

# WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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VOL. III NO. 35

## SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE!

A WOMAN AND

## A Baby at the Bottom SENSATIONAL DEVELOPMENTS!

INFORMATION AT

## FOWLER'S DRUG STORE

On the Southwest Corner of the Square.

DOLLS FROM A NICKEL TO A FIVE.

DOLLS THAT LOOK AS IF THEY WERE ALIVE.

DOLLS OF A COMPLEXION VERY BRIGHT.

DOLLS AS BLACK-AS BLACK AS NIGHT.

DOLLS THAT ARE ARRANGED FOR CRYING.

DOLLS YOU CAN HARDLY KEEP FROM BUYING.

DOLLS THAT CAN SIT UP. DOLLS THAT CAN TALK.

DOLLS THAT CAN'T WALK, BUT DOLLS THAT CAN SQUAWK.

DOLLS! A BEAUTIFUL LINE! COME SEE!

DOLLS! COME BUY THEM FOR THE XMAS TREE!

Vases, Cups, Mugs, China Tea Sets, Writing Desks, Fancy Work Baskets, Combs, Brushes, Fine Toilet Soaps, Pomades, Perfumes, Wright's Lubin's Lunborg's Hoyt's Hackmetack, Forest Flower—A Complete Stock.

## JUST RECEIVED

a large assortment of Fancy Box Writing Papers, Plain, Polka Dot, Cream, Rose, and all DIRT CHEAP!

Finest Line of Cigars! Pipes of all kinds! Tobacco Boxes, Cigar Cases, Just the thing! Fine Smoking Tobaccos,

## MEERSCHAUM GOODS

a specialty; finest and largest line ever brought to Kirksville. SMOKER'S SETS, Something New!

Call at the southwest corner of the square and examine! No trouble to show goods! Come and be Convinced!

The Balance of this Interesting Story will be Found in the Journal.

Do not fail to read it!

## CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE

FROM

## Robinson & Whitacre

We wish to call the attention of our customers to the fact that we have

## JUST RECEIVED

A LARGE LINE OF

## FANCY CHRISTMAS GOODS

FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE

## AND WE ARE GOING TO SELL THEM

Below Anything Sold in the City

## FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

## OUR STOCK IS COMPLETE!

We had one notion bill amounting to \$800.00, shipped to us by the side of our competitors' \$120 bills. This shows who Handles and Sells the Goods.

We have Embroidered Pillow Shams, Applique Work, and Felt Goods, Silk Embroidered Stand Covers, Fancy Embroidered Satins, Lamp Mats, Lace Tidy Sets, Silk Lace, black and white. Fichues and Ties,

## A Most Elegant Line of Silk Handkerchiefs

—ALSO LATEST STYLES FUR AND BEADED—

## Cloaks and Dress Ornaments.

And Fasteners, Dress Cords, and Tassels. Black Brown and White, Tip ped Fur SWAN'S DOWN, and other articles too numerous to mention such as Scarfs, Hoods, Shawls, Ladies' Yarn Mitts and Hose, Knit Leg-gins and Socks, Gents' Knit Socks and Scarfs. Large Bullet Buttons Small Bullet Buttons, All Styles Flat Buttons, Laces, Ribbons, Gents' Ties, Jewelry, Rings, Bracelets, Necklaces,

## AND EVERYTHING

—AT THE—

## NEW YORK STORE

—AND TO BE SOLD—

Lower Than Anybody Else Can Sell Them

FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS

CALL EARLY

## NEW YORK STORE.

## HOTEL DIRECTORY

The card of one first class hotel in each town will be inserted in this column, and a copy of the Weekly GRAPHIC sent free on receipt of \$3.00. The GRAPHIC goes to a large list of leading hotels in the west, and is read by traveling men, making it a decidedly valuable medium for hotels.

Correspondence, news items and interesting personal items desired. Address Weekly GRAPHIC, Kirksville, Mo.

HAWKINS HOUSE, Knox City, Mo. Sample rooms first floor. Good accommodations. In-teresting and connected. Charges reasonable. THOMAS HAWKINS, Prop.

PARBELS HOUSE, Kirksville, Mo. The lead-ing hotel of North Missouri. Refitted and Re-organized. Headquarters for traveling men. GEO. S. MERRITT, Prop.

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NEW BADEN HOTEL—Adair county, Mo. Good accommodations for boarders \$4.00 per week. For fractional parts of a week \$1.00 per day. Beds per night 25 cents. Good accommo-dations. Good eating and good horse feed. All seeking health, recreation or rest come find a better place. GEO. SHAW, Prop.

(ORIGINAL STORY.)

## Preston Flat Mystery;

OR,

## THE FORTUNES OF WALTER BROWNFIELD.

BY M. J. ROY.

Author of "Maggie Noyes," "Star of the Season," "Effie's Mission," "Cliff-ford's Cave," "Grand Delusion," "Irwin the Horned," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE NEW FARM HAND.

"Do you want a farm hand?" "I don't know," answered Mr. Miles. a well-to-do farmer in the unassuming neighborhood known as Preston's Flat. The farmer, who was engaged in re-paring a broken whippeteer, rested his axe upon the large chopping block, and gave the speaker a searching glance from head to foot.

The applicant was a slender, delicate young man, with a mild blue eye and light auburn hair. He was not over twenty or twenty-one years of age, and his soft white hands contrasted strangely with the hardened, sunburned palms of the farmer's two sons, who stood near by, one with a wagon whip, and the other with a bridle in his hands.

"I don't know," repeated Mr. Miles, as he scanned the youth still more closely. "You don't look as if you ever did any farm work."

"I can learn," replied the pale youth, his face showing a despairing look, as his eyes fell on his only earthly possessions—a small budget of clothes tied up in a red handkerchief, and a stick run through them.

On approaching Mr. Miles he had taken the bundle from his shoulder, and carried it in his hand.

The applicant was dressed neatly, though not expensively. His clothes, however, as well as the budget, was covered with dust. He raised his despairing eyes to the farmer's face, with a look that at once appealed to his heart.

"Did you ever work on a farm?" asked the kind hearted Mr. Miles.

"But very little, sir. I can soon learn though, and am willing to do all I can."

"Have you long been seeking employment?"

"Yes sir, I have been traveling from house to house, for more than a week," and the young man, or youth, for he could scarcely be called a man, gazed down the long dusty road which he had so recently come.

Preston Flat, was a strip of country lying on the east side of Preston Creek about a dozen miles in extent, and four or five miles in width. It was a settlement completely shut in by sur-rounding hills and bluffs. The valley was undulating and very fertile.

The valley had a small village at the head of it under the significant name of Bushville. In Preston Flat the unambitious farmer was born, grew old and died, little knowing or caring about the great conflicts which agitated the outside world.

He raised his corn, oats and wheat; he fed his corn to his hogs, horses, cat-tle and sheep; his wheat was ground into flour by the miller at Bushville, and furnished him bread.

Nearly every farmer's wife was a weaver, and the bang of looms and the whir of wheels could be heard from one end of the valley to the other.—The women made the jeans for the men, and linsey clothes for the women. The other necessary clothes were pur-chased at the stores in Bushville, which also afforded a miserable market for the products of the farm and what live stock the farmer had to sell. We are not speaking of the Preston Flat of to day, but as it was many years ago, at the opening of our story.

Every tribe has a chief, so every community a head man, and Preston Flat was not an exception. Aside from the "great mogul," who owned the vil-

lage store and post office at Bushville, and with whom everybody liked to show their familiarity by calling him "Dave," was Mr. James Miles, the farmer. His farm was larger, in better condition, and a better location than any other in the entire flat. The great frame farm house which stood upon a slight elevation, fifty rods or more from the broad, hard beaten road, was pointed to with pride by the other farmers of the neighborhood, and every portly dame in the valley regarded it as the highest honor to "take her knittern" and spend the day with Missis Miles.

The farm house was surrounded by stately elms, maple, and oak. There barn lots and barn attachments to the same, and the vast fields laying beyond filled with ripening corn, stretched away for two miles.

It was to this thrifty farmer Walter Brownfield, with pale face, dust covered, worn out, and disheartened, applied for work. Day after day had he tramped from house to house, seeking employ-ment, to be turned aside with the as-surance that no hand was wanted.

He did not understand that his white face, and soft hands were the chief cause of his being turned away. What spare change he had, was spent in pay-ing lodging bills, and the last night, he had been compelled to sleep in a barn.

No wonder his pleading soul was in his face, as having waited long and earnestly for a reply, from the farmer, coming not, he said:

"Will you be so kind as to give me a trial?"

The stout farmer boys, who had been attracted by the young man, stood tit-tering, as they compared his slender form, with their own muscular frames.

"I don't know," was the hesitating answer of the farmer. "You see the farming season is nearly over. There is really not much to do now."

"You certainly can give me work enough to pay my board and clothes anyway," said the anxious young appli-cant.

The farmer took his foot down from the chopping block, drove the ax deep into it, put his other foot by the side of it then with his elbow on his knee, and his head in his hands, seemed to be thinking the matter over.

"You say ye never did much farm work?" he finally asked, shifting his foot, knee, hand and head, to get an- other look at the applicant.

"No sir never, but very little."

"Where are ye from?"

"I came from Queenstown."

"What is your name?"

"Walter Brownfield," repeated the farmer, reflectively, still keeping his head in his hand in a meditatively manner. "I never heard of that name before: as I am not acquainted in Queenstown it is nothing strange."

"Thank Heaven!" mentally ejaculated the tired youth, "you are not ac-quainted with either Queenstown or my name. Why did I not change it? It would have been safer, yet I could not live up to deception."

The farmer then straightened him-self up and leaning on his axe began to put what in his estimation were some astute cross questions.

"When did you leave Queenstown?"

"About ten days ago."

"What have you been doing since?"

"Traveling about the country, and looking for work."

"Is this the first time you ever play-ing the tramp? The question was sharply put, and made the cheeks of the young man tingle with shame.

Poverty and hunger had subdued to a great extent, his once proud spirit that a few weeks ago he would not brook. In a tone both sad and truth-fully he answered.

"Yes sir, it is."

"What business have you been en-gaged in at Queenstown?"

This question made the young man's heart leap.

He had both expected and dreaded it from the beginning.

The last expression pleased the prac-tical farmer, who held in contempt the man or boy who shunned manual toil.

"That is sensible, young man, and I believe, that in spite of soft white hands you will succeed. We have not much to do for which it is necessary to employ a hand, but there is corn cuttin' and it will soon be gatherin' time. The sor-gum's so grind and make, and plenty o' chores I guess, to keep all three o' you boys busy—"

He paused abruptly as though he was again debating the question in his mind.

Walter, fearing that he might alter his resolution and send him on as so many others had done, said:

"I assure you sir, I shall do my best to please you. I only ask you to give me a trial, and if I fail you can then discharge me."

"That's fair, but I declar' there's not much to do," said the farmer.

"Then, sir, the wages can be fixed to correspond, I am tired of tramping about the country," said Walter almost despairingly.

"I'll tell ye what I'll do," the farmer at last said. "I've not got much to do, but if you'll work here at six dollars a month, it's all right. If the work'll justify it, I'll raise your wages."

The price was a mere pittance but learning that it included his board, Walter accepted rather than trudge farther.

The farmer then told his youngest son, a strapping youth of seventeen, to carry the young man's budget into the house, while John, the oldest son and Walter went after a load of rails to mend the fence. It was thus that Wal-ter Brownfield commenced work as a hired hand for Mr. Miles, the chief farmer of Preston Flat.

## CHAPTER II

JACK HAWKINS.

Mr. Miles' family consisted of his wife, two sons, and a daughter, who went by the name of Pinkey. Mrs. Miles was a good natured, motherly dame, who was at home only with cows and poultry. The sons were robust young men who had inherited their father's constitution, and their mother's good nature. Each to use his own expression, "was as strong as an ox."

There is no more beautiful specimen of God's handiwork than the hardy sons of the soil, whom we find in the rural districts. It is these same farm-ers' sons, who not only furnish the aus-cle of our country, but the largest amount of brains.

It is these robust farm lads who make our legislators, our governors and presidents. We ask the reader who doubts our assertion to just think a moment how many presidents of the United States there have been who were not born and chiefly reared on farms.

But we beg pardon, we are wander-ing from the story. The morning after Walter Brownfield's engagement to Mr. Miles he was aroused at early dawn by John Miles nudging him in the side, saying:

"It is 'bout time farm men were up, We must git out an' feed."

"You mean go to breakfast?" asked Walter, rubbing his eyes sleepily, and contrasting this early rising with the pleasant morning nap he was per-mitted to take in the city.

"Breakfast, no!" said John in a tone of some contempt. "D'ye 'spose we people in the country do nothin' but eat. No sir, we must git out and feed the hogs, horses, cattle and sheep afore breakfast. We'll be late about it, I assure you," added John rather snap-pishly. "Ben's been gone for an hour or more."

Walter crawled from the warm bed shivering with cold, for the first au-tumn frost had fallen during the night, wishing that he could have got half an hour's more sleep.

Seeing that John regarded him somewhat contemptuously, he hurried on the farmer costume, and went on out.

There was haying cattle, measuring and carrying to each horse his rations of oats, feeding the green fodder to the sheep in the pasture, of which Wal-ter had his due share assigned him.

He felt a little timid as the cattle with long, sharp horns ran after him, while scattering the hay, but his deter-mined will, overcame his terror, and he got through the feeding with credit to himself.

Breakfast was announced, and he ac-companied the boys to the rear yard, where there was a well, some wash bas-ins and a towel hanging on the out-side wall.

This was a strange place for one to perform his morning ablutions, and ar-range his toilet, but he found it not unpleasant, and supposed it was health inspiring. They drew the cold spark-

ling water from the well and each pro-ceeded to wash his face, head, and neck.

Walter followed their example and found towel comb and mirror hanging on the outside wall, by and with which to arrange their toilets.

When this was completed they went in to breakfast. Walter was sure he never enjoyed a better meal.

Mr. Miles was his usual custom, laid out the work for the boys during the day.

Ben, the youngest was to plow some meadow land and John, the oldest, and Walter, were to cut and shock corn.

Mr. Miles himself harnessed a span of horses to the light farm wagon, and announced that he and his daughter Pinkey would go to Bushville to do some fall marketing. The farmer also intended to take some bags of wheat to the mill to be ground.

Pinkey Miles was always pretty, but when she was attired in her holiday dress, and neat little leghorn bonnet, she looked more so than ever.

Walter received one glance from those roguish black eyes as she came out to get into the wagon, and he felt a strange fluttering at his heart.

He stifled down any emotion he might have, and taking his corn knife, followed John Miles to the field, while Pinkey, by her father's side on the wagon drove away.

Mr. Miles had on his holiday cloth-ing also, including a high crowned narrow rimmed hat, which has in late days been termed a "plug."

Pinkey gazed on the blue sky, the light, fleecy clouds, the leaves of the trees now assuming a golden hue, and followed the birds in their flight, or listened to their glad songs, while her practical father gazed about on the fields, and inspected the fences, barns and houses, making various criticisms on the same.

The spirited horses went down the road at a good round trot, and clouds of dust rose in the rear of the wagon, floating away to settle on the leaves of the trees or accumulate in the fields.

They had passed a small farm house situated on a hill with a field extend-ing along the road, enclosed by a miser-able fence.

"There's that trifling Jack Haw-kin'," said Mr. Miles to his daughter, pointing to man with dark brown whiskers, broad brimmed hat, in his shirt sleeves, sitting on the fence near a miserable old tumble down gate.

"I'll declare, he's the laziest man in the entire Flat. Always sittin' on the fence, and never doin' any good. Besides he keeps that tramp, Bill Martin about him all the time, who is twice as triflin' as he."

"How do they make a living father, if they don't work?" asked Pinkey who farmer girl like, knew no honorable means of support, save in manual toil.

"I do not know daughter, that has always been a mystery. Some peo-ple can sit on the fence all day and never come to want, while others work for dear life, an' can hardly make two ends meet. But they do say Bill Martin is a thief, an' he may steal enough in his tramps, to keep Jack and his family from starving."

A small boy, the son of Jack Haw-kins', ran to the fence to peep through at the father and daughter as they drove by. They saw Jack Hawkins team of grey mares harnessed to the plow and standing just inside the gate while Jack Hawkins himself sat on the fence, as if he was waiting for them to approach.

"Hello, neighbor Miles!" cried Jack as the wagon came opposite him. "Go-ing to town to-day?"

"Yes Jack, are ye putting in your wheat?" asked Mr. Miles, reining in his restless horses.

"Just commenced plowing for it," replied Hawkins, a grin on his face that made it at once distrustful.

"Why ain't you plowing now; stoop-ed to take a rest?"

"No, broke a clevis, and Bill's gone to the house to get one."

"How long since ye had that field in cultivation?"

"Some three or four years," replied Jack descending from the fence and advancing to the wagon. He was a man about forty five years of age with bushy hair and bearded, a crest-fallen grey eye, and square massive chin.

He came forward at his usual lazy, shambling rate, and familiarly put one foot on the hub of the fore-wheel next to him, supporting his elbow on the knee of his elevated leg, resting his chin in his hand, he seemed to square himself for a two hour talk.

"Got a new hand I her'd?" said Jack.

"Yes, hired one yesterday."

"D'ye think he's much account?"

"No he says he never did, but he seems willing to learn."

"Do ye think he kin do it, if he does learn?"

"I don't see why he should not."

"Why he's rather w a'ct' you know."

"Rather slender, young man?"

"Yes, don't look as though he could manage a fiery team, or do a hard day's work."

"Those slender chaps sometime de-ceive."

"What has he been doin'?" asked Jack.

"Clerkin' in a dry goods store."

"Where?"

"At Queenstown."

"A clerk, hey?"

"That's what he says he's been do-ing."

"A regular ladies' gentleman then," said Jack with a sly glance a Pinkey.

"One o' them fellers what can measure cat-erco, talk soft, and walk on eggs without breakin' 'em."

"He seems willing to work, and a perfect gentleman," replied Mr. Miles. Then to change the conversation he said:

"How much winter wheat do you in-tend to put in?"

"Dunno," was the reply, "some fit-teen, or twenty acres, I suppose."

"You are rather late commencing for that much."

"Ya-as, but ef I don't git it all in, I'll hev to be content with puttin' in a part."

"You haven't plowed five furrows yet."

"No, jest commenced," said the care-less Jack Hawkins, shifting his foot to the ground and putting the other foot on the other hub. "Our clevis broke and Bill went to the house to rit the other."

"You have your greys" yet, said the farmer Miles as he gazed over the fence at the two rather likely looking grey mares attached to the plow.

"Yes, an' it's a shame to hev to hold 'em to a plow."

"Why?"

"They are both racers. They kin out run a greased streak o' double geered lightning."

"But they'll do more good at the plow," was the answer of the practical Mr. Miles.

"I've been hearin' that greasy shep-herd from Queenstown," asked Jack Hawkins, reverting to the subject which seemed to interest him.

"About two weeks or ten days, was the reply."

"What is his name?"

"Walter Brownfield. But it's getting late and we must be going," said Mr. Miles starting his team. "Don't work to hard." There was no need of mak-ing the request, for Jack Hawkins was not liable to do that.

"Never fear about that," said Jack with his distrustful grin; "Don't git drunk," he slouted as the wagon rattled away. The noise and distance made his tones inaudible to Mr. Miles and daughter.

"His name is Walter Brownfield," said Jack as he reentered the field by the old rickety gate, and took a seat on the beam of his plow. "His name is Brownfield, and he's from Queen-town, was a dry goods clerk. It must be the same feller, but Bill's a comin' an' he'll be apt to know. We must make his acquaintance of it is."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How Railway Kings Travel

The traveller who has modern sleep-ing-cars and hotel-cars at his command would seem to have reached the height of luxury. He is surrounded by soft fabrics of exquisite color, and beautiful specimens of handiwork in choice woods and costly metals. His dinner is served to him while he is being whirled along at thirty-five or forty miles an hour. But the magnates of the great railroad lines contrive to secure still finer cars and still greater luxuries for themselves when they travel.

The President of the Central Pacific has recently ordered a palace-car to be built for his wife, the cost of which is to be thirty thousand dollars. Mr. Vanderbilt has a private car which cost forty thousand dollars. One-half the interior is a grand saloon walled in by big plate-glass windows and furnished with arm-chairs, lounges and tables. The other half is occupied by a kitchen, bath-room, private sitting-room, etc.

Mr. Vanderbilt has inherited his father's fondness for fast traveling with a special engine, on special time, and of-ten makes six hundred miles between day, light and dark. He dislikes night-travel, but when it is necessary he has a "sleeper" attached to his private car.

The President of the Erie Railway has one of the most elegant of private cars. It is seventy-two feet long, or a little longer than the Pullman cars.

The first room is walled with Irish bog-oak, carved and coiled with lighter wood, ornately stenciled. The furniture is of the most luxurious and beautiful pattern. A wide hall-way leads in-to the main saloon, and on one side of it is a bed-room while at the other is a large bath-room.

The bath-room has a deep tub and a marble toilet-stand. The bed-room con-tains a full-sized bed, which when not in use is a mahogany wardrobe, richly carved. The grand saloon itself is as large as many city parlors, and it is fit-ted with every imaginable convenience, including kitchen, pantries, etc.

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