

WEEKLY GRAPHIC

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KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1894.

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PHYSICIANS.

J. W. MARTIN,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office—R. F. Henry's Drug Store North side

DR. A. T. XOE,
Homeopathist
KIRKSVILLE, MO.
Office hours 9 to 12 a. m. 2 to 5 p. m. and 7 to 9 p. m., Sundays 9 to 10 a. m. and 3 to 4 p. m. Office over Normal Book Store.

L. J. CONNER,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office—Sperry, Mo. Will attend calls day and night.

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A. P. WILLARD,
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He treats chronic or long standing disease successfully, especially diseases of the lungs, throat, stomach, heart, liver, kidneys, etc. Nerve affections and all diseases arising from impure blood. Office two doors east of Higginbotham's shoe store.

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G. A. GOBEN, G. H. NICHOLS,
Res. 611 McPherson Street. Res. East Harrison St. North-Christ Church Street.
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OCULISTS AND OPTICIANS.
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J. F. SNYDER,
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Will attend calls at all hours.
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Attorney-at-law,
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Office—Over Savings Bank

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Attorney-at-law
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All business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention.

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DR. B. C. AXTELL,
Surgeon and Mechanic Dentist
Is thoroughly prepared to do all professional work in the most modern and durable manner and warrants comfortable fits in all cases. Prices reasonable on gold, platinum and aluminum plates. No pain in extracting by aid of vitalized air. Educated by both the dental and medical schools.

PENSIONS
THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW.
Soldiers Disabled Since the War are Entitled.
Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from the effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim investigated and successfully prosecuted, address
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Pensions, Bounties and all other claims against the government, prosecuted with promptness; also notary public. Pensioners advised, having vouchers filed.

The Fatal Letter.

Some years ago, while publishing a weekly newspaper in a booming town in the state of Colorado, I was awarded the county printing and in order to do the work promptly I advertised for several printers. Of the three who applied one was a middle-aged man who immediately attracted my attention. If ever I saw a story written on a human face it was written on his. He proved to be an excellent workman, but during the three weeks he remained with me I never saw him smile.

I took quite a liking to the man, and tried very hard to persuade him to remain with me after the rush of work was over; but he had already begun to tire of the town, and in spite of the inducements offered, respectfully declined a permanent situation. However the night before he left I prevailed upon him to tell me his story under the promise of secrecy. As he is now dead, and there is no necessity for mentioning his name, I will relate what he told me.

"I met Jack Bradford for the first time in the composing rooms of a well known Chicago morning newspaper nearly five years ago. I was foreman there at the time, and he had dropped in to make some inquiries in regard to securing a desirable boarding-house. He informed me that he had been added to the reporting staff of the paper, and would like to secure quarters as near the office as possible.

"I was then boarding with two elderly maiden ladies who lived but a few blocks away. They had known my mother, and it was more for her sake than from money considerations that they gave me rooms and board. I was delightfully situated, but frequently longed for congenial companionship, for I felt strangely alone at times. Therefore, when Jack accosted me I was in a position to do him a signal service if I felt so disposed.

"I was drawn towards him from the first. He was tall, fair, and a little inclined to stoop; but the expression of his face was as sweet as that of a woman, and we had not conversed together more than a half-hour when I offered to secure him quarters with me, an offer which was gladly accepted. He joined me the next day, and then and there commenced a friendship which ended only with death.

"Jack Bradford never ranked high as a reporter. He was naturally of a retiring nature, and his heart was too kind to delve deeply into the frailties of his fellow men. But he was a fascinating writer when the subject was in full accord with his moral nature, and I think the management overlooked his genius.

"The money he earned as a reporter was not his only source of revenue. He wrote for several literary papers besides. I usually found him up, busily writing, when I awoke in the morning, and often, I felt sure, he did not retire at all. I remonstrated with him for indulging in such suicidal practices; no man could live long under so severe a mental strain; but he only laughed as he answered:

"I am made of iron, Will, and the loss of a little sleep will do no material harm. And then, you know, I shall become famous after a while, and be able to take life more comfortably."

"I was not satisfied with the answer, and still continued my remonstrances. One evening, when I was holding forth as usual, he suddenly arose, and drawing a photograph from his pocket handed it to me without a word. I have seen the faces of many lovely women in my life, but that face surpassed them all in loveliness. It was the picture of a girl fast budding into glorious womanhood. The head was crowned with a wealth of golden hair, while the eyes, as if to show the beauty of contrast, were as black as jet.

"The face is ideal," I said, returning the picture to him. "No human countenance could be so beautiful."

"You are wrong there, Will," he cried, laughing joyously. "The young lady not only resides upon this terrestrial sphere at the present time, but she is personally known to me as well, and some day, God willing, I hope to make her my wife."

"I looked at him wonderingly.

"You are surprised, my boy," he continued more gravely, "and it is only natural that you should be, for it seems a case of Beauty and the Beast. Poor little Florence is an orphan, and when I first met her was employed as a compositor on a daily paper. The first glance I caught of her black robed figure and sad face went to my very heart, and from that moment I would have given my life to save her from the least disquietude. How she ever learned to care for me I cannot comprehend. Others tried to woo her, but she turned away from them all and gave me the wealth of her young affections. For a time I fought against loving the child, or rather against allowing her to think of me as a possible suitor. But what mortal could have resisted such a temptation long? Suffice it to say that I won her."

"She was not very strong, and night work soon told upon her most seriously. She was so young—no, yet eighteen—that it would have been wrong for me to marry her then. And yet I could not bear to see her fading away before my eyes. I persuaded her to resign her situation and attend a young lady's seminary for a year, under the plea that a course of instruction would prove advantageous to us both, as it would enable her to assist me in my literary work after we were married. She was a proud little mite, and for a time combated my arguments on the subject. I finally won the battle, however. She has now been attending the seminary for eight months, and does not suspect my innocent deception."

"What deception?" I interrupted.

"Why, bless you, Will, do you suppose that I ever mean to let her dub her pretty little hands in ink? Let us go to bed."

"Another month rolled by, and Jack still worked on like a machine, in spite of my earnest protests. I noticed that he was growing thinner, and his shoulders drooped perceptibly, but there was a continual smile upon his lips. One evening I saw him place his hand upon his heart suddenly, while his lips grew strangely pale; but in an instant he recovered, and laughed away my solicitude.

"Nearly a week sped away, when early one Sunday morning he came bounding into our room, gaily waving a letter in his hand.

"Behold, Will, Beauty is still true to the Beast!" was his salutation, as he sat down and broke the seal.

"I was busy, and merely nodded in reply. A few minutes later I heard a gasp, and turning around quickly, found Jack lying unconscious in his chair. Without waiting to put on coat or hat I rushed out and secured a physician, medical science availed not for in less than thirty-six hours my friend was dead. He was conscious part of that time however and during one of the lucid intervals called me to his bedside and handed me the letter he had received. It contained only a few lines, which were as follows:

"DEAR JACK—I have changed my mind. I have seen Professor Budd, and to see him is to love him. Forgive me. I shall be married in a few days. Don't be angry. If you were to see the professor I know that you would acknowledge that no girl could help worshipping him."

"He saw the hot anger in my eyes, and hastily said:

"Not a word against her, Will, if you love me! I was never worthy of her, and she has found a more fitting mate. My last prayer will be for her happiness."

"Later he said:

"Will, she lives far from here, and will not be likely to learn of my death except through you. Promise never to let her know, for it might cause her regret. There are no others to inform."

"He then placed an old-fashioned gold ring upon one of my fingers, saying:

"Wear this in remembrance of your promise. Now send me a lawyer."

"I complied instantly, for although I did not think him hopelessly ill, I felt that it would ease his mind to have his earthly affairs arranged. That night he was seized with another spasm, and just as the gray dawn of morning was creeping into the windows his spirit passed away.

"I saw poor Jack laid away to rest in a quiet spot, and was returning home with a sad heart when the lawyer whom I had summoned at his request informed me that my friend had made me his heir and his executor.

"I did not know Jack had any money," I said.

"There is not much—about five hundred dollars; but even that must be looked after said the man of law.

"After paying Jack's few debts and ordering a handsome tablet to mark his grave, I found there was still between three and four hundred dollars left, which reverted to me. I placed the money in the bank, having no immediate use for it, and a week later went West.

"For six months I roamed, sometimes working for a week or two, but accepting no permanent situation. At last I tired of the life and returned to Chicago. I arrived at night, and went immediately to the office where I had formerly worked. While chatting with the boys I noticed a woman who sat before a case in a distant corner.

"How is that?" I asked. "There used to be no women employed in this room."

"It is a concession which we have all agreed to in this one instance," one of the boys replied. "She is a relative of that friend of yours who died several months ago. The story she told the chief was so pitiful that he submitted her appeal for work to us, and the vote was in her favor. I am afraid that she is not long for this world, however."

"I crossed the room hurriedly to see who this woman was. She was dressed in deep black, and as she turned towards me I instantly recognized the original of the picture that Jack had shown me.

"She must have read the amazement in my face, for she stopped work as if to hear what I had to say. I happened to raise my hand slightly, and she caught sight of Jack's ring. She turned as pale as death as she gasped:

"Where did you get that?"

"It was given to me by one of the noblest men that God ever put life in—his last gift to the only friend on earth who loved him as he deserved to be loved."

"Hush!" she cried, passionately.

"You do not know what you are saying."

"I know that you abandoned him for another, and that the blow killed him as surely as if you had driven a dagger through his heart. I was his room-mate and his friend and am fully aware of your perfidy."

"Hush! You do not understand, I tell you!" She cried again, and then hastily scribbling an address upon a slip of paper she handed it to me. "Come and see me to-morrow morning, and spare me your reproaches until you have heard my story. I can bear no more now."

"I bowed and left the room at once, cursing this woman in my heart for having slain my friend, and yet so bewildered by her loveliness that I almost dreaded to meet her again. But the next morning I was as hard as adamant, and on the way to her abode thought grimly that no spell should lure me from my loyalty to the dead.

"She met me at the door and ushered me into a little parlor facing the street. After we were seated she said, abruptly:

"You probably saw the letter which caused my poor Jack's death. Did it never occur to you that it might be a forgery?"

"A forgery!" I blankly echoed.

"Yes a forgery. It was written by my room-mate in a spirit of mischief. We practised the same style of handwriting and the task was an easy one for her. Professor Budd was an eccentric, suspicious man, and she thought it would be the greatest joke in the world to write to Jack as she did. God forgive her, she was young and thoughtless. She told me what she had done, and I immediately wrote to Jack, explaining the matter. No answer came, though I wrote again and again, and mad with fear, I left the seminary and came here to learn the cause of his silence. Then I found that he was dead—dead and buried."

"She was weeping violently, but I could not utter one word to comfort her. There was something in my throat that almost choked me.

"I have been here ever since," she continued, mastering her emotion, "and I shall remain here until I die. The waiting will not be long, however. See."

"She pressed her handkerchief against her lips for an instant, and then held it up before my horrified stricken eyes. Oh, that crimson stain! It seemed to set my brain on fire and clutch my heart with a grip of steel. And yet I had met this woman but twice, and only a few hours before cursed her as a wretched creature."

"Why did Fate throw her across my path? She had no heart to give me, for it lay buried in the grave with her first love. But she was friendless and alone, and I could not turn away from her, even though my future peace of mind depended upon such a course. I could not and I did not. I let myself drift on, giving her the fierce love of young manhood, and accepting in return her friendship and her gratitude—a stone instead of bread.

"I will not tire you with a long account of what followed—how I saw the hectic flush burn more brightly upon her cheek day after day, until she was no longer able to continue work. I thanked God for one thing—that the money Jack had left proved a means by which I could make her last days as pleasant as possible. She faded as the flower fades, growing more lovely, if possible, each hour until she died. Not until she lay in her coffin, with a smile upon her lips, did I forget that she loved not me, but my friend. Then I stooped and kissed her as a lover kisses his beloved. The living, breathing image was not for me. The cold lifeless clay I called my own.

"I saw her layed by the side of Jack and then, turning away with tear-blinded eyes, I became what I am to-day—a wandering, care for nothing, hoping for nothing, asking for nothing save the peace derived from solitude and my own reflections.

"I have no more to tell. Spare your sympathy. Good night!"

A few months afterwards I read that an unknown man had been killed by a freight train near Leadville. After describing him rather minutely, the account went on to state that the deceased wore a plain gold ring upon the third finger of his left hand, and in the inside pocket of his coat was found the picture of a beautiful girl, with black eyes and golden hair. A printer's rule was discovered in his vest pocket. No papers or letters giving any clue to his identity were found. I knew who the man was, however, and my heart was strangely moved as I laid down the paper.

"I was prostrate with a severe bilious complaint," writes Erastus Southworth, of Bath, Me. "After vainly trying a number of remedies I was finally induced to take Ayer's Pills. I had scarcely taken two boxes when I was completely cured."

Just About Girls.

An artistic girl, who had only a shabby boarding-house bedroom to fit up, and very few shickels to do it with, has managed to make a little jewel box of it after this simple recipe: Cretonne of a light blue ground-work, with small pink roebuds strewn over it, tacked over the soiled wall paper to represent paneling, each breadth lapping in a double box pleat. A common pine bed is painted in white enamel.

As common a dressing table, with a canopy top, is covered with dotted swiss muslin, over blue sateen, with toilet cushion and ornaments of pink. A second-hand couch is re-covered with awning cloth, in blue and pale gray stripes, and piled with blue, gray and willow green cushions. Japanese matting, also in willow green, is used for the floor, with one or two inexpensive white fur rugs.

The narrow space between the two windows is covered by a plain breadth of plain green in felting as a background for bric-a-brac. This is represented by several attractive photographs, in imitation blue enamel and old silver frames that are found in the shops for 50 or 60 cents, with all the glamor of a Re-camier saloon hanging about them; a mirror in heavy brass, with candleabra holding blue candles has some graceful spreading palms arranged oblique. One owning many valuable pictures would, of course, find the cretonne paneling inadvisable as the deciding coloring and the figures would have the disadvantage held by heavily gilded wall papers—that of swallowing up the pictures instead of throwing them out, as all well behaved backs should. In this dainty apartment one is spared the monotony of color tone, so common nowadays, when a multitude of would-be artistic girls are getting up what they call "symphonies" in color, but which are really nothing but an insipid lack of variety.

Wilful eyes may easily betraught the art of combining tints and tones, if the same patience and care are lent them that the ear demands in noting the quality of varying notes of music.—Weekly Recorder.

Rheumatism, neuralgia, headache and pains of every kind instantly relieved by Johnson's Magic oil. 1.00 sizes 50c; 50c size 25c.

The picnic season is here now, and a young man can have a real good time eating luncheon on the ground, with his sisters, and his cousins, and the ants.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup.
We guarantee this to be the best Cough syrup manufactured in the whole world. This is saying a great deal, but it is true. For consumption, cough, colds, sore throat, sore chest, pneumonia, bronchitis, asthma, croup, whooping cough, and all diseases of the throat and lungs, we positively guarantee Ballard's Horehound syrup to be without an equal on the face of the globe. In support of this statement we refer to every individual who has ever used it, and to every druggist who has ever sold it. Such evidence is indisputable. Sold by Fout & McChesney.

"Henpeck has improved wonderfully since his marriage." "Well, no wonder; his wife gives him a piece of her mind every day."

Ballard's Snow Liniment
Mrs. Hamilton, Cambridge, Ill., says: I had the rheumatism so bad I could not raise my hand to my head. Ballard's Snow Liniment has entirely cured me. I take pleasure in informing my neighbors and friends what it has done for me. Chas. Handley, clerk for Lay & Lyman, Kewanee, Ill., advises us, Snow Liniment cured him of rheumatism. Why not try it? It will surely do you good. It cures all inflammation, wounds, sores, cuts, sprains etc. Sold by Fout & McChesney.

Future Beef Prospects.

Can there be some united action to arrest the policy of the past? For the past five or six years beef has been so low that a 3-year-old steer represents an actual loss to the farmer or stock raiser. He has cost his owner, when fairly well fattened some say at least \$75, and yet he has been sold for only about \$50.

This state of things has caused a very natural result, that is, cattle are ceasing to be raised and the cows sold off. The land that was devoted to raising stock in the States right around Chicago is now, to a great extent, devoted to grazing and fattening cattle that are brought in from the west. Good authorities say Texas—the great breeding state—has not today as many females by 60 per cent as it had four years ago. Yet the market keeps glutted and the price of good beef is kept much below the paying point. There can only be one result from all this: in a very short time there must be a shortage in the beef supply, and then the owners of good beef cattle must reap their reward.

Hon. H. M. Vail, Missouri, says that "raising stock for the next ten years will prove the biggest gold mine in the country for those who have a good foundation of females." He thinks there is danger of there being a shortage of cattle, even greater than that which has occurred in hogs, and it will take ten years to fill the vacuum instead of one year as with hogs. Yet the slaughter goes steadily on. Beef cattle are still much too low, but the price of steak and roasts at the butcher shops remains just the same. It is evident that some one is making a good profit in handling cattle.

Teacher—"What little boy can tell me the name of the worst nation on earth?" Bobby—"Vacation."

Trustee's Sale.

Whereas, Charles E. Darrow by his certain deed of trust dated the 3d day of February 1893, and recorded in the recorder's office of Adair county, at deed book W. Page 211, conveyed to J. M. DeFrance, all his right, title, interest and estate, in and to the following described real estate situated in the county of Adair, state of Missouri, viz:

The southeast quarter of the southwest quarter and ten, 10 acres being west part of the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, all in section two, 2, township sixty-two, 62, of range fifteen, 15, and lots five and six, 5 and 6, in block one, 1, in Knights' addition to the town, now city, of Kirksville, also the following personal property with the increase thereof to-wit: one stallion, Nasson 9317 standard and registered, one bay mare, Kate, 8 years old; one bay mare, Maud, 9 years old; one bay mare, Campbell, 8 years; one gray mare, Alger, 4 years old; one black mare, Nan, 9 years old; one sorrel mare, Ad, 4 years old; one bay mare, Nooning, 9 years old; one brown mare, Zig, 7 years old; one sorrel mare, Lyle, 5 years old; one sorrel mare, Ida, 5 years old; one gray mare, Adams, 5 years old; one gray mare, Ada, 5 years old; one brown filley, Nancy, 3 years old; one bay mare, Height, 4 years old; one bay mare, McConkey, 5 years old; one brown mare, Dodson, 6 years old; one bay mare, Bess, 7 years old; one bay mare, Queen, 8 years old; one sorrel mare, Adams, 4 years old; 2 horse mules, 3 years old, and three or four, 3 or 4 head, description and names not remembered, being all horses of whatever description on my—said Darrow's—farm.

Which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note—said deed described, and who said note has become due and unpaid, now therefore, in accordance with said deed of trust, and at the request of the legal holder, of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at the court house door and said personal property at T. E. Graves livery stable in the town of Kirksville, in the county of Adair, state Missouri, to the highest bidder for cash, at public auction, on Saturday the 21st day of July, 1894, between the hours of nine in the forenoon and five in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note, together with the cost and expense of executing this trust.

J. M. DeFrance,
Trustee.