

### DAIRYMAID SAVED MASTER.

Wrapped Deeds to Property in Wet Clothes and Passes Survey of Soldiers Successfully.

It was astonishing how many succeeded in baffling the pursuit from the field of Culloden. The kit gave great freedom to the limbs. Most of them were inured to long marches and could exist on little food. They knew the passes through the hills, and the best hiding places were pointed out to them by the country people, who kept them from starving and would give no information, relates Chambers' Journal.

A reward of £30,000 was promised for news that would lead to the arrest of Prince Charlie. Many knew where he was, but no word ever reached the camp or the garrison of the victor, and the prince escaped through the midst of vigilant enemies and got away safely to France.

The adventures of the Jacobites were numberless. This is how a dairymaid saved her master. After King George's army had subdued the rebels they went through the country dispossessing King James' friends of their lands. A captain with a band of soldiers was sent to take possession of MacLachlan's land. They surrounded the house and would not let any person out without searching them. There was a dairymaid there called Christine Sinclair, who was washing the house at the time.

She knew the soldiers would try to take the title of the lands, and, going to her mistress, said she could save them.

"What can you do, Christine?" said her mistress. "They will put a sword through you if they find you with the deeds."

But the dairymaid insisted that, were the papers given to her, she could get them away through the midst of all the soldiers. At last the lady allowed Christine to wrap the deeds in one of the cloths with which she washed the floors. A dry clout or napkin was selected, and the papers wrapped up in this. She put this dry cloth inside one of the wet cloths she had used, and wrung it to make it look like the rest. She then put all the cloths in a basket and went out to spread them to dry on a green.

When she got to the door a hostile officer with a guard was standing there. He stopped her and asked: "What have you in your hands?"

She let down the basket at his feet, and said to him: "There it is for you."

He took his bayonet and pushed the cloths backward and forward with it. When he saw what he thought was a lot of wet cloths with the water wrung out of them he said: "You may lift them away with you."

Christine went to the green and spread the cloths there, but took out the title deeds, and, placing them in her bosom, concealed them.

The soldiers searched the house, and made the lady take an oath that what she said about ignorance of them was the truth. She could do this with a good conscience, as only Christine knew what had happened to them, so the titles to the property were saved by the ready wit of the brave dairymaid.

### Terms Suited Him.

The late J. Warren Bigelow, for many years a prominent member of the Worcester county board of commissioners, was found of relating this story: One winter day a man stood in front of a store where men's shirts were displayed. A few were hung outside, and one particularly took his fancy. Without waiting to inquire the price, he seized it and started down the street. The owner happened to see him, and immediately gave chase. Seeing that the thief outran him, he cried out:

"Well, if I don't get the pay in this world I shall in the world to that be wife."

relection to th," called back the man with that he will seek, "if you want to wait till nation for represent another shirt."—lord county in the lord.

legislature. He says, "A Rapidly, some county to vind, wine is 20 years Jrawford county has had a representative for the past need! Well, ears. It would be very pleash, that it was he democrats over the state if Far, have aged would try to get along without any States arther vindication.

### AGREE ON KINDLY MUZHIK.

Consideration of Russian Peasant Soldier in One Point Which Strikes Correspondents.

However the correspondents may disagree on other things, those who went through the recent Manchurian campaigns agree entirely in regard to the kindness and good nature of the Russian peasant soldier. Two incidents which illustrate it are recorded by Maurice Baring, who was the representative in the field of the London Morning Post.

"On the retreat from Ta-shih-chiao," he says, "I arrived at Haichen at seven in the evening, missed the train to Liao-yang, and returning from the station, found the gates of the city closed.

"I went back to the deserted railway station half-dead with fatigue. It began to rain. I fell on a chair outside the buffet. An official told me I must not sleep on that chair—anywhere else, but not there. I lay down on the ground of the platform, a little farther up.

"A soldier had been watching the proceedings. He waited until I was asleep, then brought his own matting, lifted me up, put it under me, built a small tent of matting over me, and brought me a sack as a pillow. I woke up and protested against taking his belongings, but he insisted, and made himself comfortable with a greatcoat and a piece of matting. The next morning," he concludes, "he brought me a cup of hot tea at dawn. I offered him a ruble. He refused it. I never saw him again, but his 'little unremembered act' will never be forgotten by me."

Later, riding from Liao-yang back to Haichen, Mr. Baring stopped for the night at a small guard station beside the road—a station at which trains did not stop.

"The soldier in charge of the station," he says, "invited me in to supper. Five men partook. The senior man, my host, apologized for the insufficiency of the meal, and said it was the best he had to offer. He went and brought his last remaining delicacies, some cucumber and two lumps of sugar. He put both bits of sugar in my tea. I cannot give an adequate idea of what a rarity and delicacy sugar was at that time at the front.

"He also found a greater rarity, a small crystal of lemon extract, and gave it to me. I never enjoyed a meal more. I asked my host if he had been a long time at this station. I thought he would say a week or so, but to my surprise he said four years and a half.

"Then all at once I realized this man's life, isolated in a plain in the south of Manchuria, at a place where trains never stopped. He made me a comfortable bed and brought me, before I slept, another cup of tea and his last crystal of lemon."

### Place in the Procession.

Lewis Barker, for many years a prominent lawyer and politician of Maine, was elected one of the council to Gov. Plaisted, who was governor of that state in 1881. Mr. Barker was opposed, in politics at least, to Gov. Plaisted. Plaisted ran for reelection against Hon. Frederick Robie, and was defeated. On the day of the inauguration of Robie, Gov. Plaisted and the governor-elect, with members of the council, including Mr. Barker, sat in the governor's rooms at the statehouse, about to proceed to the hall of Representatives for the ceremonies of inauguration. Gov. Plaisted was at a loss to know who should go ahead in the procession, he, the outgoing governor, or Robie, the incoming one, so he turned to Mr. Barker and asked him about it. Mr. Barker, who had a ready wit, at once replied: "Why, doesn't the corpse always go ahead?"—Boston Herald.

### Wanted Her Share.

"So you are going to give George \$10,000 for marrying me?" asked Grace.

"That's what I promised," said the old financier.

"But, father," continued Grace, "what are you going to give me for marrying George?"—Detroit Free Press.

### Vigorously Expressive.

"Your wife has such expressive eyes."

"Yes—and she does pretty well in that line with her tongue, too."—Cleveland Leader.

### TALK WITH ITALIAN SCOT.

Englishman Attempts to Stammer Tongue and He Is Asked Why He Does Not Speak Own Language.

One does not need to study history in order to appreciate the world-wide Scot; one has only to travel abroad and to keep his ears open to identify this persevering, determined, narrow, accommodating, inflexible citizen of the world. You find yourself one morning on the deck of an Italian steamer dodging about among the Greek islands, says Ian Maclaren, in the Queen. The captain, who sat at the head of the table at the morning meal, was an Italian, and the crew appear to be all of the same blood. You have mustered all the Italian you know, and are doing your best to discover from one of the seamen why the steamer's bows show signs of recent repair, and to satisfy yourself that she is in safe condition. It is a somewhat fragmentary conversation, and, although both sides are doing their best, it is not quite as lucid and informing as could be desired. The mate of the steamer has joined you, and is listening unnoticed to this effort at national reciprocity. Then suddenly he breaks in with a powerful accent, which could have been reared in only one country under heaven: 'Yir Italian is not so bad, but I'm judgin' you wouldna object to get the information ye're after in yir own tongue.' It was my own tongue with a vengeance, and I regarded the speaker with silent amazement, for he was the first oficer on an Italian steamer, and he had all the appearance of an Italian. It came out that his father had been a Scotch captain in the service of this line, and had married an Italian woman, so that my good friend was practically an Italian, and had only once been in Scotland; but his father had brought him up with a broad accent, and after we grew friendly he asked some searching questions about the conditions of the Scotch church, and produced with much satisfaction a copy of the Dundee Advertiser.

### SIMPLE FAITH OF A CHILD.

Little One Did Not Fear Storm for He Believed the Lord Would Watch Him During Sleep.

A friend told me this story from real life the other day. I think it is good enough to pass on, writes Rev. C. B. Mitchell, in the New York Observer, I shall not append any moral. The point is easily visible to the naked eye:

"A wild storm was raging around a prairie home one night. The windows were blown in and no lights could be kept burning. It was only with difficulty that the doors could be braced against the blast. The father was absent from home and the mother, grandmother and three children sat in the darkness in a room on the sheltered side of the house, fearing that at any moment the house might be swept from the foundations by the force of the wind.

"Suddenly 11-year-old Walter was missed. He had been holding a whispered conversation with his grandmother only a few moments before. Frantic with fear the mother called him at the top of her voice and, receiving no reply, started to grope her way through the darkness and confusion of the house to find, if possible, the missing boy.

"She found him in his room—sound asleep! And when she asked how he could go to sleep when they were all in danger, he simply replied:

"Why, mamma, grandma told me God would take care of us, and I thought I might as well go to bed again."

### Lawyer's Advice.

Timothy Coffin, who was prominent at the Bristol county (Mass.) bar half a century ago, once secured the acquittal of an old Irish woman accused of stealing a piece of pork. As she was leaving the courtroom she put her hand to her mouth, and, in an audible whisper, said:

"Mr. Corfin, what'll I do with the por-ruck?"

Quickly came the retort: "Eat it, you fool; the judge says you didn't steal it."

### Pushed Ahead.

Many a man's greatness is due to the fact that he has a boss wife. —Chicago Daily News.

### RECLAIM THE ALKALI LANDS

Agricultural Report Tells of Success of Experiments to Redeem Soil of the West.

According to the latest report of the secretary of agriculture the government has been especially successful in its experiments in the reclamation of alkali lands by underdrainage and surface flooding. The work was undertaken as an object lesson to farmers in those irrigated districts of the west where considerable trouble has been experienced with the rise of alkali and consequent depreciation in the value of the land. On one tract near Salt Lake City, within one year, 82 per cent. of the total quantity of soluble salts was removed to a depth of four feet by the flooding process, and the land seeded to oats, barley and wheat. Other experiments in California, Washington, Arizona and Montana have proved equally successful, and the farmers are taking great interest in the work. The experiments have demonstrated that within three years, at the most, practically worthless land, so heavily charged with injurious salts as to be unfit for any form of agriculture, may be reclaimed to grow ordinary field crops, and the method of doing this is so simple and the expense involved so slight that the work may in many instances be economically undertaken by individuals as well as by corporations or by the state.

Now that all available land of the country has been taken up and intensive rather than extensive farming is becoming more and more necessary, the question of utilizing the millions of acres of naturally unproductive land increases in importance. So successful have been the experiments of the government that in the case of the Utah tract, which was practically valueless at the outset, the present worth of the property, judged by the value of the surrounding unaffected lands, is in the neighborhood of \$250 or \$300 an acre. The total expense of reclamation, taking everything into consideration, is but a small fraction of the enhanced value.

### JURY NEEDED INSTRUCTION

Verdict Was Forthcoming When This One Point Was Settled in Their Minds.

It was a plain, straight case of highway robbery, and the judge charged the jury that they could only bring in a verdict of guilty, relates the Cleveland Leader. They went out and three hours passed. Then they came straggling in and the foreman announced that they couldn't agree. "What!" exclaimed his honor: "you can't agree on as plain a case as this?"

"Sorry to say we can't, judge."

"Then you must be a passel of idiots. Do you doubt that the plaintiff was riding along the Blue Hill road on the day sworn to?"

"Not at all."

"Do you doubt that Joe Simpson was hiding in the brush?"

"Not a doubt."

"Didn't he spring out and hold the plaintiff up?"

"He certainly did."

"Didn't he afterward ride the plaintiff's horse into Red Valley and spend some of the money?"

"Fur shore."

"Then what in blazes ails ye that ye can't agree?"

"It's this way, judge. If we bring in a verdict of guilty, Joe will git about five years, won't he?"

"All of that and mebbe more."

"Then the question comes up as to who is to have his hoss and guns. We can agree on his guilt, but it's the other thing we are jawin' about."

"Wall, I kin settle that pint for ye purty mighty quick. His hoss is in my stable, and will stay thar, and his guns are in my desk and can't be taken away. Now, then, hump yourselves and bring in a verdict of guilty."

The point of contention having been settled, the jury humped and the case was quickly disposed of.

### Other Objections.

"Gladly would I die for you." Her look of hauteur was maintained despite this plea.

"You are in error," she replied, coldly, "if you think the color of your hair constitutes my chief objection to you."

The good-night was brief and soon.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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