## A WARNING.

BY MRS. MURFREE.

It was night on Elm Ridge. So black, so black that the great crags and chasm were hidden, the forest was lost in the encompassing gloom, the valley and the distant ranges were gone—all the world had disappeared.

There was no wind and the dark clouds above the dark earth hung low and motionless. Solomon Grow found it something of an undertaking to grope his way back from the little hut of unhewn logs, where he had stabled his father's horse, to the door of the cabin and the home-circle within.

He fumbled for the latchstring, and pulling it carelessly, the door flew open suddenly and he almost fell into the room.

"Why d' ye come a-bustin' in hyar that thar way, Sol?" his mother demanded rather tartly. "Ef ye hed been raised 'mongst the foxes, ye couldn't show less manners."

"Door slipped out'n my hand," said Sol, a trifle sullenly.

"Waal—air ye disabled anywhar so ez ye can't shet it, eh," asked the father, with a touch of sarcasm.

Sol shut the door, drew up an inverted tub, seated himself upon it, and looked about loweringly. He thought he had been needlessly affronted. Still, he held his peace.

Within there was a great contrast to the black night outside. The ash and hickory logs in the deep fireplace threw blue and yellow flames high up the wide stone chimney. The flickering light was like some genial, cheery smile forever coming and going.

It illuminted the circle about the hearth. There sat Sol's mother, idle to night, for it was Sunday. His grandmother, too, was there, so old that she seemen to confirm the story told of these healthy mountains, to the effect that people were obliged to go down in the valley to die, else they would live forever.

There was Sol's father, a great burly fellow, six feet three inches in height, still holding out his hands to the blaze, chilled through and through by his long ride from the church, where he had been to hear the circuit rider preach on "Forgiveness of Injuries."

He was beginning now to quarrel vehemently with his brother-in-law, Jacob Smith, about the shabby treatment he had recently experienced in the non-payment of work—for work in this country is a sort of circulating medium; a man will plow all day for another man on condition that the favor is rigorously reciprocated.

Jacob Smith had been to the still, and apparently had imbibed the spirit there prevailing, to more effect than Sol's father had absorbed the spirit that had been taught in the church.

In plain words, Jacob Smith was very drunk and very quarrelsome, and very unreasonable. The genial firelight that played upon his bloated face played also over objects much pleasanter to look upon—over the strings of red pepper pods hanging from the rafters, over the bright variegations of color in the clean patchwork quilt on the bed, over the shining pans and pails set aside on the shelf, over the great curious frame of the warping bars, rising up among the shadows on the other side of the room, equidistant pegs still holding the sized yarn that Sol's mother had been warping, preparatory to weaving.

On the other side, too, was a little tow headed child sitting in a cradle, which, small as he was, he had long ago outgrow for a bed.

It was only a pine box placed upon rude rockers, and he used it for a rocking chair. His bare, fat legs hung out on one side of the box, and as he delightedly rocked back and forth, his grotesque little shadow waved to and fro on the wall, and flouted him.

What he thought of it nobody can ever know; his grave eyes were fixed upon it, but he said nothing, and the silent shadow and substance swayed joyously hither and thither together.

The quarrel between the two men was growing hot and bitter. One might have expected nothing better from Jacob Smith, for when a man is drunk the human element drops like a husk, and only the unreasoning brute is left.

But had John Grow forgot all the good words he had heard to-day from the circuit rider? Had they melted into thin air during his long ride from the church? Were the houseless good words wandering with the rising wind through the unpeopled forest, seeking vainly a human heart where they might find a lodgment?

The men had risen from their chairs; the drunkard, tremulous with anger, had drawn a sharp knife. John Grow was not so patient as he might have been, considering the great advantage he had in being sober, and the good words with which he had started out from the "meet'n' house."

He laid his heavy hand angrily upon the drunken man's shoulder.

In another minute there would have been bloodshed. But suddenly the dark shadows at the other end of the room swayed with a strange motion; a great creaking sound arose and the warping bars tottered forward and fell upon the floor with a crash.

The wranglers turned with anxious faces. No one was near the bars, it seemed that naught could have jarred them; but there lay the heavy frame upon the floor, the pegs broken, and the yarn twisted.

"A warning!" cried Sol's mother. "A warning how you-uns spen' the evenin' o' the Lord's day in your quarlin' an' fightin' an' sech. An' ye, John Grow jes' from the meetin' house!"

She did not reproach her brother—nobody hopes anything from a drunkard.

"A sign o' bad luck," said the grandmother. "It 'minds me of the time las summer that the wind blowed the door in, an' straight arter that the cow died!"

"Them signs air ez likely ter take hold on folks ez on cattle," said Jacob Smith, half-sobered by the shock.

There was a look of sudden anxiety on the face of Solomon's mother. She crossed the room to the youngster rocking in the cradle.

"Come, Benny," she said, "ye oughter go ter bed. Ye air wastin' yer strength settin up this late in the night. An' ye war a-cougin' las' week. Ye must go ter bed."

Benny clung to his unique rocking chair with a sturdy strength which promised well for his muscle when he should be as old as his great, strong brother Solomon. He had been as quiet, hitherto, as if he were dumb, but now he lifted up his voice with a loud and poignant wail, and after he had been put to bed he resurrected himself from among the bedclothes, ever and anon, with a bitter, though infantile jargon of protest.

"I'm fairly afeard o' them bars," said Mrs. Grow, looking down upon the prostrate timbers. "It's comical that they fell down that way. I hope 't ain't no sign o' bad luck. I jes' wouldn't hev nothin' ter happen fer nothin'. An' Benny war a coughin' las' week."

She had not even the courage to put her fear in words. As she tenderly admonished tow-headed Benny, who was once more getting out of bed, to go to sleep and save his strength, and remember how he was coughing last week.

"He hed a chicken bone acrost his throat," said his father. "No wonder he coughed."

Solomon arose and went out into the black night—so black that he could not distinguish the sky from the earth, or the unobstructed air from the dense forest around.

He walked about blindly, dragging something heavily after him. The weight of concealment it was. He knew something that nobody knew besides.

At the critical mement of the altercation, he had stepped softly among the shadows to the warping bars—a strong push had sent the great frame crashing down. He was back in an instant among the others, and by reason of the excitement his agency in the sensation was not detected.

Like his biblical namesake, Solomon was no fool. Had he been reared in a cultivated community, with the advantages of education, he might have been one of the bright young fellows who manage other young fellows, who control debating societies, who are prominent in mysterious associations, the secret of which is at once guarded and represented by a Cerberus of three Greek letters.

But, wise as he was, Solomon was not a prophet. He had intended only to effect a diversion, and stop the quarrel. He had no prevision of the panic of superstition that he had raised in the minds of these simple people; for the ignorant mountaineer is a devout believer in signs and warnings.

As Solomon wandered about outside, he heard his father stumbling from the door of the house to the barn to see if aught of evil had come to the cow or the horse. He knew how his grandmother's heart was wrung with fear for her heifer, and he could hardly endure to think of his mother's anxiety about Benny.

No prophetic eye was needed to forsee the terrors that would beset her in the days to come, when she would walk back and forth before the bars, warping the yarn to be woven into cloth for his and Benny's clothes; how she would regard the helpless frame as an uncanny thing, endowed with supernatural powers, and look askance at it, and shrink from touching it; how she would watch for the sign to come true, and tremble lest it come

He turned about dragging and tugging this weight of concealment after him, re-entered the house and sat down before the fire.

His uncle Jacob Smith had gone to his own home. The others were telling stories, calculated to make one's hair stand on end, about signs and warnings, and their horrible fulfillment.

"Granny," said Solomon suddenly.

"Waal, sonny?" said his grandmother.

When the eyes of the family group were fixed upon him, Solomon's courage failed.

"Nothin'," he said hastily, "nothin' at all."

"Why, what ails the boy?" exclaimed his mother.

"I tell ye now, Solomon," said his grandmother, with an emphatic nod, "ye hed better respect yer elder—an' a sign in the house!"

Solomon slept little that night. Toward day he began to dream of the warping bars. They seemed to develop suddenly into an immense animated monster, from which he only escaped by waking with a sudden start.

Then he found that a great white morning, full of snow, was breaking upon the black night. And what a world it was now! The mountain was graced with a soft white drapery, on every open space there were vague suggestions of delicate colors, in this hollow lay a tender purple shadow; on that steep slope was an elusive roseate flush and when you looked again, it was gone, and the glare was blinding.

The bare black branches of the trees formed strangely interlaced hieroglyphics upon the turquoise sky. The crags were dark and grim despite their snowy crests and the gigantic glittering icicles that here and there depended from them. A cascade close by in the gorge had been stricken dumb as if by a sudden spell, and still and silent it sparkled in the sun.

The snow lay deep on the roof of the log cabin and the eaves were decorated with shining icicles. The enchantment had followed the zigzag line of the fence, and on every rail was its embellishing touch.

All the homely surroundings were transfigured. The potato house was a vast white billow, the ash hopper a marble vase, and the fodder stack was a great conical ermine cap, belonging to some mountain giant who had lost it in the wind last night.

"I mought hev knowed that weuns war a-goin' ter hev this spell o' weather by the warpin' bars fallin' las' night," says John Grow, stamping off the snow as he came in from feeding his horse.

"I hope 'taint no worse sign," said his wife. "But I misdoubts." And she sighed heavily.

"'Taint no signs at all," said Solomon suddenly. He could keep his secret no longer. "T war me ez flung down them warpin' bars"

For a moment they all stared at him in silent amazement.

"What fur?" demanded his father at last. "Jest ter enjye sottin' 'em up agin? I'll teach ye ter fling down warpin' bars!"

"Waal" said the peacemaker, hesitating, "it 'peared ter me ez Uncle Jacob Smith war 'toler'ble drunk—take him all tergether—an' ez he had drawed a knife, I thought that ye an' him hed 'bout quar'led enough an' so I flung down the warpin' bars to git the fuss shet up.

"Waal sir!" exclaimed his grandmother, red with wrath. "Ez ef my son couldn't stand up agin all the Smiths that ever stepped! Ye must fling down the warpin' bars an' twist the spun-truck fur Jacob Smith."

"Look-a-hyar Sol" said his father gruffly, "tend ter yerself an' yer own quar'ls arter this, will ye."

Then, with a sudden humorous interpretation of the incident, he broke into a guffaw.

"I hav lived a consider'ble time in this tantalizin' world, an' ez yit I dunno ez I hev hed any need o' Sol ter protect me."

But Sol had unburdened his mind, and felt at ease again; not the less because he knew that but for his novel method of making peace, there might have been something worse than a sign in the house.

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Children who are weak, fretful or troublesome should be given a few doses of White's Cream Vermifuge. They will then become strong, healthy and active, have rosy cheeks, bright eyes, will be happy and laughing all the day long. Price, 25 cents. For sale by H. L. Tucker.

### Meant to Make Death Sure.

Maryville, Mo., May 9.—Charles D. Dawson, aged 44, a well-to-do farmer living near Clyde in the eastern part of this county, attempted suicide last night by shooting himself with a shotgun.

In reaching along the barrel with his hand for the trigger, he destroyed his aim and the load failed to take effect.

He threw the gun down and jumped headlong into a well of water, and was dead before he could be rescued.

He had been sick for a long time, which is thought had partially unbalanced his mind.

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Rheumatism is conceded to have its origin in a poisoned condition of the blood, and to be successfully treated by Herbine, which acts upon the liver, kidneys and other blood purifying organs, thereby divesting the system of the offending agents. Price 50 cents. For sale by H. L. Tucker.

### Bridegroom 85, Bride 50.

Chillicothe, Mo., May 8.—B. S. Hayden, of Nebraska City, Neb., and Mrs. A. Shupp, of Omaha, were married at the Luella hotel in this city to-day. The bridegroom is 85 years old and this is his fifth marriage. The bride is 50 years of age and this is her second matrimonial venture. Hayden is reputed to be worth nearly a million dollars in property and money. The aged lovers are visiting relatives here.

### Eczema and Itching Humors

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### Scores Perish in Fires.

Bombay, May 1.—Thirty-five out of forty-two persons who were working at a cotton press at Amreeli, on the Kattywar peninsula, have been burned to death. The remainder were fatally burned. A similar fire has occurred at Khamgaon, province of Berar, resulting in the death of eleven persons.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box 25c.

### Preacher Strikes It Rich.

Nevada, May 1.—Rev J. S. Neville, pastor of the Windsor Baptist church while in this city to-day, received an offer of $50,000 for 640 acres of wild land he owns in the Beaumont oil fields. He refused the offer.

### Young Wife Tries Suicide.

Nevada, Mo., May 1., Mrs. Alma Homsley, aged 25 years, swallowed carbolic acid with suicidal intent at the home of her father, in the southeast part of Vernon county. She left a note declaring her intention to die. She can not recover.


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### Will Launch the Ohio.

San Francisco, Cal., May 5.—The much-discussed question as to whom would fall the honor of launching the battle-ship Ohio has been settled by the announcement that the function will be performed by Mrs. McKinley. After the simple ceremonies preceding the event, consisting of short addresses by President McKinley, Governor Nash and Irving M. Scott, Mrs. McKinley will press the button and the release will sever the rope just at the turn of the tide, at 12:26 o'clock. Just as Mrs. McKinley touches the button Miss Helen Deshler, of Columbus, will break the bottle of California wine over the bow and gave the new fighting machine the name of Ohio.


E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day


### Gomez Advises Cubans

Havana, May, 3.—Gen. Maximo Gomez has written another letter, in which he says that the Cuban problem is not an economic, but a political one. Let the political question, he says, be settled by establishing a government that will satisfy the general aspirations and the economic problem will solve itself. He recommends Senor Gener as a candidate for the mayoralty of Havana.

The letter is considered to aim at the convention, and as urging a prompt settlement of the questions at issue by the establishment of a government, thus directly recommending the acceptance of the Platt amendment.


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Or discomfort, no irritation of the intestines—but gentle, prompt, thorough healthful cleansing, when you take

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Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.


### Apache Kid Executed.

Hermosillo, Mexico, May 1.—The leader of a band of Yaqui Indians, who was captured a short time ago at Cuesta Alta by a detachment of government troops, has been executed at Antejuda by order of General Lorenzo Torres. Prior to his execution he was positively identified as Apache Kid by Alex McDonald, an American scout, who is in the service of the government troops. McDonald says he knew Apache Kid well in Arizona and that the Yaqui leader was that person.


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### Killed a Playmate.

St. Joseph, Mo., May 1.—Guy Snelson blew off the top of Charles Moppin's head with a shotgun at Armour, this county, to-day. The boys were both 13 years old and cousins. Snelson claims he did not know the gun was loaded.


CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought


### Order of Publication.

STATE OF MISSOURI, County of Bates, } ss.

In the circuit court, June term, 1901. George W. Lee, plaintiff, vs. F. A. Sampson and the unknown heirs of C. M. A. Chaney, deceased defendants.

Order of Publication.

Now at this day comes the plaintiff herein, by his attorney and files his petition and affidavit alleging among other things that defendants F. A. Sampson is a non-resident of the state of Missouri; that C. M. A. Chaney is dead and that his heirs the unknown defendants are unknown to the plaintiff herein and for that reason their names can not be inserted in said petition. Whereupon, it is ordered by the undersigned clerk in vacation, that said defendants be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against them in this court the object and general nature of which is to secure from the court a decree declaring a certain deed of trust cancelled, said deed of trust being dated June 24, 1897, and being recorded in trust book 18, at page 119 of the Bates county records, given by Lizzie A Mitchell and her husband B F Mitchell who were then the owners in fee simple of the southwest 'quarter of section nine (9) township forty-two (42) range thirty-nine (39) to F A Sampson, trustee, to secure the payment of a six hundred dollar note due on July 1, 1884, with interest thereon at the rate of nine per cent per annum from date until paid, said note being payable to the order of said C M A Chaney; that the decree asking for said cancellation of said deed of trust is on the grounds that said note has been fully paid and that said deed of trust has not been released, and continues to be a record lien on said land, the same being now owned by this plaintiff in fee, and unless the said defendants be and appear at this court at the next term thereof to be begun and holden at the court house in the city of Butler, in said county, on the 11th day of June next, and on or before the third day of said term, if the term shall so long continue—and if not, then on or before the last day of said term—answer or plead to the petition in said cause, the same will be taken as confessed and judgment will be rendered accordingly.

And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published, according to law, in the BUTLER WEEKLY TIMES, a newspaper published in said county of Bates for four weeks successively, published at least once a week the last insertion to be at least thirty days before the first day of said next June term of this court.

J. P. THURMAN, Circuit Clerk.

A true copy from the record. Witness my hand and seal of the circuit court of Bates [SEAL] county, this 9th day of April, 1901.

23-4t J. P. THUREAN Circuit Clerk.

### Order of Publication.

STATE OF MISSOURI, County of Bates, } ss.

In the circuit court, in vacation April 15, 1901, M. B. Marshall, plaintiff, vs A. G. Marshall defendant.

Order of Publication.

Now at this day comes the plaintiff herein by her attorneys, Dooley & Ludwick, and files her petition and affidavit, alleging among other things that defendant, A. G. Marshall, is not a resident of the state of Missouri: Whereupon it is ordered by the undersigned clerk in vacation that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against him in this court, the object and general nature of which is to secure from this court a decree of divorce from the bonds of matrimony contracted and entered into by and between the plaintiff and defendant herein, on the grounds of treatment of the plaintiff by the defendant such as to render her condition as the wife of said defendant intolerable, and to further secure from the court an order granting and giving to the plaintiff the care and custody of the minor child, Gladys Marshall, born of the marriage of the plaintiff with the defendant, and that unless the said A. G. Marshall, defendant, be and appear at this court at the next term thereof, to be begun and holden at the court house in the city of Butler, in said county, on the 11th day of June next, and on or before the third day of said term, if the term shall so long continue, and if not, then on or before the last day of said term, answer or plead to the petition in said cause, the same will be taken as confessed, and judgment will be rendered accordingly.

And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published, according to law, in the BUTLER WEEKLY TIMES, a newspaper published in said county of Bates for four weeks successively, published at least once a week, the last insertion to be at least fifteen days before the first day of said next June term of this court.

J. P. THURMAN, Circuit Clerk.

A true copy from the record. Witness [SEAL] my hand and seal of the circuit court of Bates county, this 15th day of April 1901. J. P. THURMAN, Circuit Clerk.

24-4t

### Trustee's Sale Notice.

Whereas, Martha A. Austin and R. V. Austin, her husband, by their certain deed of trust, dated the 2nd day of October, 1893, and recorded in the office of the recorder of deeds of Bates county, Missouri at Butler, on the 24th day of October, 1893, in book 97 at page 518, conveyed to T. J. Murray, trustee, the following described real estate situated in the county of Bates, state of Missouri, to-wit:

All of the east half of lot ten (10) block sixty-three (63), Rich Hill, located on northeast quarter, northwest quarter of section eight (8) township thirty-eight (38) range thirty-one (31), in trust to secure the payment of a promissory note or bond in said deed of trust described, executed by Martha A Austin and R. V. Austin; and whereas, default has been made in the payment of said note and bond and in the conditions of said deed of trust; and whereas, the said T. J. Murray, trustee has declined to execute said trust; now therefore, I, Joe T. Smith, sheriff of Bates county, Missouri, in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust, and at the request of the legal owner and holder of said note or bond, and by virtue of the power and authority in me vested by said deed of trust, will proceed to sell the property hereinbefore described at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash at the door of the court house in said Bates county in the city of Butler on

Saturday, April 27th, 1901,

between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day for the purpose of satisfying the terms of said deed of trust. JOE. T. SMITH,

21-4t Sheriff of Bates County, Mo.