

# WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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## Lights and Shadows

### RICH AND POOR.

BY E. AZILE CROSBY.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE TWO HOMES.

Slowly the moon rose over the tree tops in its fullness, flooding hill and valley with its silent beauty; nestling softly over the green earth—for 'tis June; sweet-scented, sunny June, when all nature is in gala dress of perfect leaf and flowers. The moon silvers the waters of the silent lake. On the bank of which, stands the magnificent home of the wealthy land-owner—Norris Derimple.

Its tall gothic peaks and heavy corniced gables glisten and sparkle in the moonlight. Its gravelled walks and drives winding through the shrubbery, the many nodding, beautiful flowers, all add to the loveliness of that home.

But there's another home I would speak of now. Farther down the rocky shores stands a cottage occupied by Mrs. St. Clair a widow, and her four children. At the little gate in front of the house stands a slender boy of a few summers; and as the moonlight glides over the silent waters, chasing away the shadows of passing clouds, the nodding branches of the tall tree make fitting shadows over his boyish face.

'Tis the first glance that gives the face its boyish look; for looking closer the dark still eyes show a deeper meaning.

"Raphy, come in child; why do you stand out there star-gazing. Come in boy, I have something to tell you. While a slight tremor shook her voice.

"Yes mother," he said as if awakened from a reverie. "When I carry the kindling for the morning."

Raphael walked in, laying down the wood; went over close beside his mother who sat with her face in her hands. Raising her head slowly as he approached she drew a chair beside her, motioning him to be seated.

"What is it mother? Has any one—"

"Nay, stop child do not question and look so sorrowfully in my face. I will tell it all as soon as I can.

"Raphael" she said, while all the life's sorrow seemed crushed into the boy's name. She spoke it so solemnly.

"'Tis done, Raphy. I have given up for Mabel and Fanny to go away." Here she broke down and sat looking far away; while the tears rained down on the brown head in her lap, for the boy, too, sobbed aloud as he hid his face in his mother's lap, and his mind wandered away to their payhouse and to the pictures he and Fanny had painted on bits of boards, making their own paint from the soft stones gathered along the creek. The playhouse they had built that day up the rocky creek that lost itself in the lake just outside their humble home.

James St. Clair had made a sunny, bright home for his wife and children, while he lived, but death had claimed him in an unlooked for moment, and it was the old story, tricky, and dishonest of false friends had taken all, and Susie St. Clair with her little flock must battle on with life empty handed.

"Mother has it come to this," and the boy stood before this mother looking wistfully into her saddened face while an earnest look crept into his dark eyes and a thoughtfulness as of manhood glided suddenly into his boyish face. "Mother, if I were only a man," and he stood straight and erect before the mother, who was his boyish idol.

Mrs. St. Clair reached out her arms and clasped to her bosom the manly boy before her. "Yes, Raphael, I know, but you are only my little boy, and I am poor, oh so poor, that I cannot even help you to be a man," and again sobs choked back the word.

"But you, my boy will be truthful and honest. I know you will for I asked God to help you all to be men and women. Sleep on, Mabel and Fanny and dear little Lotie, too, for to-morrow separates you my children," and she clasped her hand over the boy's head, while her eyes turned upward, as if communing with the God that holds our destiny. Then going to the bed she kissed each of the little sleeping faces, and wiping away the tears, she said: "Raphy, I am weak to-

night but I must be strong, for so much lies before me. "Deacon Hugh's and his wife came over to-day and wanted to adopt Mabel. They have talked to me of it before and—and I went to see the Townsends about Fanny. They want her to mind the baby and promised to be kind to her and clothe and feed her. The children will have plenty to eat," and again she choked back the sobs swelling her throat so full, as she thought of the little lives entrusted to her care and love, and she powerless to clothe and feed them. "Surely with your help I can provide for Lotie and you. My hands, your father always called so beautiful, are so willing to work. No task shall be too great for them, while I am working for you. I thought I could keep you all with me at first, that I would live on bread and water, anything only to keep you all together; but I am wronging you my children, to keep you in poverty, God helping me, I will try to be a woman."

"Yes, mother, and I, too, will be a man, some day, a strong man," and his eyes shone with a new light, and each went to bed to dream dreams of better days, while all the struggles of the coming years were hidden away, and they slept.

Susie St. Clair was a delicate slender woman, so with all her hopes and anticipations of a future for her children, she must see her brightest hopes fade away, and struggle on as best she could.

We will step over a few days. Mabel is domiciled in the home of Deacon Hugh's. Sweet little blue-eyed Fannie now feels herself the soul guardian of the Townsends' baby.

Mrs. St. Clair's humble home is very still. The dark-eyed Mabel, her first-born, sacred, holy trust! The woman heart stands still while she folds her hands across her bosom and stands thinking and living over the past, so like a sweet, happy dream. But she is awakened from it by hearing a wild scream outside, and a perfect trade of

"Och, now, I am killed now, I know I am, intirely, what will the Mistress say? Och, and yees a nice swate boy, and I'll spake to the holy virgin, about ye, so I will, that's a nice boy." Then with another frantic cry she said: "Och the baby's dead sure. O woe is me, woe is me, that I was ever born."

Mr. St. Clair reached the creek just in time to see Raphael coming out of the creek with a child in his arms all dripping and wet.

Biddy O'Flinn the Irish girl stood wringing her hands and talking on.

The gentleman and lady passing in the carriage, that Biddy had shied too near the edge of the bridge for, while she gazed at them and let the little wagon over the bank, had turned and drove back, asking hurriedly, "Is the child dead?" while Biddy between sobs and the apron she held over her face, kept up her jargon of Irish. The lady alighted and went the house with the little, wet, strangled child.

Dr. Noble hitched his horse and went to the girl, sizing hold of her shoulder, said hurriedly: "stop your noise girl, this minute. Who are you? Whose child is that you let drop in the water?"

"Why I am Biddy O'Flinn and live in the great white house yonder and the lady is not well bless her swate soul, and sent me out with the little girl, the darlint, Och, woe is me! woe is me!"

The Doctor knew then whose child it was and hastened in. They had removed the wet clothes and wrapped the little one in dry ones.

Raphael wiped and combed the water from the golden sunny curls, while ever and anon she opened her blue eyes and looked into his.

The doctor looked the child over, said she was not hurt badly, with and a keep her warm and quiet a few hours," he took his leave.

Mrs. St. Clair held her child to her heart, wondering how Norris Derimple the child's father, could be so cold and stern, so hard on those in his power and a shudder shook her slightly as she thought of his face so hard and steely, for only that morning had he told her the real must come inside of the month, and it had been so hard to work, and the children going away, too, and she hugged the sleeping child to her heart, wondering whether he would ever speak harsh words to the sweet, beautiful child. She opened her eyes, reaching her arms around Mrs. St. Clair's neck, kissing her she said: "I want my mamma," just then Raphael came in, when she asked him

to take her home. His mother said, he had better go and tell her father. "No, I want my mamma," she said. "Yes, little girl, tell me your name, and I'll bring her."

"Vivvies," she said. "I cannot speak it plain. What is your name big boy?"

"Raphael St. Clair," he said. "Mother and Lotie call me Raphy, so you little lady may call me that too."

"Tell them, Raphy to bring dry clothes. I would wait and let you and the girl take her home, but fear her mother will be scared about her staying so long, and hope that Norris Derimple would be more lenient with her when he knows what they had done for his child.

Innocent, unsuspecting Susie St. Clair, craving sympathy and kindness looking over the sunshine that was once hers, now lost forever, seeing her household idol fading away, catching at faint hopes even where only an iron will holds sway. Ah, beautiful hope! Thou art the living well in the desert of life!

As the boy walked up the gravel walk to the house, he wondered why their home must be so different from the one before him. He did his errand at the door to a servant, but the mother's ear caught the words and came to the door with a face white with fear. "Mother thinks the little girl more frightened than hurt," he said manfully, "but thought you ought to know, and she said you must bring some dry clothes," then he turned and hastened home. When the Derimple carriage passed him, he saw the pale face he saw at the door looking wistfully out at him for an instant as they whirled away.

They were nearly ready to start when he reached home. The child was saying my childish, sweet things, such as bright, winning little ones can say. The father stood outside looking stern and cold as an iceberg, while Biddy looked pale and frightened.

"Will it take you all day wile, to dress the child? I have business to attend to and should have been in town ere this.

"Yes, Norris" she said in tones so low you could hardly hear. "I will be ready soon," while her hands shook slightly. The child reached her white arms out to Raphael as he came in, saying, "I will kiss you boy for taking me out of the water."

The father scowled, but the mother slipped a gold piece into the boy's hand as she passed him, and the sad eyes looked lovingly into Mrs. St. Clair's words she dared not speak, and the wealthy Norris Derimple and his wife drove away in their carriage. The few words that escaped his lips savored with scorn and faultfinding and Mrs. Derimple pressed her little Vivvian close to her bosom. At home, he gave orders as one having authority, and then drove away.

That night when Raphael St. Clair tried to go to sleep, the little white face of Vivvian Derimple, down in the clear water haunted his vision and the gold piece, more money than he had ever been owner of before, but he should give it to mother to help pay the rent. So he fell asleep and dreamed that they were all together at home building their play houses again and far away he saw, painted on rich canvases, beautiful pictures.

**CHAPTER II.**  
THE WANDERER.

Reader, my story lies in our own sunny land, America, amid its broad fields along winding rivers on the green shores of clear lakes and babbling brooks, where the golden sunshine shimmers in untold beauty, and too, in the cities, the great, busy, hurrying marts of human life. 'Tis not fiction, but every day life, where hearts throb with joy and groan with agony, such as we meet in the daily walks of life, where the soul grows and groans on, while learning the many lessons. So I will leave you, friendly reader, to follow us into the many homes along the way and judge your own judgments.

'Tis a beautiful Sabbath morning, stray bits of sunshine steal in through the curtained windows in the elegantly furnished sitting room of the Derimple home, where Mrs. Derimple is talking to Hubert, her eldest boy, while she ties on Vivvian's hat and straightens Robbie's collar.

"Why yes, Hubert, go with your father and Robbie. I have such a little ways to go," she said, as if to conciliate the child.

"I should think," said Hubert, as he pulled his hat over his eyes, and walked away, "that I might go to church with you if I wished, and some day I will," he added, half aloud.

They all went together down the gravel walk. At the gate, the husband and the two boys went one way, while Mrs. Dimple and the little Vivvian went the other to church on that sunny Sabbath morning. As she closed the gate, she saw Hubert wipe his kerchief hastily across his eyes. A deep sigh escaped her as she took the little hand reached up to her by the prattling child.

"Mamma," she said, "was Hubert naughty not to want to go with my papa?"

"We must hurry, Vivvy," she said as she heard the bells chiming the hour for service and it was quite a step yet, as they lived quite out of town. That evening Hubert dared to question his father about he and his mother going to different churches, for his father had often spoken harshly to his mother about it, in his hearing, which caused the hot blood to rankle in the boy's bosom.

"Father, is not mother a good woman? What difference is there in the churches that we do not go together?" Norris Derimple looked up from his paper as one astonished. "The boy's earnest eyes never faltered, but looked his father full in the face as if he expected an answer.

"Go to your bed, sir. Go, sir!" as the boy hesitated as if he had something more to say. "Not another word, sir and to-morrow I'll settle this with you."

So the boy went across the threshold of his father's library never to cross it more. Going to his mother's room, she was undressing the children for bed. She saw the shadows come and go over the face of her beautiful boy. The children slept by their mother's knee to say their midnight prayer. As they knelt she reached out her hand to Hubert when he came and knelt beside her, and when Robbie said, "God bless my brother Hubert," he hid his face in his mother's lap and sobbed like a child. The children soon slept and the two talked 'till they heard the father coming, when Hubert glided noiselessly up the carpeted stair.

Next day the Parson and Deacon Hughes were invited to dinner, and Hubert was talked to by each and then sent to his own room without dinner for further punishment. In his own room, he looked longingly out over his father's broad sunlit fields. The bright rays stole noiselessly into his room, painting fairy pictures amid the beautiful colors on the carpet, but its beauty is lost to the boy; for his heart rankled with bitterness towards his father. "I cannot live on through the years and bear all of father's harsh and bitter words. He talks to me as if I were a burden." Looking at his hands, he said: "these hands can make me a living, out in the great world I'll go," little heeding or knowing the struggles and hardships that lay beyond the gilded home around him. This is not the first time he had been sent to his room hungry and he felt, just then, his back smart where the whip had been sometimes laid and his father's frowning face glided before him, which was always worse to the proud, sensitive boy than the rod. Then thoughts of his white faced mother as she came noiselessly to his door, with something to eat. How could he leave her! but he must. "I cannot, I will not stay and be treated thus. I have a right to be cared for but it grows worse.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A valuable exchange publishes an article headed "Surprising a Minister." Some one, perhaps, dropped a whole quarter into the contribution basket. [Bismark Tribune.

"A new industry in Norway is the canning of whales." It is not stated how many whales are packed in each can; but we shouldn't think the number was over four. [Norristown Herald.

"Come away from dat straw stack, chile," called a negro woman to her son. "Fust thing yer know yer'll be hay feber. Doan yer put none ob dat straw in yer mouf." [Texas Siftings.

"Yes," remarked the economical storekeeper. "I expect a big run of custom this week. I told my wife I had the best stock of goods in the city—and her sewing circle meets to-morrow." [Philadelphia Call.

A Texas man man has been sentenced to ninety-nine years in the penitentiary. The Judge would have made it an even hundred, but didn't want to be hard on the fellow for his first offense. [Bismark Tribune.

## MARTIN LUTHER.

### Founder of Protestantism

The celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther which took place on the 10th of November awakens a new interest in his history and the work he accomplished.

He was born on the 10th of November, 1483, of humble parentage, at Eisleben, Saxony. There was little remarkable about him as a boy. Others were as studious and capable, and when he attended the University of Erfurt it is doubtful if he was any more proficient in his studies than is many a young collegian of to-day. But he was a conscientious student, who wanted an original knowledge of all things, and there was a mighty energy and determination about him which could not be put down when once aroused. While in the Augustine Convent at Erfurt he conceived an idea but for which he might have passed his life in the seclusion of the cloister. He went through a spiritual crisis, revolving in his mind the teachings of the Church and poring over the old books in the library, and it was then that a conviction took root in his soul that sins could only be forgiven through the grace of God.

It was little thought by the people of Wittenberg that the young man in sacerdotal robes who advanced such strange ideas in lecturing at the University, was to make the town famous in history, and change the thought of the world. It was in Wittenberg that he nailed the ninety-five theses against the sale of indulgence upon the gate to the church, and offered to maintain them in the university against all impugners. At Wittenberg he published those famous addresses and treatises about the year 1520, which sowed the seeds of reformation abroad in the land. It was there, too, that he burnt the theses of Tetzel and the Pope's bull at the gate of the city. All Germany was convulsed with excitement, and Luther was summoned before the diet of Worms. With heroic courage he resolved to obey the summons. In spite of the threats of enemies and the anxiety of friends he attended the diet and defined his position to the assembled sovereigns. He closed his speech with those famous words—"Here I take my stand. I can do no otherwise, so help me God. Amen." Despite the awful menace of the Pope and the priests, Luther continued to scatter the seeds of reform, and his eloquence, courage and power, displayed on many famous occasions, determined the fortunes of the Reformation. About the last important act of his life was the maintenance of his peculiar views in regard to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the famous conference of Marburg, and in February, 1546, sixteen years after, he died.

The people of Wittenberg held a celebration in advance of the official commemoration on the 12th of September. It was a great day for this old town, where Luther first made public his convictions and defended them. About fifty thousand people were present, among whom were the Crown Prince Frederick William, Prince Albrecht and Herr Von Gossler, Minister of Ecclesiastical affairs.

In America his birthday will be celebrated everywhere, and in some cities the celebration will continue for two or three days. A statue of the great reformer will be erected in Washington near the Luther Memorial Church. It is about double life size, representing Luther standing in clerical robes, and resembling the magnificent figure on the famous monument at Worms. A national committee are now perfecting arrangements for the event.—*Biographical Magazine.*

Another convict attempted to commit suicide at the Missouri Penitentiary yesterday. As usual, he was one that Capt. BRADBURY found "a hard fellow to deal with." Those convicts that give Capt. BRADBURY very much trouble always seem to be anxious to commit suicide. Our State Prison, despite the occasional coats of whitewash administered by legislative committees, is described by the convicts who have passed through it as a veritable hell on earth. And the attempts at suicide made by the men who "have given trouble" make an argument or investigation which should not go unheeded. Even Felons should not be tortured into self-murder. When the courts send a convict to the State Prison, they do not mean to inflict capital punishment, but under the benign administration which now obtains there, death appears as a welcome relief to the unfortunate. —*Post Dispatch.*

Dr. Mary Walker will live in England. She has the uniform for it, and may yet go out as third corporal in the Salvation Army.—[New Orleans Picayune.

"Yes," said the Philadelphia woman to her husband, "You may go to the political convention if you choose, but you must wear your old clothes." —*Post.*

## The St. Louis and Dakota.

The following statement is made in a circular dated November 1, touching the proposed St. Louis and Dakota Railway Company:

The above named company is organized under the laws of Iowa, to construct a standard gauge railroad from St. Louis to the northern boundary of Dakota. The total length of the line will be about 1,000 miles. The distance from St. Louis to a junction with the Northern Pacific Road, say at Fargo or Jamestown, will be 800 miles.

It is proposed to utilize about eighty-six miles of the St. Louis, Hannibal and Keokuk Road from a point on the Missouri River about six miles above St. Charles, where that company has a charter for a bridge, thence sixteen miles to Gilmore, on the W. St. L. and P. Road forty miles from St. Louis, from which place the St. L. H. and K. Road is already in operation, through the county towns of Troy, Bowling Green and New London to Hannibal, eighty-two miles.

The sixteen miles between the Missouri River and Gilmore will be built next year, and the Missouri River bridge will be commenced at the same time. The twenty-three miles between St. Louis and the Missouri River is being built by the Forest Park and Central railroad Company, via Clayton and Creve Coeur Lake. Sixteen miles of this line is now nearly ready for the rails.

A contract has been executed by which the St. L., H. and K. has the right to run its trains over the F. P. & C. Road, between the Missouri River and St. Louis.

A contract has also been executed between the St. L., H. and K. Company and the St. L. and D. Company, by which the former agrees to give the latter a drawback equal to 20 per cent of its gross earnings on all business to or from the Dakota Road. It is intended at an early day to consolidate these two companies.

It is proposed to commence the surveys and construction of the Dakota line at a point on the St. L. & K. road, near the southern boundary of Ralls County, about sixty nine miles from Gilmore and 108 from St. Louis shortening by that much the road to be built by the St. Louis and Dakota Company.

From the point named the line will run in a general northwest course, passing near or through Monroe City, Shelbyville, Kirksville and Unionville, and thence up the great Iowa divide, between the Missouri and the Des Moines Rivers.

It will be remembered that a meeting of several Iowa capitalists, with about a score of prominent St. Louisians, was held a week or ten days ago at the Southern to discuss St. Louis' interest in this proposed road. Little was done at that meeting except in the way of discussion, but it is understood that a second meeting will be held at the Southern to-day between the same parties for the purpose of taking more tangible action on this measure. The Iowa parties are all on hand ready for business, and some of the St. Louis merchants are already getting warm or work on the new grain road.—*Globe-Democrat.*

**Current Fun.**

The new comet is near Eta Draconis. Of course you will have no trouble now in finding it.—[Oil City Derrick.

A dentist's appearance is apt to deceive one. The more he looks down in the mouth the better he feels.—[Philadelphia Call.

A Little Rock man found a cake of soap and for days carried it as a curiosity, as nobody could tell what it was.—[Boston Post.

"It's a weigh I have," remarked the butcher as he let his hand rest on the scales while weighing the meat.—[Oil City Blizzard.

The man who sleeps on an old-fashioned feather bed generally feels down in the mouth in the morning.—[Burlington Free Press.

"I am to tell the truth." "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "and you are probably the worst shot in England."—[Punch.

Eighteen thousand Indians in Montana occupy 30,000,000 acres of the best land of that Territory.

Last year 45,000 persons were arrested in Paris, and only 6,000 women were included in this sum total.

Dio Lewis says American women need sunshine and not paint and powder to improve their complexions.

Eighteen Georgia counties have abolished fences. The problem is what lovers will do for gates to swing on.

The great bulk of the horse hair used in the United States is imported from the Argentine Republic and Uruguay.

A rather under-sized, plainly dressed, smooth-faced man with a conspicuous nose, is a correspondent's idea of Von Moltke.

Tennessee claims to be the second State in the Union in the possession of thorough bred cattle.