

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

1.50 Per Annum

KIRKSVILLE MISSOURI, FRIDAY, SEP. 24 1886.

VOL. VII NO. 23

KIRKSVILLE CARDS.
STEPHEN HALL,
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
Leave orders for surveying with county clerk.

H. F. MILLAN, J. W. JOHNSTON,
MILLAN & JOHNSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office—Over Hays' Grocery Store South Side

F. P. GREENWOOD, W. D. OLDFHAM,
GREENWOOD & OLDFHAM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

R. L. DARROW,
REAL ESTATE,
ABSTRACT & LOAN
OFFICE,
Writes contracts and deeds and makes abstracts, loans money on improved farms at a low rate of interest. Office at Collector's office in Masonic Building.

SMITH & WILLIAMS
MANUFACTURERS OF
FENCE MACHINES.
And all kinds of
AND PICKET FENCING,
N. E. Cor. Square KIRKSVILLE, MO.

B. W. ROSS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate, Insurance
AND
TAX PAYING AGT.

KIRKSVILLE, MO.
Will buy and Sell
REAL ESTATE, PAY TAXES
COLLECT RENTS, FURNISH ABSTRACTS, ETC., ETC.
ALL BUSINESS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Office Over Fout's Drug Store. West Side.

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DENTIST,
SOUTH SIDE SQUARE.
Employs all the means used by any Dentist to secure painless Dental operations.

T. C. HARRIS,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
CONVEYANCER,
REAL ESTATE & TAX PAYING AGENT.
KIRKSVILLE Mo.

Buy and sells lands, town property, etc., on commission. Some very desirable farms and city property, unimproved and improved for sale at great bargains. Taxes paid, rents collected, abstracts furnished, and accounts collected promptly. Correspondence solicited. All business looked after with care and promptness. Office—South east corner square over Brewington & Fowler's Store, room No. 2.

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—AND—
SALE STABLE.

T. E. GRAVES,
PROPRIETOR,
FIRST CLASS TEAMS AND VEHICLES.

Prompt Conveyance to all Parts of the County.
BARN-SOUTH OF PUBLIC SQUARE,
KIRKSVILLE, MO.
They also have the City Hearses.
Charges Reasonable.

QUINCY CARDS.
SMITH, HILL & CO.,
Manufacturers of
IRON HOUSE FRONTS,
ALL KINDS OF GRAY IRON CASTINGS,
Quincy, Illinois, Corner Fifth and Ohio, St.

L. C. WILLIAMSON,
BRASS FOUNDRY,
MODEL MAKER AND MACHINE REPAIRER.
Third and Main Street Quincy, Illinois.
As paid for guaranteed satisfactory or no pay if work gundish id copper, bronzes, iron and

FOR SALE—FARM of 118 acres within one mile of Kirksville. Good 8 room house, two halls, two room cellar, closes and pasture. Good farm, orchard of two hundred trees, small fruit, 100 acres in cultivation, 18 acres in good pasture. Address this office.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT?

New York Observer.

"Eight, nine, ten," counted Robbie Walters, holding his sling in his hand.

"What are you doing?" asked his mother, who had come in for a little talk with her son at bedtime.

"I am counting the notches on my sling, mother. Everytime I kill a bird I make a cut in my sling prong, and see here, I have killed twelve birds already this summer."

"Are you very proud of it?"

"Something in his mother's voice made him peer inquiringly into her face.

"Would not you be proud if you had killed more birds than any boy around here?"

"No, I don't think I would," his mother said, decidedly. "You know what I think about this bird killing, Rob; we have often discussed it before. I have never forbidden it positively, because I want you to see for yourself how wrong it is and give it up of your own free will. What was that Bible verse you studied for me last Sunday?"

The sling dropped on the table while Rob with a grave face repeated, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?"

There was a little pause, then he said, "But, mother, just look at the ladies' bonnets loaded with feathers and wings; I think they are responsible for more birds being killed than anybody else."

"So do I, my dear, and it is sad to think about it. Thousands of little birds killed each year to decorate bonnets and please us for a season! But you know Rob a great many of us who do not approve of this are banded together against it."

"Do you belong to the Bird League, mother? Now I understand why you would not let the milliner put those little wings in your bonnet, although they made it so much prettier."

"I did not think it right to be checking my own son, while I encouraged other people to do the same thing. But it is time for you to go to sleep, Rob. I will leave you this thought to dream upon: If you were a bird instead of a boy how would you like it?" Then she kissed him, and putting out the light, left him in his little white bed with the moon pouring silvery rays through the open window.

What a short night! He seemed to have barely closed his eyes on the moonbeams when he opened them to find the sun shining brightly, and the whole air full of glad summer sounds. But where was he? Above and around him were green leaves, swaying gently in the soft breeze. And how oddly he felt! So light and so small, and all covered with gray feathers; and when he tried to call his mother such a funny sound came from his mouth, which had grown pointed and hard. The sound was answered by a bright little chirp, and perched beside him was a gray bird, while in a notch of the tree—for in the heart of a tree he certainly was, no matter how he had managed to get there—was a nest, with three young birds, just waking with yelling open mouths. Then all at once it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should be a bird, with busy little wife and a hungry family.

"Dear Rob," chirped little Mrs. Rob, "the children are crying for breakfast. We must begin to feed them." And what work that was; backward and forwards until wings grew weary, and still those mouths gaped widely, it seemed as if they would never shut. Often his mouth watered at the sight of some tender worm or juicy fly, but he resisted the impulse each time, flying off with it to the nest, and getting not even a thank you for his self denial. At last the yelling ceased, and they huddled down to sleep, giving Mr. and Mrs. Rob a chance to rest.

"My dear," he said, drawing up one leg and flapping his wings a little to see if they really were not too tired to move, "this is very exhausting work. Children seem to me very uninteresting, they do nothing but eat, sleep and yell."

"They are very forward," Mrs. Rob replied, with dignity. "They already flap their wings, and know me quite well. Old Mrs. Crow thinks them very remarkable for their age."

"Old Mrs. Crow says that about every bird. No doubt she wanted something from you. I think them very ugly and stupid."

"Oh, indeed," she said angrily; "you can call them ugly if you like, but that one is your living image; all our friends see the likeness."

Now, as the bird she indicated happened to be the ugliest, cross-

est, and greediest in the whole lot, Mr. Rob was naturally very angry so flitting his wings with offended majesty, he left the home in the old tree, his wife, and young children, flying up, up, up toward the blue sky. What a delightful feeling to be sailing along over the tree tops, giving little chirps from pure gladness of heart. His anger all melted away. He really was proud of the children, although he would not acknowledge it, because his wife talked so much about them, and perhaps young Chip did look a little as he had when a boy. But when had he ever been a boy; had he not always been a bird? He knew this gray stone place was a house, and that queer birds with different colored feathers lived there, and that a smaller bird generally making a great deal of noise was called a boy. Surely he had never been like that. Yet there was something very familiar about the house; he had certainly seen it before. He flew down upon the green lawn sparkling with dew, bright with flowers, and shaded by clumps of tall trees. So he hopped about chirping and talking to himself, while he looked for something particularly nice to take home as a peace offering to offended Mrs. Rob.

Suddenly a noise startled him, and creeping over the grass came a figure in short trousers, with a Tam O'Shanter set jauntily on one side of his head, holding in his hand a curious instrument, into which he was fitting a stone, or something that looked like a stone. It was one of those smaller birds called boys, and Rob was certain he had seen him before, as putting his head on one side, he looked more and more earnestly. Suddenly it dawned upon him that when boys come birds had better go, and so with a longing look at the beautiful lawn, he took flight, carrying in his bill a most delightful worm for Mrs. Rob. Too late! Poor little Rob! There was a whizzing sound in the air, something struck him violently, causing terrible pain, and he found himself falling down, down upon the soft green grass over which he had just been so happily hopping. He knew it was all over with him. Never again would he see his happy home, his wife, and the dear little children. He had flown away in anger; they could never make it up now, and she would think he had deserted her. She could never manage alone to get food for those three children; they would all starve to death, he knew. Fainter and fainter fluttered the poor little heart, the head fell to one side, he was too weak to care for the hand that was closing over him, only just as the fingers touched him, he gathered all his strength, gave a feeble peck at his tormentor, and—

"Well, Rob, I never saw such a restless child. What in the world have you been dreaming about?"

Rob's eyes opened. The sun was indeed shining, but it was shaded by no green leaves, for he was in his own room, in the white bed, with the covers all kicked off upon the floor, and instead of gray little Mrs. Rob, his mother was beside him in her pretty blue dress with roses in the belt. His sling was lying upon the table, and he shuddered as he saw it, remembering the cruel pain it could inflict.

"Oh, mother, I'm so glad this morning; I thought I was a bird, and a boy just the image of myself had killed me with a sling, and it hurt so badly when he hit me."

His mother, a wise woman, said very little, thinking the impression would be more lasting, if left to work without her interference. About a week after Rob came to her with a very solemn face and said:

"Mother, I want to join the Bird League!"

"I am glad, Rob," she answered seeing there was more to come.

"Mother, I have burnt my sling, and the tears in his eyes, and the pathetic little tremble in the voice testified to the reality of the sacrifice. Her arm stole gently around him.

"That's my brave lad," she said, softly.

"And, mother, you asked me that night, 'if you were a bird instead of a boy, how would you like it?'"

"Yes, my son, and what is the answer?"

"The answer is," Rob said with a little smile shining through the tears, "I have tried it as a bird, and I don't like it at all."

THE GLORY OF ST. LOUIS.

A Carnival Unprecedented in the History of this Country.

The Fall festivities in the Western metropolis have always been of the most attractive nature, but this year, all former efforts of not only St. Louis, but of any city in the world, have been outdone. The list of special attractions is simply stupendous. The Great Exposition, which opened September 23d, and continues until October 23d, is the grandest mechanical artistic and trades display ever thrown open to an American public. A special feature is the engagement of Gilmore's world famous band of sixty-five pieces in daily concerts in the mammoth music hall which has a seating capacity of 10,000.

On Tuesday, October 5th, his mystic highness, the Veiled Prophet, with a colossal retinue, will make his annual visit to his beloved city.

The illumination of the principal streets of the city is more general than ever before and presents a spectacle never equaled for splendor and beauty.

Many other Grand Parades and special displays are promised, including the stupendous and dazzling parades of the St. Louis Flambeau Battalion, the largest organization of the kind on earth.

The Great St. Louis Fair, opening October 4th, has too wide a reputation to need more than passing notice. This year's exhibition, however, will surpass all its predecessors in every particular.

While mentioning thus briefly the great attractions St. Louis has to offer, we are pleased to be able to inform our readers that the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Railway has put rates to St. Louis down to the lowest notch, so no one need stay away on the score of expense. A handsome little pamphlet, giving the entire programme and full particulars as to rates, etc., has been issued by the Wabash, and can be obtained by applying to any ticket agent of that company.

Grey Eyes.

Grey eyes follow where duty leads. They indicate a better head than heart, and are just the eyes to follow a career in spite of obstacles. They look around the sharp corners of life, never to give up, and always surmount difficulties. The grey-eyed woman can make her own way in the world; she can say "yes" and mean it, and "no" and stand firmly to it. A grey eyed man never blows out his brains when he fails in business. He has an iron will and begins again.

Grey-eyed people are cool and collected in time of danger; conscientious and true. It is the eyes for a kind physician, for an enduring friend.

And what about the size? Well, large eyes are considered necessary to the highest order of beauty. Of course there is much in the expression, but after all, color and size may be a matter of individual choice, for we know well that

"These eyes are dearest all the while which wear for us the sweetest smile."
—St. Louis Magazine.

The Lady on Horseback.

When ladies indulge in the elegant and healthful diversion of horsemanship, the dress should be a plain habit of cloth or unglazed material that will not fill in the wind—or a skirt of the unglazed material may be worn with a dark basque of suitable make. The underskirts should be few, and not of clumsy fabric. A dark hat similar to the low crowned soft hat worn by gentlemen, held on by strings with a plain ribbon and streamers, is a becoming style of head-dress. The reins should be carried in the left hand, holding the elbow bent square and slightly pressing against the body, the whip like a pen, with the lash down; the hand may be raised so as to be a little below the bridle hand, or it may hang down perpendicularly, but the elbow should be kept near the body. It is perhaps best to let the bridle arm hang down so as to insure support on the saddle, if necessary, but never let it rest on the crutch, only to prevent falling, should any danger arise. The balance should be gracefully maintained without aid from the stirrup—the latter to be used only for a rest; or in case of emergency.

A clear head and an honest heart are worth more than all the law of all the lawyers.

Preserving the health by too strict a regimen is a wearisome malady.

A careful estimate shows that 919,000 pianos have been made in the United States since 1780.

The Way to Read.

Theodore Parker said his father always made him give an account in boyhood, of a book he had read before he was allowed to read another. In this way, habit of attention and memory was formed, which gave him such a wonderful knowledge of books. Sir Thomas Buxton, another great man, gives some good views. My maxims are never to begin a book without finishing it, never to consider it finished without knowing it, and to study with a whole mind. If you seriously resolve to be energetic and industrious, depend upon it, you will, for your whole life, have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and act upon that determination. I hold a doctrine, to which I owe, not much, indeed, but all the little I ever had, viz, that with ordinary talent, and extraordinary perseverance, all things are attainable.

Coral Fishing.

Coral fishing is largely followed in Algeria, 40,000 to 45,000 pounds of coral, valued at about £38,000, being the yearly production. La Calle is the center of this industry and there are employed annually 160 boats and 1,300 men. The coral is obtained by means of a wooden apparatus in the shape of a cross, having in its center a leaden stone or slug for ballast. Nets, the meshes of which are loose, are hung on the bars of the cross and dragged at the bottom of the sea, and among the crevices of the coraline plant, break up or tear off its branches, which adhere to the meshes. The apparatus is drawn up by the fisherman when he thinks it is sufficiently laden. There is also a net which is provided with large iron nails, having thus great force to break the coral, but this apparatus is forbidden.—Scientific American.

Catarh Remedy.

A Remedy, or at least a partial one, for ordinary catarh, a mere running or gathering matter, is the following: Into a quart bottle or other convenient size, put a few drops of common wood Creosote, that can be cheaply obtained of most druggists. Half an ounce will last a long time. For every drop of creosote, add a gill full of water, a little more or less according to the sensitiveness of the affected organs. It is well to use a little more water the first day. Shake the bottle violently every time before using, as the oily creosote does not dissolve, but is only diffused through the water by the hard shaking, and gathers in little globules if not shaken well before using. The bottle should be only partly full, so that the water can be readily agitated. Pour some creosoted water into the hand and sniff it through the nasal organs two or three times, ejecting it from the mouth. The phenic (or carbolic) acid in the creosote destroys the accumulated irritating matter collected. By using this a few times a day, the passages will be kept clean and sweet, excepting the creosote odor, which is quite unpleasant to some until accustomed to it. With this simple treatment, at least nine tenths of ordinary catarhs will disappear, or be abated as they return, especially if the system is toned up.

Notwithstanding the urgent demand in business circles for legal tender notes of denominations less than five dollars, a large quantity of bright new one dollar notes have been cancelled and destroyed at the Treasury Department during the past week. Some of the notes thrown into the macerating machine have never been in circulation, but were taken directly from the Treasury vaults as they originally came from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and were ground into pulp. When Treasurer Jordan's attention was called to this matter he said it was the policy of the Secretary of the Treasury to get as many silver dollars in circulation as possible. This is the Democratic way of building up confidence in specie coinage.—Quincy Whig.

The trees can be protected from field mice by banking the trees up a foot or so with soil, and borers and rabbits can be kept away by wrapping the trunks for a foot above with tarred paper.

A well-known horticulturist, in relation to trapping certain moths, advises as follows: "Take shallow pans or saucers and place some strong apple vinegar in them and fasten among the branches of the trees. The odor of the vinegar attracts the moths and they are caught and drowned at the same time."

Republican State Platform.

The Republicans of the State of Missouri in convention assembled hereby declare:

1. That the lapse of time and constant experience in the conduct of public affairs for a quarter of a century has only served to strengthen and intensify our allegiance to those principles of self-government that have ever been the guiding star of the Republican party of the nation.

2. The record of the national administration for the past eighteen months has proven the unfitness of the Democratic party to rule, not only by its utter failure to keep the promises made to the people during the campaign of 1884, but by its failure to originate any measure of relief whereby the expenses of the government can be reduced, or the relations of capital and labor more equitably adjusted, or by any other beneficent measure in the interest of the people. It promised to be a friend and advocate of civil service reform; it has lost no opportunity to cripple its efficiency and thwart the efforts of the commission who have charge of that reform, and has made reform odious by not only removing, but attempting, in utter disregard of justice, to blacken the character of thousands of our best citizens, many of them old soldiers who have been removed under the cowardly subterfuge of offensive partisanship. It promised that the expressed will of the people should be obeyed. President Cleveland has vetoed more bills passed by congress during the last session than were ever vetoed before by all the Presidents of the Republic together since its foundation. It has largely increased the number of the employees of the departments at Washington. It has promised tariff reform. It has utterly failed even under the pressure of Presidential and Cabinet influence, to agree to a measure, much less to pass it in the body where they have an overwhelming majority. We are therefore presented with the spectacle of an administration, whose term of office is already more than one-third gone, that has utterly failed to redeem even the least of the pledges by and through which it came into power.

3. As we turn to the Democratic administrations that have dominated Missouri for the last fifteen years we find, if possible, still less cause for congratulations. From the day of the adoption of the enfranchising amendment sixteen years ago, the old familiar rebel yell has swept the Conventions of the Democratic party like a prairie fire, until Union Democrats, who were only here and there briefly given office for a purpose, are cast aside, and no pretense is made of nominating a Union man where there is a possible chance of electing an ex-Confederate, until the calling of the names of Democrats holding offices in the State of Missouri sounds today like calling the roll of the ex-Confederate army. We charge the Democratic party with having permitted abuses in the matter of transportation by refusal to pass effective laws for the regulation of railroads, protection alike to the companies and the people which has led to pooling, to the abrogation of all competition and to rates so burdensome that the aggregate charges exceed annually those made for like extent of service in States similarly situated by an amount equal to all taxation for State government, and which, while creating a vast monopoly threatening to the welfare of our commerce and industry, has driven competition into adjoining States, stimulating their progress and development at our expense. We arraign them also for the refusal of officers of their selections to enforce such crude laws as they enacted when appealed to by the people, and for their submission to the depression of important industries by extortionists discriminations which such enforcement might prevent. The fact that the chairman of their Executive Committee is Vice President and General Manager of a great railroad, and that seven members of their State Committee are railroad attorneys, proves they have no intention of fulfilling their hollow pledges in that respect. To the reform of these abuses and to the adoption of measures to promote the progress and development of our commerce and industry the Republican party stands pledged.

4. We charge them with utterly ignoring, especially in Democratic countries, those wise provisions of law requiring public work to be given to the lowest responsible bidder, and bestowing those favors on party friends for party services, regardless of those principles of

economy and reform by which they have always appealed to the people before an election. We charge that whatever of good has occurred to the State of Missouri during the continuance of Democratic ascendancy has occurred in spite of that ascendancy and not as a result thereof. We recognize the right of intelligent organizations of labor for mutual education and for the protection of laborers in all things pertaining to their material welfare, and the promotion of industry of the country, and we favor the enactment of laws, State and national, for the speedy and equitable adjustment of all disputes and controversies arising between employers and employes, so as to avoid the demoralization and waste of strikes, and for the promotion of the welfare and elevation of all working people.

5. We favor the granting of generous pensions to the disabled veterans of our wars, whether for the preservation of the Union, and we denounce the present National Administration, not only for its vetoes of meritorious measures for the relief soldiers' widows and orphans, but for the unfeeling and insolent terms in which those vetoes are expressed. We also protest against the removal of Union soldiers from office to make room for partisan civilians and ex-Confederates.

6. We denounce the Democracy in Congress for its flagrant violation of every principle of justice and fairness in refusing to admit Dakota to the sisterhood of States.

7. We reaffirm the sympathy which the Republican party has always held for the oppressed of every land, and especially with the Irish people in the struggle now in progress for the right of self-government; their cause is just, and should not appeal in vain to us.

8. Resolved, That whenever a respectable number of the citizens of the State shall petition the Legislature for the submission of any proposition to amend, change or modify the Constitution in any matter which is a proper subject of organic law, their request should be granted.

9. And finally, the Republican party of Missouri pledges itself anew to those cardinal principles which have controlled it for a quarter of a century—protection to American labor, protection to American taxpayer, protection to the American citizen at home and abroad, and to a firm, candid, liberal and enlightened conduct of public affairs on all subjects affecting the rights and interests of the American people.

In a Drug Store.

The people who know most about human nature are always the most considerate and delicate. When you go into a dry goods store the clerk comes up in the best of humor, rubbing his hands smiling, evidently delighted to see you. But when you go into a drug store you see a look of gentle seriousness come over the man's face as he approaches you. He does not ask you what he can do for you. There are so many things he can do for you, that you don't want him to do for you, that he simply stands and waits. You may only want candy, or soap, or a tooth brush. But you may want strychnine or arsenic, or you may have one of those curious things called a prescription, which a doctor gives you, which makes you wonder what is really the matter with you and whether he is not deceiving you when he says it's only your digestion that's a little more out of sorts. No ordinary human being can look at a prescription without feeling that he may die of it after all. However, everything in a drug store is cabalistic and mystic. You can stir something or anything with a spoon. The drug clerk takes out a terrible looking thing, suggestive of all sorts of pains and penalties, and uses that to stir the mixture. The spoon would do quite well, but it would not impress you. When he takes a glass that's all carefully lined with measures and watches it critically, as if death were above a certain line. It isn't. You might take it full and it wouldn't hurt you, but it would impress you. And so when you see a drug clerk take down a bottle and carefully measure out a dose of brown liquid, carefully put it in a glass, sprinkle it with soda, and hand it to a sick looking man who is apparently dying, it does not probably occur to you that it's plain whiskey. But it is.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The two ears of civilization—pioneer; front-ear.