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PHYSICIANS.

J. W. MARTIN,
Physician and Surgeon.

Office—B. F. Henry's Drug Store North side

DR. A. T. NOE,
Homoeopathist
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,
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Office—Sperry, Mo. Will attend calls day and night.

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FROM THE
10th to the 24th of Each Month.

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 Higdon's shoe store.

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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, silver and aluminum plates. No pain in extracting by aid of vitalized air. Endorsed by both the dental and medical professions as safe and harmless for adults and children.

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 promptly and successfully prosecuted, address
JAMES TANNER.

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Pensions, Bonuses and all other claims payable by the government, prosecuted with promptness and successful results. Pensioners called, having vouchers filed, certain.

Their Lazy Neighbors.

"Sarah," said Farmer Morrill, one bright November morning, "the harvesting is all done now, and we have got more than enough for winter, haven't we?"

"Sarah Morrill looked up quickly. "Why, I suppose so," she replied cautiously.

"Well, Sarah, I called to see Mr. Haslem and his wife yesterday. They are very poor, and I thought we might spare them something."

"They ought to be poor!" exclaimed Mrs. Morrill. "They are too lazy to have anything. And they are such ugly creatures! I can't bear the sight of them. I don't understand why they settled down in this neighborhood; and to add insult to injury, instead of repairing that old house under the hill, they must make it lock worse than ever by stuffing its broken windows with rags."

"But, Sarah, perhaps they haven't any money to pay for repairs. What then?"

"Well," answered Mrs. Morrill tartly, "that's no reason for their being so shiftless. Why didn't the old man plant some potatoes and a garden?"

"He has the rheumatism, wife."

"But he can walk down to the village every day. You are too generous, Henry, for your day and generation, but you know I never objected to your giving to worthy people."

"Then you are not willing for me to give anything to Mr. Haslem?"

"Certainly I am not."

"But, Sarah," said Mr. Morrill gently, "there are one hundred bushels of wheat. Surely we could spare a few bushels of it—and a few barrels of apples, some potatoes, a generous supply of pork, a peck of beans, and a dozen pumpkins—why, dear, we should never miss it at all, not even for a minute, and it would be a great help to them."

"Henry, you have worked hard and so have I, and don't want you to give anything to David Haslem."

"Very well, Sarah. I should like to help them, but I will not do anything to displease you, as you well know."

Mrs. Morrill smiled, and took up a magazine. She hoped that her husband would not again allude to the subject, and he did not.

December brought the expected snow, and plenty of it.

January brought a cold wave that was frigid in its intensity. Man and beast ventured out at their peril. After a week of intense cold the weather gradually grew warmer, and finally the wind came round into the south-east, and an old fashioned thaw set in. For hours at a time it would rain steadily, and then a thick mist would rise from the snow.

The farmers gathered at the village grocery and compared notes. All agreed that it was "dreadful unhealthy weather."

"Hamilton, do you know how Morrill's folks are getting along?" asked one of the farmers of another.

Hamilton shook his head. "No, I don't," he said. "I don't dare go near 'em. My wife is scared at the very mention of diphtheria."

David Haslem, who was leaning on the counter, looked around quickly. "Have they got diphtheria over to Morrill's?" he asked.

"Yes; the children are all sick with it, I believe."

"How long have they been sick?"

"I don't know," returned Hamilton. "I know that they've got diphtheria and so I stay away from them. I've got a little family to look after, and do you suppose I'm going to run any risk by rushing over there to learn the particulars?"

Before Haslem could reply the door was thrown open and the local doctor entered.

"Boys," he said, in his bluff way, "do you know of anybody I can get to go over to Morrill's? I tell you it's a hard case over there. Of course you know that their

three children are sick with malignant diphtheria. Well, they are very low, and now Morrill is down with pneumonia. Mrs. Morrill is completely exhausted, and the children will surely die without good care."

"I'll go, and I think my wife will," spoke up David Haslem. "I have had considerable experience in sickness, and my woman was a hospital nurse for years."

"God bless you sir!" cried the doctor. "Come on. There isn't a moment to lose."

Mrs. Morrill stood over her sick children in the tearless grief of despair. Her strength and courage were gone and she had grasped a chair for support. She heard somebody enter the room but could not turn her head.

"You are very tired, Mrs. Morrill," said a gentle voice, "and must rest awhile."

Sarah Morrill essayed to speak but could not. Darkness rose up around her and she swayed back and forth. It was Mrs. Haslem who had spoken, and stepping to the door she called her husband, who came quickly, and taking the fainting woman in his arms, bore her into the next room. The faint ended in a long sleep, which the doctor declared was the only thing that saved the poor woman's reason.

When Mrs. Morrill awoke, it took her some time to realize where she was. The very room seemed strange to her. Then suddenly remembrance returned to her and she sprang out of bed and hurried into the hall, where she met Mrs. Haslem.

"How are they?" she cried excitedly.

"They are all resting as quietly as possibly, dear."

"Oh, Mrs. Haslem, say that you will stay with us!"

"We will stay as long as you shall need us," was the quiet reply.

"Oh, thank God! thank God!" As Mrs. Morrill entered the dining-room, a half hour later, Mrs. Haslem met her and persuaded her to sit down at the table and then she brought her a cup of tea and a plate of delicately browned toast.

"I cannot eat," faltered Mrs. Morrill, toying with her spoon. But Mrs. Haslem's skillful coaxing soon caused her to think that she must eat, and before she had finished her toast and tea she awoke to the fact that she was nearly famished.

And now began a life and death struggle at the Morrill home. Everything that skill could do was done. The days and nights were divided into watches. Every particle of strength on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Haslem was economized to the utmost. Mrs. Haslem prepared all the food, and the meals were dainty and appetizing.

How many, many, many times Mrs. Morrill reproached herself for her harsh criticism of but two or three months ago. She had called David Haslem and his wife "ugly creatures," and "lazy and shiftless."

"Oh, heavenly Father, be more merciful in your judgement of me," she prayed over and over again in her deep self-reproach.

She saw Mrs. Haslem skillfully draw the tenacious, diphtheritic membrane from her children's mouths, thus quickly relieving the little sufferers, while she stood helplessly by. She heard her coax them successfully to take some detested medicine, when all her arguments and promises had failed.

And when the long, wearisome days of convalescence came, for come they did to Henry Morrill and his children, it was David Haslem that changed the hot pillows, and lifted the tired ones to more restful positions. And Mrs. Haslem amused the children by singing little songs, and telling stories that were perfectly irresistible in their way.

But at length the time came for David Haslem and his wife to return to their own home. The children protested against their going with tears and sobs, and utterly

refused to be comforted for many a day.

It was August time. The fields were green with new springing aftermath. Butterflies whisked gaily about, and the roadsides were bright with goldenrod. Farmer Morrill entered the cool sitting room where his wife sat engaged in sewing, and sitting down in a large armchair, wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow.

"Sarah," he said, "I'm going to drive down to Mr. Haslem's and see if there is anything I can do for them. They seem to be very happy lately. It does me good to hear them talk about their garden. I don't wonder that they are proud of it, for it looks well. I was very particular about preparing and planting it."

"I should think they would feel the most pride concerning their house," said Mrs. Morrill. "I declare, Henry, since you put in the new windows, and painted it, that old house under the hill looks quite respectable."

"That's the outside, Sarah. Who was it that had something to do with the many comforts inside? But, my dear, have you got any little thing that I can take down with me? Not that they expect anything, but it pleases them to be remembered in that way."

Sarah Morrill rose quickly and laid aside her sewing.

"Of course I've got something for them," she said, blithely, and tripped away. When she returned she bore a small pail in one hand and a can in the other, while from her arm swung a basket. In answer to her husband's inquiries, she took off the cover of the pail, and removing a few fresh, green leaves, showed him the ripe, luscious blackberries that nestled beneath. The can held a quantity of sweet golden cream, and the basket was filled with rosy-cheeked apples.

"Well done, little wife!" said Farmer Morrill. "But how do you expect to be paid for the many favors you have lavished on our lazy neighbors?"

There was no reply. Henry Morrill glanced at his wife, and saw that her mouth was quivering and her eyes were dim with tears.

"Forgive me, Sarah," he said. "I only meant to tease you a little."

"When I look at you, Henry," she said, slowly, "and at our children, I feel that I have been well paid for all I have done, and for all I can do for David Haslem and his wife."

What a Prominent Insurance Man Says.

H. M. Blossom, senior member of H. M. Blossom & Co., 217 N. 3d street, St. Louis, writes: I had been left with a very distressing cough, the result of influenza, which nothing seemed to relieve, until I took Ballard's Horehound Syrup. One bottle completely cured me. I sent one bottle to my sister, who had a severe cough, and she experienced immediate relief. I always recommended this syrup to my friends.

John Cranston, 908 Hampshire street, Quincy, Ill., writes: I have found Ballard's Horehound Syrup superior to any other cough medicine I have ever known. It never disappoints. Price 50c. Sold by Fout & McChesney.

If your friend has an itch for office, you are doing him a kindness when you scratch him at the polls.

Cure of Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only fifty cents at B. F. Henry's drug store.

HIS DULL PUPIL.

I write of many years ago, for I am an old man now, and of the pupils who came first under my tutelage I have knowledge of but two or three living.

I graduated at Harvard, and as my purse was empty I was forced to seek employment at once, and the employment to which I aspired was that of a teacher.

A friend secured for me a school in the far away region of down East, and I took it. It was in the central district of the town of Steep Falls.

I had come from college with a firm faith in the cramming process. I had been subjected to it, and I deemed that all who would wear academic honors must undergo the ordeal.

My brightest boy—my especial delight—the boy who could stuff and cram and remember everything to which I directed his mind—the boy whom I exhibited on examination day—was William Howther.

My dull pupil was Teddy Drake. I had pupils more stupid than Teddy, but not one that fretted me more. Said I to him after he had worked out a difficult problem by supposition, ignoring the algebraic signs and forms entirely:

"My boy, this may answer very well now; but the time will come when problems will be presented which cannot be solved save by the rules which you now neglect."

And he looked up in his blank, honest way and replied to me:

"No doubt, sir, when the need is really upon me I shall be able to conquer these outlandish signs, but they stick me now."

The boy's answer provoked me. I wanted him to swallow and digest the algebra as a whole, and he would not.

Upon the fly leaf of his book I saw a picture. I looked at it and found it to be a rough but exceedingly life like sketch of a horse harness ed to a common tip-cart. I asked him when he did that. He confessed that he had done it in school.

I sternly asked him what he meant by it, and he had the effrontery to tell me that he had been trying to find some way to ease the draft of his father's cart horse; and he even had the audacity to attempt to point out to me how he thought to make the improvement by raising the line of draft to a point parallel with the horse's shoulders.

One day, when Teddy should have been studying his English grammar, I detected him at work upon something with his knife. That day his grammar lesson was a most lamentable failure, but with his knife and a bit of pine wood and a few slips of goose quill he had fabricated a most ingenious fly trap.

At length came a grand examination day. The school committee and most of the parents of the district were present. William Howther and Teddy Drake were in the same class.

The former answered every question promptly, while the latter stumbled over propositions which seemed simple enough. I praised the smart boy, and I denounced the dull boy. I did it in the presence of our visitors, and I did it unsparingly.

I hurt the feelings of Teddy and I also hurt the feelings of his parents; and from that time Teddy attended my school no more, and I prophesied that he would grow up to be a dolt.

After a lapse of years I visited Steep Falls again, and where I had left a quiet village I found a population and busy town. The water which had aforetime spent its aimless fury in the roaring cataract had been lead around an adjacent hill by a canal, upon which had been erected mills that gave employment to thousands of men and women.

And here, too, were manufactured "Drake's patent loom" and "Drake's patent gang saw." I asked who was the Drake that had invented these grand achievements of machinery.

"The same man," answered my cicerone, who projected our canal and utilized the water of our river—the man who has, by his own genius and unaided brought our town up from an obscure village to a first-class municipality, and who has made employment for 2,000 people. It is Theodore Drake."

"Theodore!" said I. "Did they use to call him Teddy?"

"Yes."

And this was my Teddy Drake—my dull pupil of the other years. I called upon Mr. Drake, and he knew me the moment he saw me, and he remembered the old times only pleasantly.

I may add that I found William Howther serving Drake as a confidential clerk and bookkeeper upon a fair salary.

Starch for Ironing.

To do up collars, cuffs, and shirt bosoms so as to have a fine gloss one must add something to the starch to give it a luster, and have a good method of starching and ironing. To make the best starch add to one ounce of starch just enough soft cold water to rub and stir it into a thick paste, carefully breaking a lumps and particles. When perfectly smooth add nearly a pint of boiling water, and boil for at least half an hour stirring it well and not allowing it to burn. Cover to prevent a scum rising. To give the desired gloss add a piece of spermaceti the size of a nutmeg; stir it in well. Before ironing the shirt-bosoms or cuffs, rub them with a clean towel dampened in soft water. Strain the starch before using and iron the bosom and cuffs last, that is, after the body of the shirt is ironed.

Gum-arabic is another that gives a high lustre to ironed linen. Take two ounces of fine white gum-arabic and pound it to a powder, put in a pitcher and pour on it a pint of boiling water, cover it up and set it away for the night. In the morning pour it carefully from the pitcher into a clean bottle and cork it up for further use. A tablespoon full of gum water thus made, poured into a pint of well made starch as above described, will give a beautiful gloss to shirt-bosoms and a look of newness that nothing else can. Put into thinner starch, it serves for lawns, laces, etc.

Salt as a Remedy.

Common salt is one of the most valuable remedial agents the world has. Used as a tooth powder alone or with a little prepared chalk, it whitens the teeth and makes the gums hard and rosy. It is a good gargle for sore throat, and if taken in time will benefit, if not cure diphtheria. It will stop bleeding of the mouth, and in water is a good emetic and remedy against several poisons. There is nothing better for sore feet and hands than salt and water, and for ordinary sore eyes, though a painful application, will often effect a complete cure.

A Crying Need.

The need of some place to drop down for a moment and forget things is a crying one in most homes. There ought to be enough sofas around to accommodate the whole family. Five minutes rest will prevent many a family row, and how can you get rest if you have to pull shams off the bed and roll up the coverlid? A shabby old lounge where you can get at it is worth its weight in gold; and you won't want to die half so many times if you make use of it. The loosening of the tension for ever so few minutes may save your reason some day. Don't go out and try to walk off your worries; don't tell them to your friends, either. Just throw yourself down on the sofa for a little while; shut your eyes and pretend you have not a care. The worries will be lighter before you realize it, your brain will be clearer and your heart stronger to meet those that press closest.

To fail it is only necessary to let go, but you must make an effort to climb.

Do You Know?

That as far as possible sleeping rooms should be selected that are daily purified by the sun's rays. Fresh air is all right, but it needs to be supplemented by sunlight.

That in putting away gowns and coats for the summer the sleeves should be filled with crushed tissue paper.

That the closets and trunks in which clothing is to be packed away should be thoroughly cleaned and aired.

That no greater convenience for packing away things can be found than large paper bags.

That for slight cuts and abrasions of the skin nothing is better than glycerine into which a few drops of carbolic acid has been poured.

That light undressed kid gloves, if not too badly soiled, may be cleaned by preparing a generous quantity of cracked crumbs, buttoning the gloves on the hands and rubbing thoroughly with the crumbs.

That amonia used in the hair wash not only pales the hair, turns it grey and dulls the color, making it lustreless, but also renders it brittle and rough.

That except by definite instruction from a skillful physician, a sick person should never be awakened to take medicine, for under nearly every circumstance sleep is the first and best of nourishers and restoratives; it is nature's own medicine.

The alcoves and recesses for beds are abominable. There cannot be proper ventilation to keep the mattresses and bedding sweet.

Ballard's Snow Liment.

This Liment is different in composition from any other liment on the market. It is a scientific discovery which results in it being the most penetrating Liment ever known. There are numerous white imitations, which may be recommended because they pay the seller a greater profit. Beware of these and demand Ballard's Snow Liment. It positively cures rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, bruises, wounds, cuts, scalds and inflammatory rheumatism, burns, scalds, sore feet, contracted muscles, stiff joints, old sores, pain in back, barb wire cuts, sore chest or throat and is especially beneficial in paralysis. Sold by Fout & McChesney.

The boy who starts early in life to practice economy and business habits is one that will not be discouraged in after life at hard knocks that every man must get before he reaches anywhere near the top round in the ladder of fame and fortune.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50c. McKeehan & Reed.

By a simple rule the length of the day and night any time of the year may be ascertained, by simply doubling the time of the sun's rising, which will give the length of the night, and doubling the time of setting will give the length of the day.

The Discovery Saved his Life.

Mr. G. Caillette, Druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with LaGrippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it. Get a free trial at B. F. Henry's Drug Store."

Kirk's Clover Root will purify your blood, clear your complexion, regulate your bowels and make your head clear as a bell 25c, 50c and \$1.