

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, JUNE 7 1895.

VOL. XVI NO. 10

PHYSICIANS.
J. W. MARTIN,
Physician and Surgeon.

Office—E. H. Cherry's Store, North side
DR. A. T. NOE,
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.

O. W. AVERY,
Eclectic Physician

Will give special attention to the treatment of chronic diseases. Office in rear of Union Bank, down stairs. Office hours from 9:30 a. m. to 12 and 1 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

DR. T. H. BOSCOV,
KIRKSVILLE, MO

FROM THE

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. Nerves, affections and all diseases arising from impure blood. Office two doors east of liquorist's shoe store.

J. F. RICE,
Physician and Surgeon

Office—In rear of Goben building, up stairs.

G. A. GOBEN. G. H. NICHOLS
Res. 601 McPherson Res. East Harrison St
altiburch

GOBEN & NICHOLS,
Physician and Surgeon.

OCULISTS AND OPTICIANS.

They will attend calls at all hours.

J. F. SNYDER,
Physician and Surgeon.

Office—Over Fowler's drug store. Attend all calls in city or country.

H. J. RANKIN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

RESIDENCE ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF SQUARE. SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO DISEASES OF THE STOMACH.

Office—Over First National Bank.

J. M. WILCOX,
Physician and Surgeon.

Will attend calls at all hours. Millard, Mo.

DR. M. A. ATKINSON,
Late of Canton, formerly of St. Louis, has located permanently in

KIRKSVILLE,

and will give special attention to diseases of the

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.

Office at

WARD'S DRUGSTORE, WEST SIDE

ATTORNEYS.

J. C. STORM,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

DEEDS, MORTGAGES AND WILLS WRITTEN. OFFICE, FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, KIRKSVILLE, MO.

W. D. GOODE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

KIRKSVILLE, MO.

OFFICE—Front rooms over First National bank.

R. R. DUNKIN, L. L. B.
Attorney and Counselor at Law.

KIRKSVILLE, MO.

OFFICE OVER UNION BANK.

P. F. GREENWOOD,
Attorney-at-law

KIRKSVILLE, MO.

OFFICE—Over Savings Bank

INSURANCE.

1873 THE 1894
OLD RELIABLE INSURANCE

AND LOAN AGENCY

J. C. THATCHER,
Has passed into the 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 by fire, lightning, or wind storms, insure with the Old Reliable, 21st side Square, Kirksville, Mo.

DR. B. C. AXTELL,
Surgeon and Mechanic Dentist

is thoroughly prepared to do all professional work in the most masterly and durable manner, and warrants comfortable fits in all cases. Prices reasonable on gold plates and aluminum plates. No pain in extracting by aid of vitalized air. Endorsed by both the dental and medical

colony on date of 11 numbers for \$1.00

MORLEY FARM.

BY JOHN R. MUSICK

AUTHOR OF "ORLAND HYDE," "BACK TO THE OLD FARM," "THE COLUMBIAN HISTORICAL NOVELS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV

Three days later, her younger brother came with a very neat little note, which said that Nellie had no escort, and if he was going she would accept his kind invitation. Robert was quite happy. It was a pleasant little party. They went down the river to the mouth of the Ohio on a steamer and then up the classic stream to Louisville. It was a pleasant excursion and picnic. A boat had been chartered by three or four villages along the river, and they were a merry party. Robert was happy save for the mischievous disposition of Nellie to flirt just a little with George Hicks, who neglected his own escort, Miss Belle Hope, to whisper some silly little secret in her ear.

After the opera they all went aboard the steamer and started back home. It was quite a distance, and the remainder of the night would be consumed in making the return trip. The young people were in the cabin talking of the opera, and the thousand other things, while a few of the older and more sensible persons among them had retired to their state room to sleep.

"Nellie," said Robert, "we shall not reach home until to-morrow, and you had better go to your state room and sleep. Susie Brown and you have the same state room assigned to you."

"Miss Graham, don't let any country lout hurry you off to bed in unchristian hours," sneered George Hicks, who was near.

"George," cried Robert, turning suddenly on his rival.

"Silence," cried Nellie. She saw that a storm was brewing. In fact it had been brewing for sometime. The angry flashes of lightning which the young men had been darting at each other during the excursion, only portended the coming storm. "I will not have you two quarreling," the girl declared. Nellie was after all a sensible girl. She was young, and just the least bit frivolous, but she could be sensible when the time came.

"I—I meant no offence," began George.

"Then you should learn what the English language means."

"Silence, Bob. I won't have a word from you either. Come with me, I will have your mother's whip you two, when I get you home," she laughingly said, and taking the arm of each, she led them along the great cabin, while the wheels pounded the water to a foam, and the steamer glided on in the darkness. But the pretty girl had not the power to quench those rising fires. They had long been smouldering, and when the young ladies had all retired to their staterooms, and every one, save the officers and hands of the vessel were asleep, Bob Morely went out on the hurricane deck to cool his heated brow. He had not been there a great while when he heard a step behind him. He started up and wheeling about by the dim uncertain light, discovered that the new comer was George Hicks.

"Have you come to cool that weak brow of yours?"

"George Hicks, you have forgotten to act the part of a gentleman, though you never was one."

"Bob Morley, this has gone far enough. If you have any grievance to settle we can settle it now."

The young men squared away at each other and blows began to fall.

A blow on the cheek caused Bob to stagger to one side but he did not fall, and returned it, blacking the eye of his antagonist, which only enraged him so that he assailed Bob with renewed fury. Bob for the moment, was forced back-

ward, and, stumbling over a bucket, fell to his knee. With a yell of rage, George seized a wooden handspike, that lay on the deck, and raised it to brain him.

"Hold on, young man, we don't allow fighting here," said a strong stern voice and the iron hand of the gray-haired captain seized George's uplifted arm. "What are you young fellows about? Stop it at once or I will put into shore and land you both."

"The angry youths were torn apart, and each slunk away to his state room, feeling heartily ashamed of having lost his temper. Next morning, when George accounted for his eechymosed eye by stating that he had given his head a bump in his state room after blowing his light out, Bob said nothing to contradict the statement.

The young men had lost all respect for each other, and purposely avoided each other's society. Their frigid manners was the cause of remarks by several young men on board the vessel.

"I'll bet Bob and George had a scrap last night," Fred Wilson scried to Tom Mason.

"Why, Fred?"

"Because they just look as if they could eat each other up, that is all."

"I believe they could."

"Then how else can you account for that black eye George has?"

"I don't know."

"It was Bob's fist that gave it to him, and I see two or three faint scratches on Bob's cheek, as if a cat had clawed him."

"What do you suppose they were fighting about?"

"Oh, Tom, how green you are. Can't you see they are both in love with the same girl?"

"You mean Nellie Graham?"

"Yes."

"But George brought another girl with him."

"I don't care if he did, he slights and neglects the poor thing, and if I was in her place, I would never speak to him again."

When the boat landed at their own town, the young folks nearly all found vehicles waiting to carry them home. Jim Miles was there with Bob's horse and buggy. The first greeting Bob received on landing with the fair Nellie on his arm was:

"Hello, Bob, do you know that old gray mare broke into the field last night and et nigh onto an acre o' corn?"

"Is the buggy near, Jim?"

"La, yes; I brung it for ye. Here it is," and Jim Miles led the way through the gay group of young folks to the buggy.

"I will be home soon," said Robert. "Go on and wait until I come."

As Bob and Nellie were riding homeward, the young lady said:

"Bob, why were you and George Hicks so cool toward each other this morning?"

"Nellie, it is no use for you to attempt to make us friendly. It cannot be done. George Hicks is no gentleman, and I don't care to discuss him even with you."

She was silent for a moment and then said:

"He did speak rather rude last night."

"Do you think any gentleman would talk as he did?"

"But George forgot himself. He is a nice looking young man," she said, as recollections of his immaculate white shirt front, his diamonds and silk hat arose before her.

"Nellie, I want to talk plain with you."

"Now, don't scold, nor say anything against George."

"I won't say anything against any one. Young ladies, especially, very young ladies are more liable to be attracted by a fine looking young man, one who is tall and graceful, who dresses well, wears diamonds and a silk hat, rather than at his intelligence and manhood. I say they are too apt to be led by the most deceiving qualities of mankind, appearances. Now, I want you to think if you have ever caught George Hicks in

a falsehood. You need not tell me yes or no. Think if you have ever known him to be guilty of an unmanly or even dishonest act. Don't answer me, answer yourself. If he is guilty of either, he is unworthy of the defence or consideration you give him."

"But don't you count nothing on youth, and a desire for fun and amusement?"

"Fun and amusement are never malicious."

They both became more sedate, and the remainder of the drive home was almost in silence.

Robert felt a slight twinge of remorse at the expense he had been to in going to Louisville. Had the old farm not been mortgaged he would scarce have cared for it, but he felt that under the circumstances he could hardly afford to indulge in such luxuries as a trip to Louisville to witness an opera in a language which he could not understand.

His mother had no word of rebuke for him, although the expense had drawn quite heavily on her slender purse.

"Poor boy, he has had a very hard time of it," she reasoned, and I don't blame him if he needs a little relaxation."

He spent the next two days mending the fences.

"I tell ye, Bob," said Jim, as they went to work on the fence "I'm jist as sure I don't believe that the ole gray mare o' Flynn's iz jist boun' and determined to ruin our crop."

"We must keep her out."

"Bob, do ye believe in hoo doos?" asked Jim, who was setting a stake in the next fence corner from Bob.

"In a hoo doo?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I dun know ez I kin give ye a exact definition o' a hoo doo, but ez suthin' that allers brings bad luck ez yer. That ole gray mare iz a hoo doo and ef you don't mind she'll hoo doo you."

Bob laughingly remarked:

"If we get our fences good and strong we will destroy her power to injure us."

When they had finished work on the fence the young man went home satisfied that they at last had a fence that would defy the skill and strength of Flynn's old gray mare.

The next night was Thursday night, and they kept watch until midnight, but the fences were not molested.

Everything seemed going well again, and for a week they had no trouble from the gray mare. They had at last, it seemed, found means to keep her out. The corn was in roasting ear and bid fair to be a wonderful yield.

One Friday morning Bob was awakened by Jim crying:

"Bob, for God's sake git up. There's a thousand head o' cattle in the corn. All o' the Nichols herd hev broke in and ets all runned."

Bob dressed hurriedly and ran to the field. Jim had not overestimated the damages. The crop was absolutely ruined, for 1,500 head of cattle had been feeding on it and trampling it down all night.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BOVINE JOHAN.

"Oh, Heaven," gasped the young farmer, clasping his hands to his forehead and staggering backward leaning against the door casing. The ruin that stared him in the face was really appalling.

Jim was in a rage.

"That's thet ole gray mare o' Flynn's that let 'em in," he cried pointing to where the old gray mare was standing browsing on a few leafless stalks of corn. "Let me go git th' gun an' shoot her."

"No it's no use to do it now, Jim," said the young farmer. "It is all ruined."

The mother came from her room only partially dressed, and, glancing over the once beautiful field gave way and wept.

Jim was furious, and it was all the cool-headed young man could do to prevent his going and getting

his gun and shooting some of the cattle.

"Let us go and drive them out, Jim," he said, sadly.

"Yes, but it ain't much use."

The work of an entire season was lost, but what was all that compared to the knowledge that the mortgage on Morley farm was unpaid.

They went to the barn and mounted horses, seized whips and drove the vast herd from the field, while the younger brother went to the Nichols to tell them that all their cattle had broken out of the pasture and entered the field and that their crop was completely ruined.

The Nichols brothers were astounded that their stock had been so breachy, and regretted the ruin they had caused. Jim examined the wire that was around the fence, and discovered that it had been cut by some sharp instrument.

"Bob, ef wuz done agin, last night," he said.

"What was done?"

"The wire was cut."

The young man bowed his head. Some bitter thoughts and dark suspicions arose in his mind, but he compressed his lips and did not give utterance to them. He was silent as to what his final convictions were, and turned slowly about and went to the house.

"Robert!"

It was the gentle soft voice of his mother. That voice had always been encouraging, but now there was little encouragement in it. It expressed sympathy and grief. Not grief for herself, for Mrs. Morely felt no concern compared to what she experienced for her son. To see one so young, on whom the first responsibility of life had been thrown, thus met by disaster and ruin, was more than she could calmly endure.

He went to her. She had been weeping all the morning, and the sight of her son's woe begone countenance was sufficient to start her tears afresh.

"Don't, mother, don't we saved a few acres, that was in another field. Perhaps it will do for us."

"But, my poor boy, the mortgage."

"The steers in the pasture mother, they will surely pay it off. If not, all, so nearly all, that we can tide over."

She began to take hope. While the field of corn was ruined, while their hay and wheat and oats were ruined, they had enough fat cattle to pay the mortgage, and still keep the family over another year.

"This bad luck cannot always continue, mother," he said. "There must be an end to it sometime and somewhere."

"I hope so, my boy."

"Once get the mortgage paid, and the dear old farm will yield enough to make us all rich. I will buy that mare of Flynn's and transpo't her to New Orleans to spend her life drawing street cars if I can do no better."

The news of the disaster to Bob Morley's crop spread all over the country, and among others to come and express their sympathies was Mr. Hicks.

"I will pay the mortgage this fall yet Mr. Hicks," said Bob Morley.

"Oh never mind the mortgage," said Mr. Hicks, thrusting his hands in his pockets and shrugging his shoulders. "It's the mortgage." Then with a sneering laugh that might mean much or little he turned about and left the young farmer. He had scarce been gone an hour, when Squire Graham drove up in his buggy and said:

"Bob, I just heard that the cattle had broke in on you and a 'most ruined your crop."

"They have, Mr. Graham."

"Well, that's too bad, I don't see how they could have done it. How were your fences?"

"They were all mended, and made in as good order as possible for them to be."

"I am glad that it was not

through any negligence of yours.

"It was not, Mr. Graham," he answered. "I had wire run around the west side of my fence next to where the road runs, and that wire was cut in nine different places."

"Bob."

"It is true, Mr. Graham."

"That is serious."

"It is true."

"You really don't think the Nichols boys would have done it?"

"I don't really charge anyone of doing it, but it was done."

"Have you no suspicions?"

"I could not express a suspicion may be all wrong."

"But you don't think the Nichols boys—"

"Mr. Graham, the Nichols boys do not enter into my suspicions in the least. They had nothing what ever, I don't think, to do with cutting the wire. However, it was their cattle who destroyed my crop, and they may be responsible for the damages."

"Where were their cattle?"

"In their own pasture."

"Was the fence good?"

"Yes, sir. It was extra good. The Nichols boys have been greatly injured by their cattle breaking in, for many have died, and the whole herd is sick, and will be unfitted for the fall market. Nevertheless, I believe I ought to recover damages from them."

"Boy, don't try it," said the wily old Magistrate. I have had some experience with law, and my advice to you is to avoid law just as long as it is possible to do so."

"But you know we have a mortgage on the farm."

"Yes, but it won't be lightened by a lawsuit. Don't never let a lawyer clap his finger on your throat, for if you do it may be the last of the old farm."

Then the farmer asked him if the old gray mare that had been annoying him so much was in the field that night.

"Yes, sir, she made the breach for the cattle, I have no doubt."

Jim, who had come up at this moment, broke in with:

"I tell ye, Square, that ole mar' iz a hoo doo. I told Bob all the time she wuz a hoo doo, and tried to git him t' lem me shoot her with a silver bullet, cos nuthin' else ud d' th' work fur her. But Bob he wouldn't let me."

"I think it was wise in his not letting you, Jim."

"Why, th' blame mar's a hoo doo."

"Now, Squire," Jim again began, "ye may believe et an' ye mayn't believe et, but I want to put a bug in your ear 'bout thet ole haunted mill."

"Haunted mill," said the Magistrate. "What in the world can that have to do with the stock breaking in Bob's field and destroying his crops?"

"A blame sight more'n ye think. I jist ax Bob ef et warn't every Thursday night them haunts war seen at the ole mill."

"It was almost every Thursday night."

"Well, warn't it every Thursday night th' ole gray mar broke in th' field?"

"It was nearly every Thursday night. I don't remember of her ever breaking in save on Thursday night."

"Now, wot did I tell ye?" said Jim, laying the forefinger of his left hand in the palm of his right.

"Puttin' this thing an' this together an' don't ye see wot ye hev. Th' blamed ole mar an' the ghosts air workin' in cahoots to bust Bob up in business."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Health and happiness and relative conditions; at any rate, there can be little happiness without health. To give the body its full measure of strength and energy, the blood should be kept pure and vigorous, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A path may look pleasant and yet be filled with footprints made by the cloven hoof.

For one dollar, you may buy a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which, if taken in time, and according to directions, may save a great many dollars in doctors' bills, and thus exemplify the truth of the old maxim, "Prevention is better than cure."

School Report.

Second monthly report Mt. Carmel school, for the month commencing the 29 day of April and ending the 24 day of May. Number of pupils enrolled for the month 43; total number of days attendance by all pupils 686; average number of days attendance per pupil 16; average number of pupils attending each day 37. Names of those who have been present every day during the month are: Sarah, John, and Ida Compton, Bertha and Marion Williams, Mollie Galusha, Everett Cole, Harry Fortney, Everet Waddell, Nancy Schooling, Bessie Musick, Rosa, Eddie and Willie Neadermiller, and Frank Morgan. Number of days taught 29; Number of visitors present last day about 65.

ELLEN WADDILL, Teacher.

You are likely disgusted with trying to dye at home for you have made nothing but failures and a big muss of it. This was because you did not use the Putnam Fadeless Dyes. Get a package of the Putnam Fadeless Dye, put a vessel two-thirds full of water on the stove, add the dye and then put in any and all kinds of goods, boil one-half hour, and stir occasionally, and that's all. You will have no muss, no trouble, but a fadeless, beautiful color. Each package colors everything. Sold by J. I. Fowler, druggist.

Some people never think about religion until they come in sight of the graveyard.

Ballard's Snow Liniment

Mrs. Hamilton, Cambridge, Ills. 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 cures all inflammation, wounds, sores, cuts, sprains, etc. Sold by Fout & Chesney.

God never sees anything big in the gift that is made to win applause from men.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup

We guarantee this to be the best Cough Syrup manufactured in the whole wide world. This is saying a great deal, but it is true. For consumption, coughs, 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 whole 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 & Me Chesney.

Hell will be the hottest to the man who goes to it from heaven's doorstep.

Mr G. A. Stillson, a merchant of Tampico, Ill., writes, August 19, 1891: "I had a Linc Kidney cure meeting with wonderful success. It has cured some cases here that physicians pronounce incurable. I, myself