

THE TANEY COUNTY REPUBLICAN

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IN BRIEF.

Continued from Various Pages.

PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

Services over the remains of Rev. S. F. Smith, famous as the author of the national hymn, "America," were held at the First Baptist church in Danvers, Mass., on the 19th, in the presence of thousands.

SAULS HOOVER, the first republican mayor of Danvers for twenty years, was inaugurated on the 20th. The ceremony was held in the presence of a large assembly, who applauded and cheered by the singing and singing executives.

Gen. R. H. HON. SIR HENRY PONSFORD, the privy councillor secretary of the British government in Victoria, on the 21st, aged 67.

Mrs. ADALADE MURKIN, who was reared near Belleville, but who now lives at Danvers, Ill., is one of the fortunate of \$9,000,000 which she inherited from a grandfather in 1887.

Count G. CHREZ, the British ambassador in Turkey, had a conference with Count Goluchowski, Austrian minister of foreign affairs, on the 21st, after which he proceeded to Constantinople.

A dispatch from Washington, on the 21st, said that much uncertainty was felt in the state department at the growing attitude of defiance assumed by Great Britain, backed by Spain, France and Germany, against the principles of the Monroe doctrine.

An enthusiastic meeting in Philadelphia on the night of the 21st, in honor of the 40th anniversary of the declaration of independence, after a brilliant speaker had addressed the audience, an telegram was received from Congressmen James J. Cannon and Charles C. Smith, of New York, stating that they had already prepared a joint resolution for introduction at the coming session looking to the recognition of the independence of the Philippines.

General Gomez, the insurgent leader, who recently entered the province of Santa Clara, Cuba, from the province of Puerto Principe, on the 20th captured Fort Fajal, on the River Sagua, in the province of Santa Clara.

Philadelphia mint has just issued a gold medal in honor of the 40th anniversary of the signing of the national constitution. It is the first time that one of the national secretaries has been thus honored in consequence, the medal has been struck at the public mint in Philadelphia.

Chief Justice of the federal court at Chicago, on the 21st, released and discharged the habeas corpus of the Indian arrested for the murder of the Wyoming game laws.

The United States has the right, under the treaty, to hunt in Wyoming.

George T. HANCOCK, of Kansas, who is state insurance commissioner, recently denounced the state officers as two-for-the-state-people.

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The supreme court of the United States, in its decision in the Howard case, has sustained the constitutionality of the act providing for the election of judges.

Miss S. C. W. was taken to a hospital near Danvers, Mass., on the 21st, after a severe attack of heart disease and her condition was very serious.

W. E. T. DURANT, under conviction for the murder of Blanche Lamont in San Francisco, was taken before Judge Murray, on the 23d, for sentence. A continuance until the 27th was moved by his attorney and granted by the court.

FAILURES throughout the United States for the week ended on the 23d, as reported by E. G. Dun & Co., were \$2,000,000, as against \$2,000,000 for the corresponding week last year. For Canada the failures were \$3,000,000, against \$1,000,000 last year.

SEVENTY-FIVE Armenians employed at the White Sulphur Springs works at Whitewater, E. T., struck, on the 23d, because the superintendent refused to discharge three Turks who were working in company with them.

MATT ADAMS, clerk of the district court at Danvers, Col., having resigned and disappeared, investigation into his accounts, on the 23d, developed a shortage amounting to \$2,000.

The electric light works in Cleveland, England, were destroyed by fire, on the 23d, causing a loss of \$100,000.

GOSS SHIPMENTS to Europe by New York houses, on the 23d, aggregated \$1,000,000.

Six boys who were digging a cave at Twenty-eighth and Grayson streets, Louisville, Ky., on the 21st, were buried by a cave-in of the bank. Two were dead when reached, two others were badly injured, and two escaped unhurt. The dead are Howard Harnage and Louis Snow.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "squeeze" of the salt combine in forcing up prices will cost the leading packers of Chicago, it is said, \$400,000 or \$500,000 per year.

By a decision received from the general land office in Washington 120 settlers of Ashland county, Wis., are made homeless. Their claims, aggregating 20,000 acres of land, with every quarter section containing a house and barn, will be taken away from them by the government and given to the Wisconsin Central Railroad Co.

The Pacific limited, which left Chicago at 6 p. m. on the 17th, via the Chicago & Northwestern, Union Pacific and Central Pacific, arrived at San Francisco at 8:45 on the evening of the 20th, reducing the running time between the two cities to practically three days.

The entire class of seamen gunners, under instruction at the Washington navy yard, is under arrest for hazing colored members. The class has been cut off from shore leave since the 11th, and there is a possibility that the class may be deprived of the advantages of its special course and sent to sea.

A REPORT of the sex and number of the pelagic fur seal skins landed at the port of San Francisco this season has been prepared by Deputy Collector Farley and submitted to Collector Wise for transmission to Washington. The report shows that 1,539 males, 4,295 females and 295 skins of which the sex could not be determined were landed.

The Home Market club of Boston held its annual banquet at Music Hall on the evening of the 21st. Hon. H. Clay Evans, of Tennessee; Hon. Charles Emory Smith, of Philadelphia, ex-minister to Russia and editor of the Philadelphia Press, and Hon. Warner Miller, of New York, made the principal speeches.

The battery of dynamite guns which stretches along the bluffs south of Fort Point, San Francisco, for nearly a mile, is now ready to deal out destruction to any invading navy that may appear within three miles of the Golden Gate. The great guns stare up at the sky from behind steep bulwarks, looking not unlike great frogs ready to spring into the ocean.

CHINESE papers received by the steamer Empress of China are bitter in their attacks on the Japanese authorities in Korea, whom they blame for the murder of the queen at Seoul. They assert that Japan is a nation pretending to be civilized, but is the most barbarous on earth.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

FOURTY-SEVEN business firms were burned out in the seven-story L-shaped building 216-217 Van Buren street and 276-278 Franklin street, Chicago, one of the most ornamental and fire-proof buildings in the wholesale business district of that city, on the 18th. Four firemen and one lady were killed, and a large number of men, women and children injured. Loss on building, \$100,000, and on stocks, \$300,000.

ANOTHER and much worse accident, as the result of the carelessness of a motorman, was narrowly averted at Cleveland, O., on the 23d, where only the strength of the closed iron gate prevented three loaded electric cars from going through the open draw of the Superior street viaduct to the river, 150 feet below, where so many persons were recently killed.

It was reported, on the 23d, that Senator Calvin B. Brice, Gov. elect of Pa., S. Bushnell and Col. W. P. Orr, of Pa., who had become owners of the newspaper, had been arrested by the state police.

REV. F. H. HYATT SMITH, under indictment for writing obscene postal cards, was taken before the United States circuit court in Boston, on the 23d, adjudged insane and sent immediately to the government asylum at Washington.

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A SONG OF PRAISE.

WHEN winter clothes the earth in white,
When coldest winds are blowing,
When shortest day brings longest night,
When icy streams are flowing—
Then in the shelter of the home
We know the joy of living.
And in the cheerful fireside glow
Find cause for true thanksgiving.

When spring returns with sweetest breath,
When birds are gayly singing,
When life prevails where once was death,
Relief and gladness bringing—
Then in the leafing of the trees,
In verdure new and tender,
We see the work of Providence,
And hearty praise we render.

When summer's dreary days are o'er,
And in the vales and mountains
We view the beauty of the flowers,
The gleaming of the fountains—
Then from the glory of the hills,
From splendors wide abounding,
From all things warm and bright and fair
A call of praise is sounding.

But chiefly when the autumn comes,
With all its wealth of treasure,
And rich reward of care and toil
Bestows in fullest measure—
A harvest of orchards, fields, and trees,
From them to all the living:
"A loving God supplies your need;
"Oh, praise Him with thanksgiving!"
—Mary Joanna Porter, in Harper's Bazar.

MARTHA GATES THANKSGIVING.

"ES," said Mrs. Gates, decidedly, "I'm goin' to do it!"

Her husband looked at her transfixed with horror. "But listen to reason, Marthy," he said, pleadingly. "You mean all right enough, but it's a terrible risky experiment. You'll spile the hull day for me and us too."

"Jest wait and see, 'Bijah."

"A nice Thanksgiving we'll hev!" groaned Farmer Gates. "It's jest ridiculous the way ye're goin' to act. I'll go and tell Jane about it, and stop her comin'."

"Now see here, 'Bijah Gates," said his wife, turning around upon him quickly. "If there's any reedikerlousness about this hull business, I reckon it'll all be owin' to you. Here's Jane and John Roberts hain't spoke to each other for fifteen year—own brother and sister, too—all on account of nothin', as ye might say. She's livin' on the old farm 'll alone with old Jehu, growin' crankier an' bitterer ev'ry day. As for him, he's got a pretty little wife an' baby, an' yet I'll bet his heart keeps a hankerin' after the sister that was always a mother to him. An' I say it's a shame, an' I'm jest a goin' to bring 'em together!"

He shook his head. "It can't be done, Marthy," he said. "If you bring 'em together in this house it'll make it unpleasant for ev'ry one. Besides, it'll be a queer Thanksgiving for poor Tom and Susy, fur we've always had sech good jolly times on this day. We'll all be like chunks o' ice."

Tom and Susy were as blue as their father over their mother's decision. "Lots of fun we'll hev," complained Tom. "I don't see what mother can find in Aunt Jane, a regular straight-laced old maid. Her very looks would turn sweet milk sour."

"I know I shall laugh at her," said Susy. "I do just love to do something a little bit improper, just to see how she'll look. She thinks I'm the best, worst-managed girl she ever met. I know she does. And she thinks Tom's the slickest."

"Susy," said Tom, solemnly, "I do wish you'd be a little more particular about your grammar. One would suppose I was the slickest girl she ever met. Don't understate my dignity any more than necessary. I'll be crushed enough when Aunt Jane comes. She isn't our aunt, either—only our second cousin, thank goodness!"

"Oh, mother," tauntingly cried Susy, "here's Tom talking about losing his dignity because my grammar made him out a girl. My goodness! I reckon there isn't any such thing as dignity unless it's connected with b-o-y."

"Now do stop your quarrelling," exclaimed Mrs. Gates. "It's very strange that you two can't talk without saying somethin' hateful to each other. I don't see why you can't behave and treat each other politely as you do other people's brothers and sisters."

"But Susy is so un ladylike," grumbled Tom.

"And Tom is disgraced," snarled Susy, "that even his own sister can't squish him with a ten-foot pole!"

"Besides," said Mrs. Gates, severely, "Aunt Jane's had enough to make her stare and shiver. She was a pretty girl when her mother died and left John, only three years old. She was goin' to be married, but gave that and everything all up to make a home for her father and John. Then her father got sick with old-fashioned consumption, and for long, weary years she took

care of him and managed the farm, and took care of John, till her health gave out an' her nerves got all unstrung. Then she grew awful fretty, an' ev'ry thing bothered her. An' John, he never understood how it was. An' after their father died they had a few words, which led to bigger ones, and John called her a mean, hateful old maid, that the world would be better off if she was out of it, and she retorted that that was all the thanks she got for givin' up ev'rythin' for him. So they parted. She give John half of what the place was worth, an' he bought another in Stamford. An' they've never spoke since. But I know she's most broke her heart over it, an' it's a shame."

"But how in the world, Marthy," said Mr. Gates, "kin you reconcile two people if they won't be reconciled?"

"That's jest what I'm goin' to try to find out, father," said his wife, "I really don't know nothin' about it, but it does seem to me as if they two couldn't be in the same house together, an' at a Thanksgiving dinner, too, without thinkin' of the past an' kinder meltin'. An' there's the baby, too! I s'pose it will be kinder embarrassin' at first, but if we use tact, an' be reel careful—"

The unsuspecting brother and sister both accepted their cousin's urgent invitation to spend Thanksgiving with her family. Poor 'Bijah's heart misgave him more and more as the days passed



"THAT CHILD HAS GOT THE MEMORABLE GROUP."

on. He didn't have the heart to speak his discouraging thoughts to his troubled wife, and he felt that it would not be loyal to her to appear to blame her to Tom and Susy, so he made a frequent confidant of old Sorrel, the horse, to whom he would shake his head and say: "I never looked forward with dread to Thanksgiving day before, Sorrel, an' I hope I never will ag'in."

On Thanksgiving eve, 'Bijah Gates and his wife were at the depot to meet their guests. The train from the east came in and deposited John and his pretty young wife, and his wonderful baby. Then the train pulled away westward. 'Bijah placed the three newcomers on the bank seat, then they waited a few minutes before starting, and finally for the purpose of talking. Then the train from the west came in.

New Mrs. Gates' heart gave a great jump, and 'Bijah became very nervous and uneasy. "What would Jane say when they brought her to the carriage, and she saw who were there?"

Mrs. Gates slipped away to meet Jane. "Thank heaven, it's too dark for her to see! Now if the train'll only start before she finds it out! Then she can't do nothin', but come with us to-night, anyway, 'cause there isn't another train till to-morrow morning."

This train also pulled off. Mrs. Gates began to feel a little shaky, as she escorted Jane to the carriage. What would Jane and John do?

"Wall, Jane," said Mr. Gates, heartily, "glad ye've come. Step right in on the front seat with Marthy and me." Then, with a fast-beating heart, to let her know who was in the back seat, he called out: "Now, John, I'll take care of Jane, 'an' leave you to take care of your wife an' baby."

They felt Jane suddenly start and then grow rigid, and then felt more and more sure, as the miserable time passed on, that she could never forgive them for their good-intentioned deception. She would not speak one word on the way home, but sat upright and motionless. The others talked to "keep up appearances," but a strange wall of ice seemed to have crossed up between each one there.

Tom and Susy met them at the door, filled with uneasy interest and apprehension. They were in good luck and experienced and disappointed to find the company to be the same thing they had expected. "That child has got the memorable group," said Mrs. Gates, as she held the baby to her breast. John walked about his kitchen in a perfectly frenzied condition and Martha looked on helplessly.

Suddenly a guest, still warm from the doorway, it was Jane.

"Don't any of you people know anythin'?" she exclaimed, vehemently. "That child's got the memorable group. Give him to me this instant. I saved a baby's life once before the doctor came, and I reckon I can do it again. Marthy, I want starchy, 'an' the bottles an' bottles and give starchy."

Now she did sit around. She said a whole lot of things, and raised her head and looked at them under a veil of tears. She said she would do anything to save the baby's life.

filled the lonely, middle-aged woman's heart with new bitterness. Then when they entered the warm room, everybody crowded around the baby and John's pretty young wife. They tried to include Aunt Jane in the brightness, but she kept herself persistently aloof. She wouldn't even take off her hat and cloak, nor wait to warm her hands, but marching straight up to Mrs. Gates, said: "Martha, please tell me which room I'm to have." She added, starchy, "I'll never, never forgive you, Martha Gates!"

Poor Mrs. Gates showed her the room and left her. Then she went into the kitchen. 'Bijah was there alone. "Oh, Marthy, Marthy," he said, "I wouldn't have had this happen for the world."

"She's a goin' to get on the six o'clock train in the mornin'," half-sobbed his wife, "an' she won't eat no supper nor breakfast, an' she says she'll never give me. Oh, 'Bijah, I did it all for the best! Surely, God'll help us out. He always did before when we did the best we could."

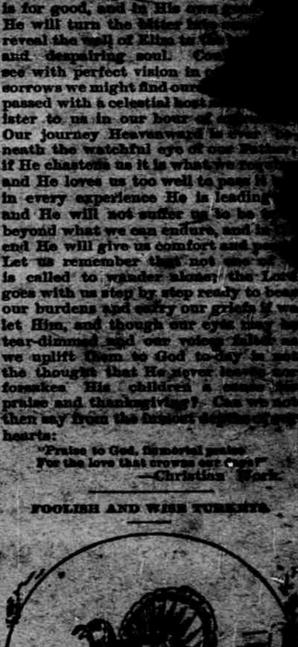
It was only about six o'clock in the evening when they reached home from the train. The day had been very mild and the heavy snow of the day before had rapidly disappeared in the warm sunshine. Suddenly, however, a keen, fierce wind arose, and when John and his wife went to bed their papers were covered with a thick frost in spite of the



FOOLISH AND WISE TURKEYS.

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place the baby in the bed. The little baby was dead with cold, and a hot poultice placed on the child's throat. When doctor came the little one was dead. Jane told him what had happened, and he said she had done it all for the best. He said she had done it all for the best. He said she had done it all for the best. He said she had done it all for the best.



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