

SCOTT COUNTY KICKER

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WORTHLESS FARMS.

American agriculture shows a strange contrast. With the price of farm products higher than ever before, farm land has depreciated in value, and the number of abandoned farms steadily increases. Figures gathered by the conservation commission are surprising. It is shown that there are 16,000 square miles of abandoned farms, chiefly in New England, New York, the Southeast and the middle central states. That is, there are in the United States at present 10,000,000 acres of abandoned farm land—an area as large as the cultivated part of the Canadian north-west, 15 times the size of Rhode Island, four times the size of Connecticut, twice the size of Massachusetts, or half as large as Ohio, says Cleveland Plain Dealer. Of the many reasons advanced to explain this desertion of farms, two or three are especially worth noting. Most important of all, perhaps, is the wasteful system of cultivation that has so long prevailed in the United States. A fertile soil has in countless cases been exhausted by taking everything from it and returning nothing to it. Add to this the fact that there is a marked trend of population from city to country, and that farm labor has become so expensive as to leave little profit from the work of a laborer, and it is little wonder that so many owners of farms do not care to cultivate them.

Relic hunters have been breaking into the church where President Taft worships in Washington. During the past year it has been twice necessary to rebuild the president's pew, and it is no longer safe to leave the hymn books in the rack or the cushion on the seat after the chief executive has attended services, says Chicago Record-Herald. So many books and cushions have been carried away that officials of the church now take everything that is movable from the pew as soon as the president finishes his devotions. Cannot something be done to lessen the hardship that is thus put upon the relic hunters? Why not furnish a plank for the president to sit on when he goes to church, and then leave it for the relic hunters to whittle up and divide among themselves? By having it made of some kind of soft wood the comfort of the president and the convenience of the relic hunters would both be provided for. We are a great people and ought to be able somehow to keep our relic hunters from feeling that they are being deprived of their rights.

News of grim, red-handed war comes to us from New Orleans, where the retail grocers, backed, we suppose, by the moral influence of the druggists, the marketmen, etc., are about to appeal to the legislature for a law prohibiting lazzapane and making its practice a misdemeanor, says New York Sun. Lazzapane is a picturesque survival, the bestowal upon small purchasers of trivial donations, regulated by the size of the transaction, of gumdrops, candy, and the like. They have tried to fight it by combination and mutual agreement, but have failed. Some of them would not "take fair." The institution is more than a hundred years old, and it dies hard, so after the modern fashion of running to the government on every trivial provocation, the grocers are about to ask the legislature to protect them against a custom of a century and a half's standing, of inconsiderable importance in itself and so easily "evened up" in practice as to make it negligible.

A Utica boy died while laughing at the comic supplement of a Sunday paper. Of course, this will be taken as a terrific retribution by the audacious portion of the population opposed to the comic supplement and the Sunday paper. But with so much cause for sighing in the world, the majority will still take chances of laughing themselves to death.

Edison's street car storage battery may make the trolley obsolete. In time the wizards of science may even invent a strap to which it is a pleasure and comfort to hang, but overenthusiastic hopes should not be indulged in this direction.

A Boston expert warns women to wear "rats" in their hair if they do not wish to get bald. Judging from the size and shape of some of the fashionable coiffures, they might as well go the whole thing and wear rat traps.

A man 70 years old has made application for admission to the University of Missouri as a student. He must be one of those who subscribe to the theory that a man is never too old to learn.

An expedition of Frenchmen has returned from the antarctic regions. They deny indignantly that they discovered any poles.

Monopolies die hard, but in the end public opinion is too much for them.

A father's experience makes him the best adviser of his daughter, says the president of a girl's school. Perhaps "should make him" would come a little nearer the truth. There is a great difference in fathers.

Why is Mars, the sky policeman, permitting all these tramp comets to clutter up space?

Those 36,000,000 eggs might have been worth \$1 a piece, if not discovered.



CAREER OF "MARK TWAIN", HUMORIST

Interesting Life of the Man Who Made the World Laugh.

RIVER PILOT IN HIS YOUTH

Did His First Literary Work in Nevada—Sad Events That Clouded His Later Years—A Clean Life Record.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, America's foremost humorist and known the world over as "Mark Twain" was born in the little town of Hannibal, Mo., on November 30, 1835.

His father, John Marshall Clemens, came from an old Virginia family, and with his young wife, Elizabeth Lampton, a descendant of the early settlers of Kentucky, he joined the sturdy band of pioneers who pushed over the Alleghenies in the early part of the last century and settled along the banks of the Mississippi river.

In the uncouth environment of the then little frontier town of Hannibal the famous author spent his boyhood days. Here he fished, hunted and lunched along the river banks with his sturdy companions, living a healthy outdoor existence, which undoubtedly accounted for his long life, in the face of his many afflictions.

He attended the little school, but not being of a very studious disposition, he learned far more from contact with the rough companions who he immortalized in later years as "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer," and others of their type.

At the age of twelve his meager school education was brought to a sudden close by the death of his father.

His older brother, Orion S. Clemens, was the proprietor of a printing shop in the village, and young Sam Clemens began his journalistic career there as a "printer's devil." In the course of a few years he learned the trade as a compositor, and in 1852 he left his native town and began a wandering existence. He journeyed from place to place, working at his trade in New York and the principal cities of the middle west.

But while he gained a vast amount of experience during his travels, which proved of the greatest value in the preparation of some of his works in later years, this period was rather unprofitable from a financial standpoint, and he was finally compelled to return to his home along the banks of the great river, in rather straitened circumstances.

Becomes River Pilot.

The life of a steamboat pilot had always appealed to his youthful imagination, and now that he had grown to manhood, he resolved to realize his ambition. He was fortunate enough to become a pupil of Horace Dixby, and he was soon guiding the awkward river craft along the tortuous channel of the muddy stream.

The idea of his becoming an author had never entered his mind at that time, but he absorbed enough of the

river life to enable him to describe the difficulties encountered in guiding a boat along the great river in his "Life on the Mississippi River," which he wrote many years later.

At the outbreak of the Civil war steamboating came to a standstill, and young Clemens enlisted in the Confederate army. A soldier's life, however, was not to his liking, and after a few weeks' service he joined his brother Orion, who had received an appointment as secretary of the Territory of Nevada. He acted as secretary to his brother, but as his duties were almost nothing and his salary even less, he spent most of his time in the mining camps. His experiences in this section are depicted in his "Roughing It," and "The Jumping Frog."

First Literary Work.

In 1862 he began his first regular literary work on the staff of the Virginia City Enterprise. He wrote a column daily, dealing with the political situation in the state, that attracted wide attention. These articles he signed with the nom de plume "Mark Twain" which he had heard sung out on the Mississippi steamers to let the pilot know that the sounding showed two fathoms of water.

He resigned his position at Virginia City and went to California, where he worked on the Sacramento Union; but after a brief period, he left his desk and went to Hawaii to write up the sugar interests. His work was very successful, and on his return to California he delivered a number of lectures, which netted him considerable money.

In March of 1867, Twain published his first book, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." The book made quite a stir in that part of the country, but only 1,000 copies were sold. It attracted the attention, however, of the editor of the Alta California, who sent the author out as a newspaper correspondent on a steamboat excursion to southern Europe and the Orient.

His letters were published from time to time, and in 1868 the author revised them and published them in book form under the title of "The Innocents Abroad." This work made "Mark Twain" famous, and compelled his recognition as America's foremost humorist. In the first 16 months, 55,000 volumes were sold, and many more subsequently. This was a record sale for those days.

Marries Miss Langdon.

It was on his trip in the Mediterranean that Mark Twain met Olivia L. Langdon of Elmira, N. Y. They fell in love with each other, and in 1870 were married. Their married life was one of perfect harmony and four children blessed their union.

Mr. Clemens resided in Buffalo for a year after his marriage, and was nominally the editor of the Buffalo Express. In 1871 he joined the literary colony at Hartford, Conn., where he lived for a great many years, and where he did the greater part of the work that has made his name immortal.

In 1872 "Roughing It" appeared, and in the same year "The Gilded Age," written in collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner, was published. "Tom Sawyer" came in 1876, and "Huckleberry Finn" nine years later. Of the stories with an historical setting, "The Prince and the Pauper," "A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," and "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," appeared in 1882, 1889 and 1894 respectively. In 1893

that curious philosopher "Pudd'nhead Wilson" made his bow.

But while the great humorist was meeting with well-deserved success from a literary standpoint, the imp of misfortune seemed to dog his very footsteps. In 1884, he conceived the idea of reaping the publisher's as well as the author's profits from some of his works. Accordingly he organized a stock company known as C. L. Webster & Co. in which he was the largest stockholder, to publish his works. He had accumulated considerable wealth and was rated as a millionaire.

His financial ability, however, was none of the best, and in 1894 his entire fortune was swept away by the failure of the publishing house. Mr. Clemens was abroad at the time, and although 60 years of age, he started out on a tour of the globe, delivering lectures and writing articles in order to pay the debts of the defunct firm.

He had scarcely begun his great task when fate struck him another hard blow. This was the death of his eldest and most accomplished daughter, Miss Olivia S. Clemens, who died in August, 1896, at the age of 24. Broken in spirit, he continued his great task and in two years he had paid off his debts.

It was during this dark period that the veteran humorist was reported destitute and dying in London. A public appeal was sent out through a New York paper and \$3,000 was raised for him. But although pressed for funds, he still retained his dignity and refused to accept the money.

His wife passes away. As if in sympathy with her husband's misfortunes, his wife's health began to fail. He moved to Florence, Italy, in the hope that the mild climate would restore her, but it proved of no avail, and on November 6, 1904, she died in that far off land.

About this time the humorist met H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, and the men became fast friends. Rogers gave his literary friend the aid of his financial experience, and Clemens was soon in possession of a comfortable income.

Although the future took on a brighter aspect, his evil spirit was only slumbering, and one day, without asking the advice of his shrewd companion, "Twain" was lured into another disastrous investment. He placed \$25,000 in the "Pleasure Company of America," a pure food organization, and was elected president. But the company went to the wall in 1907, and with it the \$25,000 disappeared.

And now misfortune selected another weapon with which to attack the white-haired author. Hereafter his books had escaped harsh criticisms, but in November, 1907, "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," his boy masterpieces, were withheld from youths by the Brooklyn Public Libraries, as unfit for young minds. Comptroller Jay of Detroit, Mich., declared his work, "A Double Barreled Detective Story," was "literary junk, unfit for a public library," and a Massachusetts public library refused to give shelf room to his "Eve's Diary," declaring that the book was "shocking."

Worn out by his lectures, after dinner speeches and misfortunes, "Twain" purchased a farm in Redding, Conn., and erected a \$40,000 villa, which he called "Stormfield." With his daughters, Clara and Jean, he moved there in 1908, and settled down to a life of ease.

But a series of fresh misfortunes was in store for him. He had vigorously denounced the rule of the late King Leopold II. in the Congo Free State, and just when the reform movement was at its height, his ill health compelled him to abandon his work.

The "Children's Theater," which was founded by "Mark Twain" in New York, and which represented one of his life-long ambitions, was forced to close through lack of funds.

Then the humorist and his daughter Clara became involved in a lawsuit over a farm which he had presented to his former secretary, Mrs. Ralph Ashcroft, on her wedding day, and which he later attacked on the advice of his daughter.

The facts regarding this disagreeable affair were aired in the press, and the humiliation of the veteran humorist.

In the early part of 1909 his staunch friend and adviser, H. H. Rogers, died suddenly at his New York home. This great financier and the white haired humorist had been inseparable companions for a number of years. They had made trips to Bermuda together, and when Rogers opened his railroad in Virginia, "Twain" was one of the guests of honor. The author was greatly affected by the financier's sudden death.

Daughter Dies Suddenly.

In the latter part of 1909, "Twain" made another trip to Bermuda, and on his return his feeble appearance attracted a great deal of attention. Then the last crushing blow came the day before Christmas, when his youngest daughter, Jean, was found dead in the bath tub at his Redding home. The young woman had been a victim of epileptic fits, and had been seized with one while in the bath tub, which resulted in her death.

Real Liberal.

"Mamma," said little Ostend, as he ran through the kitchen, "when you make my doughnut will you make the hole just twice as wide as usual?"

"Why?"

"She's the first one who's called to see me about it who didn't brag about what a good tenant she is."

"Well, you see, I've promised little brother the biggest part of it."

Narrowing the Field. "I cannot make a choice. There are so many candidates for my hand."

"Let 'em hold a primary then."

Long Distance. "Young gentlemen," announced the professor in English literature, "tomorrow I wish you to come prepared to discuss this sentence from the works of Henry James."

"The entire sentence, professor?"

"Well, take it as far as the first semicolon."

Gastronomic. "What belle of the season do you find most attractive?"

"The dinner bell."

MARK TWAIN DEAD

IN LAST SPOKEN WORDS ASKS NURSES TO GIVE UP FIGHT TO SAVE HIS LIFE.

AUTHOR PASSES AWAY EASILY

An Inveterate Smoker, In Dying Hours He Craved a Cigar—Humorist Rallied Several Hours Before He Expired.

ROOSEVELT AND TAFT PAY TRIBUTE.

"Mark Twain gave pleasure—real intellectual enjoyment—to millions, and his works will continue to give such pleasure to millions yet to come. He never wrote a line that a father could not read to his daughter. His humor was American but he was nearly as much appreciated by Englishmen and people of other countries as by his own countrymen. He has much to enter part of American literature."

"W. H. TAFT."

"It is with deep and sincere regret that I learn of the death of Mark Twain. His position was like that of Joel Chandler Harris, unique not only among American writers of letters, but throughout the literary world. He was not only a great humorist, but a great philosopher and his writings form one of the chief assets of the world's achievements, of which we have a right, as a nation, to be generally proud."

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Redding, Conn.—"Mark Twain" is dead. This time the report is not exaggerated. The author of the world's most famous jest at life's inaccuracies has passed from them. The end came quietly at his country home near here.

Surrounded by his few remaining intimate relations, the great American humorist passed quietly away at "Stormfield," his country home, near Redding, at half-past 6 o'clock Thursday evening.

The end came after several hours of unconsciousness. Angina pectoris was the cause, according to physicians, but those who know the sorrow and shock that had come into Mr. Clemens' life since the death of his daughter say it was a broken heart.

With him in his last hours of consciousness were his daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitch; E. E. Loomis, vice-president of the D. L. & W., and his wife, who was Mr. Clemens' favorite niece; Jarvis Langdon, Albert Bigelow Payne, his secretary; Doctors Quintard and Halsey and two nurses.

Rallied After Night's Rest.

The first report from Stormfield Thursday morning was optimistic, for Mr. Clemens rallied sufficiently to be able to recognize his wife's nephew and his niece. He seemed to be in good spirits, for he questioned Mr. Payne about several manuscripts. He was, however, unable to talk very much and had to write a request to the nurses for his glasses. When he was given them he picked up a book, which for many years had been one of his favorites, Carlyle's "French Revolution," and read several pages of it. This exertion was too much for his fast-falling strength and he relapsed into a comatose condition, which verged into complete unconsciousness, from which he never recovered.

Hops Ended Wednesday Night.

All hope of a recovery was abandoned Wednesday night, when it was evident to the physicians that the patient gradually was losing ground. He had been conscious through virtually all of his illness and had had considerable knowledge of his condition and of the fight that was in progress.

His spirits kept up to the last and even Thursday he tried to joke a little with those about him, remarking that he was "thinking well as ever." The physicians scarcely expected that he would live through Wednesday night, but he dropped off to sleep. The early morning hours gave him the best sleep he had had in some days and he woke much refreshed.

Soon after Doctor Halsey, knowing that the end was near, summoned Mr. and Mrs. Gabrilowitch. Mr. Clemens died in the room in which he has done most of his writing during the last three years.

Here, propped up in his bed with volumes of smoke issuing from his cigar, his pen had made the material which lighted hearts wherever his works are known, had lightened all who read it. For, with the death of his close friend, Henry H. Rogers, and of his daughter Jean, whom he discovered dead in her bath, he was stricken in a way which only his speech to Mr. Payne, at the time of the death of Richard Watson Glider and Mr. Lafan, can show.

"How fortunate they are," said he. "No good fortune like that ever comes to me."

TWAIN WORTH A MILLION

Dead Humorist Had Lost One Fortune, But Accumulated Another in His Old Age.

New York City.—According to the members of the firm of Harper & Bros., Mark Twain's publishers of late years, the noted humorist died worth probably \$1,000,000 or more after he had sacrificed one fortune to pay the debts of a bankrupt publishing firm in which he was financially interested, in which he was financially interested.

GEN. S. G. FRENCH DEAD

Was Until His Death the Oldest Living Confederate Commander—92 Years Old.

Florida, Ala.—Gen. S. G. French, the oldest surviving general of the Confederate service, died here at the age of 92 years. He was buried at Pensacola, Fla.

Gen. French was born in Gloucester, N. J., in 1818, and was graduated from West Point in 1843.

PARIS GREET'S T. R.

BIG CROWD AT RAILWAY STATION ON ARRIVAL IN EARLY MORNING HOURS.

TO GIVE LECTURE SATURDAY

Former President Meets M. Jusserand Soon After Arrival in Gay City From Budapest—Luncheon at Embassy.

Paris, France.—Half past seven in the morning he awfully early in Paris, but nevertheless there was a big crowd at the Eastern depot at that hour to welcome Col. Roosevelt on his arrival from Budapest.

It wasn't a crowd of somnambulists, either, and the cheer that greeted the ex-president bore the stamp of genuine French enthusiasm.

As the colonel was making his way to Ambassador Bacon's automobile, he caught sight of J. J. Jusserand, the French ambassador at Washington and a member of the former president's "tennis cabinet." Their greeting was characteristic, the colonel expressing his delight at seeing his old friend on his native soil.

Luncheon at Embassy. Roosevelt was then whisked away in the automobile to Bacon's house in the Rue Francois Premier, where he and Kermia met Mrs. Roosevelt and Ethel. Roosevelt remained at the Bacon home until time to go to an informal luncheon at the American embassy.

The colonel called upon President Fallieres at the Elysee palace, and upon Foreign Minister Pichon at the latter's office. Both Fallieres and Pichon returned the visits at the Bacon home. The president has offered Roosevelt the use of his box at the Comedie Francaise, the bill being "L'opéra" and "Oedipe Roi."

Friday's big events will be a reception by the American business men in Paris at the embassy and the dinner by the president.

To Give Lecture Saturday. Saturday Roosevelt will give the first of his European lectures before the faculty and students of Sorbonne. His subject will be "Citizenship in a Republic."

Monday the presentation of a gold medal from the city will take place at the city hall. Tuesday Roosevelt will visit the military academy at Saumur.

The colonel was shown a copy of the New York Sun, in which he was quoted as saying that the Methodists of Rome were worse than the Catholics and that when he returned to the United States he would take steps to have them driven from Rome. When he had read the story the colonel said:

"The statement is an unqualified falsehood, and the Sun must have known it was a falsehood when it printed it."

DUMP AUTOS INTO OCEAN

Liner Minnehaha Disgorge of Big Cargo to Save Her From Rocks of Scilly Islands.

Houghtown, St. Marys, Scilly Islands.—The Atlantic transport liner Minnehaha, which ran ashore early Monday morning, disgorged part of her 17,000 tons of cargo, casting it into the waters all day long, to be gathered up by those who cared to take the trouble. The salvagers decided to rescue the Minnehaha in the same way they did the White Star steamship Suevic, which went ashore near the Lizard in March, 1907, by cutting her in half.

Every effort to lighten the ship is now imperative. Consequently goods were thrown overboard from the forward hold as fast as the stevedores and a large crew could raise them to the deck.

Huge cases containing automobiles and electrical pianos followed one another over the side, striking the water with a great splash. Sewing machines, clocks, furniture, boxes of cigarettes and tons of cheap American novels drifted to the nearby shore.

TO QUIT WITH ONE TERM

James S. Havens Announces That He Is Content With Delivering His District.

Rochester, N. Y.—James S. Havens announced that he was content with delivering the Thirty-second congressional district from the hands of a "Republican boss" and that he would not accept a renomination for the office of congressman, to which he was elected by nearly 6,000 plurality. He went on to say for personal and professional reasons it would be impossible for him to serve in congress after the expiration of his present term.

More Pay for Miners.

Elkins, West Virginia.—A thousand miners and coke oven men employed by the Davis colliery, of which former United States Senator Henry Gassaway Davis is president, have been granted an increase of 5 per cent.

Boat Disabled, 200 Aboard.

Newburg, N. Y.—The steamer Charles W. Morse, with more than 200 passengers on board, bound from Albany to New York, was disabled in the Hudson off this point.

Cobb Wants to Succeed Hale.

Rockland, Maine.—William T. Cobb, once governor of the state, said recently: "I have decided to be a candidate for the United States senate to succeed Senator Hale. I shall at once begin an active canvass and ask the support of the people."

\$100,000 Fire in Lynn, Mass.

Lynn, Massachusetts.—Four buildings were burned and a thickly settled district of tenement houses threatened by a four-alarm fire here. The total loss will be about \$100,000.

LANDSLIDE IN N. Y.

NEW YORK DISTRICT ELEGTS ITS FIRST DEMOCRAT TO HOUSE IN TWENTY YEARS.

WINNER ON TARIFF PLATFORM

Results in Tuesday's Election Shows That More Than 16,000 Changed Party Affiliation—Check Factor in Results.

Rochester, N. Y.—More than 16,000 voters of Monroe county changed from the Republican to the Democratic column Tuesday and elected the first Democratic congressman that has represented the Thirty-second district in 20 years.

James S. Havens, a Democrat, running on a tariff platform, defeated George W. Aldridge, for a score of years the ruler of the county Republican organization, by 5,900. Monroe county, which comprises the Thirty-second district, is normally Republican by 6,000; James Brock Perkins, whose defeat in the middle of his third congressional term necessitated a special election, carried the district in 1905 by 10,167 votes. Havens had arrayed against him one of the strongest political organizations in the state. Yet in a campaign lasting only 17 days and with hastily constructed machine, he accomplished one of the most remarkable overturns in political history.

Like Massachusetts Landslide. The result of Tuesday's election takes its place beside the Democratic victory in the Fourteenth Massachusetts district, where Eugene N. Foss was sent to congress from a district supposed to be as rock-ribbed Republican as this one.

Havens rode to victory on a platform advocating tariff reform in the interests of the consumer, a revision of the duties on wool and woolen goods; a removal of the tax on hides and lumber; a removal of tariff on iron ore, an income tax, and finally, advocating independence of all political bosses of any party.

Aldridge, his opponent, contented himself with general proclamations in favor of the policies of the Republican administration. The Democrats acknowledge that one of the main factors in Tuesday's reversal of political sentiment was a personal issue raised by Aldridge's record as party boss and evidence presented at the recent fire insurance investigation.

Check a Factor in Result. Aldridge acknowledged that he received a \$100 check from Elijah Kennedy, an agent of the fire insurance companies, but denied that he benefited personally by the transfer. He declared that he turned the money into the treasury of the Republican organization.

Outside of the district, Aldridge received little if any assistance. Havens was helped by the Democratic national committee, which sent here such speakers as Charles N. Hamlin of Massachusetts, former assistant secretary of the treasury under President Cleveland, and Eugene N. Foss, the newly elected congressman from the same state.

The overturn in the city was from a Republican plurality of 6,215 in the last congressional election of 1905 to a plurality for Havens of 3,746. The towns which in 1905 went Republican by 3,972, gave Havens a plurality of 2,154.

Shift in Residence Wards.

The most remarkable Republican reverses occurred in some of the residence wards. The Twelfth turned a Republican plurality of 1,652 into a Democratic plurality of 700.

WETS AGAIN VICTORIOUS

Capture Eight Towns in Illinois; Drys Get One—Some Councils Are Dry.

Springfield, Illinois.—Of the towns in Illinois which voted on the saloon question Tuesday, 15 decided to remain wet and five to remain dry. Eight changed from dry to wet and one switched from wet to dry.

The victory of the wets is not so sweeping as the bare figures indicate. Some of the wet towns elected councilmen who are opposed to issuing saloon licenses, and while the sentiment of the community may be opposed to prohibition, there will be no saloons. Assumption went wet, but the dry people control the council, consequently there will be no saloon licenses issued. In Decatur, where the wets won by a large majority recently, the majority of the council is opposed to saloons, and there will be no licenses issued.

Anomalous as it may seem, there are communities where the saloon is not regarded as desirable, but the sentiment of the people is against prohibition.

"Buffalo Bill" Gets Pension.

Washington, D. C.—William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," has become a pensioner of the United States, drawing \$12 a month for his services as a private soldier in the Union army during the civil war.

Two Years for Opium Smuggling.

El Paso, Texas.—George Odin Root, found guilty of having three hundred cans of opium in his possession, was sentenced to two years in the federal prison at Fort Leavenworth.

Senator Daniel to Go Home.

Lynchburg, Virginia.—Senator Daniel, who has been seriously ill at Daytona, Fla., for several weeks, will be brought to his home in this city Monday. He has improved somewhat in the past few days.

Dies in Daughter's Arms.

Los Angeles, California.—While bidding his daughter good-bye, at the Arcade Station, C. W. Thorpe, a retired Methodist minister of Maryville, Mo., collapsed in her arms and died in a few seconds.