, with an attendance of thirty.

Tuesday morning the fourteenth annual convention of the American Philatelic Association opened, the first vice president, George L. Toppan, of Boston, occupying the chair in place of the president, Frank L. Olney, of Providence, who was unable to attend the meeting. The nine directors for the following year are: George L. Toppan, Boston; P. F. Birmner, New York; Alex Holland, Brooklyn; J. W. George, New York; H. B. Phillips, San Francisco; C. P. Krauth, Pittsburg; H. G. Smith, Winona, Minn.; J. M. Bartels, Washington, and H. E. Deats, Flemington, N. J. There were about fifty members of the association present out of a membership of 700.

Immediately after the close of this meeting the Philatelic Sons of America held a second meeting. The list of officers of the association is as follows: D. E. Hansen, Theodassa, Fla., president; W. H. Barnum, Cleveland, O., vice president; L. T. Brodstone, Superior, Wis., treasurer; C. W. Kissinger, Reading, Pa., secretary; Erwin L. Fischer, Cincinnati, international secretary; exchange superintendents, F. D. Sawyer, Otis Gore, Maine; S. H. Barnes, Marceline, Mo.; W. K. Hall, Peterboro, Ont.

It developed at the meeting of the American Philatelic Association Wednesday morning that there was a number of the members who felt that the society in general was an aggregation of collectors rather than an association of philatelists, and there was a considerable discussion as to how this condition of affairs might be remedied. C. P. Krauth, of Pittsburg, said that each year the members gathered together and always had a most delightful time socially, but that each year also saw the attendance growing smaller and smaller, and the membership of the society had in the last few years diminished by over 50 per cent.

A Detroit exchange says: In all the stamp lore that pertains to the collections owned by the philatelists who are in annual convention in Detroit this week, there is no bit of history that so teems with romance as the tale of the find of the "St. Louis Bear" stamps.

The St. Louis stamps were issued in 1845, and were among the first printed in the United States. Their denominations were 5, 10 and 20 cents. John M. Wimer was then the postmaster of St. Louis. These stamps were issued in large quantity, but never got into circulation generally. After a few years all of the stamps disappeared. The explanation of their disappearance was that they were among the effects of the Wimer family and went to the bottom of the Mississippi river in an accident in which the postmaster's baggage was lost; or, as Mr. Wimer during the war of the rebellion became a government suspect, and was arrested and confined, it was thought possible that the stamps were confiscated and destroyed by the government.

During the thirty years from the close of the civil war until 1895, nothing was seen or heard of the "bear" stamps, the latter year the old court house in St. Louis was being renovated. "Black Bob," the janitor, was at work in the cellar among old papers and letters when he saw a stamp that attracted his eye because of the figures of two bears upon it. He saved one of the stamps and showed it to one of the other employes. The second man, having a friend who was a crank upon the subject of stamps, offered to buy Bob's stamp. Bob sold it for 25 cents and a drink.

The stamp collector a little later startled the philatelic world by announcing his discovery. The same stamp that was purchased for the quarter and a drink some few months ago was sold to W. A. Castle, a import manufacturer, of New York, for $4,400. He has since refused to sell the prize for a much greater sum.

Investigation of the other papers in the court house cellar produced other valuable stamps of the same sort.

Where Births Are Rare.

From the London Daily Mail.

For over 200 years no baby had been born on the island of Balta, one of the far-distant Shetland group.

But this long record has now been broken, for the other day, during the recent herring fishing season, a young lady hailing from Buckie (Banffshire) district gave birth to a fine healthy boy in one of the wooden huts belonging to a curing station. The baby has been christened Balta Gedes Poisono, and the laird of the island has presented the mother with a check for £25.

This fortunate little stranger has also been made the recipient of several hundred silver coins of the realm from visitors, who came from all parts to see the young record-breaker.

The Latest Confidence Scheme.

From the New York Tribune.

This story of the latest confidence scheme for fleecing the unsophisticated farmer is going the rounds of the country press: A man who represents himself as a traveling preacher calls and asks to remain over night. Before the hour for retiring a young man and woman come along and ask if there is not a minister in the house who can perform a marriage ceremony. Of course, there is. The young couple join hands and the farmer and his wife are asked to sign the marriage certificate as witnesses. The certificate afterward turns up as a promissory note.

Moths That Cost a Fortune.

From the Cornhill Magazine.

Think of a single state paying out $20,000 for the sole purpose of getting rid of a certain family of moths! This is what the state of Massachusetts has done, and the "gypsy" moth is the very destructive insect which the state board seeks to drive out. The little creatures have proved such a pest that it has been found necessary to employ hundreds of men to do nothing but destroy them. Indeed, the above sum is by no means all that will be required to accomplish the work, for it is estimated that fully ten times that amount must be spent before they are finally exterminated.

Mice are credited with eating the common house fly.

A Mother's Duty

is to see to it that her children begin early in life to shampoo their heads regularly once a week. In each instance, after the hair is thoroughly dry, some mild, health-giving tonic should be applied to the scalp to aid nature in creating the best possible growth of uniformly colored, lustrous, healthy hair—the most important feature in the make-up of beautiful women and handsome men. For more than fifteen years, the

7 Sutherland Sisters' Scalp Cleaner

has stood at the apex of all shampoo washes, while the "HAIR GROWER" has been equally successful in its efforts to return the injured scalp and almost lifeless hair to their original healthfulness.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

NERVITA PILLS

Restore Vitality, Lost Vigor and Manhood

Cure Impotency, Night Emissions, Loss of Memory, all wasting

diseases, all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion. **A Nerve Tonic and Blood Builder.** Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth. By mail **50c per box, 6 boxes for $2.50, with our Bankable Guarantee Bond to cure or refund the money paid.** Send for circular and copy of our Bankable Guarantee Bond.

60 PILLS 50 CENTS

Nervita Tablets

(YELLOW LABEL)

EXTRA STRENGTH Immediate Results

Positively guaranteed cure for Loss of Power, Varicocele, Undeveloped or Shrunken Organs, Paresis, Locomotor Ataxia, Nervous Prostration, Hysteria, Fits, Insanity, Paralysis and the Results of Excessive Use of Tobacco, Opium or Liquor. **By mail in plain package, $1.00 a box, 6 for $5.00 with our Bankable Guarantee Bond to cure in 30 days or refund money paid.**

Nervita Medical Co., Clinton and Jackson Sts., Chicago, Ill.

Sold in Kansas City, Mo., by Federman & Haller, 904 Main; H. C. Arnold & Co., 1107 Main and Fifth and Main.

To the Lovers of Fine Dancing

The Kansas City Karnival Krewe will hold the most magnificent "Grand Bal Masque" in the Convention Hall, Friday night, October 6th, that has ever been witnessed, perhaps, in this country. It is certain that the Masqued costumes will be the most unique and gorgeous ever seen on a dancing floor in this city. Arrangements have been made for the giving of liberal cash and other prizes, as per following lists, for the best cakewalkers and dancers. Also, there will be prizes for costumed dancing clubs who will enter the competing lists on the dancing floor of Convention Hall, as indicated below.

The Karnival Krewe cordially invites the dancers of Kansas City and neighboring cities to form clubs at once for the purpose of getting up their costumes and coming as a distinctive party to this "Grand Bal Masque."

The terms of admission for masked dancers to the arena floor are $5.00, contributed to the Karnival Krewe at any time before September 25th. This $5.00 contributed will entitle the contributor to a ticket admitting a gentleman and lady as dancers *in costume;* it also permits the holders of a ticket to compete for the prizes offered by the Karnival Krewe. It will also admit lady and gentleman as spectators to seats in the balconies.

Zimmerschied's famous band of seventy-five pieces has been engaged to furnish the music.

LIST OF PRIZES FOR "GRAND BAL MASQUE."

FIRST PRIZE—Most beautifully costumed dancing club, contributed by K. K. K. ..... $50.00 IN GOLD
SECOND PRIZE—The most grotesquely costumed dancing club, contributed by K. K. K. ..... $50.00 IN GOLD
THIRD PRIZE—Most original designed costume for lady, contributed by C. E. Russell ..... DIAMOND LOCKET
FOURTH PRIZE—Most grotesque costume for lady ..... TAILOR-MADE SUIT
FIFTH PRIZE—Best character costume for lady, contributed by North Furniture Company ..... ROCKING CHAIR
SIXTH PRIZE—Best double or twin costume for ladies, Mrs. McDonald ..... TWO LADIES' LATEST STYLE HATS
SEVENTH PRIZE—Most original costume for gentleman ..... GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN
EIGHTH PRIZE—Most artistic costumed couple, including humor and originality of design, Jaccard Jewelry Co., ... DIAMOND RING, EACH
NINTH PRIZE—Most grotesque costume for gentleman, contributed by H. L. Pitcher ..... FINE SUIT OF CLOTHES
TENTH PRIZE—Best bicycle costume for lady or gentleman ..... A BICYCLE
ELEVENTH PRIZE—The most complete lady's golf costume, contributed by H. A. Schmelzer ..... SILVER-MOUNTED GOLF STICK
TWELFTH PRIZE—The most complete gentleman's golf costume, contributed by H. A. Schmelzer ..... SILVER-MOUNTED GOLF STICK
THIRTEENTH PRIZE—Best character costume for gentleman, contributed by Browning, King & Co. ..... GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING CASE
FOURTEENTH PRIZE—The most graceful dancing couple, contributed by S. Kronberg ..... SEASON TICKET TO GRAND OPERA IN CONVENTION HALL
FIFTEENTH PRIZE—Most artistic costume by Miss under 16, Badger Lumber Co. ..... KODAK
SIXTEENTH PRIZE—The most artistic comical costume by boy under 16, contributed by Prudden ..... KODAK
SEVENTEENTH PRIZE—The oldest costumed dancing couple, A. C. Wurmser & Co., J. H. North Furniture Co. ..... BEAUTIFUL VELOUR COUCH, ROCKING CHAIR
EIGHTEENTH PRIZE—The youngest costumed dancing couple, contributed by J. R. Mercer, T. F. English ..... GOLD MEDAL
NINETEENTH PRIZE—The fattest costumed dancing couple, contributed by Streicher Jewelry Co. ..... CHAFING DISH
TWENTIETH PRIZE—The shortest costumed dancing couple, contributed by Woodward & Burgess ..... SEASON TICKET TO AUDITORIUM
TWENTY-FIRST PRIZE—The tallest costumed dancing couple, contributed by Household Fair ..... A DINNER SET OF DISHES
TWENTY-SECOND PRIZE—The best gentleman's costume, representing colonial period, contributed by Woolf Bros. ..... SILK UMBRELLA AND WALKING STICK
TWENTY-THIRD PRIZE—Best character costume, representing typical Southern gentleman, F. Weber's Sons, contributors ..... SADDLE AND BRIDLE
TWENTY-FOURTH PRIZE—Best character costume, representing Western settler, contributed by J. D. Eubank ..... HORSE
TWENTY-FIFTH PRIZE—Best character costume, representing America's new possessions, contributed by Doggett Dry Goods Co. ..... SILK DRESS

CAKEWALK PRIZES.

FIRST PRIZE—Cake and $100.00 in gold.

SECOND PRIZE—Diploma from Karnival Krewe, with $50.00 in gold.

THIRD PRIZE—Small cake, honorable mention and $25.00 in gold.

N. B.—Couples must appear made up before a committee chosen by ball committee, to inspect and pass upon all cakewalkers, and the twelve couples will be thus chosen for the entries. Applicants for entry in the cakewalk competition must appear in costume before the committee on Friday evening, October 6th, at 7 o'clock, at Convention hall committee room.

Address all communications to

INVITATION COMMITTEE,

P. O. Box No. 8, Kansas City, Mo.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

YOUNG lady roommate wanted; one employed during day preferred. 905 McGee.

TO RENT—Three or four unfurnished rooms. 1179 Orville, Kansas City, Kas.

FOR RENT—924 Cherry, rear, 3 rooms, $10; white; man and wife; reference.

Cuts and Cuts.

From the Detroit Journal.

"How long," mused the Parvenue, bitterly, "am I to be cut, thus?"

Her husband laughed. It is true he had made the bulk of his money in the wholesale meat business, but he was not altogether devoid of a sense of humor.

"There is no short cut to social recognition, I believe," he observed, and laughed again, more obtrusively than before.

It is a cruel mistake to suppose that only children ever say bright things.

Doesn't Matter Unless You Marry Her.

From the Detroit Journal.

The poets say a woman's crowning glory is her hair, when not one poet in sixty actually knows whether it is her hair or somebody's else.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

FOR SALE

Elegant white diamonds, mounted in studs, lockets, sleeve buttons, chains, hearts, scarf pins, earrings, pendants, lace pins, rings or any way you wish, at the old prices. You can select your holiday presents now and make a weekly payment, same price as if you pay cash, at the

DIAMOND PARLOR,
T. J. Turner, Mgr. 915½ Main st.
Established 1869.

Old gold and silver taken in exchange.

WANTED—A competent man and wife for stock farm; man to work on the farm, and willing to work; woman to work in the house; good, steady job to right parties; will pay $30 per month and board; don't apply unless you can fill the position.
A. C. GEER, Waldo, Kas.

FOR SALE—Five column quarto newspaper in good Kansas town of 800 inhabitants; splendidly equipped office; type nearly new; cylinder press; circulation 900 weekly; only paper in town and does a big business. Address A 238, Journal office.

WANTED—A 15 or 20 horse power motor; also machinery for woodworking. Call or address Feed's drug store, 250 North 7th st., Kansas City, Kas.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

FOR SALE.

14-k solid gold watches for ladies, $10.
B. W. Raymond 20-year filled case, $18.
Santa Fe movement, 25-year filled case, $24.
Howard's best nickel movement, adjusted to heat, cold and position, in heavy 14k cases, $60.
A best Howard, in heavy ornamented box case, with 5k blue diamond in case, $100.
Royal Waltham, in 20-year filled case, $16.
Gold filled cases, with Elgin movements, for ladies or gents, $5.50.
Silver watches for boys, $3.
Nickel watches for boys, $1.75.
Chatelaine watches from $5 up, worth double.
The finest miniature watch in the city for $20.
The finest pearl watch in the city for $15.
Chains, lockets, charms, bracelets, hearts, lace pins, studs, sleeve buttons, collar buttons, clocks, gold filled eyeglasses at reduced prices prior to inventory.

DIAMOND PARLOR.
T. J. Turner, Mgr. 915½ Main st.
Established 1869.

WANTED—First-class millinery saleslady with good city experience; good salary to right party. Address Millinery, A 239, Journal office.