

The Farmington Times AND HERALD.

The Farmington Times Printing Co.

FARMINGTON, ST. FRANCOIS COUNTY, MO., JANUARY 8, 1903.

Volume 30, Number 2.

Your Shoe Troubles are over when you wear Karsch's High-Grade Shoes.

There are 35 well developed cases of small-pox in Poplar Bluff, but all under quarantine.

Samuel Rayburn of Kennett committed suicide on the 23d ult. by shooting the top of his head off. No cause was assigned for the deed.

The Sikeston music club intends to give several entertainments during the winter. They will present "Little Lord Fauntleroy" at the first one.

Albert Turner, a brakeman on the Iron Mountain road, fell so badly smashed at Piedmont that he was sent to the Missouri Pacific hospital for treatment.

Philip Haverstick was thrown from his wagon on the 20th ult. near Victoria, while his horses were rearing away, and received such injuries that he died in a short time.

The Fredericktown Trust Company has done such good business since its establishment that it will pay its stockholders a dividend of ten percent and increase the capital stock to \$250,000.

Piedmont has had another fire, the new Commercial Hotel being destroyed on the 20th ult. The building was valued at \$7,500 with insurance for \$5,200. Another hotel will be built as near to replace this one.

An air rifle in the hands of a 6-year old girl of Poplar Bluff named Laura Muntz inflicted a very severe wound on an older brother on the 20th ult. The children did not know the gun was loaded and had been snapping it at each other. The boy was shot behind the ear, and unless blood poisoning sets in the wound will heal all right.

The Fredericktown Democrat-News says the depot at that place is a disgrace to the Iron Mountain Company. One day recently the room was so crowded that a great many ladies and children were obliged to sit in the backs waiting for the train.

Class Bleser, a section hand employed on the Cotton Belt, became intoxicated while he was in Bloomfield on the 30th ult., and when he climbed on the platform of his car to go to work he lost his balance and fell off and was ground to pieces by the cars.

Two tramps were arrested at Poplar Bluff on the 30th ult. on suspicion and twenty gold chains, fifteen rings, a watch, sleeve buttons and various other pieces of jewelry were found on them, all supposed to be stolen goods.

WILL OF MRS. U. S. GRANT.

The Estate to be Divided into Four Equal Portions and Fred. D. Grant to be Executor.

Washington, Dec. 27.—The will of Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant was filed Friday. The estate is to be divided into four equal portions. It also provides that a memento presented to her by the empress of Japan, said to be 1,000 years old, will go to the Museum of Arts, of New York. Gen. Fred D. Grant, son of the testatrix, delivered the testament at Register Dent's office in person. Mrs. Grant named as executor the trustees "to be selected by my three sons, a majority, or the survivors of them."

In a petition asking the district supreme court to admit the will to probate, Gen. Frederick D. Grant explains that his mother left surviving her as heirs-in-law and next of kin, in addition to himself, Ulysses S. Grant, Ellen W. Sartoris and Jesse S. Grant. The deceased died possessed of a house in this city of the value of about \$40,000; money amounting to \$10,000; stocks, bonds and other securities of the value of \$100,000, and household and kitchen furniture of the value of \$4,000.

Gen. Grant further sets forth that under the terms of the will the three sons have designated him executor. By the terms of the will the estate is to be divided into four equal shares. The income of the first portion shall be applied to the support of the family of Frederick D. Grant and the education of his children. The second portion is left to the executors in trust and for the benefit of the family of Ulysses S. Grant, under the same conditions. The third portion is left under similar conditions to Jesse S. Grant, and the fourth for the sole use of Ellen W. Sartoris for life, and at her death to her children in equal shares.

LIFE'S SPICE.
"Variety is the spice of life."
By S. McK. F.

Josephine Pollard thinks this world is a good place to live in and has put the thought into these pretty verses:

This world is a pretty good sort of world,
Taking it all together,
In spite of the grief and sorrow we meet,
In spite of the gloomy weather,
There are friends to love and hopes to cheer,
And plenty of compensation
For every ache for those who make
The best of the situation.

There are quiet nooks for lovers of books
With nature in happy union;
There are cool retreats from the moon-
lit beats,
Where souls may have sweet communion;
If there is a spot where the sun shines
Not
There's always a lamp to light it,
And if there's a wrong, we know how
To set it right,
That the God above will right it;
So it is not for us to make a fuss
Because of life's sad mischances,
Nor to wear ourselves out to bring about
A change in our circumstances,
This world's a pretty good sort of world,
And he to whom we are indebted
Appoints our place and supplies the grace
To help us make it better.

St. Louis has advanced a big step by the appointment of a woman on the board of health.

Dr. Mary Tucker going into office the past week. Many liberal minded people are of the opinion that a woman should be placed on the board of managers of every public institution, for there are so many things that escape a man's eye in inspection tours that a woman can readily detect. I believe Gov. Stephens was the first one to appreciate this fact by the appointment of Miss Mary E. Perry to the State Board of Charities, and she has proved to be a very efficient member. She is quick to see abuses and defects, and having the courage of her convictions and being backed by the great State of Missouri, she has been instrumental in doing much good in behalf of the charity boards. So, when Dr. Tucker begins her campaign in the interest of cleanliness in and around the homes in ward the which will be a sort of experiment station, we may expect great things.

Did you ever notice how really hard it is to mind your own business? No matter what a person intends to do you have an idea that you could do it a little bit better in a different way, and ask, "Why don't you?" You hear of a plan for some entertainment, and while admitting it will be very good and all right you say, "But why don't you do this way?" There is nothing in the world we are so free with as we are with advice, and sometimes it is good, but more often bad, representing as it does our individual opinion without knowing the particular reasons for decisions with which we interfere. If you don't believe this, just notice yourself the next time someone mentions doing something by a certain method, and my word for it, you'll find that you will ask, "Why don't you?"

This has been particularly apparent in the present entertainment course. While the managers of it think they have done the very best they could, there are a great many people who think they could have done better. They certainly seem to have fallen into a groove, and we have been Annie Laurie and Suzanne Rivered to death. Of course we have our limitations, I have acknowledged mine before in the music line. I can run a scale and twiddle-dee in the treble and twiddle-dum in the base with the best of them, and it is just as fine sounding as some of the music we listen to and are expected to admire. But I call music that is melody, music, and that is the kind I want. I remember reading in one of Walter Williams' European letters of his visit to hear a Wagner Opera; that you know is one of the things the music lover is supposed to rave about. Mr. Williams said to the interested Missourian, "The whole thing sounded like a boiler factory cantata in full blast at close range." I was so glad to hear that, for Mr. Williams is not supposed to have limitations in any direction, and I took courage to hold my own opinion.

To get back to the entertainment course. Everyone that I have heard speak of the entertainment enjoyed Miss Pierce, the reader, with the second one, more than

anything else. I know there must be in the lyceum bureau some little plays of two or three people, I believe at the vaudeville they call them "skits." There was one in the first year's course and everybody enjoyed it so much. Then there are the glee clubs of four or five that surely wouldn't cost any more than the company that was here last week, \$100 being their price, I heard. A woman on the board to arrange for a course next year might not be a bad idea. It is hard to mind your own business isn't it?

I have been asked if it is possible to give a recipe for pie crust that will never fail, and I am glad to give this, for it is the best I have ever used: "To each cup of flour add a half cup of cottolene; salt, of course, and water enough to mix. That is always the proportion."

Mrs. Castleman and Miss Nellie Conway have been kind the past week to the "Pass It Along," so that some additional variety may be added to the package.

GETTING INTO THE BAND WAGON.

From the Cape Girardeau Democrat.

We note in the Sunday Post Dispatch that Col. Bob Vost is going to come to Farmington in Southeast Missouri. This is what he says about it:

My modest purposes are to aid in the mineral and industrial development of St. Francois county and all Southeast Missouri with the ultimate object of sharing in the general prosperity of that section and constructing for myself and family a permanent place of abode.

All right, Col. Bob, come along. We are glad to have you come. However, one thing we want to impress on you in good faith. Don't get the idea that the prosperity of Southeast Missouri is going to be dated from your advent among us. The prosperity of Southeast Missouri is here—established—is a reality. We have worked a lifetime to secure that prosperity, and have worked for it under discouraging circumstances, and finally everybody realizes that we are on the onward march. Yes, if Col. Bob had come among us and helped us some thirty or forty years ago, we would have been glad. We needed lots of help then in the good work. Some of the old workers like George Whitcomb and Martin of Charleston, Dr. Lynch, Commerce, Wallace Gruelle of Cape Girardeau, and Hamilton and Malone are gone, but some of the old guard, like Louis Houck, Eli D. Ake, Albert O. Allen, who now has a good job, Wright and Waters of New Madrid, and George Crumb of Bloomfield, and also men of a later date like Caruthers and Phelan are still at work, as they have been for years, building up the country, not to mention our humble self, who over 30 years ago just began to publish a truly religious paper in this then benighted but now magnificent country. We know all about it and how Southeast Missouri has been made prosperous. We owe it to our own people and no one else—to the energy and enterprise of our business men and newspapers. It was a hard job, but we finally overcame all obstacles, and now Southeast Missouri is booming from the highlands to the lowlands. Everywhere railroads are traversing the country—railroads, too, most of them built by our own people. While all this work was going on Col. Bob had a good job elsewhere and did not think much of Southeast Missouri as a "permanent place of abode." The fact is the country did not look inviting. It is different now. So the Colonel comes among us, and we salute him.

"Is't Possible; Sits the Wind in That Corner?"

From the Fredericktown Democrat-News.

We understand that Mr. Martin L. Clardy, General Attorney for the Missouri Pacific Railroad, has bought a controlling interest in the Farmington, Mo., "Progress."

It is also reported that he has an option on one or two other weekly newspapers in St. Francois county.

Best Liniment on Earth.

Henry D. Baldwin, Supt. City Water Works, Shullsburg, Wis., writes: "I have tried many kinds of liniment, but have never received much benefit until I used Ballard's Snow Liniment for rheumatism and pains. I think it the best liniment on earth. 50c, 50c and \$1 bottles at the City Drug Store."

HIS MOTHER.

THE cold gray shadows of the wintry twilight had enveloped tree and meadow and sluggish forest streams, in their uncertain mist, the factory chimneys flung their fiery banners of smoke against the leaden sky, a basso-relievo that would have made Rembrandt himself rejoice, and the hum of never ceasing machinery in the little town rose above the rush of the river like the buzz of a gigantic insect.

Charles Emery, the day superintendent in the rolling mills, was just retiring to his home, having been relieved by the night superintendent, and as he walked along, his feet sounding crisply on the hard, frozzen earth, he whistled softly to himself, as light hearted as a bird.

"You're going with us to-night Charley, to the opera?" cried a gay voice, as two or three young men came by.

For upon that special evening there was to be an opera in the little town, a genuine New York company, with a chorus, a full orchestra, and all the paraphernalia of scenery and costume which provincial residents so seldom enjoy, and the younger population were on the qui vive of delightful expectation.

"I am going," said Emery, slowly, "but not with you!"

"But you will change your mind, though," said Harrison, "when you hear that Kate Marcy is to be of our party—Kate Marcy and the Miss Hallowses and Fanny Hewitt. There are eight of us going. We've kept a seat on purpose for you!"

"I have engaged myself to another lady," said Emery.

Harrison laughed.

"Well, I'm sorry for it," said he; "but Miss Marcy is not a girl who need pine for a cavalier. We'll keep the seat for you until a quarter of eight. And let me give you a warning, old fellow! Kate Marcy is a high-minded girl—it won't do to trifle much with her!"

Charles Emery went on his way rather graver and more self-absorbed. He had asked his mother the day before to go, and his mother's eyes had brightened with genuine delight.

"Your father often used to take me, Charley," she said, "when we were young people and lived in New York. But it is twenty years and more since I have been to an opera. And if you're quite sure, dear, that there is no young lady whom you had rather take?"

"As if any young girl in a world could be to me what my own darling mother is!" replied Emery, smiling across the table to her.

"Then I shall be delighted to go," said Mrs. Emery. And her voice and eyes bore witness to the truth of her words.

But now that a regular party had been organized and Kate Marcy had promised to join it, things looked different to the young man. For a moment he almost regretted that he had engaged himself to take his mother.

"She would be as well pleased with any concert," he said to himself, "and I should have the opportunity of sitting all the evening next to Kate Marcy. I'll ask her to let me off this time. She won't care."

But when he went into the little sitting-room of their humble domain, and saw his mother with her silver-gray hair rolled into puffs on either side of her almost un-creased brow, her best black silk donned, and the opal brooch she owned pinned into the white lace folds at her breast, his heart misgave him.

"I have been trimming my bonnet over with some violet velvet flowers," said she, smiling, "so as to do you no discredit, Charley; and I have a new pair of violet kid gloves. And now you must drink your tea. I've made some of your favorite cream-biscuits, and the kettle is really boiling. Oh, Charley, you'll laugh at me I'm afraid, but I feel like a little girl going to her first children's party. It's so seldom, you know, that a bit of pleasure comes in my way!"

And then Charles Emery made up his mind that his mother was more to him, in her helpless old age and sweet affectionate dependence, than any blooming damsel whose eyes shone like stars and whose cheeks rivalled the September peach.

"Going with some one else!"

said Kate Marcy, rather surprised and not exactly pleased.

She was a tall, beautiful maiden, the belle of C—, and rather an heiress in her own right. She liked Charles Emery and she rather surmised that he liked her. And when she had been studying up her toilet for the opera, she had selected a blue dress, with blue flowers for her hair and ornaments of turquoise, because she had once heard Mr. Emery say that blue was his favorite color.

"Going with some one else!" she repeated. "Well, he has a right to suit himself."

And she kept within her own soul the jealousy that disturbed her all the while she was sitting waiting for the great green curtain to be drawn up, until, of a sudden, there was a slight bustle on the seats beyond, and Emery entered with his mother.

Then Kate's overgloomed face grew bright again. She drew a long breath of relief and turned to the stage; it was as if the myriad gaslights had all of a sudden been turned up, as if all the mimic world in the opera house had grown radiant.

Never was a voice sweeter to her ears than the somewhat thin and exhausted warble of the prima donna; never did scenery glow with such natural tints or footlights shine more softly. Kate Marcy declared that the opera was "perfection!"

"Yes; but," said pert little Nina Cunnings, "do look at Charley Emery with that little old woman!"

Why couldn't he have come and sat with us?"

Kate said nothing. In the crowd now surging out of the aisles of the little opera house she could scarcely venture to express her entire opinion, but she said in a low, earnest tone—

"I don't know what you think of it, Nina; but I, for my part, respect Mr. Emery a thousand times more for the kindness to his mother."

And, almost at the same second, she found herself looking directly into Charley's eyes.

For a moment only. The crowd separated them almost ere they could recognize one another, but Kate felt sure—and her cheeks glowed scarlet—that he heard her words.

"Charley," said little Mrs. Emery, looking into her son's face as they emerged into the veil of softly falling snow which seemed to envelop the whole outer world in a dim, dazzling mystery, "who was that girl with the large blue eyes and the sweet face wrapped in a white, fleecy sort of hood—the one who said she respected you?"

"It was Kate Marcy, mother."

"She has the face of an angel," said Mrs. Emery, softly.

The next day Charley went boldly to the old Marcy homestead, whose red brick gables, sheathed with ivy, rose up out of the leafless elms and beeches, just beyond the noise and stir of the busy village.

"Miss Marcy," he said, "I heard what you said last night."

"It was not meant for your ears, Mr. Emery," said Kate, coloring a soft rosy pink.

"But," he pursued, looking her full in the face, "I cannot be satisfied with that, Miss Marcy, I want a warmer feeling. If you could teach yourself to love me?"

The dimples came around Kate Marcy's red lips wreathing her smile in wondrous beauty.

"Mr. Emery," she said, "I do love you. I have loved you for a long time."

And Charley went home envying neither king nor prince.

"But I never should have loved you so dearly," his young wife told him afterward, "if you hadn't been so kind to that little mother of yours. In my eyes you never looked so handsome as when you stood bending over her gray head in the crowded hall of the opera house that night."—Our Dumb Animals.

IF UNWELL.

Try a 50c bottle of HERBINE, notice the improvement speedily effected in your appetite, energy, strength and vigor. Watch how it brightens the spirits, gives freedom from indigestion and debility!

Isaac Story, Ava, Mo., writes, Sept. 10th, 1900: "I was in bad health, I had stomach trouble for 12 months, also dumb chills. Dr. J. W. Mory prescribed Herbine, it cured me in two weeks. I cannot recommend it too highly, it will do all you claim for it." Said by City Drug Store.

ALTERNATING CURRENTS.

Of course you made your annual New Year resolutions. Of course you will not break them.

Who would have thought that the electric light plant turned out enough current to kill a horse?

Mr. — ate Christmas with his mother.—Marble Hill Press. Well, we hope that Christmas doesn't feel bad.

Farmington is growing too strenuous. Two dances on New Year's Eve will probably cause a rise in the piano and shoe markets.

Farmington people are in a serious predicament. When one goes out of his house he takes his life in his own hands. He wishes to go to town. Three alternatives offer themselves. He may trudge down the rock-ribbed pavement and find himself wrong side up with a broken pate in fifteen seconds. He may, like a good populist, try the middle-of-the-road, and make connection with a very active live wire. Or, he may try half way ground and walk where the curb ought to be, and in five seconds he will be lying in the bottom of a ditch, looking very much like a joint of sewer pipe, and tomorrow he will begin his long occupancy of six feet of red clay.

TROUBLE.—A Michigan man owed another man \$10. He was due on Tuesday. At midnight on Monday night, the man who owed the money came around, woke his friend up and told him he couldn't pay the bill.

"It worried me so I couldn't sleep, and so I just thought I'd tell you now," he said.

"Dern it," said the other man, "why didn't you wait till morning? Now I can't sleep, either."

—The Lyre.

"You look just the same as ever," said the Dime Savings Bank.

"Well," replied the boy as he shook the bank, "there appears to be no change in you."

—Princeton Tiger.

THE FAIRFINDER'S WIDOW.

Miss Jessie Benton Fremont Had Been an Invalid for Three Years, the Result of a Fall.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 29.—Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, widow of Gen. Fremont, who died Saturday night at age 78, was taken ill on Christmas morning. She grew rapidly worse and soon lapsed into unconsciousness from which she never rallied. For the past three years the aged widow of the "Pathfinder" has been extremely feeble, as a result of a fall in which she suffered dislocation of the hip, which has since prevented her from walking. A natural strong constitution was impaired by the shock of the fall, and recently Mrs. Fremont required the attention of a trained nurse, her advanced years aiding the decline of her strength.

A COAL REGIONS TRAGEDY.

The Decapitated Body of John Was at Pittston, Pa. Found and Murder Suspected.

New York, Dec. 28.—The finding of the decapitated body of John Was, of Pittston, on the Lehigh Valley tracks, says a dispatch from Wilkes-Barre to the Herald, points to a murder, there being no marks on the body such as would have been evident had Was been killed by the cars.

Was worked during the coal strike and had been repeatedly threatened with bodily harm, and his home was one of the many dynamited. He was seen before the strike commission. For these reasons, suspicions have been aroused.

Assassinated at Wedding Ball.

Fair Play, Tex., Dec. 27.—Dr. J. O. Lowry was assassinated Thursday night as he sat near a window watching the dancers at his wedding ball.

He was a popular physician, who was married Sunday, and his bride was standing only a few feet from him when the bullet crashed through the glass, striking him just below the right ear and laying his skull open.

Two Boys Burned to Death.

Millsboro, Dec. 25.—Frank and George, the little sons of Mrs. George Campbell, were burned to death Sunday night, through the igniting of their bed clothing from an oil heater.

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Office in Court House, Co. Treasurer's Room.

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Office in St. Francois Co. Bank Building.

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FARMINGTON, MISSOURI.
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(Surplus \$15,000.00)

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W. R. Lang, A. J. Zwart,
W. M. Harlan.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that annual pro-
cesses will be received at the Mayor's
office of the City of Farmington, Missouri,
on January 8th, 1903, at 7 o'clock p. m., from
banks and banking corporations, associa-
tions, or bankers, for deposit of the funds
paid city for the time between the date
of said bills and the next regular time for
the selection of a depository, as provided
by law. Such processes must state the
largest rate of interest per annum that will
be paid to the said city on the daily balance
to the credit of the said city with said de-
pository for the time between the date of
said bills and the next regular time for
the selection of a depository, as provided
by law. Such processes must state the
largest rate of interest per annum that will
be paid to the said city on the daily balance
to the credit of the said city with said de-
pository for the time between the date of
said bills and the next regular time for
the selection of a depository, as provided
by law. No bids will be considered unless
such certified check shall accompany the
same.
SAM'L L. ASHBY, City Clerk,
Dec. 8, 1902. Farmington, Mo.

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