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VOL. V. NO. 4.

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LEAP YEAR.

Nice room Easy chair, Old back Sitting there, Old back Begins to snore Gentle rap At the door. Enter maid Bathed old, With a look of Love untold. Converse awhile This and that Close by him Old maid sat, Soon she talked Sentimental. He didn't care Contentual. She got mad, Began to cry, Other tactics Thought she'd try. Years you've called Every night, As if you had Perfect right. Why you came Love only knows Never once Did you propose. Now 'tis Leap Year, By Heaven above, I shall tell you Of my love. Then there was An awful crash He had leaped Through the ash. Funeral next day 't eleven, Old back Safe in Heaven.

Herbert Thornton;

—OR— "TRIED AS BY FIRE."

BY W. MAXWELL.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Harry Olifant had learned from Roland and through his sister, Octavia, much of the true state of affairs between Alice and Herbert. As we have heretofore hinted, he was far too gentlemanly to presume upon the friendship and esteem he knew Alice entertained toward himself; yet each day seemed to strengthen his passion—well nigh hopeless though he felt it to be. High manly natures are not moved by the baser passions of envy or jealousy, and hence, though Harry knew in his innermost soul that without Alice, life for a long time at least, would be a blank; he scorned the sentiment that "all things are fair in love or war." There never was a baser sentiment uttered. Yet it is the peculiarity of pure and overmastering love to declare itself, though its possessor feels its hopelessness.

The long months of preparation which followed the haste that culminated in the disgraceful stampede at Bull Run, were well nigh passed. A new army had been equipped, organized, drilled and hardened to the rough duties of war. Already regiments and brigades were tramping to the "front." The holiday parade, the enthusiasm, the picnic character which distinguished the first months of the struggle were over. It was serious business at last.

Roland and Harry were under marching orders themselves, and liable to start to the front at a moment's notice.

The young people had gathered at the Sanford mansion, for these last moments were precious ones. It was but natural that Roland and Octavia should wish to spend them alone. The conversation of engaged lovers is not always very interesting or edifying and we will leave them to their cooing and assuming the writer's privilege, follow Harry and Alice.

It was one of those glorious nights in June, with a full moon pouring down a radiance that paled the flickering gas lights on the street. There was scarcely the ripple of a breeze, and the distant drum-beat and bugle calls of departing regiments and brigades came to the ear with startling distinctness. Stepping out of the low window which opened to the grounds, Alice and Harry sought the open air. They walked silently for a few moments, side by side. Harry was the first to break the silence.

"Has your brother told you the news?"

"What news," asked Alice, a little startled.

"That the 10th—my regiment you know—marches to-morrow morning."

"What, so soon! He told me you were under orders to be ready, but I did not know the final orders had been given."

"The final orders came at sundown, and Herbert's corps is to follow in a day or two."

"We shall miss you, Lieutenant, very much—Octavia and I. It has been so pleasant here the present summer. And dear Herbert, how can I spare him. Of course father will be here for awhile at least, but it will be very lonely. And poor Octavia, she will be doubly bereaved,—both lover and brother absent and in danger."

"Will you really miss me?" asked Harry with a slight quaver in his voice, usually so round and full.

"Why? how can you doubt it?" replied Alice in surprise. "I shall miss you and Roland greatly. We have been so much together, so much like brothers and sisters."

"Oh!" said Harry, and then he sighed. Evidently Alice would not help him. He knew he was hoping against hope, yet he determined to face his fate like a man.

"Alice I cannot keep silence longer. I must speak, though you forbid me ever to see your sweet face again for speaking. I love you, and I must tell you before I go away, perhaps never to return." Alice was about to speak, but he gave her no opportunity. "I know what you will say, Roland has told me in part. I don't urge you, remember, nor ask you to be untrue to the dictates of your heart."

"Oh! Mr. Olifant! Harry, you make me inexpressibly sad. I shall always blame myself for this —"

"No, don't do that Alice. Forget it all. I shall go away in the morning. You were not to blame. I felt it was hopeless all along and yet I couldn't help speaking out. Forget that I have done so."

"Your friendship has been a very precious thing to me, and its memory is something to be treasured. I have always thought of you as a very dear brother," said Alice in a sad voice.

"Then forget all I have said to-night."

"I thought you knew—" and there Alice blushed and hesitated as she thought of Herbert, and the fact that no formal words of love had passed between them. Was he still alive, and if alive had he forgotten her?

"Do you forgive me?" asked Harry. "Forgive! there is nothing to forgive. I only regret that you have not found a more worthy object for your devotion. The offer of a true and noble man's love is a compliment no true woman would lightly esteem."

"They turned toward the house, and as Harry said he must go direct to camp to prepare for an early departure, they lingered a moment at the door before separating. As Harry bid Alice good-bye there was a hungry look in his eyes.

"You may wear this ribbon, as my soldier knight, and take a brother's kiss, if you choose."

Harry bent over the fair young face a moment, then stooping touched her lightly on the forehead with his lips and hastened away.

Ah, Herbert, did you know what risk you ran, so far away from your lady love? How many, less true and less faithful, would have yielded under the circumstances, when tempted by culture, wealth and manliness, linked to so devoted a suitor?

Alice went to her room, but her sleep was fitful and filled with dreams. Now it was Herbert, in danger and stretching out his arms to her across some frightful chasm, imploring her to come to him. Then it was not Herbert but Harry. Again she saw him lying wounded on a battle field, begging for water. When she bent over him it was the mocking face of Hewitt that met her gaze. Then again it changed. They were back again in school at Bartonville or walking beneath the shadow of the willows down by the old bridge. Herbert was laughing gaily when a huge serpent crossed his path and she shrieked with terror. Alice awoke suddenly to find the morning sun shining into her window.

The notes of a bugle and the clanking of a passing regiment of cavalry came in at the window. Alice bathed her fevered face and then pushed the shutters slightly open to see the marching column. It was Harry's regiment. He glanced up at the window, and the flutter of a white handkerchief told him she was watching. He touched his cap, waved back a salute and was gone.

CHAPTER XXIX.

We left Herbert on the transport steamer bound south with his regiment. All eyes had turned toward Vicksburg, the key of the Mississippi river. It was known that Grant had at length set seriously about the task of investing this last stronghold on the river. Once opened the confederacy would be cut in twain. Toward this point were concentrating all the available troops of the west. It is now the second week of May in that memorable year of battles, 1863. The 14th is in camp below the city, having comprised a part of the army that forced their way through forests and swamps down the west side of the river.

"Mail for the 14th—" was the cry that roused everybody in camp.

Who could resist it? Even the convalescents in hospitals crawled out into the sunshine and came, weekly hobbling up to headquarters to hear the list called. How the faces of the lucky recipients of letters from home brightened as their names were called, and those other poor fellows who got none—how they crept back to their hateful tents and strove to hide their bitter disappointment.

Herbert in addition to his official correspondence, which he shoved hastily aside, found two missives on his table the seals of which he hastened to break. The first was from his mother and after narrating the hopes and longings of a mother's heart closed by sending her love and prayers for his safety. An added postscript of later date was at the bottom of the last page. It read:

"DEAR SON—Since writing the above I have received two letters from old Bartonville friends; one from Sam Wilkins, the stage driver, who lives in Washington with the Sanfords, and the other from,—can't you guess who?—Miss Alice. Both make anxious enquiries as to your whereabouts. I gather from Sam's letter that they have not heard from you for a long time. Certainly you have not forgotten or neglected to write them, have you Herbert?"

The other letter to Herbert was from Sam Wilkins himself, and contained a long account in Sam's own peculiar style of the history of the ups and downs of that individual, and the series of events which had resulted in landing him in Washington as a member of the Sanford household and "deputy representative" of the Bartonville district. From Sam's letter Herbert learned that none of his many letters had ever reached either Col. Sanford or Alice, during the latter part of his stay in Hopkinsville. The mystery was, what had become of them?

Jake Long had taken a rise in rank since we last mentioned him. As he expressed it himself, from the position of high private in the rear rank, he had risen by a succession of promotions to corporal, sergeant and at last to the non-commissioned staff. Jake was now Sergeant Major of the 14th, a position of which gave him frequent access to Major Thornton's quarters. Herbert was pondering over the news contained in his letters when Sergeant Long entered the room and gave the usual salute.

"Sit down Sergeant. I have a mystery I wish you would help me solve." Herbert then told Long how all his correspondence had been delayed and much of it lost at Hopkinsville.

"It's them rebel galoats that used to hang around the office and neet up stars on Thursday nights. More'n once I have seen suspicious looking packages go up stairs from the post-office. There was lots of talk about suppressing incendiary documents about that time. 'Fraid of fire you know."

"Perhaps you are correct, sergeant. Better go to your bed now and get what rest you can, for there is every evidence of a forward movement in the morning. I shall write late. See that my letters are forwarded in the regimental mail in the morning, if I am not awake. You will find them here."

Herbert wrote 'till a late hour and threw himself on his cot and slept. When he woke the long roll was sounding and the bustle of a forward movement was visible in every direction.

The series of brilliant battles and marches which were to cut off Pemberton and shut him up like a rat in a hole at Vicksburg had commenced. Beginning at Grand Gulf and Raymond from the 12th to the 17th of May, the army swung round from its new base below the doomed city, and in a series of fierce encounters, drove Pemberton into his breastworks, and cut off his reinforcements from the east.

The enemy were met at Raymond, and forced back, Jackson the capitol of the state was captured. The gallant 14th at Champion Hill held the hottest place in the line. Its brave Colonel fell while leading a charge; ten minutes later the lieutenant-colonel was carried off the field wounded. Herbert found himself in command, and as he galloped down the line the shattered companies cheered him with their old enthusiasm. There came a lull in the firing and as the smoke rose fresh bodies of the enemy could be seen massing in front. The place occupied by the 14th, was evidently the key to the position, and they were preparing to carry it by one supreme effort. Herbert recognized the danger and hastily tearing a leaf from his note book he wrote: "Enemy massing heavily in my front, fully six to one; we have lost our Colonel, Lieut.-Colonel, and half our company officers, and many of our men. We will hold our ground as long as possible. Send us reinforcements." Signing the note he handed it to Sergeant Long and bade him deliver it to the first division or brigade commander he could find. He had scarcely finished 'ere to roar of battle again commenced. The enemy poured out of the words in dense masses, but an open field lay between them and the union lines. Their ranks seemed to wither and melt away before the steady blaze of the carbines of the 14th. But others pressed forward and were steadily pushing across the open space. The 14th had done nobly, but human endurance could not last always. Herbert begged and implored the men

to hold out a little longer. The shattered ranks responded with a feeble cheer. The odds were too great, and dismounted cavalry is no match for infantry in a close contest. The horses were a few hundred yards in the rear; if no reinforcement came in the next five minutes then there was nothing left but to mount and fall back. From somewhere in the woods back of the line came a cheer, and the next moment a battery wheeled into position. Then another, and another, till twenty pieces were in line behind that held by the 14th. The old field was swarming with the gray coated confederates the slackening fire of the cavalymen had given them renewed courage, and the smoke of battle hid from them the new obstacle they would have to face. "The General requests you to fall back and mount in the rear of our present line." As the 14th responded to the order and broke into company columns and marched to the rear a wild yell rose from the gray lines in behind them. But joy turned to dismay as the batteries one after another opened on their crowded ranks.

The shot and shell tore great gaps in their ranks, but the fury of the battle was upon them.

More batteries wheeled into the line, a cavalry brigade comes up, and the shattered remnant of the 13th is incorporated with it. Fresh reinforcements for the enemy also. Our lines gradually give back in the centre. The gallant Logan is now on the ground,—what does this yielding back mean? asks Herbert sorely puzzled. A panic seemed imminent. As the colonel of an Indiana regiment rode to the rear wounded in the hip, he rallied the stragglers and turned them back to the front with these words of encouragement:

"Don't be discouraged men. They are driving us now but we will have them whipped in an hour. We are taking Vicksburg to-day, boys; and if you all do your duty, it's bound to fall!"

Suddenly Herbert found his question answered. A brigade of fresh troops struck the advancing column of the enemy on its right flank to the rear. At the same time a heavy battery on its left opened a cross fire, which cut off the retreat in that direction — they were in a trap. The bugles of the cavalry sounded the advance. "Draw sabre, march!" came in ringing tones down the long line and was passed from regiment to regiment and from company to company. The horses broke into a trot, then, as they came in view of the open field, the bugles sounded the charge, and like a thunderbolt fell upon the enemy. Herbert at the head of his gallant men, led the charge. There was a chaos of mingled shouts, of whistling balls, of clanging steel. Herbert saw a finely mounted confederate officer before him, who seemed to court death with his reckless daring. They came face to face. A fierce hatred gleamed in the eye of Herbert's antagonist; they crossed swords. Had Herbert known who his antagonist was, what added strength it might have given his arm. John Hewitt, alias Henry Bionville, and Herbert Thornton, two men of all others, who should hate each other, were face to face, yet neither knew the other, save that they were deadly enemies.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

County Roads.

Macou Republican: Last week we took occasion to call attention to the great neglect in working our roads in the proper way and at the proper time. This week we desire to meet an objection that is frequently raised, that our soil is of such a nature that it is very difficult to make good roads. We will grant that it will take more labor and care to make good roads here than in places where there is a sandy soil, and abundance of gravel, but notwithstanding these facts it has been clearly demonstrated that good roads can be made here if the overseer and those subject to his call go to work understandingly. To make good roads here three things are necessary, and we desire to impress them upon the minds of our readers. First, the roads must be well and thoroughly thrown up in the middle. Second, the roads must be well drained, so that water does not accumulate at either side but runs off.

Third, the roads must be well worked early in the season, so that they will be well packed down before the fall rains come. These three essentials are necessary if we had gravel or a sandy or rocky soil. Supposing that all the overseers of the county would earnestly go to work and see that for two or three years the roads were thrown up well in the middle, well drained, and well worked early in the season, for two or three years the work would be laborious, but after that the work would be comparatively easy, because the road work would then largely consist of simply repairing and keeping in order the work already done. We can make good roads if we make a business of it for two or three years.

"Please give me ten cents to buy a drink of whiskey?" implored a tramp. The money was given to him, and in a few minutes later he was seen coming out of a bake-shop with a loaf of bread under his arm. Indiscriminate charity is to be condemned.

"AN O'ER TRUE TAIL."

Madam Grady Told me Monday, That she heard the night before Of a couple Swift and supple Who stole out the kitchen door, And defying Eyes-a-priming, Hasten'd to the parson's house Never tarried, But got married, And as still as any mouse, Beck they fluttered, Somewhat hurried, To the home root of the bride— Told the matter And the parer Who rose up in all his pride, Flagg'd the fellow, Made him follow— Made him vow he'd leave the town; Thrashed the daughter, When he caught her In the brazen wedding gown.

BY KITTIE CLAUDE

The Old Printer and his Home Idea.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

There was a wife and there was a boy. Long before any one now in the office had a sit in news-room, press room, business office, or sanctum, and before the old man had begun to look out at the world through spectacles and his figure was as straight as it was tall, the typos and reporters used to hear a great deal of talk about buying a lot and building a house out on the hill, where he could have a patch of garden. And by and by he was going to quit sticking type and get into something that would let him stay home nights and get acquainted with his family. And the suit of clothes he brought in the fall lasted a long way into the next summer, and then they came out again in the winter, and the old man 'rushed' more than he ever did again while that dream of home was inspiring him. It was an old story, this struggle of a printer to get a home; any one of those restless mariners of the land drifting from port to port and back again, lured by the ignis fatuus of so many cents more a thousand and a price and a half after 2 o'clock, and big bills with four or five nights' work. Never a wandering jour printer got a chance to stand at the old man's case while he was saving money for a house and lot, and the subs looked at him with the despairing glances of starvation. But it is hard, up-hill work for a printer to buy a home. His pay is easily reduced and hardly raised; a long strike means the road for him, and if he has a family and can't tramp, he breaks his heart, puts dust on his head, and goes out of the union and wearily works at the boss's rates. So the old man worked bravely on, as many a printer has worked before and since his time, and the little plant in the bank began to grow brighter as the old clothes grew shabbier.

And the boy, growing into his tenth year, used to be seen in the office after school, standing at his tall father's elbow, leaning in a very irregular boy-unapprenticed fashion, with a catarrh of questions, to stick type. The old man never intended the boy should be a printer. And he was so proud of him and his standing at school. And once the boy wrote a ten-line account of a boy falling down stairs, that a good-natured reporter sent it just as it came, although it was a dull day, and the scribe wanted awfully to make it a column and to put on a hanging head. And the old man sent marked copies of that paper to every soul he knew in this world.

But one day an unbidden guest came home from school with the boy and sat down by the hearthstone in the old man's rented home. And the long days of fever and doctors' bills drew out nearly all that little home bank account, and one black day the old man's case was empty and the business office told the undertaker that all his bills would be paid there and he mustn't take any money from the old man.

And pale and quiet and sad, looking old and worn, was the printer who came next day and took his old place at the case. The types didn't click very fast in that alley for days after that. And sometimes the printer's face would be lying on the boxes in his tattered arms, and how pathetic looking, the half-filled stick in the clasped hands, the composing rule fallen out of its place, and the pied type and leads all tumbled together. More than one printer, going by on his way to empty his stick in the galley, was a long time heading down to find the take his one followed; and more than one, looking across at the heart-broken picture of sorrow, leaned close down to his copy to read fair writing that was never blurred when it came off the hook, and grimed his eyes with an unsteady hand, saying something about the dust or the glare of the light. And then about five years after that, the boy's mother, weary of the long pilgrimage, lay down to rest in a cool arbor, roofed with waving grasses and blue violets, and awoke to kiss her boy.

"Johnson is a very cheerful man," said Smith. "That's because he is such a miser," was the reply. "Why, what effect does miserliness have on a man in that respect?" It has this effect: He hates to give anything away, and therefore is cheerful—keeps his temper, don't you see."

Scissor Graphics.

Lent shows which way the fish goes. A dark course—That of the River Styx.

Always come to blows—The pugilist's fists. Caucus and circus are often synonymous terms.

As this is leap year, women have the privilege of whistling when they want to stop a street car. The Silver Question—"Say, boss give us a dime, will yer?"

The man who lingers too long at the "ante," will be compelled to visit his "uncle" ere long. Boarding-house keepers complain that very few of their guests have any respect for Lent.

What the Spanish bull wipes his feet on—The matadore. Not always a bread winner—the man who takes the cake.

Many an unkept Bohemian who claims to live by his pen looks as if he had been brought up in a sty. In some parts of Dakota a man who wipes his feet on a door mat and takes off his hat when entering a house is called a dude.

When Polonius said to his son, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," he had probably just lost his Sunday go-to-meetin' umbrella.

A would-be fashionable family in this city observe Lent so closely that they make all the children wear liver pads of codfish skin.

Cooking club, Martha, cooking club? We don't know exactly what it is. Potato masher? We reckon, or beef steak pounder, or something of that sort may be.

"You make yourself scarce!" said an irate father to the young man who had been forbidden the house, at the same time reaching for him with a number nine. And the y. m. excitedly remarked, as he cleared the front fence, "I am now taking steps in that direction."

At a magic lantern exhibition in a country town the other day the man who was handling the instrument threw, under the title of "Solitude," a picture of an aged female on the screen. Immediately the dozen old maids in the audience took it as personal insult, and arose and left the hall.

"Papa, why did Washington cut down the cherry tree?" said a six-year-old son. "I will answer your question by asking you one: Why did you break that pane of glass this morning?" "Er-er, because of er-er—" "Well, my son, that's just the reason George gave his father."

A Georgia girl is accredited with the surprising agility and rapidity of movement which enables her to shear thirty sheep in forty minutes. That girl would make her husband's wool fly some if he neglected to get up at the proper moment and kindle the fires or went off to work without shifting the ashes and bringing in the coal.

A Chicago merchant has discovered that red-haired boys and auburn haired girls are smarter and more energetic than those of other head-covering. Every male person of voting age has always held this opinion of red-headed girls; or, at least, if otherwise persuaded, has known enough to keep his mouth shut when the subject was up for discussion.

Mr. and Mrs. Buntin were going out to walk. "Wait," said Mrs. B. "until I go back and get my umbrella." "It isn't going to rain, is it?" asked Mr. B. "Not that I know of." "Then what do you want with an umbrella?" "Oh, I always like to have something with me when I'm walking." Mr. B. looked bothered, but didn't seek any explanations.

An exchanges says: "Clergymen complain that their marriage-tees are not as heavy as they used to be." We think this is rather a cause for congratulation than complaint. What can be more painful than to see a domineering staggering home with a bag of potatoes on his back after performing the ceremony, or struggling to roll into his cellar a barrel of salt junk which the happy bridegroom had sent him for service rendered.

A curiosity in monogamy was seen at the Union Depot this morning in the shape of an English woman with 17 children, all well dressed. The woman is a Mrs. Sherwood, who, with her husband, has left her home in Illinois to settle on a farm in Southwest Missouri to bring up the family. The eldest, a boy, is only ten. Mrs. Sherwood had a baby on either arm and four of the extensive progeny were likewise carrying youngsters. They tramped out of the ladies' waiting room and might have been mistaken for Herod's army of innocents. "There's a flock for you," exclaimed Mr. Sherwood, proudly, giving his arm a circular sweep to take in the whole goop. "I wouldn't trade off just one of them there darlings for all the gold in Australia. Come around to the farm in about ten years if you want to see the boss lot of Saxon fair-haired lads and lassies in the country."—Post Dispatch.