

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1893.

VOL. XIV, NO. 8

J. W. MARTIN.
Physician and Surgeon
OFFICE—B. F. HENRY'S Drug Store, south side.

A. P. WILLARD.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Continues to practice in all branches of the profession. Special attention given to chronic diseases. Office—on stairs in brick block north side square. Hours from 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m.

O. W. AVERY,
Electric Physician
Will give special attention to the treatment of chronic diseases. Office in rear of Union Bank, down stairs in brick block north side square. Hours from 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m.

J. F. RICE,
Physician and Surgeon
OFFICE—Over Perry's Harness Shop.
RESIDENCE WITH J. W. BARNARD

G. A. GOBEN,
SURGEON AND GYNECOLOGIST
OFFICE—on southeast corner of southeast corner square. Visits in town \$1.50 each; in the country \$1.00 per mile. Bills due when patient is discharged.

DR. T. H. BOSCOV
KIRKSVILLE, MO.
From the
8th to the 24th of Each Month,
He treats chronic or long standing diseases especially, especially diseases of the lungs, liver, stomach, heart, liver, kidneys, etc. Nervous affections and all diseases arising from impure blood. Office two doors east of Ellis's drug store.

C. M. WILCOX,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
WILL ATTEND CALLS AT ALL HOURS.
MILLARD, MO.

P. F. GREENWOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI.
OFFICE—Over First National Bank, first door to the right.

S. L. PROUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
KIRKSVILLE, MO.,
All business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. OFFICE—Over J. F. Fowler's Drugstore, West side.

THOS. SEES, JAS. SEES.
SEES & SON,
BUILDERS, CONTRACTORS AND SUPERINTENDENTS.
FINE DWELLINGS A SPECIALTY.
Plans furnished without extra charge.

1873 THE 1893
OLD RELIABLE INSURANCE
AND LOAN AGENCY OF
J. C. THATCHER
Has passed into its 21st year of successful business. It has paid thousands of dollars for losses. No losses unpaid or unadjusted. MORAL—If you want pay for your losses in fire, lightning, or wind storms, insure with the Old Reliable, south side square, Kirksville, Mo.

JOHN M. DAVIS,
Pension and Claim Agent
OFFICE—Over Brown's Harness Shop.
Pensions, Bonuses and all other claims against the government, prosecuted with promptness; also notary public. Pensioners when having vouchers filled must bring certificates.

DR. B. O. AXTELL,
SURGEON AND MECHANIC DENTIST
Is thoroughly prepared to do all professional work in the most masterly and durable manner and with the most comfortable fits in all cases. Prices reasonable on gold, silver and aluminum plates. No pain in extracting by all of the latest and most improved dental and medical profession as safe and harmless for adults and children.

"STILL IN THE PULSE."
HURRAH FOR
JOHN ROBERTS,
Boot and Shoemaker

Who is now located the third door east of the northeast corner of the square. He has now a full stock of shoes on hand and proposes to give his customers the benefit of some very low prices. Furthermore, he wishes his patrons and others to know that he will take measure and make them, by hand, a pair of first class calf shoes for \$3.50. All work guaranteed by him to be first class. Call in and see him. He will please you. All repairs very low and promptly done.

PENSIONS.
THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW.
Soldiers Disabled Since The War Are Entitled.

Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully presented, address
JAMES TANNER,
Late Commissioner, Washington, D. C.

R. M. BUCKMASTER
Dealer in all kinds of
Musical Instruments
Store with Sands & Thomas North side, 2d door east of post office.

A THRUSHE'S SONG.

It was the close of a midsummer afternoon, and there were few travelers on a country road leading from the drowsy little town of Hallowell. A winding, stony road it was, but it led over picturesque bridges and a clear river, through woods that were dark and cool, and fragrant with the breath of pines, out again past comfortable farm houses and suddenly up steep hills from whose tops a charming landscape was visible.

The air was clear and full of a certain bracing quality that makes Maine a delightful sojourning place in summer. So at least it seemed to Mark Houghton, as he breathed the air of his native state for the first time in twenty-five years. He had purposely left his coming unannounced, that he might enjoy the luxury of a walk over the old road where every scene had once been so familiar to him. Memory plays strange pranks with the most strait-laced of us at times, and assuredly it was only her magic that made this New York lawyer enjoy a dusty country walk for auld lang syne.

A sudden turn and he came upon the little school-house, just where it used to stand, and but little changed in outward look by the inevitable wear and tear of years.

"It holds its own better than I had hoped," thought the lawyer, and moved by a sudden impulse he turned from the road and went up to the door. It was not locked, and in a moment he stood inside. Here he saw numerous changes that altered the aspect of the place. Desks and seats of a more modern style replaced the rude benches he remembered, and the walls were covered with blackboards and maps. Walking over to the teacher's chair, he sat down and thoughtfully regarded the little room, which had the desolate look peculiar to empty school-rooms.

Here he had learned his first lessons in days that returned to his memory only in fragments and half remembered incidents. Here as he grew to a larger lad, he had wrestled with many a knotty 'example,' or surreptitiously planned frolics for recess. He recalled, too some of the boyish day-dreams of 'great things to do by-and-by,' and smiled half bitterly as he contrasted them with the prosaic, self-centered life of his after years.

Then the years were the latter days when, as a young collegian, he came back to spend his vacation, and taught the little school himself to help meet expenses at college. What a humdrum life it was, to be sure, sitting there through the long summer days and hearing the rural lads and lassies stumble through their lessons! What a stupid lot of pupils they were—all but one of them.

And here Mark Houghton came chronologically to the thought that had been running with more or less self-assertion all through his musing—the thought of Leah Hastings. She was the brightest of his older pupils, and had even shared with him some of the studies he was trying to "make up" during the summer. But it was not as his pupil that he remembered Leah, it was as the gay and light-hearted yet womanly girl, with her great, serious eyes and frank smile.

"A curious mixture she was, indeed," thought the lawyer. "Our love seems like some faraway dream, some bright idyl. I wonder, if we had not quarreled, how she would have changed my life, with her high ideals and happy nature?"

A slight sound at the open door startled him; he turned his head and saw a woman standing there half hesitating on the threshold. "I beg your pardon," she began. "I thought—but something familiar in the man's face stopped her. As for him he knew from the first moment that it was Leah Hastings. With all the changes

that time had wrought in her—and they were not few—he could not mistake that long-remembered face. In a moment she, too, recognized him, doubtfully at first but with a growing certainty in her face as she studied his.

He realized with some satisfaction that he had the advantage of her in self-possession, since she could have had no thought of seeing him, while the meeting was to him quite within the realm of possibilities when he arrived in Maine.

"Well, Miss Hastings," he began, "this is indeed an unexpected pleasure. Who could have thought that yours would be the first familiar face I should see on my return to the old place?"

As he spoke he advanced towards her, holding out his hand. She put hers in it, saying comically:

"Am I indeed the first? Your coming is unexpected, then."

"You do not say that you are glad to welcome me back. But I remember that you never would be conventional," taking a subtle pleasure in the confusion which he could see she was trying hard to conceal.

But those few words, half in mockery, half in challenge, put Leah at her ease. Looking him directly in the face, she responded:

"Why should we be expected to welcome people whom we have long learned to live without and whom we never expected to see again? It is like the sudden stopping of a train; it gives you a backward jerk that isn't altogether agreeable."

"True," he answered rather sadly. "I suppose I've lost all claim to any one's interest down this way. I only hope my brother won't think so, too, when I walk in on him unannounced."

There was a moment's silence. Mark looked at the woman before him, noting the changes in her. The beauty of nineteen had faded, but enough of it yet remained to make, with the added strength, and character of later years, a face that was attractive.

"I said Miss Hastings," began the lawyer again. "Was I right, or have you laid aside the old name with other relics of the past?"

There was the faintest possible flush on her cheek as she answered:

"I have kept my name, with my unconventionality."

"I had fallen into quite a reverie, as I sat here, over old scenes and faces. Do you recollect the first day I taught here, and what a peck of trouble those little tow-headed Biggs children gave me? It was a long struggle, but I subdued them before the end of the term."

He went on reflectively and in an indifferent tone, as if he were talking of some one else.

"There was another pupil, though, who gave me more trouble than any of them and whom I never fully conquered. What a little flirt you were anyway, Leah!"

"You know I never was that," she said gravely.

"Well, no, to do you justice, you weren't. I believe you really thought you were in earnest for a while. Yes, I'll do you the justice to think you deceived yourself as well as me."

His tone was more serious now and he glanced furtively at Leah to see how she was taking his words. But she remained silent nor could he read her thoughts in her face.

"Leah," he began, abruptly, "I wish you would explain your action—there at the last I never could see why—and now, after all these years, I should just like to have it cleared up. Won't you listen to my side and tell me yours?"

For a few seconds she did not reply, but stood looking off over the hills, where the sun was just sinking from sight. "What is the use?" she said at last. "It is all over long ago and we have come to an age where we

can overlook—and forgive—without explanations. We both misunderstood and misjudged each other—that I have long been sure. Let it rest at that."

But I cannot be content with that. I thought I had put it all out of my life, Leah. It has been a busy life, and I have taken care that I should have but little time for thought. I schooled myself to keep all thought of you from my mind, and for the most part I have succeeded. I thought I could go on to the end—but now that I see you again the years that lie between our youth and now are as if they had never been. Leah, I can't believe but that you care yet too. Let us rectify our mistakes and end our lives as we should have lived them—together!"

"No, no," she said, putting out her hands as if to push the thought away. "It is too late. We have been learning to live alone. We have each made our own life and found a certain happiness in it. It is too late to seek a change. What have our lives in common—yours, a lawyer's, busy and studious, passed in a great city, and touched on all sides by interests of whose very existence I am ignorant; mine a quiet, country life, spent almost with solitude, with cares and pleasures that to you would seem petty? They would only clash if brought together."

By some trick of fancy, Mark Houghton remembered at that instant that it was at this door they had first told their loves. That was at sunset, too, and not far away a thrush was singing his joyous vesper song.

"You will thank me for what I have said when you get back to New York," Leah continued, but her voice trembled a little, and her eyes steadily looked to his.

And in his heart he felt that she was right—right at least as to the difficulty of welding their two lives into one. But for a little while he continued to urge her to reconsider. She only shook her head and said gently:

"It is too late. We must not add to our folly by making a greater mistake than that of our youth."

At last he turned to go. I hope I shall feel one day that you are right," he said "Good-by."

At that moment a brown thrush on a tree top near by broke out into a flood of melody. He sang as joyously as if all the world were young and the only natural condition were happiness.

At the sound Leah turned her head with a startled look of recollection. Her eyes met Mark's.

"It is not too late, Leah!" he cried, catching her hand. "Listen! our friend advises us just as he did the first time—love and be happy! There is time enough yet is there not?"

And somehow she could no longer find it in her heart to say "No."—New York World.

"A Talented Editor."

During the coming month or the heated period, those who are traveling or contemplating a trip away from home should read the following letter from a brilliant and well known editor and provide themselves against attacks of headache and dizziness:

GENTLEMEN—I had occasion to use several boxes of Krause's headache Capsules while traveling to Chicago to attend the National Democratic Convention. They acted like a charm in preventing headaches and dizziness. Have had very little headache since my return, which is remarkable.

Yours Respectfully,
JOHN U. SHAFER,
Ed. Renovo (Pa.) Record.
Sold by all druggists.

The better the breed, feed and care the better will be the results secured.

A High Liver.
Usually has a bad liver. He is bilious, constipated, has indigestion and dyspepsia. If there is no organic trouble a few doses of Parks' Sure cure will tone him up. Parks' Sure cure is the only liver and kidney cure we sell on a positive guarantee. Price \$100. Sold by W. G. Fout.

Lippincott's Magazine for June.

The complete novel in the June number of Lippincott's is "The Translation of a Savage," by Gilbert Parker, author of "The Chief Factor," "Pierre and his People," etc. It has an unusual subject, and tells how an Englishman of family and wealth married an Indian girl of Hudson's Bay and took her home, with results naturally mixed, but better than might have been expected.

The fourth in the series of Lippincott's Notable Stories—"The Philosophers," by Geraldine Bonner—deals with an extraordinary wedding, in which the men concerned were philosophers indeed. It is illustrated, "Ambition," a play in one act, by Johanna Staats has a double love story.

The Athletic Series is continued in an illustrated article on "Amateur Rowing," by John F. Hunker. In the Journalist Series, Theodore Stanton descends on "The Foreign Correspondent."

John Burroughs give "A Glance into Walt Whitman," and Frank A. Burr tells "How Men Write," with portraits of Captain King, J. G. Blaine, Julian Hawthorne, Eugene Field, Joel Chandler Harris, J. W. Riley, Bill Nye and Walt Whitman.

A Little Sunbeam

Railroad engineers and firemen, grimy and taciturn, lead a more dangerous life than any soldier; but their occupation is prosaic, and few give them credit for heroism or the gentler feelings which make up the romantic side of human nature. Yet in their existence there sometimes falls a spark of light and a ray of sunshine that illuminates the smoky cab. The overland train had arrived at Oakland, Cal., and the great iron engine was throbbing and puffing after the long, sinuous trip over the mountain sides and rocky defiles, lofty trestles and marshy stretches.

The din in the depot was deafening; but out of the chaos of sounds a sweet girlish voice was heard welcoming home her parents, who had arrived on the train. She was a little golden-haired beauty, scarcely seven years of age, with a quick, intelligent eye, and a loving nature, to which she gave full vent in the radiant and impulsive way she welcomed her parents back. At last they took her by the hand and proceeded toward the waiting ferry boat.

As they passed by the engine attached to the train the little one broke away, ran up to the black machine, and patted the driving wheels affectionately with her small, white hands. The looking up at the smoke stack, she said:

"You good, big, old iron horse, you have brought back papa and mamma safe over the great mountains to their little girl, and I want to thank you, even if you don't care for me, because I am so little. And you, too," she continued, turning her face wistfully toward the grimy engineer and fireman, who were looking down at her—"I love you all." Then she kissed her hand to them, and was gone.

"Bill," said the engineer to his fireman, "what was that?"

"Peared like an angel," said the fireman, echoing the other's thought.

Just then a fleeting sunbeam from the great orb sinking down in the Golden Gate came stealing through a chink in the depot, and stole by the engineer into his cab. There was a strange look on his face for an instant; and when he turned his head, there were two light spots on his dust-begrimed cheeks.—Christian Journal.

Notice to Wabash Passengers.

From May 1st, 1893, stop-over privilege will be discontinued and tickets will be good only for continuous passage, to be commenced within one day from date of sale.

Buy your ticket to your first stopping place only. Look at the date stamped on back of your ticket and see that the limit has not expired before getting on train. Conductors are not authorized to accept tickets presented after the expiration of limit, and will collect fare from holders. If you cannot commence your journey within the limit of your ticket, the selling agent will redeem it at full value on date of sale only. For redemption after date of sale, application should be made to the General Passenger and ticket agent.

F. CHANDLER, G. P. and T. A.
As a wash for tender feet, a scalded joints and chilblains (when the skin is not broken), one ounce of sal ammoniac to a pint of water is said to be excellent.

First class for cure of bruises, sprains and rheumatism—Captain S. W. Walker, Company C, 1st Regiment, Indiana Veteran Legion, Lafayette, Ind., writes this, "I have used Dr. Bull's cough syrup in my family for the last two years, and advise all having children never to be without it."

All kinds of stock are subject to a loss of appetite when the food does not consist of a variety. A mess of turnips may improve an animal more than medicine. Always resort to a change of food when the animals seem to lose appetite.

See the World's Fair for Fifteen Cents.

Upon Receipt of your address and fifteen cents in postage stamps we will mail you prepaid our Souvenir Portfolio of the World's Columbian exposition. The regular price is fifty cents, but as we want you to have one, we make the price nominal. You will find it a work of art and a thing to be prized. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with descriptions of same, and is executed in highest style of art. If not satisfied with it, after you get it, we will refund the stamps and let you keep the book. Address
H. E. BUCKLIN & Co.,
Chicago, Ill.

There is no profit in keeping a cow that is dry, or nearly so, fully one half of the time.

Park's Cough Syrup

Has been so highly recommended to us that we have taken the agency for it and now ask our friends who are suffering with a cold to give it a trial and if it does not give satisfaction your money will be refunded. Every bottle sold on a positive guarantee. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. For sale by W. G. Fout druggist.

In all cases, where a mild but effective aperient is needed, Ayer's Pills are the best. They improve the appetite, restore healthy action, promote digestion, and regulate every function. No pill is in greater demand, or more highly recommended by the profession.

London Tid-Bits recently offered a prize for the best definition of "home." Five thousand answers were sent in. Here are some of best:

The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is "mother"

A world of life shut out, a world of love shut in.

An arbor which shades when the sun of prosperity becomes too dazzling; a harbor where the human bark finds shelter in the time of adversity.

Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit.

Home is a person's estate obtained without injustice, kept without disquietude; a place where time is spent without repentance, and which is ruled by justice, mercy and love.

A hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth gathers the sweets and memories of life for food to meditate upon.

The best place for man after business hours.

Home is the cosiest, kindest, sweetest place in all the world, the scene of our purest earthly joys and deepest sorrows.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity.

The place where the great are sometimes small and the small often great.

Rather Steep.

Than take in any other form is what many people think and Parks' Tea is made for just those folks. It cures constipation and though not a cathartic moves the bowels every day.

There is some satisfaction in the production of first-class stock.

Keep it in the house. Good advice from the Captain. Captain S. W. Walker, Company C, 1st Regiment, Indiana Veteran Legion, Lafayette, Ind., writes this, "I have used Dr. Bull's cough syrup in my family for the last two years, and advise all having children never to be without it."

Bureau of Information.

The Burlington has recently established in a convenient quarter of its elegant and commodious passenger station, at Chicago, an office designed to afford travelers all information on the thousand and one things they need to know, with regard to routes, rates, connections and accommodations. It has been placed in charge of an experienced man, supplied with all railway guides, maps and time tables, and is known as the "Bureau of information." It is a place to which all travelers may apply for information and receive a full and correct answer. This is the only office of the kind west of the seaboard cities; and it cannot but prove a help and convenience to the traveling public. All trains of the Burlington enter and depart from this station, and the intelligent and valuable service of the Bureau may be enjoyed by all patrons of this line.

A special pamphlet will be issued by the Burlington in the near future, giving accurate information as to "How to get to the World's Fair Grounds." How to take secure rooms and board at the various hotels, boarding and lodging houses.

Trustworthy Agents will beat the C. B. & Q. depot, in Chicago, to impart all information to visitors. Arrangements will probably be made by which some trains will be run direct to the World's Fair Grounds without change or delay.

Hot water taken freely half an hour before bed-time is helpful in the case of constipation and has a most soothing effect upon the stomach.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklin & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills Free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing. B. F. Henry's druggist.

Save all of the wheat straw, by purchasing it meal and bran and feeding with it; a very good ration for growing stock can be made up that will be economical.

GENTLEMEN—I have been a martyr to severe headaches for many, many years, and since coming to this country four years ago, I think the attacks have been even more severe than ever. A few months ago a druggist sold me a box of your Krause's headache Capsules, and their effects were magical. To-day while on a visit I had a severe attack and procured one of your Capsules and my suffering was instantaneously relieved.

I would be glad if you would let me know how much per dozen boxes I could get them for, as I wish to send some to friends in the east where I came from, as well as keep a supply on hand.

You can be assured of my recommendation being given to your medicine whenever the opportunity offers. I remain
Yours very truly
HERMANN SCHULZ,
35 McFarland St., Cincinnati, O.
Sold by druggists.

To keep glassware bright, wipe directly from the hot suds. Tumblers used for milk should be thoroughly rinsed in cold water before being immersed in hot suds, as hot water seems to drive the milk into the glass and give them a dingy appearance.

"MYSTIC CURE" IN DEMAND—A. A. Hardee & Son, Druggist, Lebanon, O., writes: "Send us a supply of the 'Mystic Cure' for Rheumatism, as we are entirely out and our customers are clamoring for more. It has proven such a splendid remedy for them. It radically cures in one to three days. Sold by B. F. Henry, druggist, Kirksville.

Simple table centre-pieces are large circular mirrors, on which rest bow-knots of fine posies, the whole circled with sprays of green rosebush leaves.

In the management of the manure on the farm the farmer is often foolishly prodigal.