



Time Card at Keytesville.

GOING EAST. No 2 Atlantic Express, 12:53 p.m. No 4 Atlantic Express, 12:25 a.m. No 6 Mail and Express, 9:50 p.m. No 12 Pattonburg Accommodation, 10:45 a.m. No 70 Way Freight, 8:20 p.m.

GOING WEST. No 13 Pattonburg Accommodation, 1:43 p.m. No 14 K. C. Accommodation, 6:09 a.m. No 3 Western Express, 2:40 p.m. No 11 Pacific Express, 2:35 a.m. No 1 Local Freight, 9:45 a.m. Daily. Daily except Sunday.

All passenger trains have Reclining Chair cars (seats free) and new Buffet Sleeping cars to Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago without change.

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PROBATE COURT—Regular terms the second Mondays in February, May, August and November.

CIRCUIT COURT—At Keytesville, first Monday in April and third Monday in October. At Salisbury—second Mondays in January and July.

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. J. R. Finley, pastor. Preaching first and third Sabbath in each month at 11 a. m. and 5 p. m. Sabbath-school every Sabbath morning at 9:30 o'clock.

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CHARITON LODGE, No. 177, A. O. U. W.—Jno. Chivers, M. W.; R. H. Tisdale, Recorder. Regular meetings 2nd and 4th Tuesday evenings at 7 o'clock.

Modern Woodmen of America—Keytesville Camp, No. 5086, meets every first and third Tuesday night in each month. H. H. Miller, Venerable Consul; J. C. Rucker, Clerk.

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A Bartered Life. By MARION HARLAND.

CHAPTER XL. Her rapid articulation had given Constance no time for reply, but her excitement equaled his, as she bent her veiled face upon her hands and listened in dumb alarm at the emotions rising to meet his avowal of love and longing.

For her, what would have sounded incoherent to a third person, was explicit and fervent. He knew her as his mate, and would not give her up; asserted his rights with a master's authority, while his heart echoed at thought of the wood in store for her nominal possessor. "I have startled you by my vehemence," he continued, taking the hand that lay upon her lap. "I feared lest this announcement might seem abrupt, but the steamer sails at five o'clock, and I last night obtained Evelyn's permission to bring you to see her off. She owes you a debt of gratitude for your sisterly care of my lonely and graceless self. She loves you dearly already, as you will see when you have had one glimpse of her face. You reminded me of her the first day of our meeting. I have traveled with her and her sick father for three months, and at parting more than hinted at my attachment. With center that would have driven me to desperation had it been less mournful, she declared her intention not to marry while her father lived. 'He needs my constant care,' she said. 'Without it he would die in a week. He will never be better. The bestest service you can do me, as the wisest you can do yourself, is to forget me.' I have been steadily disobedient to her advice. I told her as much when I found out by chance two months ago that she was in the city. She was very resolute for a time, often refusing to see me when I called, and again begging me, even with tears, to dismiss all idea of seeing her my wife. It is now a fortnight since her father unexpectedly announced his determination to return to Europe, and in the anticipation of our second parting, acknowledged that my love was returned. Our engagement would be an unsatisfactory one to most people, but she is the earthly impersonation of the angel of patience, and I am sure I will wait a few months, or even a year, for a gift so precious. Her father is afflicted by a complication of disorders, the most serious being an organic affection of the heart. She is the only child he has. It would be sheer barbarity to separate them, and with an invalid's obstinacy he will not hear of leaving his abode in his daughter's hands should she marry. My poor Evelyn, my gentle love; she is a martyr and I can do so little to lighten her burden!"

"It is very hard." He had paused and Constance must speak. Too pre-occupied by his own reflections to note her thick articulation and studiously averted face, Edward took up the word warmly. "Hard! What could be harder for both of us?" She interrupted him by an impetuous gesture. "You are talking wildly—wickedly! Think what you would suffer if you loved without hope of requital!"

He absolutely laughed. "As if that could be. Affection, full and fervent as mine, holds a witch-hazel that never errs in pointing to the fount of answering love. Why, Connie, we were made for one another—Eva and I!"

Was no scalding drop of bitterness to be spared from her cup? Whose, then, was the fatal mistake which had opened the sluices of that other fountain that was drowning her soul with cruel humiliation and anguish? "Drive us near to the steamer as you can, John!" called Edward from his window, and in the appreciation of the truth that the sharpest ordeal was yet before her and fearfully near at hand, Constance submitted to be handed from the carriage to the wharf. Through a bewildering haze she saw the noisy crowd, the smoke-stack of the monstrous vessel, stumbled along the gangway connecting it with the shore yielding passively to the impetus of Edward's arm and regained sight, hearing and consciousness of brain when she stood in a handsome saloon, a small hand, warm as hers was icy, fluttering in her grasp, and a pair of dark, thoughtful eyes fixed upon her face.

"You were very good to come," said a low voice, fraught with emotion, yet steady. "Allow me to present my father, Mr. Pynsent. Mrs. Withers, father." She looked up and spoke the lady, and her father arose from his divan, supporting himself upon a cane, and saluted Mrs. Withers with stately politeness. Both were high bred, but it was not Evelyn's beauty that had won her lover. Her eyes and mouth were her only really good features. Constance knew herself to be the handsomer of the two, but the persuasion added to the hopelessness of her ill-fated love. The qualities that had knit to this girl's heart that of the man who had seen the beauties of two hemispheres, which had kept him true to her and her alone, although opposed by absence, discouragement and the wiles of scores of other women, lay beyond her power of analysis and counter-charms. She began to understand how it had come to pass when she had commanded her wits so far as to talk five minutes with Edward's betrothed; owned reluctantly, that had she met her as new acquaintances generally meet she would have

been irresistibly attracted by her winning ladyhood and the countenance that united so much sweetness with sense and spirit. There was time now for little beyond the kindly commonplaces suitable to their meeting in a public place and their prospective parting, and even these Constance abridged ostensibly, and the others deemed considerably, that the last precious moments with his affianced might be all Edward's. Without verbal pretext, she arose from her place beside Evelyn and passed around to Mr. Pynsent's side, engaging him in conversation about his voyage and destination. The atmosphere was a degree less stifling there. If she moved, smiled and talked mechanically, it mattered nothing now that the penetrating eyes she most dreaded never left their resting-place upon the visage of which they were taking a long farewell. There was little to be apprehended from the rich man's restless regards, which wandered incessantly from her to the betrothed couple, his gray eyebrows contracting with pain or mental disquiet as he did so. Had Evelyn been free to maintain her usual watch upon him, she would have taken alarm at these increasing symptoms of distress and the vivid hue settling upon his complexion. Constance did not notice these until, simultaneously with the changing of the bell overhead and the rapid rush of feet toward the shore, he threw both hands outward, with the aimless clutch of a sightless man, and fell against her as she sat by him on the sofa. The utmost confusion reigned in the saloon for a few moments—exclamations, inquiries and orders—loud, varied and useless. Then Edward's strong voice recommended, in stringent terms, that the room be cleared of all except the immediate attendants of the sufferer, including a gentleman who had introduced himself as a physician. The spasm passed into a swoon so deadly and protracted that Constance was ready to believe the patient was beyond the reach of earthly aid, notwithstanding the doctor's assertion that he would probably revive, and even Evelyn murmured once when Edward would have confirmed the cheering assurance: "It may be. I hope so; but I never saw him quite so ill before."

Finally life fought its way back, inch by inch, to the worn heart; the fingers relaxed from their rigid clench, the lips were less purple, and the eyes were unclouded feebly upon the anxious group. When he could move Edward and the physician supported him to his state-room, followed by Evelyn. Constance, left to herself, had leisure to observe what had not until now drawn her attention. The bustle of embarkation had ceased, but through the almost deserted saloon sounded the measured throbbing of the powerful engines as they urged the boat through the water. She threw open a window and looked out. They were already far down the bay, the spires of the city lessening in the distance, and the vessel under full headway. She met Edward at the state-room door with the startling intelligence. For an instant he looked as aghast as herself, then he recovered his self-possession with a smile. She must compose herself and trust him to extricate them both from the predicament in which his thoughtlessness had placed them. The worst that could befall them was a few hours' delay in returning home. He would see the captain forthwith, and request him to signal the first homeward-bound pilot-boat or other vessel they might espy. Constance did as he bade her—resumed her seat, and seemed to await the result of the affair patiently. "I am afraid your brother may be alarmed at our continued absence," was her only remark. "He will understand at once what has happened when John goes home with the news that he drove us down to see the steamer off," replied Edward, confidently. "We shall have a merry laugh tomorrow at breakfast over our adventure. So long as you are not unhappy or angry with me, I am comfortable on the score of Elmathan's displeasure."

(CONTINUED) ONE peculiarity we have noticed in mankind—and others have, too—is the fact that the uglier a man is the handsomer he thinks he is. A truly handsome man rarely ever lays any claim to beauty; it is the guy with a freckled face who always poses as an Adonis. We have seen faces which were never completed, faces that would kill trees and tear up stumps, faces that would petrify milk and cause the cow which produced the milk to die of hydrophobia, yet the possessors of these faces deep down in their heart thought they were handsome. We have seen them pose before a large plate-glass window and between the wrinkles and hideousness we have noted smiles of satisfaction at the reflection they beheld. Perhaps, after all, it is better thus, and it only illustrates the supreme wisdom of our Heavenly Father, for if we were enabled to see ourselves as others do the world would be as effectually depopulated as just after the flood.—Centralia Fireside Guard.

Live a Hundred Years. Captain Abram Baker, the well-known winter swimmer of Asbury Park, says that he hopes to live long enough to be 100. The captain is 76, is hale and hearty and something of an athlete. His daily life is planned on the theory that temperate living and proper attention to hygiene will bring him safely over the century mark, writes a correspondent of the New York Times.

It is not often that a man who has already passed his three score and ten starts out to double on nature, but Captain Baker says he has a surer foundation for his expectation than most enthusiasts because he belonged to the old "49ers," and gained in the wilds of California a rugged constitution that not even the infirmity of years can impair appreciably.

"There is no reason why I should not live to be 100 years old," said the captain this afternoon. "The average of human existence is much higher now than it was 100 years ago, a fact due in a great measure to improved sewerage and a more general attention to the laws of hygiene. The principal thing for an old man to consider is the baneful results of an irregular life. Having made up my mind to live as long as I can, I refrain from food that disagrees with me, take only so much exercise as I require, abstain from stimulants and keep my heart beating with normal regularity. If nothing ever happened to disturb the heart a man might go on and live forever, barring accidents. It is a rule of my daily life, therefore, to permit nothing to disturb my serenity of mind.

"I never allow myself to become excited or worried. You can examine my pulse any hour of the day or night and find that its beats are always practically the same. Another essential practice for the man who expects to live 100 years is the cold water plunge. I take this plunge every morning of my life. Formerly, and until a few months ago, I was an ocean bather. When I discovered that this form of cold plunge was too great a shock for my nervous system I abandoned it. My diet is simple, plain food, and plenty of it. I read two hours in the morning and walk until the dinner hour. The afternoon period is divided in much the same way. At nine o'clock promptly every night I retire.

"These laws are simple and a rigid compliance with them has given me an unbroken period of health for many years. I now feel that my youth is being renewed. You will notice that the gray in my whiskers is gradually becoming darker. I contend that any man who takes care of himself can live 100 years unless nature is thwarted by unforeseen accident or the ravages of an epidemic. Life to an old man, if he is healthy and vigorous, is just as enjoyable as it is to the young. It is a violation of the laws of nature that brings disease and corruption to the body. If nature is respected and her demands recognized no man ought to get old."

Captain Baker wears no underclothing in the winter and may be seen any day on the board walk, attired in a flannel shirt, open at the chest, and a pair of linen trousers. He has had wide experience in the gold-fields and as a traveler and is well-to-do. His nature is kindly and his habits studious.

Red-Hot from the Gun Was the ball that hit G. B. Steadman of Newark, Mich., in the civil war. It caused horrible ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklin's Arnica Salve saved him. It cures cuts, bruises, burns, boils, skin eruptions, felons, corns. Best pile cure on earth. 25 cents a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by W. C. Gaston druggist.

The cold weather always brings a crop of incidents which the temperance lecturers might harvest to advantage. Nearly every case of freezing during the present winter in the country has been traceable to previous intoxication. An adult person in possession of his or her faculties can in the most severe weather known in this latitude reach a place of safety, while, if helpless from drink, they sink down within sight of light and fire and perish. The truth of some of the temperance stories as told in Kansas City this winter, is more terrible than fiction.—Kansas City Star.

Developing the Heifer. Much of the value of the heifer as a dairy animal depends upon the treatment given her during the two or three months preceding the time of dropping her first calf and the first year afterward. She ought to be kept in a good, thrifty condition, fed a good variety of food, be handled to make her gentle and be given such care as is best calculated to develop her mother qualities.

When a heifer first comes to her milk the milk glands that constitute the udder are undeveloped. With these, as with many other organs, the growth is stimulated by use. But the desire to secure a rapid increase of progeny in too many cases induces the owner to breed the heifer the second time too soon, and the effect of this is always detrimental to her best development. Before the process of lactation has been fully developed, a second process is introduced into the system that is opposed to the production of milk. The energies of the cow are turned to the growing of the young calf. One great secret in the development of a heifer for the dairy is to defer the breeding for her second calf for at least four months, and, in most cases, six months would be better. In this way all her energies may be devoted to milk production. As soon as the milk flow is well established and the danger of milk fever is past, her treatment, both in feeding and care, should be such as will enable her to produce the largest quantity of milk for the longest period.

One advantage in breeding the young heifer so that she will drop the first calf after grass and clover have made a good growth is that the conditions of milk production are then most favorable, and, with good pasturage and a light feeding of bran and corn meal or bran and ground oats, the young heifer may be kept up to her full capacity of milk production.

At the start the udder should be rubbed and kneaded as an aid to developing it. Her treatment should be such as will keep her quiet and gentle, and her feeding should be such as will maintain her in a good, thrifty condition.—St. Louis Republic.

A cautious mother will always keep on hand a supply of Beggs Cherry Cough Syrup. A sudden cold may develop croup, and before you can reach a drug store the child may be past help. Delays are dangerous. We keep it. Sneed Drug Company.

DURING the campaign of 1896 prominent Republican newspapers and speakers declared that if Bryan were elected they would not submit to his inauguration. These declarations were not the frothy effusions of campaign excitement. They were made deliberately, and their authors meant what they said. Realizing now that they cannot carry another election by coercion and outrageous fraud, as they did that of 1896, they are preparing to force results in 1900. Unless the people arouse themselves to the serious character of the impending crisis, and elect their candidate by a majority so overwhelming as to strike terror into the hearts of the conspirators, we shall see the army used in 1901 to prevent the seating of the legally-elected president. The times are portentous of evil. Danger marks the path of the future. But if the people will arouse themselves to a full sense of their peril they can effect a bloodless revolution and save the republic, as they did under Jefferson's leadership in 1800. We are face to face with the same elements he fought and conquered, rendered more arrogant and bold, however, by late successes and their confidence in the continued apathy of the masses.—Journal of Agriculture.

SIMPLE There is a right way to do all things. An expectant mother can easily realize, if she stops to think a moment, how dangerously wrong it is to swallow medicines when in her condition. She can see that the outside application of a liniment which softens and relaxes must certainly be the thing for her to use. Such a liniment is MOTHER'S FRIEND which she can depend upon doing her a world of good before and during labor. Send us for our free illustrated book, "Before Baby is Born." Mother's Friend is sold in drug stores for \$1 a bottle, or from THE BRADFELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SEND US ONE DOLLAR and we will send you this big \$25.00 ACME BIRD. This stove is made of the best iron, extra large flues, heavy covers, heavy linings and grates, large oven with heavy lined door, handsome nickel-plated ornamental and trimmings, extra large deep, genuine standard porcelain lined reservoir, hand some large ornamental base. Best coal burner made, and we furnish FREE an extra wood grate, making it a perfect wood burner. WE ISSUE A BIRD IN EXCHANGE with every stove and guarantee safe delivery to your rail-station. Your local dealer would charge you \$25.00 for such a stove, the freight is only about \$1.00 for each stove. Write us at once for at least \$10.00 orders. SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (INC.) CHICAGO, ILL. (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

DRINK GRAIN-O after you have concluded that you ought not to drink coffee. It is not a medicine, but doctors order it because it is healthful, invigorating and appetizing. It is made from pure grains and has that rich seal brown color and tastes like the finest grades of coffee and costs about 1-4 as much. Children like it and thrive on it because it is a genuine food drink containing nothing but nourishment. Ask your grocer for Grain-O, the new food drink. 15 and 25c.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

THE Bachelor Girls' association of Michigan, which comprises daughters of the best families of the state, has determined to extend its field of operation and an effort will be made within the next two months to effect similar organizations in Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and Missouri. It is proposed to organize societies in every town and city, and by oaths to pledge affiliating members from entering matrimony until the specified age limit of 30 years shall have been attained, and to stipulate qualifications which must be possessed by members of the opposite sex who seek marriage when the young women may be eligible for alliances. The promoters of the movement believe that the divorce evil may be partially eradicated by such an organization maintained in a number of states. The movement bids fair to be successful.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE DREADED CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. T. A. Slocum, M. C., the Great Chemist and Scientist, Will Send, Free, Three Bottles of His Newly Discovered Remedies to Sufferers.

EDITOR COURIER.—I have discovered a reliable cure for Consumption and all Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases. General Decline, Loss of Flesh and all conditions of Wasting Away. By its timely use thousands of apparently hopeless cases have been cured. So proof-positive am I of its power to cure, that to make its merits known, I will send, free, to any afflicted reader of your paper, three bottles of my Newly Discovered Remedies upon receipt of Express and Post-office address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 98 Pine Street, New York.

J. L. ERWIN, a Callaway county man interested in the road problem, advocates an entirely new material for the construction of improved roads. It is burnt gumbo, which is now used by many railroads for ballasting purposes. He claims that it is better than gravel or crushed rock and, under the most conditions, cheaper. He wants the legislature to make a small appropriation to test the material, which is nothing but very tenacious clay that is found in river bottom lands, burned after the manner of charcoal.—Vandalia Mail and Express.

GIRLS are warned not to marry an editor. An editor in a neighboring town came near killing his wife one night recently. A servant was awakened by the screams of her mistress, and found her to be choked by her husband. The editor had dreamed that a delinquent subscriber had paid up his subscription, and he was grasping his wife by the throat thinking he had the money in his hands.

"I've come to kill a printer," said the little man. "Any printer in particular?" asked the foreman. "Oh, any one will do. I would prefer a small one, but I've got to make some sort of bluff at fight or leave home, since the paper called my wife's pink tea a 'swill affair.'"

WANTED.—Agents to sell our lubricating oils, greases and famous Black Zanzibar Anti-rust Roof Paint. Liberal contracts offered. Commonwealth Oil Co., Cleveland Ohio. NEW YORK had its annual dog show last week, which, in some respects, was a "howling" success.