

THE SCOTT COUNTY NEWSBOY.

PHIL A. HAYNER, Publisher. RENTON. MISSOURI. BY THE SEA.

As on the lonely shore they strayed, The scholar and the fisher maid, Beside the melancholy sea...

SILY'S INVESTMENT.

A Pretty Romance and a Glad Home-Coming.

"Shet to that door, Sily, so's it'll ketch. It's cold tonight. Who'd think 'twas the milder May."

"That would be the bestnest, 'Flow," said Sily Baldwin, giving the door an extra push...

"Yes—er," as the boot came. "Any mail?" with more interest than before manifested.

"Seems to me there was any mail?" "Seems to me there was," said Sily, solemnly...

"From Sily?" Agatha had controlled her eagerness until now. Then she lifted her faded eyes and gave Sily one long affectionate look before she opened it.

"Don't need wipin', do they, Agatha?" ventured Sily. "Mine was in 'st a mingo."

"It is about time for me to write to you and father again, and let you know that all is well with me."

"Read on, ma; read on," exclaimed the old man, excitedly, "and beside I have become interested in an investment that I can do elsewhere as well as here."

"I am not going to tell you what the business is, but my coming to Broton with it, was for a small building with a number of rooms come kind."

"What's the use of a new ell for us old folks," interpolated Sily, "in your room enough to be lonely in now, and Agatha nodded her head."

"I like the west, but I have got over the wildness of the feeling that made me leave home so long ago before I could see anything of either of you."

"It seemed to neighbors that summer as if Sily and Agatha Baldwin had renewed their youth."

"It's goin' to leave yer main house in the night, couldn't it be er rainin' that, could ye? It's goin' to leave yer main house way down out er sight."

"The time of completion at last arrived, and one lovely evening in early August, after the last trace of building and painting had been removed, Sily and Agatha walked around their new domain and were content."

Sily, said Agatha, after seconding Sily's remarks by numerous shakes of the head, which set her curls in motion.

"I think," said Sily, "that big new room upstairs in the main house will make a fine chamber for Sily. It overlooks all his old haunts down by the river, and through the meddler's."

"The tenth of August was a perfect day, and the evening sky was glorious with fluffy clouds amid the rosy lights of the dying day."

"I step in and light up now, I guess," said Agatha, rising, and Sily followed for no especial reason.

"Yes, father, in a moment," came a strong man's voice, and the two old people grasped each other's hand.

"Sily boy, 'fore Heaven and all that's good, is—this all right? All as—this should be?"

"And it's all right, Sily boy, it's all right," said Sily that evening a score of times, "and these uns are Aggie and little Sily, as he sat with one on each knee, 'upon my soul' who'd a-know'n they wasn't both boys or both girls, in their dresses! An', Mary, p'raps I ain't treated you decent, but you see I ain't a p'usener to a daughter, but nobody could be gladder."

"The rebuilding went steadily on. The old ell was pulled down and when the carpenter came to consult Sily and Agatha about the new one, he remarked:

"The time of completion at last arrived, and one lovely evening in early August, after the last trace of building and painting had been removed, Sily and Agatha walked around their new domain and were content."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"She—"You look all worn out. Have you been working hard? He—"Yes, rather; I've been having a holiday."

"—He (traptuously)—"You accept me! Then it's a bargain!" She (with her mind on shopping)—"Certainly, I shouldn't think of it if it wasn't."

"—Paternal—"What's the matter, Charlie? Charlie—"I swallowed my lump of sugar." Maternal—"Never mind, never mind. Charlie—"But I don't mind. It went down so quick I couldn't taste it."

"—Yielding to Pressure.—Great Statesman (at telephone)—"Is that the office of the Daily Tomahawk? City Editor—"Yes, sir, at the new telephone number."

"Another Case of 'Know It All' with the Usual Result. A middle-aged colored man, with a stick and a bundle, and the mud of the country highway clinging to his broad shoes, was a passenger on one of the ferry boats coming over the other day."

"'Gwine over to de United States, I 'spose?' "Yes, sah," was the reply. "Eber ober dar befo'?" "Bout fifty times."

"'What's dat bunco?' queried the other in considerable anxiety. "'Nebber yo' mind! Yo' jess cum walkin' on dis boat wid yo' head up in de air an' feelin' dat yo' knowed all 'bout de United States! Doan' blame me if yo' was buncoed. Last faller mighty high did ober it, but I hain't got no mo' to say."

"'But what am de game?' "Ize comin' to dat. De mint I sot eyes on yo' 'knowed yo' was in nect as a baby 'bout dat game. If dat white man stops yo' an' says dat owin' to his hardness o' denth in de famly he will part wid dat diamond pin fur forty dollars—"

"A lady never extends her hand to a man whose acquaintance she is making. She may or may not shake hands with a lady who is introduced, but she must not give her hand to a strange man. A low bow is the elegant form of salutation. A cultivated woman will not shake hands with any man, no matter how long she is acquainted with him, unless she respects and admires him. A gentleman never extends his hand to a lady first. To do so would be presumptuous and subject her to a snubbing. A man shows his breeding the way he eats his dinner; a woman shows her breeding the way she receives people.—Chicago Tribune.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

—Certain species of ants make slaves of others. If a colony of slave-making ants is changing the nest, a matter which is left to the discretion of the slaves, the latter carry their mistresses to their new home. One kind of slave-making ants has become so dependent on slaves that even if provided with food they will die of hunger unless there are slaves to put it in their mouths.

—A bell that was cast in Spain in 1798 and that has had an interesting history is in the possession of Dr. J. L. Wilton of Terre Haute, Ind. During Bonaparte's invasion of Spain it was captured and carried to France. In 1854 it was captured and presented to Joseph Piquet, heading a group of French emigrants who finally settled at Sainte Marie, Jasper county, Ill. Mr. Piquet presented it to the church of Sainte Marie in 1855, and it was used in summoning the people to worship until it was cracked by an accident, and had to be removed. Recently it attracted the attention of Dr. Wilton, who found it lying neglected in the churchyard, and he purchased it. The bell weighs two hundred and twenty-seven pounds, and is made of copper, with a mixture of silver.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE MARKETS.

Table with columns for various commodities like CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, WHEAT, etc., and their prices.

DISASTER FOLLOWS.

When liver trouble is neglected, Uncertainty below the right ribs and shoulder blade, dyspepsia, nausea, constipation, sick headache, torpid tongue, Do you want a cure of course not. Use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and you won't be bothered with them, or any of the symptoms of liver ailment. Make haste when the first signs show themselves.

HAIR'S CATARRH CURE.

"This is a hard world," said the bald-headed as he dropped out of the basket and lit in a stone quarry.—Brooklyn Life.



KNOWLEDGE.

"Bring comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs."

"Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered."

Advertisement for Royal Baking Powder, 'All other powders are cheaper made and inferior, and leave either acid or alkali in the food.'

—A Chicago man has discovered a wonderful force that is going to supplant the steam engine. It is probably a motive power caused by confining boarding house water in a strong iron box.—Texas Siftings.

—A lady who performs with lions was recently severely bitten by one that was about to kiss. As we have repeatedly said, this miscellaneous osculation must be stopped.—Judge.

A "RUN DOWN."

and "used-up" feeling is the first warning that your liver isn't doing its work. With a torpid liver and the impure blood that follows it, you're an easy prey to all sorts of ailments. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures every one of them.

Advertisement for 'Pierce's Cure' with a portrait of a man and text: 'I can truthfully say that I believe your Golden Medical Discovery saved my life. When I began your treatment two years ago, I had been given up by the doctor, and my liver had lost all hope of my recovery. I had suffered for years with torpid liver; I had chronic pleurisy and catarrh in a very bad form. Afflicted with hemorrhages—was confined to my bed two months. In a few days after being cured, I began your treatment in three months I felt almost like a new person. Yours very gratefully, Mrs. MARGIE BRANFORD, Williamsburg, W. Va.'

YOUNG MEN.

Learn Telegraphy and Railroad Connections in a business here, and secure good situations. Write J. B. ROWE, Seattle, Wash.

Advertisement for 'SAPOLIO' soap, 'AN HOUSEHOLD SOAP IS WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND.'

Advertisement for 'CLARETTE SOAP' by 'THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, St. Louis.'

Advertisement for 'SAPOLIO' soap, 'GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS. SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.'

Advertisement for 'A LITTLE GIRL' water-proof fabrics, 'Holding a Sheet of NEPONSET over her head—A Trade Mark—on all Rolls of Genuine.'