

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

1.50 Per Annum

KIRKSVILLE MISSOURI, FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1888.

VOL IX. NO. 3

KIRKSVILLE CARDS.

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NODODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

BY H. C. DODGE.

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.
Nobody listens to childhood's woes
Which kisses smother;
Nobody dries the tears that flow,
Nobody—only mother.
Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody—only mother.
Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.
Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Last darlings may not weather
The storms of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.
Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For His best gift—a mother's love,
Nobody can—but mother.

—Detroit Free Press.

MAMIE'S EPISODE.

BY EDITH E. KNIGHTWOOD.

"Oh, girls—oh girls!" exclaimed Mamie Burton, rushing wildly up to a crowd of three girls, "guess what!"

"What is it, oh, what is it?" from the three girls in a chorus.

"Why the master of the Grange has returned!" she cried, looking at them triumphantly, and feeling that she had imparted news equal to a bomb-shell. "And I've seen him," still more triumphantly.

"Oh!" in a series of gasps.

"Does he wear a high hat?"

"And carry a cane?"

"Has he got a moustache?" asked a third, pretty Susie Camp, casting a look of scorn upon her companions for asking such extremely senseless questions. "Do tell us Mamie, and don't stand there gazing as though you contemplated swallowing us."

"Well, girls let us sit down here by the hedge, and I shall endeavor to describe him. All seated?"

So far, so good. To begin with he's about two feet six—no, no, I mean six feet two. He's got shoulders as broad as I am long; black hair and eyes, and such a moustache! Words are inadequate to describe it. The kind you read about, girls, and seldom see. I see I've got you all worked up, so I'll just finish him. Girls, in an awful awed voice, "I wouldn't marry that man for anything—not if he begged on his knees for a week. He is the sternest looking man you ever saw. His heavy eyebrows are drawn together in one straight line and his black eyes and extremely dark skin makes him look like some fierce Italian king."

"And he didn't wear a high hat?" asked Katie Bend, a shadow of disappointment settling on her sunny face.

"No, indeed, Kate, when I saw him, he was leaning against a tree with his long legs crossed and a slouch hat pushed back carelessly on his head surveying the broad acres of the Grange—and feeling his importance, I dare say—sarcastically.

"Oh, Mamie," exclaimed Laura Brown suddenly, "what shall we do about those beautiful roses, now that he is at home. Our table at the festival to-morrow night will be a complete failure without them; and we counted on them so much. I wish he would have stayed away a little longer."

"Have those roses, I will if I have got to ask for some," and Mamie shook her fluffy yellow head resolutely.

"Why do you not?" urged Laura "it would be a much more honest way than stealing them!"

"But I hate to Lal. If he was a woman, I would not care."

"As he is a man, why can't you be a boy; then you wouldn't hate to ask him. Boys have audacity enough for anything," and Laura shook her head wisely.

"Be a boy! how delightful! I declare, Lal, your head will make you a fortune yet I can put one of your brother Sammie's suits on, tuck my hair under a cap, blacken my hands and I'll make a splendid boy! I'll do it, see if I don't." And the four girls laughed gleefully at the novel way in which

they were to get the coveted roses.

"All right, girls, be around at 7:30 sharp. Of course, you must go along as far as the gate with me. I suppose I shall have enough roses for each of you an armful." And with another merry laugh, they departed.

Hearing a slight rustle of leaves on the other side of the hedge, let us glance over and see the cause of it.

There, lying prone on the green grass, his hands supporting his head, and a quiet smile playing around the corners of a rather grave mouth, lies a man five and thirty, answering Mamie's description of the master of the Grange.

"Well, my little girl you shall have all the roses you desire. If you are one half as pretty as your voice is sweet, I dare say you will make a charming little lad. Would not marry me if I begged on my knees for a week. Ha, ha, ha, that is rich! but I shall have my revenge to-night."

Taking a cigar from his pocket and lighting it, Mr. Richard Tremaine, sole master of the Grange walked away with a lighter heart than usual, why, he could not tell. In fact, he hardly was aware of it. When he was twenty-eight, he met, loved and courted a beautiful woman. That was when he was a poor artist and before he had inherited the Grange and its vast estates. Though she loved him as well as her shallow nature would permit, she cast him aside for a richer man. Richard Tremaine was not the man to wear the willow, but he never trusted women afterward, and always seemed to shun their society, rather than court it.

The clock chimed seven, then the quarter past. The shadows in Master Dick's study deepening and he rang for lights.

"I want a good look at him—her I should say. I say Thomas," suddenly, to the servant who was just retiring, "if a boy asks to see me to-night, show him in here."

"At last she cometh," as the door bell peals loudly.

"A lad wishes to see you, sir," announces Thomas.

The "young lad" enters.

"Good evening sir."

"Good evening, my boy," with a slight emphasis on the boy. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes sir, please, a—young lady sent me to ask if you would please give her some roses for the festival to-morrow night." The lad's voice trembled perceptibly, and the truth is he would have given all he possessed if he was safely out in the open air and a pair of piercing, quizzical eyes were not fastened so steadily on his dusky face.

And did he imagine it or did he really discern a shadow of a smile quivering over that dark, handsome face.

"When I was a little boy," says the master of the Grange, tilting back coolly in his chair and elevating his feet, "my mother taught me to take off my hat when entering a house."

Mr. Tremaine had the satisfaction of seeing the small face dyed scarlet.

Quickly a small hand is raised as though to remove the hat and as quickly falls.

"If you please—sir, I haven't got any mother."

"Poor boy," compassionately, "what is your name?"

"My name?" in a frightened voice, "I haven't got—oh, Petey—Petey Green, sir," desperately.

"Well, Petey," said the master of the Grange in a suffocating voice, "you would like to have some roses, would you? Very well; follow me."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" groans Petey inwardly, "I would give ten millions if I never had been born."

"Are these the roses, Petey?" asks Mr. Dick.

"I don't know, sir. I guess the young ladies may come after 'em, sir. I guess—I'll go."

"No, Petey, you may as well wait for them; I'll have them ready in a minute, besides the girls would laugh at you if you went

without them," in a peculiar voice.

Of course it is by accident, but as Mr. Tremaine turns his arm brushes against Petey's cap, and Petey's cap falls to the ground.

With a low, agonized "oh!" Petey puts both dirty little hands to his head. It is no use. A profusion of long yellow curls tumble around his shoulders and very much gives Petey the appearance of a girl.

"Why, Petey," exclaimed Master Dick, his dark, stern face the picture of surprise, "what beautiful curls you have—just like a girl."

Every drop of blood in Mamie's body rushes to her face. She tries to look indifferent, but her face is so hot that it forces the mortified tears down her cheeks.

"Oh, you great, big disagreeable man, I hate you!"

To save her life, Mamie could not keep the hot passionate words back, for he stands regarding her silently, a tantalizing smile curving the lips which the immense black mustache does not entirely hide.

"There, now, I am sure you are a girl!"

Poor Mamie's mortification is too deep to heed the remark.

Throwing herself on a rustic bench, she gives vent to her mortification in a flood of tears.

Mr. Tremaine now begins to think that probably he went too far. That the girl is nearly crazed with shame he can plainly see.

"Come, Miss—Petey, do not cry so."

The hated name only augments her misery.

"Miss Mamie," using the right name this time, "you really distress me. If you say nothing about this little episode, I am sure I never shall. I overheard you planning it this afternoon and could not forego the temptation of confusing you a little. Really, I did not think you would take it so to heart, or I would not have unmasked you."

"Did not think I would take it so to heart! You must think I am in the habit of going around in—my—boy's clothes!" flashes Mamie, raising a pair of swimming blue eyes wrathfully to his dark grave ones.

"Indeed, no Miss Mamie, I did not mean to imply anything. Besides, I'll never know you when you get dresses on, there'll be such a change," he said, consolingly.

"I never thought of that," a relieved look coming into the blue eyes. "But oh dear, oh, dear! I'll never, never get over it."

With a bound, she reaches the door and dashes along the corridor, which leads from the conservatory to the main hall.

In another minute the cool air is blowing on her scorching hot face.

"Did you get them?" three low voices inquire, as she rushes up to them.

With another burst of tears, Mamie tell her friends all.

Bitter are the denunciations hurled at Dick Tremaine's dark head.

The next night the festival was at its height and pretty Mamie Burton, in a crisp, white muslin and blue sash, was busily engaged in tying up candy, when a light touch on the arm startled her.

"Here, Miss," handing her a beautiful bouquet of roses. I was to hand these to you."

"What lovely—"

But she never finished the sentence. She knew the roses, for they were the ones on which she had set her heart for the festival. A slow burning blush spread from brow to neck, and Dick Tremaine, half screened by a stone pillar, thought her the perfection of dainty loveliness.

Six months later.

A dashing team and a jaunty little cutter halts in front of Lawyer Burton's residence. A very tall, dark man alights and rings the bell, and the door is opened by Lawyer Burton's pretty daughter, Mamie.

"Ah, good afternoon, Miss Mamie. Would you like a little sleigh

ride this afternoon—it is so pleasant! I should be so happy," letting his dark eyes rest on her trim figure.

"Thank you Mr. Tremaine, I should be—delighted!" she answers, her merry blue eyes fall beneath his more ardent ones.

They are riding along an extremely lonely road and Dick Tremaine reins in the horses.

"Mamie," bending over her and taking her gloved hands in his "cannot you guess why I brought you out this afternoon?"

"For a—"

"She was going to say 'for a ride' but the words die on her lips as she sees his face, and she turns her head.

"Mamie, darling, could you love an old, stern man like me well enough to live with him always? I think you have bewitched me, for I cannot get you out of my thoughts. Is it yes or no? Probably this is abrupt, but when men get my age they are usually impatient. For God's sake, child, don't keep me in suspense."

His breath comes in quick, labored gasps, and his deep, grave eyes are fixed intently on the half turned face of Mamie.

"If I say yes?" turning to him questioningly and veiling her mischievous, bonny eyes.

"I'll be the happiest man in God's universe."

"And if I say no?"

"I'll blow my brains out! No I won't either, I shall publish our first romantic meeting."

That was the first allusion he had ever made in regard to Petey Green's errand.

"There! I shall not marry you now."

"Not if I get on my knees and coax for a week?" he asked, a merry twinkle in his eyes and a suspicious twitching around his mouth.

She flashed him a quick, shamed glance.

"Did you hear me say that, too?" "I heard everything, sweet."

"I might just as well surrender, Dick Tremaine, for I have no opinion, nor a particle of respect for myself, and if I can dispose of myself so readily, I ought to be thankful."

"Yes, for even I might change my mind? darling."

The Republican Reinforcement.—Young Men to the Front

In the coming struggle for the Presidency, there is an element of great strength to the Republican party coming to the front—we allude to the young men who have come of age. Many of them were "sons of veterans," whose fathers were the union blue. They are now voters, and they are republican voters. They have read the political history of the country not only in books but in the unwritten experience of their fathers their brothers and their friends. They have compared the records of the two great parties and have cast their lot with that party which stood united to a man in defence of their country when its life was in danger; which has placed its imprint upon the best legislation ever given to the country, and which to-day stands between the country's prosperity and the enemy that threatens its destruction.

The Republican party is their natural home. They regard it as the country's rightful protector. They look upon it as the country's hope. They enlist under its banner to help fight its future battles and perpetuate its history of great and glorious deeds. They turn from the record of the Democratic party and ask "who can trust it?" They point to its past history and say "who can desire to perpetuate that?" They scan its pages and wonder that a party that has committed all those crimes has been allowed such freedom.

Here is new hope for the Republican party. The young voters of the North who were born after the war are fast swelling the republican ranks and will be found in the thickest of the fight. The old "war horses" welcome them with warm greetings and see in them the future hope and safe guidance of the Republican party.

—Macon Republican.

The McArthur Brothers, who were the head contractors on the Santa Fe are expecting the contract for grading the C. B. & Q. shortline that is to be built through Memphis and Kirksville the coming season.—Memphis National.

Why Wool and Woolen Goods Should be Protected.

A careful estimate places the number of wool growers in the United States at about seven hundred thousand, and fully five hundred thousand men are employed by them to assist in caring for their flocks and doing other farm labor. A majority of these flock-masters, as well as their employed help, are heads of families; there fore, if you add to their number their wives, children and other dependents, you will have a population of at least four million persons more or less interested in the growing of wool; or about one-fifth of the entire population of the United States. There are no doubt fully one hundred and fifty thousand other farmers who keep a small number of sheep, but these could not be fairly classed as growers of wool.

These seven hundred thousand farmers will average to own or possess at least one hundred and sixty acres of land each, making a total of one hundred and twelve million acres; devoting the more desirable parts of their farms to the raising of grain, hay, etc., [a good share of which is required for the feeding of their horses, cattle, hogs and sheep during the winter season] and selecting the poor, rough and hilly portions for the pasturing of their sheep; thus putting to profitable use their entire farms.

The number of sheep in the United States is now estimated at fifty million head, and the crop of wool at about three hundred and fifty million pounds, and worth on an average of last year's prices about twenty two cents, making the total value of the wool crop of the country seventy-seven million dollars.

There are sold annually for export and home consumption from thirteen to fifteen million sheep for their mutton, bringing on the average about three dollars per head; making a total value of wool and mutton sold each season about one hundred and twenty-two million dollars.

If you remove the duty from wool, and so make the growing of it an unprofitable business, it would render almost valueless the portions of these farms devoted to sheep raising, and thereby would decrease the average price of the whole farm at least two dollars and a half an acre, making a loss from this source alone of two hundred and eighty million dollars.

Sheep would also decrease in value fully fifty cents per head, making another shrinkage of twenty-five million dollars.

Wool would decline from seven to eight cents per pound from the average price of the last fifteen years,—adding another loss of twenty-five million dollars, and the farmers would be so impoverished by the low prices obtainable for their wool, that out of actual necessity they would be compelled to reduce the wages of these five hundred thousand persons employed to assist in the caring of their flocks and the doing of other farm labor to the extent of at least fifty cents per day or about fifty dollars per year; making a still further loss of twenty-five million dollars from this source alone.

Now, for the sake of reducing our revenue between five and six million dollars, we must virtually impoverish one-fifteenth of the entire population of the United States, and so force this large body of people to follow a business that will yield no profit, and compel them to raise wool in competition with all the poor and poverty stricken nations on the earth, where land and labor are fully one half less than in this country; and in doing this most honorable and respected American industry the following losses, viz:

Shrinkage in the value of lands	\$20,000,000
.. labor	25,000,000
.. flocks	25,000,000
.. wools	25,000,000
Total loss to the wool industry.	\$95,000,000

If wool be placed on the free list our woollen manufacturers will obtain their raw material twenty-five million dollars less than they now do under protection. Will the people of the United States get the full benefit of this sum in the cheapening of their woollen goods? We think not; but at least one half of this amount will go to the manufacturers and merchants in the way of increased profits, and this small sum of twenty-five million dollars is all the saving which the manufacturers and people can possibly make to offset the enormous shrinkage enumerated above.

Very few carpet wools are grown in the United States, and as their low value makes it rather unprofitable to raise them, no great harm would be done if they were placed on the free list.

We are now growing in the United States nearly a full supply of the finer sorts of wool, and only

require to import about thirty-three million pounds to give us a full supply. Continue protection for a few years and we shall raise all the wool we require, carpet wools excepted.

The importations of worsted goods at the present low and unjust rate of duty has inflicted a very serious loss on manufacturers of this class of goods. This should be corrected, and worsted should be made to pay the same duty as woolsens.

The admission of ring, thread, roving and slubbing waste under a duty of ten cents per pound, has caused a most serious loss to the owners of wools, for every pound of this so called waste takes the place of a pound of fine scoured wool, and the extensive use of it is the principal cause of the large quantity of Territory, California and Texas wool now remaining unsold on the markets. It should have a duty laid upon it the same as scoured wool (which it virtually is) of 30 cents per pound.

These two great companion industries, the growing of Wool and the manufacturing of Woollen Goods, are indispensable and should be protected equally; the manufacturer to the extent of the difference in the cost of manufacturing in Europe as compared with that of America, and the wool-growers to the extent of the difference in the cost of raising wool in other countries and that of raising it in the United States, where land labor and living are so much higher.

Competent judges claim that the estimates of loss given above might be increased one hundred million dollars without exaggerating the facts.

Respectfully submitted,
WASHINGTON BELT.

LIST OF PATENTS.

Patents granted to citizens of Missouri for the week ending April 24th, 1888, reported through the office of W. A. Redmond, solicitor of patents, 631, F. Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

F. Egner, St. Louis, obtaining ammonia and bone black; F. G. Fisher, Kansas City, base ball gloves; C. C. Frederick, Lancaster, hanging sheet metal gutter to the eaves of houses; J. N. Hatcher, Americus, gate; M. C. Hill and J. N. Rider, Walnut Grove, upright wire and picket fence making machine; J. O'Keefe, St. Louis, gate; G. A. Ries, Poplar Bluff, cloak cutting machine; L. R. Stagner, Marshal, combined rake and fork; O. A. Wheeler, Springfield, wheel coaster.

Dr. Talmage tells this story: "Once there were a number of men solemn and sedate, and an old woman at a meeting. The first man got up and said: 'Oh, yes; I am a ship sailing straight to heaven, and my bark is sailing fast. I'm going at the rate of seventeen knots an hour, and I'll soon be near the shore.' The second, to slightly overcome the former professor, said, 'Yes; I'm sailing home; my ship is going forty knots an hour, and I'll soon be near the shore.' The old lady listened carefully at every word, and when the men had pictured their religion on their ships, she got up and said: 'Well, you are getting 'long mighty fast. I have been a goin' to heaven for seventy years, and I've walked all the way. If I get there at all I'll walk the rest of the way, and all I've got to say to you men is that if you get to goin' much faster you'll burst your bilers, and won't get there 'all.'"

Excitement in Texas

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; every body said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds.

Trial Bottle of this great Discovery for Consumption free at J. G. Jamison's. Large bottle, 1.

Miracles Never ease.

Fulkerson's Holland Kidney and Liver Regulator perform miracles on those persons who have suffered for years with Kidney Troubles. As by magic they are cured. It cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs. J. G. Jamison, sells the only sure cough cure.