The Democrat.

(Formerly THE HUSTLER.)
Published every Friday. $1.00 per year.

D. C. CUNNINGHAM, Ed. and Prop.

DONIPHAN, MO., Dec. 31, 1915

A happy New Year!

Now that the year 1915 is a thing of the past, it is time to make plans for 1916.

Reports from over the county, indicate wheat and oats to be in good condition. Some wheat, that was sown early is affected by the fly, but the later sowing has a good color and looks thrifty.

Another menace to the wheat crop is reported by government bulletin, in the green bug. It is said to have adpeared in the southwest and will probably appear in Arkansas and southern Missouri by spring, the season when it does its work. If it is any worse than the Hessian fly, it must be terror to wheat growers.

WOMAN SEEKS VINDICATION

Got 23 Years for Murder in Indiana, and Estate Was Willed Away by Husband.

Huntington, Ind.—Penniless, yet hoping for vindication against a crime for which she served a prison sentence of 23 years, Mrs. Charlotte Epps, now white haired and bent under her seventy-five years, appeared at the courthouse recently seeking old records to renew her fight for real estate willed away by her husband.

Mrs. Epps was convicted on circumstantial evidence of murdering her husband, John Epps, in this county in 1893. She was sentenced to life imprisonment, but was pardoned by Governor Hanley in 1905. Mrs. Epps later returned to Huntington, and in 1912 made a formal charge that her husband had been murdered by Edward Mize, a half brother. Nothing, however, was done in the case.

John Epps' will gave two-thirds of his property to Mize and her one-third had been sold.

Mrs. Epps has again consulted attorneys, hoping to reopen litigation and clear up mysteries of the old case and reclaim property which will assure her comfort in her declining years.

Mr. Pester Explains.

"When I am downtown and see a presumably intelligent young woman making a fool of herself over a measly runt of a dog, I fret and fume all the way home," said P. G. Pester. "Then I look in the mirror and think that, after all, she might have done worse!"—Kansas City Star.

Would Hardly Call It a Privilege.

"I noted a new meaning of the word 'privilege' the other day," said J. Fuller Gloom. "The article said it was a man's privilege to pay for a woman stranger's meals on short railroad trips. Personally I do not see, with the customary high prices on a dining car, how anyone could consider the paying anything more than an extreme effort."—Kansas City Star.

Legend of the Phoenix.

The story of the phoenix is a common superstition in several countries. According to the ancient and best accepted legend, the world has but one phoenix. This animal, at the end of 999 years, burns itself to death in a funeral pyre of its own erection and as soon as it expires another phoenix with wings outstretched rises from the flames.

Newspaper Holders.

A simple newspaper holder can be made by cutting away a portion of one side of an ordinary clothespin, drilling a hole through the thick end for a screw or nail, and fastening it in place where desired. Another way is to split off one side of a clothespin and cut the bottom of the remaining part, tapering as shown; then drill a hole to avoid splitting the piece and fasten in a convenient place.

War On Pain!

Pain is a visitor to every home and usually it comes quite unexpectedly, that you are prepared for every emergency if you keep a small bottle of Sloan's Liniment handy. It is the greatest pain killer ever discovered. Simply laid on the skin—no rubbing required—it drives the pain away. It is really wonderful.

Marvin H. Soister, Berkeley, Cal., writes; "Last Saturday, after tramping around the Panama Exposition with wet feet, I came home with my neck so stiff that I couldn't turn. I applied Sloan's Liniment freely and went to bed. To my surprise, next morning the stiffness had almost disappeared, four hours after the second application I was as good as new." March 1915. At Druggists, 25c.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

SEES BELGIAN ARMY LAND AT FAR ARCHANGEL

Correspondent Describes Surprising War Scene on the Rim of World.

RUSSIA'S PORT ALL ASTIR

British and French Uniforms Sighted—Austrian Prisoners Toil in Acres of Freight—Pasture Becomes Great Quay—An Odd Little Town.

By NIKOLAI KOSLOV.
(Correspondent of the Chicago News.)

Moscow, Russia.—Up on the coast of the Arctic ocean, in a latitude north of Nome, I have just seen the arrival of a section of the Belgian army.

This time last year the world was ringing with that gigantic hoax about a Russian army going to Belgium. Who would have dreamed that by October, 1915, an army of dapper little Flamands and Bruxellois, convoyed by British torpedo-boat destroyers, would sail around the top of the world and down the White sea to Russia and that Archangel would be invaded by Belgian gunners and armored automobile crews, roaring the "Brabanconne" and frescoing Russian transport trains with Rabelaisian sketches of victorious encounters with the Teuton?

I found French soldiers and Belgian airmen and British bluejackets up there, too. And some hundreds of Austrian prisoners doing odd jobs in the docks.

Scores of American Autos.

It is quite a journey to Archangel. In America a train would have got one there between breakfast and supper. However, this is Russia. It takes two days and two nights. Among other traffic we passed on the sidings was a long stalled train of scores of American automobiles, doing the last lap of their journey from the docks of Vladivostok.

The freight-car load of soldiers at the tail of it said they had been five weeks on their way.

At Vologda I transshipped to the narrow gauge single-track line running 400 versts (267 miles) due north through the bleak subarctic tundra. It was a train with no springs, an incessant and abominable rattling and an eerie trick of buckjumping whenever the brakes were applied.

No Hurry About Double Tracking.

They are supposed to be double tracking their little line, which the Germans installed, Osnabruck rails and all, in 1876—double tracking and standard gauging it. It is the sole highway to the sole open Russian port, the only channel for the admission of munitions, apart from Vladivostok, thousands of miles east. All the foreign residents in Russia say that it should have been double tracked and broad gauged a year ago, at least. Even now, however, whoever is responsible for it seems to be playing with it.

"I wonder," a Frenchman remarked to me on the train, "if they will have done this vitally necessary work by this time next year?"

A few gangs of track laborers were going through the motions listlessly. Nor did the numerous gangs of convicts seem to be losing any sleep over their construction efforts.

For four and twenty hours we jolted up the narrow groove, cleared through primeval forest and swamp. Already there was ice in the peaty streams meandering across our path and a powdering of snow on the murmuring cedars.

Then we emerged into a district of stubble field and meadows. And suddenly into the thick of a great entrepot of freight.

Pasture Becomes Great Quay.

This was Bakareetsa, the main White sea railroad depot from which Russia's stores are coming. Along the Dvina bank, a strip of deserted cow pasture a few months ago, now is a great quay. Ten or twelve steamers were alongside unloading. Tens of thousands of tons of coal towered in hills and massive ridges. Rows on rows of turf-roofed leanto barracks housed the laborers. A score of sidings and acres of mud were stacked with packing cases and sacks and bales. Freighters with the colored painting of the bursting bomb betokened shells and dynamite within—regiments of freighters with everything aboard from aeroplanes to zylonite; rows of freight cars piled with great crates consigned from Cleveland, in Ohio, to Tiflis, in Asia Minor, via the environs of Spitzbergen and the watery wilderness of the Arctic ocean.

A few miles farther on the train stopped, still in a desolate region of muddy fields, for the Archangel terminus is not Archangel. We all crowded on to a steamer and navigated two miles downstream to the town, which lies on the other side of the Dvina estuary, here a couple of miles across.

An odd little town is Archangel, with a pervasive atmosphere of remoteness and aloofness from the world. In summer there is no night, and the thawed swamps cut off all overland journeyings but those of mosquitoes and birds. In winter there is next to no day and the quarter mile of Troitskaja street lined with shops is all a-jingle with the bells of reindeer. Sinuous dog-sled caravans, laden with polar bear and wolf pelts, snake their way into the thronged bazaar, to barter for the summer's bread.

Busy Times in Archangel.

Archangel is busy now. Archangel has never known such goings on. Soldiers and sailors and millions of tons of freight have come from the ends of the earth.

It is a town transformed into a freight yard—freight piled mountain high on the quays, waves of freight passing inland up the slope behind the custom house. All over the square there and overflowing into the main street itself lie acres and acres of bales and rails and crates and tubs and boxes, and tens of thousands of a mysterious breed of reddish sack.

Archangel has original ideas about sidewalks that would not commend themselves to American motorists. Streets have these raised wooden sidewalks running up the center. Every now and then along these sidewalks passed British naval officers and seamen, intermingling with transplanted men of the Russian Baltic squadron.

Past the shabby town duma, one enters what has hitherto been known as the German quarter, a long avenue of the best houses in town, running due north toward the suburb of Solombola.

Motor jitney boats, ferries, dinghies, tugs, liners, sailing skiffs, barges, ocean tramps and long log rafts from the forest of Viatka busy themselves out in the Dvina, well displayed against the low bank and flat horizon leagues to the westward, where dainty distant silhouettes of monasteries and churches fleck the rim of the earth.

I passed a great red brick brewery on the Dvina bank, converted into a Red Cross hospital. Convalescent soldiers were standing in the ward windows, gazing glumly upon about five acres of boxes of empties piled as high as a house. Not so bad for a little town of 20,000.

At a marine departmental office on the Troitskaja was a fine automobile. The chauffeur was a Russian naval man, and its door was opened by a British bluejacket orderly as the two admirals, Russian and British, came out.

Prisoners Look Comfortable.

Ahead, down the bank, appeared a great cluster of masts. That was the Solombola suburb; the lower docks of Archangel. I reached it by a wooden causeway bridging a broad creek, the banks of which are occupied by timber yards. Women were loading log barges. On the opposite bank, half a mile away, I saw gray figures moving. Austrian prisoners or German?

I came closer. Oh, Austrians. Austrians clean and very well clad in their warm, scarcely soiled uniforms and greatcoats. They were on general dock laboring jobs, mostly in a great field of bales of American cotton, surrounded on all sides, except the river, by an eight-foot timber palisade, with sharpened tops. They looked well fed and cheerful. I might add here that whatever adverse criticisms may justly be made of the Russians, they treat their prisoners as gentlemen. The Russian is a pretty good fellow, from the human point of view—a natural born democrat and a sportsman.

There were a lot of guards about in Solombola, civilian armed, civilian unarmed and Russian soldiers. Unfamiliar passers-by are eyed suspiciously. At the dockyard entrance holes in the palisade stood civilian guards with belt loaded rifles slung across their backs. Above the gates were holy ikons, gilded pictures of saints, with two peculiar tippets of fur hanging from them.

There was an intensely interesting flow of traffic along this road to the Solombola docks, a medley of races, a library of odd human documents. Through the deep black mud passed wagons driven by slant-eyed Samoyeds, an Eskimolike tribe of the Russian arctic littoral, and skull-capped Mohammedan Tartars from the parched deserts of Turkestan. And there were carts driven by hairy Russian moujiks of the north, with huge reddish beards; and carts driven by clean-shaven dapper little Austrian prisoners, each with a civilian guard in tow. Cossack soldiers went on scampering ponies and Malo-Russian soldiers plodded afoot. British jack tars navigated the sidewalk with a fine, free roll and men of the imperial Russian navy walked in quick, short steps.

Sees Two French Soldiers.

Just as I was passing the clanging foundry two French soldiers appeared among the passers-by, real French poilus in their long blue greatcoats and baggy red breeches. What they were doing and whether or not they were forerunners of a big landing like that of the Belgians I do not know.

In the main street of Archangel one afternoon I saw what I thought was a group of British army officers. I found they were Belgians in the new smart khaki uniform, closely copied from the British. A few Belgian soldiers appeared on the streets the following day, to the intense interest of the natives, many of whom took them for a new brand of Austrian.

Next morning Archangel was snowed under with Belgian soldiers, mainly gunners and flying men and men well versed in running armored automobiles and perambulating forts. Little men, hardly bigger than Japanese, enveloped in blue greatcoats; the gunners with crossed cannon in red braid on their arms. Polite little men, too. Meeting on the step, they hold a street door open for a woman to enter first, with a bow, and a "S'il vous plait, madame!"

It was difficult to get a shave in Archangel that day, though there are plenty of barber shops for the use of sailors. Rows of Belgian soldiers occupied the chairs and benches in the hinterland. It was next to impossible to get stamps at the post office because of the Belgians there.

In a group of Belgian officers in the Offitserov restaurant was a priest, also in militant khaki. He was dressed like an officer, except for his fasten-behind clerical collar and a red, black and gold cross pinned to his breast. The gold tassel dangling from the front of the Belgian officer's cap, by the way, is a cause of much giggling to the Russian maidens.

For three days the Belgians remained. Then, as mysteriously as they had appeared, they faded away toward the south.

RED TOP

By KEITH KENYON.

One of the bellhops nicknamed her that the first day she came on duty at the St. Dimitri switchboard. The bellhops and their captain looked her over cautiously. She was not a city girl. Andy, bravest of all, strolled over about nine, and leaned tentatively on the top of the desk with his most friendly smile.

"How does the scenery strike you, Red Top?" he asked.

"Not half as strongly as something will strike you if you call me Red Top again," she retorted calmly. "Just stroll along there, child. I'm not a bit lonely and if I am I'll call my own numbers, thank you."

She tucked a couple of large shell pins into her side braids and looked past Andy's head absently.

The colonel expressed himself as delighted over her aloofness. Even to the colonel she was aloof, and he was owner of the St. Dimitri. She gazed past his handsome head quite as nonchalantly as she had past Andy's.

"Gad, sir," said the colonel happily, as he lingered over the after-dinner cigar with the proprietor, Haswell. "Gad, sir, I rather think she'll stay. Fine girl, Haswell, too good for the position. Beautiful hair. Perfect profile. Wonder she isn't mobbed, but it's the manner that holds them off. She squelches a man with one look. What's her name?"

"Ruth Hollister, sir."

"Hollister, Hollister? Massachusetts? Used to be Senator Ben Hollister at Washington from Massachusetts when I was in the house. Fine chap. Gad, sir, I remember when that navy appropriation bill came up after the Japanese trouble—"

The colonel rambled off luxuriously, leaning far back in his deep leather chair and rocking one foot. But when his cigar burned out he sauntered down the long marble corridor to the telephone desk, and began with his very best Georgia manner.

"I beg pardon, I'm sure, Miss Hollister I'm Colonel Congreve. I'm wondering if you could possibly be of the same family as my old friend, Senator Hollister of Massachusetts."

"I don't think so, Colonel Congreve," came back clearly, even crisply "I am from out West, near Omaha. We have no senators in our family yet. We're just first settlers."

"Omaha? God bless my heart," murmured the colonel. "How did you ever get so far from home?"

"I was one of ten hundred thousand girls who imagine they can sing for grand opera in New York. I got tired living on hopes and air; so I learned this."

That night the colonel sat up on the roof garden, quite alone, long after the crowd had gone. Just why one girl's face should suddenly fill his world, he could not see. Yet all he had to do was to close his eyes and there rose before him the face of Ruth Hollister. Red Top, Haswell had said the boys called her. Glorious hair she had, rich in tone as a ripe chestnut. He wondered how he could help her. And the next day Haswell was told to promote Miss Hollister to the business department.

"You see, Miss Hollister," he told her, "I want to get up a winter booklet that will not only attract the very best advertisers, but the best patronage, too. Nothing flamboyant, but neat and correct, you get me? Just work along with Allan here, and I think between you you can turn out a mighty fine thing."

Allan smiled. He was the colonel's private secretary, and the two got to work over the new booklet. Ruth grew to love the work. And the colonel bided his own time, satisfied to know she was drawing $35 a week instead of $12, with a tidy little suite at the hotel thrown in for good measure. Around Christmas would be time enough, he thought, and he strolled over to the avenue one day and enjoyed himself supremely selecting a diamond ring for her.

The day before Christmas he came into the inner private office unexpectedly and found Ruth standing by the window, gazing down at the park while Allan talked to her. They did not notice the colonel's entrance, and he stood in silence listening. As he listened to the unreasoning, impetuous flood of speech the boy was pouring out to her—nothing but love, love, love, no mention of money or position, nothing but love—he knew all at once that here was what she needed and he could not give it to her—genuine love in all its splendor and divinity. He went out noiselessly.

Later, Allan came to him, his clean-shaven young face radiant with a new confidence.

"I want you to be the first to know, sir," he said, "Miss Hollister has promised to be my wife."

"You don't tell me, Allan, well, well," said the colonel musingly, fumbling in his vest pocket. "So she marries according to tradition here, eh, but chooses one of the force. I wonder if you'd mind so very much if I supplied the ring. It would give me the greatest pleasure—" he drew out the morocco case and opened it. "No, don't thank me, my boy."

After the boy had stepped out of the room, the colonel sighed and lit a fresh cigar. Still, gad, sirs, there is such a thing as victory in defeat.

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QUININE LEGACY IS VALUABLE

Drug Left by Kansas City Surgeon in 1908 and Made Costly by the War.

Kansas City, Mo.—Just before he died, in 1908, Dr. Cyrus T. Kimmel, veteran surgeon of the Civil war and pioneer physician in Kansas City, called his son Clarence to his bedside and gave him instructions for the disposal of the contents of a white pine box that had lain in the attic many years.

"Son," he said, "don't sell until it gets back to $3.50 again. It will be scarce and in demand again some day. Wait till then."

Wholesale drug markets have quoted quinine at $3.75 an ounce, and the demand exceeded the supply. The white pine box in the attic of the Kimmel home contained nearly 100 ounces of the precious white flakes.

Greeting on Coffin.

Kokomo, Ind.—"God bless you," the favorite greeting of the late Dr. Alexander G. Freeman, ninety-one, was inscribed on a silver plate attached to his coffin at the funeral here, in accordance with Freeman's often expressed wish. He was killed by a train near his home.

Particular as to Diet.

De Quincy, the writer, during the last 30 years of his life invariably made his dinner of a slice of mutton and a dish of rice. He insisted that the cook cut his meat in a diagonal rather than a longitudinal form, declaring that, "otherwise, consequences incalculably distressing to my system will arise and will prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance."

The Springfield Leader's Annual Bargain Period

begins one month earlier than heretofore. It begins this year on December 1, 1915, and will last until January 31, 1916. During this time only yearly subscriptions to the Daily and Sunday Leader will be received at the following rates:

Single Subscription..... $2.50
In Clubs of 3 or more..... $2.00

This affords an opportunity of subscribing for the Leader for yourself and also of sending it to a member of the family who may be away from home, or to a friend, as a Christmas present by which you will be remembered throughout the year. Send club orders direct to the Leader, Springfield, Mo. Send single subscription direct to your editor or postmaster, as most convenient.

The Leader's Seven Points of Excellence.

1. The only paper in Southern Missouri that is published seven days a week.
2. The only paper in Springfield with leased wire service of the United Press Association for the Sunday Leader.
3. The only paper in Springfield receiving telegraphic market reports.
4. The only paper in Springfield with feature articles by Ellen Wheeler Wilcox, Dorothy Dix, Dr. Parkhurst, Garrett P. Serviss and other noted writers of the Hearst Syndicated.
5. The best comic section in tee world is issued with the Sunday Leader—"The Katzenjammer Kids," "Happy Hooligan," "Their Only Child" and "Jimmy."
6. The largest and most efficient staff of news writers and correspondents in Southwest Missouri.
7. All the features of a metropolitan newspaper. We challenge comparison.

THE SPRINGFELD LEADER
SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI.

PILES CURED
WITHOUT THE KNIFE

Protruding Piles, Itching Piles, Bleeding Piles, Fistula Fissure and all diseases of the Rectum CURED under a positive GUARANTEE.

YOU PAY NOTHING UNTIL CURED. My treatment is mild, absolutely reliable and permanent. Write to or call and see the parties whose names I publish in this advertisement, they live in your, or adjoining County. I cured THEM and can CURE YOU.

Jan. Moore Ste., Genevieve, Mo. Jno. A. Gillispie, Puxico, Mo.
W. Stoltze, 511 S. 6th St., St. Charles, Mo. Geo. Kerth, Kirkwood, Mo.
J. F. Davis, R. 5, Fayette, Mo. Lee Barham, Bloomfield, Mo.

SEND FOR MY 172 PAGE FREE BOOK for men and my 68 page book for women, I will send them to you free and postage paid. These books contain much information of great value to anyone afflicted with piles or any form of rectal trouble, and hundreds of testimonial letters. Whether you take treatment or not you are welcome to both books. Write to-day—It will pay you.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Free Travel Information

We have, for the convenience of prospective travelers, a well equipped information bureau. If you have a half-formed notion of making a winter trip to

Texas
Florida
California

or to some of the big eastern cities, and want to know what it will cost, drop a postal card to the undersigned. We will be glad to tell you all about train service, cost of railroad and sleeping car tickets, and so forth. We will also send you, without charge, illustrated descriptive literature.

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Help Your Liver—It Pays

When your liver gets torpid and your stomach sets queer, take Dr. King's New Life Pills and you will find yourself feeling better. They purify the blood, give you freedom from constipation, biliousness, dizziness and indigestion. You feel fine—just like you want to feel. Clear the complexion too. 25c at druggists.

Don't suffer longer with
RHEUMATISM

No matter how chronic or how helpless you think your case may be, you can get quick and permanent relief by taking nature's remedy, "SEVEN BARRS." Get at the root of the disease, and drive the uric acid and all other poisons out of your system for good. "SEVEN BARRS" has been doing this successfully for the past 17 years. Price 50 cents per bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,
LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N. Y.

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THE Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dropsy, swelling, eczema, diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all urinary troubles of kidneys and bladder in both men and women. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of $1. One small bottle is two months' treatment and contains fifty to sixty doses. Found first by accident in Texas, 1894, and other Texan ills. Dr. E. W. Ball, Box 1, Office, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists.—Adv.