

# The Teton Peak

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## One of the Disadvantages of Democracy.

It is a gratifying thing to a poor man to read in the papers that he is just as good as anyone else. It is a comforting fact to know that all men have equal rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But the right to equality and the show of it are different things; and it is certain that in America to-day one of the unpleasant phases of democratic life comes because so many of us are anxious to give visible sign that we are equal to our neighbors. The desire to become a millionaire is not reprehensible, though it is an ambition which most men are better without. The attempt, however, born of the democratic feeling to live like a millionaire on the income of a bookkeeper is distinctly dangerous. In Europe, where the people are used to class distinction, the man of the middle class, though he may not be quite satisfied with his position, does not try to live beyond it. Thousands of Americans are living beyond their positions for the sole and inexcusable reason that they will prove their equality by making as big a material show as their neighbors. Not only that, but they are adding to the expenditure of money the dissatisfaction and the worry that follow the attempt to prove one's self something that one is not.

The sooner Americans come to realize that equality proven by paying out a dollar when they can afford but fifty cents is equality proven by a false means and a meretricious possession, the better for all concerned. An American rightly congratulates himself that his is the opportunity to rise as high as he can, no matter what his beginning—that if he can prove himself worthy, he may stand before kings. But he is mistaken, and takes away from the blessing of the American opportunity, if he attempts to go to court in a borrowed coat. If America means anything, it is that equality is not based on material possession or previous condition. It is based on things more spiritual and eternal—the manliness of man. Americans who show equality in this specious way rob themselves of their best right—the right of the individual to be himself and yet to be the equal of all others.—October Woman's Home Companion.

## Saves Two From Death.

"Our little daughter had an almost fatal attack of whooping cough and bronchitis," writes Mrs. W. K. Haviland, of Armonk, N. Y., "but when all other remedies failed, we saved her life with Dr. King's New Discovery. Our niece, who had Consumption in an advanced stage, also used this wonderful medicine and to-day she is perfectly well." Desperate throat and lung diseases yield to Dr. King's New Discovery as to no other medicine on earth. Infallible for Coughs and colds. 50c and \$1.00 bottles guaranteed by Watson The St. Anthony Druggist. Trial bottles free.

## Take Time to Teach The Children.

The most lovable and tractable girls and boys, and who grow up to become the most respected members of the community, are those who are required to shoulder some responsibility and taught to work, performing such tasks as are suited to their years and strength. Work and responsibilities for young people suited to their capacities are the best of educators, and withal the best means by which to secure a good physical development, self-reliance and good health. The nimble feet and dexterous fingers of children may be trained in 100 ways for well being and as valued helps for parents. Some shortsighted parents neglect to train their boys and girls on the plea that it is more trouble to teach the child than it is to do the work themselves. This is a serious mistake. A child may be taught much easier than a puppy or colt, but there are some who take infinitely more satisfaction in teaching a young animal than in instructing their own children, forgetting that the best products of the farm are the boys and girls reared upon it. There is nothing that the father or mother does that cannot be taught the boy or girl. What is meant was illustrated by seeing a 12-year-old girl set a table for a company supper, she attending to every nice detail of the work as correctly as would her experienced mother. She had been taught how.—Salt Lake Herald.

## A Cure For Dyspepsia.

I had Dyspepsia in its worst form and felt miserable most all the time. Did not enjoy eating until after I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure which has completely cured me.—Mrs. W. W. Saylor, Hilliard, Pa. No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, sour rising, indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles are quickly cured by the use of Kodol. Kodol represents the natural juices of digestion combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. It cleanses, purifies and sweetens the stomach. Sold by Watson The St. Anthony Druggist.

## WANTED.

Loggers, skidder and choppers at once, good timber and close to the mill. Address STINEMATES & FRY, Props. of Wilson Mill.

## THE BEST OF IT.

### Teetotal Friend Was Dead, but He Still Lived.

He was an elderly man, very respectable in appearance, and showing all the signs of having been on a spree. His niece, whom he had not seen for some years, had come across him on Twenty-eighth street quite by accident and had taken him home and given him "a square meal." He expressed his thanks and they sat for some time talking about the people they both knew and what had become of them. The niece, who was married, was inclined to resent the waywardness of this particular member of her family, and at last gave expression to her thoughts. "Jim," she said, severely, "why don't you turn over a new leaf and be a man? Why, if it hadn't been for drink you'd be worth a lot of money now. You've had lots of opportunities, but drink always kept you poor. And now look what you are."

### WAS THEIR CHIEF FAULT.

When the artist was requested to paint a portrait of Carlyle for one of the leading cities in Scotland, a deputation of citizens called to confer with him with regard to the work. They first asked him how much he wanted for it. "A thousand guineas," he replied promptly. "That's a bra price, Mr. Whistler," said the spokesman with great earnestness, "a bra price for a modern picture. For the colors in your modern pictures don't keep the colors like your ancient pictures, mon; the colors in your modern pictures fade, they fade, mon, they fade." Whistler looked at the group for a moment, then he shook his head sadly and replied: "No, my dear sir, you are mistaken; the colors in the modern pictures don't fade, and therein lies their damnation."—Philadelphia Press.

### A Ballad of Better Days.

How goes the world with you, old boy? Has everything been breaking right? Or has that fleeting phantom, Joy, Danced nimbly just beyond your sight? Think you it is an uphill fight—The fight you wage for gold or bays? No matter—bid your heart be light, And sing a song of better days.

What though associates enjoy The pleasures of the sybarite—The sweets with which you fain would cloy Your seldom pampered appetite; Though disappointments may invite Your thoughts to grope in sorrow's maze, Look to the stars beyond the night, And sing a song of better days.

Dame Fortune sometimes loves to toy Ere at the door she ends her flight; Ulysses tarried long at Troy Before it yielded to his might. The path that leads to yonder height Winds through forbidden, rock-strewn ways; But journey toward the summit white, And sing a song of better days.

Laugh at the moping cynic's fright, Stand where the morning sunlight plays, Pray that the future may be bright, And sing a song of better days. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

### Would Not Touch the Pig.

A recent traveler in Somaliland gives the following curious incident showing the Mohammedan hatred for pigs: "We shot two wart hogs, one a particularly big boar. Alan wished to keep the tusks, but, of course, none of the Somalis would touch the unclean animal. At last a bribe of 2 rupees induced the Midgan woman to chop the tusks out with a hatchet. Even then she would not touch them and with the help of two sticks, which she used like a pair of tongs, put them on a camel. Then there was a long dispute about the hatchet. No one would touch it; it had been defiled. Of course this was pure affectation and playing to the gallery on the ayah's part. At home with her native tribe she would have gorged all the pig she could get. But it flattered the Somalis and we marched off, the ayah holding the hatchet at arm's length as if it were going to bite her."

### Corncob Sidewalks.

A man who has been traveling in Iowa has hit upon an odd use of corncobs. He says: "I made a trip throughout a big part of Iowa recently, and I found several grain shipping towns that had corncob sidewalks. In spite of what one would think about it, cobs make a pretty good walk. They are a little rough at first, but when the cobs become trampled down the walk is smooth."—New York Tribune.

### Chinese Trade.

The most important trade with the Chinese is that of the Yangtze river, which drains the largest and most productive area of China. The position of the United States in this trade is shown by a consular report, which gives the percentage of business of the various nations: British, 51.2; German, 17.5; Japanese, 10; American, 1.6.

### Valuable Crown Lands.

There are between 300,000 and 400,000 acres of land in Wales under which the minerals belong to the crown.

## HAS A DANGEROUS CARGO.

### Treasure Ship en Route to Philippines Not a Pleasure Craft.

The fifteen million coins made at the Philadelphia mint for the Philippine Islands are now several days on their way. They are aboard the steamship Indraymo. They are in strange and dangerous company and it is not exaggerating one bit to say that every one aboard the ship will give a vociferous "Amen" when the long voyage is completed. Manila is 16,000 miles away and it will take the Indraymo at least fifty days to get there. Besides the coins, here is what the vessel has in her hold: Eight hundred cases of dynamite and high-class black powder, each case containing fifty pounds; seventeen cases of fuse, ten barrels of gasoline, ten barrels of kerosene and a quantity of calcium carbide. Will the slumbers of the crew be peaceful upon this ship? It is not likely. The explosives she carries are enough to blow up the entire Philippine Islands. There will be no smoking aboard lest a stray spark from pipe or cigarette should find lodgment in the hold and be a sort of touch-off, for dynamite, oil and powder. Uncle Sam will also breathe easier when the cable announces the safe arrival of the treasure and powder ship at its destination.—Philadelphia Evening Telegram.

### WAS NOT A CANNIBAL.

#### But For a While the Fat Man's Neighbor at Table Feared the Worst.

A fat man walked into the restaurant and, after knocking down a few hats while hanging up his own, sat as much as himself down as the only vacant seat in the room would hold. He grabbed a piece of bread that had come with his right hand neighbor's order and began to munch on it. Then he looked for the bill of fare. The ministerial looking man on his left was reading it. The fat man leaned over on him and began reading it too. "How's them pork chops and apple sauce?" he mumbled between mouthfuls of bread. Just then the waiter appeared with a bowl of bean soup for a patron on the other side of the table. "Hey, waiter," bawled the fat man, "bring me one o' them soups, and hurry up about it, will yer?" The ministerial looking man heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness, sir," he said, turning to the fat man. "I was so afraid you were going to order pork. I detest a cannibal."

### Bookworm Verses.

I had a batch of novels on my table yesterday; Most of them bound in yellow—just the sort to throw away. I showed them to my bookworm and I said, "Pray have some lunch." "I don't care if I do," said he; "I feel just like a munch."

"What is there on the bill of fare?" he asked as he sat down. "The books most widely read to-day," said I, "in all the town." "So sit ye down, good bookworm, eat away and merry be; And if I don't return by six pray wait not up for me."

And then I left my bookworm to enjoy the fresh-cooked food With which the writing caterers regale the multitude. I stayed away till seven, and returning then to him I found that he had gone to bed, but in the twilight dim I caught a glimpse of writing there upon my blotting pad—The writing of my bookworm, and for him it wasn't bad. He said: "Beloved master, I do hope you won't be vexed; I've eaten all the margins, but I cannot go the text."

### Not Much Use for a Trunk.

Gen. Joseph W. Congdon, the president of the American Silk Association, was traveling some time ago in Georgia. He says that in a little Georgia town he one day heard two colored lads conversing. "Ise gwine No'th," said the first. "Das so?" said the second. "Yep. Ise got a trunk to take wiv me, too."

### Bluff Seaman Inspires Pastor.

From a primitive village in Long Island comes the story of a congregation whose pastor was debarred from preaching to them because of illness. To fill his place one Sunday there came a newly ordained minister, who had never had a chance before to preach. He was nervous, and as he ascended the pulpit stairs his knees smote together. The sexton, a bluff old retired sea captain, was sorry for the youth and, leaning forward, he said in hoarse whisper: "If you knew this congregation as well as I do, you wouldn't care a cuss for the whole of them!" A calm settled upon the preacher's nervous system, for the ancient mariner had spoken a word in due season.

### Train Three Years Late.

When the Gulf & Interstate train arrived at Beaumont, Tex., Sunday it was almost three years late. The train left Galveston Sept. 8, 1900, on a straight track. A hurricane wrecked the roadbed and left the train standing in the prairie with only enough rails to support it. The owners of the road have been rebuilding at the rate of a mile a month and reached the train Sunday evening. The engine was fired Sunday and brought in.—Exchange.

### Taking Out the Romance.

That back East poet who wishes he "were the belt that clasps my lady's waist" might feel somewhat embarrassed to learn that she got it at a bargain sale for 19 cents.—Denver Post.

### World's Marriage Statistics.

Marriages average 3,000 a day in the whole world. Of 1,000 men who marry 332 marry younger women, 570 marry women of the same age and ninety-eight older women.

## SENT THE WRONG SAINT.

### Austrian Empress Blundered in Her Choice of Gift.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra during their recent visit to Ireland, were shown at Maynooth college a silver statuette of St. George and the dragon and rich church vestments presented to the college by the late empress of Austria. There is a curious story regarding the presentation in question. Caught in heavy rain one day while hunting in Kildare, the empress sought refuge at Maynooth, and grateful for her kindly reception, there, the president having wrapped her in his own zimarra while her drenched garments were drying, began to think how to requite the hospitality she had received. Her gratitude took the form of a silver statuette, which duly reached the college authorities. Great, however, was their consternation when it turned out to be a statue of the patron saint of England. What was St. George to Maynooth, or Maynooth to St. George? The poor saint was promptly bundled into a cupboard, whence he was extracted the other day for the inspection of England's king. The empress, apprised of the mistake she had made, considered how to make amends, and the vestments, embroidered with golden shamrocks, were afterward sent from Vienna as a peace offering.

### NOT WITH MALICE PREPENSE.

#### Unconscious Humor That Gets Into the Newspapers.

J. L. Harbour, one of the editors of The Youth's Companion and an author, delights in poring the papers for unconscious humor. He says that descriptions of weddings are invariably funny, and among the instances he cites is a paragraph which indulges in eulogy concerning the bride and bridegroom, and concludes with "We wish them all happiness, for John is one of our best young men, and so is Mary." He also tells of the minute descriptions of gifts which are set forth in rural papers on the occasion of a marriage, and says that in such a paper he found: "The bride's gift to the groom was a large hair wreath made of his family and hers. Aunt Emma Leach presented the couple with a handsome motto, 'Fight on.' The bride's father gave her one copy of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim Progress' and one Jersey cow bound in leather."

### Evening Hymn.

To the sound of evening bells All that lives to rest repairs, Birds unto their leafy dells, Beasts unto their forest lairs. All things wear a home-bound look, From the weary hind that plods Through the cornfields, to the roof Sailing towards the glimmering woods.

'Tis the time with power to bring Tearful memories of home To the sailor wandering On the far-off barren foam.

What a still and holy time! Yonder glowing sunset seems Like the pathway to a clime Only seen till now in dreams.

Pilgrim! here compelled to roam, Nor allowed that path to tread; Now, when sweetest sense of home On all living hearts is shed.

Doth not yearning sad, sublime, At this season stir thy breast, That thou canst not at this time Seek thy home and happy rest? —Richard Chenevix Trench.

### Food for Infants.

All infants over 7 months old artificially fed in the Nursery and Child's hospital, New York, during the past four months were given stronger food, especially stale bread soaked in boiling water until thoroughly softened, when the water was poured off and a cup of milk added and this boiled for three or four minutes. After being sweetened and cooled sufficiently it is fed to the baby. At first a teaspoonful once a day is given, but as the infant becomes accustomed to it the amount is increased, so that at the end of ten days it is receiving one to two or three ounces daily. It is given between the regular bottle hours, and never more than half an ounce at a time. If curds appear in the stools or if it disagrees it is discontinued.

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