

HISTORIC CUFF BUTTONS.

Washington Presented a Pair of Gold Links to Benedict Arnold. General James Grant Wilson, in his address before the New York Historical society last week, related an interesting anecdote of General Arnold, which has the merit of not being hackneyed through constant reiteration.

"After the battle of Saratoga," said General Wilson, "Washington desired to express to Arnold his appreciation of his bravery, for Arnold, and not Gates, was the real hero of the conflict, and he sent to Arnold a letter expressing his sentiments and with it his gold link cuffs, saying: 'I learn that you lost yours in the battle. Pray accept mine as a little token of my appreciation.'

"Arnold wore the Washington cuff links until his treason, when, evidently not relishing the memories they called forth, he presented them to Colonel Tarleton, one of the few British officers who showed him any sincere kindness. Colonel Tarleton had on his staff an American loyalist, who was an excellent officer and a most amiable gentleman, and was made by Tarleton his military secretary. This was Israel Halleck, the father of Fitz Greene Halleck, the well known poet of earlier New York days.

"Israel Halleck left the historic Washington links to his son. The latter, just before his death in 1867, gave them to a young man to whom he had entrusted his manuscripts and other material for his biography, and there they are."

White Men Vote.

Under the poll-tax provision of the new constitution about 45,000 white men have already fallen out of the electorate for this year and deprived themselves of the right to participate in the next state and congressional elections. The tax affects only those between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five, and the time for paying expired on February 1. Few negroes paid, not as much as 10 per cent of those liable to the tax.

Men and Affairs.

Although out of politics, ex-Congressman Stallings, of Alabama, is moderately busy. He runs a gristmill, a sawmill, a country store and a plantation, and practices law for relaxation.

American visitors at the British coronation will be able to buy souvenir spoons exactly of the style of the gold spoon from which the king-anointing oil will be poured. Can republican simplicity ask more?

It seems peculiarly true of great railroad men that they "work their way up." Frederick D. Underwood, who is slated for the Northern Pacific presidency, began as a brakeman on the St. Paul.

A New Haven woman who built a "spite fence" to keep workmen in a factory next door from making goo-goo eyes at her windows must put ground-glass windows in the fence to afford light to the factory, so says the court.

Surprised His Wife.

A farmer, wishing to surprise his wife, decided while going home from town that he would appear before her dressed in a new suit of clothes just purchased in the city. Stopping at a bridge he peeped off his old suit and had thrown it in the creek before he discovered that the bundle containing his new clothes had tumbled out of his wagon. Although it was a cold night it was also a dark one, for which he was thankful. Upon reaching home the surprise to his wife was even more complete than he had arranged for.

New York has 1,881 labor organizations, with a total membership of 261,523 men and 14,618 women. Of this total of 276,141 trades unionists, 174,022 are in the city of New York.

The comptroller of the currency has approved the Hanover National bank, of New York, as a reserve agent for the First National bank, of Liberty.

Speaking of coincidence, remember that kiss, miss, and bliss rhyme!

Philadelphia labor men have caused the arrest of two clothing manufacturers for the fraudulent use of the Garment Workers' label.

Over 1,500 garment workers joined the local unions in New York during the last summer.

The Brotherhood of Railway Employees will establish permanent headquarters in Chicago.

Nearly 3,000 men are at work on the site of the World's Fair ground at St. Louis.

DR. H. P. NIELSON

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Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!

How many children are at this season feverish and constipated, with bad stomach and headache, Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children will always cure. If worms are present they will certainly remove them. At all druggists 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that letters testamentary on the estate of Samuel Shurts deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 22nd day of April, 1902, by the Probate Court of Holt County, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are requested to exhibit them for allowance to the executor within one year after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of this publication, they will be forever barred. W. CUMMINS, LEWIS SHUTTS, Executors.

AGENTS WANTED

LIFE OF T. DEWITT TALMAGE, by his son, REV. FRANK DEWITT TALMAGE and associate editors of Christian Herald. Only book endorsed by Talmage family. Enormous profit for agents who act quickly. Outfit ten cents. Write immediately CLARK & CO., 222 S. 4th St. Phila., Pa. Mention this Paper.

The Imported Oldenburg German Coach Stallion



As General Wilson closed his story he held up to view the old gold cuff links that Washington had presented to Arnold over a century ago, and at the close of the meeting they were inspected with great interest.—New York Times.

KRUGER!

Nos. 6209-1447.

Purchased of J. Crouch & Son, LaFayette, Ind.

Service Fee, \$18 to insure living colt.

The Percheron Norman Stallion

Titus, Jr.

No 26120.

Color: Dark Iron Gray.

Service Fee, \$12.50 to insure living colt.

Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur. Colts will be held for insurance.

The above horses will make the season of 1902 at my barn 4 1-2 miles northeast of Oregon, Mo.

Call at Stable for further information.

ED. FUHRMAN, Owner.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT

Of the Financial Condition of the Citizens Bank of Oregon, Missouri, at Oregon, State of Missouri, at the close of business on the 30th day of April, 1902.

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES, listing various financial items and their values.

STATE OF MISSOURI, County of Holt. We, Daniel Zachman, president, and C. J. Hunt, cashier, of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief. DANIEL ZACHMAN, President, C. J. HUNT, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 7th day of May, 1902. WITNESS my hand and notarial seal the date last aforesaid. Commissioned [SEAL], and qualified for a term expiring December 16, 1902. W. H. RICHARDS, Notary Public. Correct—Attest: S. F. O'FALLON, DANIEL ZACHMAN, Directors, T. S. HINDE.

MAKING A BRIDE.

"Well, Helenette," I said to my pretty housekeeper, "you came to me just five years ago today."

"Yes," she assented, scarcely looking up from her breakfast dishes. She was a modest and unassuming woman.

"During these busy years I have paid every dollar of the \$50,000 I agreed to and the farm is now mine."

"You have been a participant in all the details of my domestic life."

"Certainly, Mr. Bollingbroke." And she turned a curious gaze on me for the first time.

"I may as well be plain and say at once that, in the vernacular of the shire where I lived, I was an odd stick."

"You have done remarkably well in so short a season. You deserve much praise."

"But money is not everything. There is one lack. The earthly picture cannot be complete to me without it. Can you guess what it is?"

"No."

"I want a wife."

"We both paused then, but her countenance did not change."

"A wife?" she asked, in a matter-of-fact manner. "You seem to be very happily situated now; yet the right kind of a wife would be a useful addition to the farm. Yes, you should marry."

"I thank you, Helenette. Your advice has always been good. I shall consider it carefully."

"By this time we had returned to the house, and as she walked in, leaving me outside, I thought, 'When I take my new wife, Helenette will be the best help indoors that I can secure.'"

"From that moment I began paying more attention to dress than I had done, and with such success that I congratulated myself on my general improvement. I never was rated a modest man."

"One day I dressed myself carefully, snarred up my finest team and prepared for a journey. Helenette stood at the door to see me off."

"Helenette," I said, "I'm going to town; I may be gone a week; I may be gone a month. During my absence you and John will keep the farm in running order, and on my return I hope to introduce you to your future mistress."

"I clucked to the horse, without waiting for any reply from Helenette. To my dying day I shall never forget the strange look that came into her face, I gave it scarcely a second's notice, however, but dashed down the two-mile road leading to the village."

"Going to town, Neighbor Bollingbroke?"

"Looking over my shoulder I beheld Mr. Dayson, a well-to-do farmer, who lived a mile below my own farm, coming with his fine span of grays, the beams of health radiating from his countenance."

"Yes—I'm wife hunting," I said, facetiously, reining to one side that he might pass.

"No, keep on; I'm not bound for the village today; I turn toward Mr. Dart's at the next corner. But, my dear Mr. Bollingbroke, you have left the woman you want behind."



WOMAN'S RELIEF

A really healthy woman has little pain or discomfort at the menstrual period. No woman needs to have any. Wine of Cardui will quickly relieve those smarting menstrual pains and the dragging head, back and side aches caused by falling of the womb and irregular menses.

WINE OF CARDUI

has brought permanent relief to 1,000,000 women who suffered every month. It makes the menstrual organs strong and healthy. It is the provision made by Nature to give women relief from the terrible aches and pains which blight so many homes.

GREENWOOD, LA., Oct. 14, 1900. I have been very sick for some time. I was taken with a severe pain in my side and could not get any relief until I tried a bottle of Wine of Cardui. Before I had taken all of it I was relieved. I feel it my duty to say that you have a wonderful medicine.

Mrs. M. A. YOUNG. For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

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ghostly in Brevoort's closet, and beneath it in a tiny wooden box the handful of ashes of their friend. Kate had taken possession of the little sentry box, and upon its narrow mantel shelf in a little silver Jewel box lay the relics of her lost lover.

The morning of the first day after their renewed efforts to exchange messages they met on the campus.

"Did you ever get my message?" she asked, frowning petulantly.

"No," he answered, looking furtively over his upturned collar; "what was it?"

"I asked you to come over," her lip was trembling; "queer, we never talked before."

"Yes, it is queer." Then, after an awkward pause, "I say, Kate, did you notice anything while you were sending that message? I mean did anything odd happen?"

"No-o. That is, not then. I had that little box of ashes in my hand when I said 'come over.' I don't know where I laid it afterward, but I can't find it."

They were silent for a moment, but before they parted he laid a nervous hand on her sleeve and said:

"We'll try it again tonight at 8. This time I'll send the message."

"All right," she whispered, without looking at him, and darting into the hall.

But when they met again next morning and he asked her, hesitatingly, "Did you get my message, Kate?" she looked up, frightened to hear him call her "Kate," and then quickly answered, "No, Mr. Brevoort."

"Did anything odd happen while you were sending your message?" she asked, letting her eyes stray apprehensively over his pallid face.

"Yes, Miss Caldwell," and he laughed pitifully with a note of tired mockery in his face. "Yes, a very annoying thing happened. Just as I had spoken, the message there was a crash in my closet, and when I looked in the plaster mask of Parker was in bits on the floor. I think I can remember him well enough to make another from memory, but the ashes, too, were scattered by the fall. By the way, did you find your little silent box?"

"No," she murmured, distraught and biting her red lips for a minute before she asked: "What was your message?"

"Can't you guess, Kate?"

"I might, sir," she answered, coldly, "but I won't."

"Then, I'll try again tonight," he was saying, half querulously, but she turned on her heel and with a farewell flash in her brown eyes, sharply answered:

"No, Mister Brevoort, no more messages for me. I'm afraid the circuit is broken—for good."

Culinary Concocts. Don't use butter for frying purposes. It decomposes and is unwholesome. Never parboil a turkey before roasting. It takes from the flavor of the meat.

Raw oysters are delicious served with a sauce made of whipped cream and horseradish.

To sprinkle a little flour over cold boiled potatoes while frying makes them more appetizing.

Chopped orange peels added to mince-meat gives the meat a pleasant flavor. Two fresh peels will season about eight quarts of mince-meat.

When the Snow Falls.

On a good drift-making day the snow comes, not in the star-shaped flakes that look so pretty when portrayed on a page of the dictionary, but in small pellets. These pellets are in shape like tiny white footballs, usually, and they come rolling and tumbling down-wind as if they had been "kicked for fair" by the haliback gods of the gale.

And yet while they roll and tumble and bound they find lodging places, and as the idler-gazes he sees them pile up in a wall on the crest of the road cut. Higher and higher grows the pile, forming at first a vertical wall, but before this has risen three inches it is seen to overhang the gulch.

Though round and easily rolled, these pellets in some way fit to each other as bricks would, until the overhang is perhaps a fifth as great as the elevation of the wall, and then, marvellous and impossible as it would seem to the unaccustomed observer, a lip forms on the crest of the wall and soon it begins to droop and hang down.

Wider and longer it grows, farther and farther it droops, until its shape is precisely like the lip formed on a huge wave when it breaks on a shoal water beach. Lips that are ten feet wide and hang down three feet, clear of all, though but six or eight inches thick where they join the chin of the wall, are not uncommon. By what magic is it that these frozen, oblong pellets that go bounding along as merrily as footballs form into such a shape as that? Of course, if the storm continues a time usually comes when the lips break off because of their great weight. And then no new lip forms to replace the lost one. The snow merely drops over into the ice of the wall and gradually fills the cutting.—Scribner's Magazine.

Best Not to Know All. It isn't wise for a man and a woman to know too accurately the depths and shallows of each other's nature, if their love, especially the man's is to last. Understanding does not always bring appreciation, and they are likely to discover some quality that is different from what they fancy. The woman's love can withstand these revelations of a character better than a man's, for though her affection for the qualities that have won her, she can overlook others. Whereas the man is more firmly wedded to his illusions and when they fall him in one, he says the whole thing is vanity.—Salina Herald.

Edward McFarland, proprietor of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel at Honolulu, died at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago.

Mr. McFarland two weeks ago married Miss Florence Ballinger, of San Francisco. The couple were on their way to New York on their wedding tour when Mr. McFarland contracted a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia.

Firemen who dragged six dead bodies from Bennett Hospital, Chicago, did not know that the rescued bodies were from the dissecting tables of the Bennett Medical College.

Several of the cadavers were clothed. One was incinerated. The college dissecting room and laboratory were destroyed. Loss \$5,000.

A score of patients escaped unharmed.

"Ma, is pa right?"

"What about?"

"I asked him how the bald eagle got its name and he said it was because it differed from the bird of freedom. And I asked how it differed. And he said it differed because the bald eagle was a married bird."

"You go out and tell your father that he's a silly old imbecile."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"The trouble with George," the young wife's mother was saying, "is that he is too extravagant. When he wants anything he just gets it. He never considers the expense."

"Oh, I am sure he does, mamma. I protested the young wife; "because I often hear him say, 'd—m' the expense!'"

"I cannot conceive why you men swear. There is not a particle of use in it."

"My dear, there are some things which appeal to one's esthetic sensibilities for inherent qualities entirely separate and aside from their usefulness."—Indianapolis News.

Superintendents of the various elevated roads in Chicago deny that they are discriminating against young and pretty girls in their selection of ticket sellers at the stations. They say they only insist that applicants must have passed the "age of frivolity."

The man who drinks to beat the Dutch And guzzles wine and stuff. First thinks enough is not too much, Then calls too much enough.

War on Chinese cooks has been declared by the Denver unions.