

WHEN FATHER WENT A-FISH-ING.

I wish that I'd been grandpa's child
That I could had the joy
Of fishing in those good old days
When father was a boy.
For then the fish grew bigger far
Than they do nowadays
And literally packed the streams—
At least, so father says.

They never caught a sucker then
That didn't weigh a ton,
And plucked were longer than
A modern Armstrong gun.
They used to yank out halibut
In hundreds from our bays,
And send 'em up the banks to bite—
At least, so father says.

They never thought of using bait
To lure the wild trout.
They reached a bushel basket down
And simply dipped them out,
And in about an hour or two
They'd fill up several trays
And saw them through the neighbor-
hood—
At least, so father says.

Especially, they caught so many fish,
That more than sport was through
The stream where they were fishing
would

Go down a yard or two,
And not a single failed to come
Home loaded in those days—
I wish father still pursued,
At least, so mother says.

—Boston Courier.

ADDRESS TO THE FILIPINOS.

J. Kelly Pool in Centralia Courier.

You do not know what a good thing you are missing by not wanting to become a citizen of this grand country of ours. There isn't anything else like it under the sun. You ought to send a delegation over here to see us—this land of the free—land of churches and 400,000 licensed saloons, Bibles, forts and guns; houses of prayers and licensed houses of prostitution; millionaires and paupers; theologians and thieves, libertines and bars; Christians and chain gangs; politicians and poverty; schools and scoundrels; trusts and tramps; virtue and vice.

A land where you can get a good Bible for 15 cents and a bad drink of whiskey for 5 cents; where we have men in Congress with three wives and a lot in the penitentiary for having two wives; where some men make sausage out of their wives and some want to eat them raw; where we make bologna sausage out of dogs, canned beef out of horses and sick cows and corpses out of the people who eat it; where we put a man in jail for not having the means of support and on the rock pile for asking for a job of work; where we license bawdy houses and fine men for telling the truth on the streets; where we have a congress of 400 men to make laws and a supreme court of men, to set them aside; where good whiskey makes bad men and bad men makes good whiskey; where newspapers are paid for suppressing the truth and made rich for telling a lie; where professors draw their convictions from the same source they do their salaries; where preachers are paid \$25,000 a year to dodge the devil and tickle the ears of the wealthy; where business consists in getting property in any way that won't land you in the penitentiary; where trusts hold you up and poverty down; where men vote for what they do not want for fear they will not get what they do want by voting for it; where the 'niggers' can vote and women can't; where the girl who goes, wrong is made an outcast and her male partner flourishes as a gentleman; where women wear false hair and men 'dock' their horses tails; where the political wire-puller has displaced the patriotic statesman; where men vote

for a thing one day and 'cuss' it the other 364; where we have prayer on the floor of our national capital and whiskey in the cellar; where we spend \$2,000 to bury a congressman who is rich and \$10 to put away a working man who is poor; where to be courteous is to be lonesome, and to be honest is to be called a crank; where we sit on the safety valve of energy and pull wide open the throttle of conscience; where gold is a substance—the one thing sought for—and God is a waste basket for our better thoughts and good resolutions; where we pay \$15,000 for a dog and 15 cents a dozen to a poor woman for making shirts; where we teach the 'untutored Indians' eternal life from the Bible, and kill him with bad whiskey; where we put a man in jail for stealing a loaf of bread and in congress for stealing a railroad; where the check book talks; sin walks in broad daylight, justice is asleep, crime runs amuck, corruption permeates our whole social fabric, and the devil laughs from every street corner. Come to us, Filipinos; we've got the grandest aggregation of good things and bad things, big things and little things, cold things and hot things, soft things and hard things, all sizes varieties and colors ever exhibited under one tent. We've got more guns, Bibles and more whiskey than any two shows on earth. If you don't come we'll fetch you. That's what our guns are for. Of course when you fellows 'fine' us you will have to stop eating each other. You will be our meat then. Our people won't stand to see a lot of good meat wasted that way. You can eat each other's substance that makes the flesh. You can get dogged bologna or canned horse meat. It will be almost as healthy and expand our meat trade. Come to our arms.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY FOR AUGUST, 1899.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for August is a grand Midsummer Art and Fiction Number. It is brilliant and entertaining in its literary contents, and sumptuous pictorially as may be judged from the facts that among its writers are included: W. D. Howells, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Joel Chandler Harris, Egerton Castle, Van Tassel Stephen, Edgar Fawcett, Etta W. Pierce, C. F. Carter, Theodosia Pickering Garrison, Perriton Maxwell Larkin G. Mead, Eben E. Rexford and H. K. Munkittrick; those illustrated by such well known artists as Albert B. Wenzell, Howard Chandler Christy, F. Luis Mora, W. Garville Smith, F. Hopkinson Smith, Hugh M. Eaton, Clifford Carleton, Charles Grunwald, H. C. Edwards, Frank Adams and George R. Brill. Moreover, the single article upon "Wedding in Art" is illustrated with sixteen beautiful reproductions of paintings by celebrated European and American masters, including Titians, Fedmann, Vautier, Bjaelsthal, Hoven den, Moran, Turner, Leighton, Mosler and Luke Fildes. William Dean Howells gives quaint and delightful verse, the gastronomical observations of one of our fellow-countrymen at Carlsbad, who declares, "Breakfast is my best meal." Joel Chandler Harris contributes one of his inimitable "Minerva Ann" stories; while Ruth McEnery Stuart's "Queen o' Sheba's Triumph" is destined to rank among her masterpieces. Van Tassel Stephen shows, in a wonderfully imaginative work of fiction, entitled "The Greatest Thing in the World," how this country is rapidly becoming gold-frenzied. Edgar Fawcett spins a weird yarn, "The Lid of the Chest." Etta W. Pierce's "Miss Angel" is more cheerful. Larkin G. Mead writes a crisp little newspaper story, called "Human Interest." "A Day of the President's Life," by Mrs. John A. Logan, is no fiction, but highly interesting actuality. The midsummer cover, in colors, is by Wenzell. This number will surely rank "Frank Leslie's" as the monarch of the 10 cent magazines.

A BACHELOR'S REFLECTIONS.

In love there is one who gives and one who receives; neither does both.

Either love wants to love or to be loved, and whichever it wants it gets the other or nothing.

An unselfish man never can be loved by women, but he can make himself mighty useful to them.

Optimism seeks joy for itself and never finds it; pessimism finds joy for itself in seeking sorrows for others.

The only time a woman will forgive you for not liking her new hat is when you say it is not pretty enough for her.

A bride can't understand how a man can love her unless he whispers it in her ear every time somebody isn't listening.

That woman's mission on earth is to talk is proved by the fact that she can do it just as fast when she has a mouthful of pins.

After a man has been disagreeable to a woman he wants to make it up to her. After a woman has been disagreeable to a man she wants to make it up to herself.

There is such a thing as a heroic falsehood.

The dead are the only friends we have always with us.

Before he moves every man ought to make up his mind to all from grace.

Some people keep the Sabbath so holy that they don't work any for three days before or three days after.

The belief in a God is probably almost as instructive to a woman as the idea that she can't clean house properly unless she has a sun bonnet on.—New York Press.

BRANN ON GREED.

I can understand every crime in the calendar but the crime of greed; every lust of flesh, but the lust of gain; every sin that ever damned a soul, but the sin of selfishness. By all the sacred bugs and beasts of Egypt, I'd rather be a witch's cat—or even a politician—and howl in sympathy with my tribe; I'd rather be a tramp and divide my handout with some more hungry; I'd rather be a mangy dog without a master and keep company with my kind, than be a multi-millionaire with the blood of a snake and the heart of a beast, and carry my soul like Pedro Gracia, in my purse. When I think of 3,000 children in Chicago without rags to shield their nakedness from the north wind; of the 10,000 innocents, such as Christ blessed, who die every year in the world for lack of food; of the millions whose cry goes up night and day to Gods great throne—not for salvation, but for soup; not for the robe of righteousness, but for a second-hand pair of pants—and then contemplate those beside whose hoarded wealth the riches of Lydia's ancient kings were but a beggar's patrimony, praying to him who reversed the law of nature to feed the poor, I long for the mystic power to coin sentences that sear like sulphur flames from hot hell and weave of words a whop of scorpions to lash the rascals naked through the world.

Geo. P. Rosser, a bankrupt, of Centre, has been cited to appear before the U. S. Judge in St. Louis for contempt of court. His creditors will realize very little.

Proceedings of Congressional Committee at a Meeting held at Salisbury, Mo., July, 26th, 1899.

Committee called to order by J. J. Moore, Chairman, with all members present.

Resolutions offered by Hon. E. M. Harber of Grundy, and read by Secretary as follows: Whereas, The Democratic Congressional Committee is desirous of serving perfect harmony in this district; and

Whereas, We look with apprehension upon the results of close, heated, local contests for the congressional nominations such as have occurred in this district, and believe that we should so act as to prevent dissensions in 1900, to the end that the gallant democracy of our district may present a solid front in the great struggle for principles which we hold are so vital to the welfare of the masses, and

Whereas, We believe that nominations made by a direct vote of the people are in harmony with the sentiments and wishes of democrats of this district and will give the best satisfaction, for the reason that every democrat will thus have equal voice and power in naming the candidate; therefore.

Be it resolved by the Democratic Committee, of the Second Congressional District, of Missouri:

That the next congressional nomination in this district shall be made by a district primary election, to be held in the several counties, at the same time on a day and under such rules and regulations as may hereafter be fixed and prescribed by this committee, and that the candidate receiving the greatest number of votes, at such primary election, will be declared the nominee.

It's adoption moved by J. P. Rice of Randolph county, seconded by Dr. Haley of Linn county, the resolution adopted by following vote:

Carroll, W. R. Painter, yes, Chariton, J. J. Moore, yes, Grundy, E. M. Harber, yes, Linn, Robert Haley, yes, Livingston, S. M. Smith, yes, Monroe, W. M. Farrell, no, Randolph, J. P. Rice, yes, Sullivan, Jno. N. Shepler, yes, W. M. Farrell, of Monroe, changed from no to yes to make its adoption unanimous.

On motion adopted a sub-committee composed of E. M. Harber, W. R. Painter, Jno. N. Shepler and S. M. Smith were appointed to investigate the cost of primary election, and make its report to next meeting of this committee.

J. J. MOORE, Chairman,
JNO. N. SHEPLER, Sec.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPING.

A heated knife cuts freshly baked bread well.
Stir your starch with a piece of wax candle.
Grapes and raisins are nourishing and fattening.
Tomato juice removes ink stains from the hand.
Patent leather shoes should be cleaned with cream.
Apples eaten daily insure clear, bright complexions.
Mustard plasters made with white of egg do not blister.
It is most unhealthy to sleep under a heavy cotton quilt.
Sharp & Dopley kill their own bees and muttons, therefore are serving the freshest and best meats.

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A NEW VEGETABLE SALAD.

A layer of ripe tomatoes, sliced rather thick, a layer of pickled cucumbers, sliced very thin; a layer of small German potatoes, cut thin; a layer of young beets; a layer of boiled lima beans, giving a delicate green hue; then in the middle a layer of very small young onions, sliced thin. This preparation of successive layers of different vegetables was repeated after that to the top of the salad bowl, which should be of cut or plain glass. The top was ornamented with sprigs of celery, lettuce, slices of hard-boiled eggs and finely chopped chives, with an olive here and there. The ingredients for the salad are carefully laid in the bowl, and a well-mixed French dressing poured over them four or five hours before the time for serving. The decorations for the top are put on just before sending to table, and the salad is packed in ice until used.—From "Miss Van Santvoord's Impressions," in Demorest's Magazine for August.

August Flower.
"It is a surprising fact," says Prof. Houton, "that in my travels in all parts of the world, for the last ten years, I have met more people having used Green's August Flower than any other remedy, for dyspepsia, deranged liver and stomach, and for constipation. I find for tourists and salesmen, or for persons filling office positions, where headaches and general bad feelings from irregular habits exist, that Green's August Flower is a grand remedy. It does not injure the system by frequent use and is excellent for sour stomachs and indigestion." Sample bottles free at Turner Drug Co. Sold by dealers in all civilized countries.

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