

New State Is Dry.

Oklahoma City, O. T., September 12.—Although a record breaking vote was polled in the election today, half of it being before noon, returns are coming in so slowly that at midnight it was impossible to get complete figures from any county. A current estimate of the result of the gubernatorial race is impossible. However, indications tonight point to Democratic victory.

That Oklahoma's constitution has been adopted by a majority all the way from 50,000 to 70,000, state-wide prohibition has carried, and C. N. Haskell, Democrat, has been elected governor of the new state is indicated in limited reports received up to 1:30 o'clock this (Wednesday) morning.

The ratification of the constitution is conceded, although the majority was not as large as was expected. The Rev. E. C. Dinwiddie, state secretary of the anti-saloon league, places the majority in favor of prohibition at 25,000 to 40,000. Chairman Cassidy, of the Democratic committee, estimates it at 15,000 and approximately the same figures are given out at Republican headquarters.

The Home.

To all of us the home is the dearest spot on earth. The old residence, crude as it may have been when we occupied it, but grown about with grass and weeds, yet about it twines the sweetest memories of childhood and youth. The side hill and the well where hung the grapevine swing.

The rippling brook at the bottom of the field where we watched the perch and the sun fish play.

The old barn where the sparrows, blue birds and wrens built their nests, fed their young and sung the merry chants at early morn.

The nearby pasture from which slowly trudged the noble horse and faithful cow, while father leaned at the gate post to admit them.

The old home, yes our old home, where mother cheerfully performed the daily round of toil, and was never so glad as when all her children were gathered about her.

Yes, that old home of ours, where father, mother and children spent so many happy years together, and where brothers and sisters grew up to love each other so, where trials, triumphs, sadness and gladness, sorrow and joy really made us one in sympathy and affection and the larger we grew the stronger these ties drew themselves about us.

But the home has changed now; father burdened with years sits on the porch or slowly walks about with cane in hand and mother whose face has grown more serene with the prayers and cares of years, now reads her Bible and choice books and thinks of the well living of sons and daughters now gone out from the home and for whom her life has been given. The home, the word that stands for all that is noble and good, the dear old home—Ex.

A Hero.

Guieger Collins, who is he? He is only a lad scarce 17 years old who works in the mines in Joplin, according to the Globe, but he is truly one of nature's noblemen. With a mother whose one side is absolutely helpless; whose attendant by day is a blind sister, past the half century mark, this youth rises early in the morning to get breakfast for the family of three and "rest up" before he departs to earn his daily bread, for this blind aunt cannot see to either cook or care for the household, but she is such a comfort to the poor, sick woman. Both the helpless ones are to be looked after—mother fed and made comfortable for the day. The noon meal is very light, but there is cheerfulness in that household. At night no preparations are made for a tired, hungry boy returning from a day's work. None, indeed, until Guieger himself comes home with his cheery whistle. Then there is supper. His willing hands prepare it and in the resting period, while the meal cooks, he bathes mother and otherwise makes her comfortable and does little odd jobs for his maiden aunt. Then mother must be fed before Guieger eats. At least the son thinks so, all argument to the contrary. On Sundays this boy does his house cleaning for the week, and it is not such an ill-kept house either. This boy works in the mines now. His mother did not want him to, as she was ambitious that he finish the high school. But the lad said, "No, mother, you need things, and it takes money to get them and I can earn it." The wages in the mines are better for a beginner than elsewhere. He gets \$2.50 a day. That lad may or may not rise to a place of distinction in the world, but he will make everyone happy with whom he comes in contact, and that is more than riches or glory.—Ex.

—Harvey Evans, wife and little daughter, Lavona, left Sunday last for Excelsior Springs, this state, where Harvey will take treatment in hopes of benefiting his shoulder, which was crushed by a large cake of ice falling on it several weeks ago. Before their return home, they expect to visit relatives in Valley Falls, Kas.

—Mrs. E. L. McDonald and three children returned to their home in St. Joseph Wednesday evening of this week, after a several weeks' visit with her parents, Daniel Kunkel, Sr., and wife.

ATTENTION, COMRADES:



All comrades of Meyer Post are hereby notified to assemble at the court house on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 28th, at 2 o'clock, for the purpose of transacting such business as may properly come before it. The semi-annual dues are now due and comrades are requested to come prepared to pay their dues for the term beginning July 1st. By order of W. H. HARDMAN, Commander.

Forest City.

—Albert Martin's little daughter is very sick.

—H. D. Conner, of St. Joseph, visited friends in the city, Sunday.

—Mr. Walters and family have moved into the Ed Secrist property.

—Quite a number of our people attended the circus in St. Joseph Saturday.

—Misses Grace Efner and Muri Baker were the guests of Miss Anna Springer, Sunday.

—Miss Iowa Godbey is the proud possessor of a new piano, and Miss Nellie Acton an organ.

—Miss Mollie Secrist returned from Kansas Wednesday, to spend the winter with relatives here.

—Rev. J. P. Godbey has purchased a horse and buggy and will drive to his appointments in the country.

—Rev. J. P. Godbey and H. L. Acton attended the District Stewards' meeting in St. Joseph Thursday evening.

—There will be preaching at the M. E. church Sunday morning, 11 o'clock, also at 7:30 in the evening, by the pastor.

—Miss Katie Fitzmaurice went to St. Joseph one day last week and purchased an organ for the new Catholic church.

—Mrs. Ellen Nichols and daughter, Mrs. Hazel Eipperle, returned from Omaha Sunday and are guests of relatives in the Kimsey neighborhood.

—Henry Burnett, telegraph operator, of Dillwyn, Kas., is having a month's vacation and visited relatives and friends here and in Oregon, several days last week.

—Mrs. A. Poulet and daughter, Mrs. Dickinson, of White Cloud, Kas., left Sunday for Kansas City to visit friends for several days and then will go over to Excelsior Springs for Mrs. Poulet's health. They expect to be gone several weeks.

—Mrs. Fleener, better known here as Mrs. Cartwright, returned to her home in Jonesburg, Mo., Tuesday, after a two weeks' visit with Mrs. Minerva Meyer and others in this city. This was her first visit here in 25 years.

—The L. O. O. F. and Rebekah lodges gave a reception at the city hall, Friday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Secrist, who left this week for Los Angeles, Cal. The evening was very pleasantly spent, refreshments were served, and a general good time reported by those present. RUTH.

—Tom Koeale is prospecting in Fresno, Texas.

—Mrs. Jim Hinde and Mrs. Elmer Whitaker were shopping in St. Joseph, Saturday last.

—Will Curry returned Thursday, of this week, to the University at Columbia, this state.

—Miss Edna Allen, of St. Joseph, is here visiting her brother, Postmaster Allen and wife.

—Mrs. Laura Polley and children, of St. Joseph, are the guests of her parents, W. C. Opel and wife.

—Mrs. Frankie Hinde and her aunt, Mrs. Puss Sachman are in southern Missouri visiting relatives.

—Dr. Bragg returned Tuesday from Kansas City, where he was in attendance at the American Veterinary Medical Association convention.

—Mrs. Rebecca Randall, aged 47 years, died at 4 o'clock Monday morning, at a St. Joseph hospital. The body was taken to Graham, Tuesday, for burial.

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EFFECTS OF DRUGS

VARIED VISIONS FOLLOW USE OF MEXICAN MESCAL.

Feeling Throughout Is One of Enjoyment—Alternate Delight and Despair Attend the Indulgence in Haschisch.

An experimenter with the Mexican drug mescal is rewarded by many and varied visions. Before him flit myriads of dainty butterfly forms, glistening, iridescent, fibrous wings of insects, revolving vessels on whose highly polished concave surface of mother-of-pearl many strange and vivid hues play. There are elaborate sweetmeats in endless and appealing variety, and living arabesques of gorgeous hues and superhuman design.

He may take up a pen for the purpose of making notes, but will find himself unable to use it. A pencil, however, proves easy of manipulation. As he writes his paper is covered with a soft, golden light, and his hands, seen indirectly, appear bronzed, scaled, fantastically pigmented and flushed with red.

Tiring of the visions, he may light the gas, which immediately fills the room with a glorious radiance, while wonderfully colored shadows of red, green and violet flit here and there. Generally, it is said, no feeling of depression or physical discomfort follows the dream.

A medical experimenter in Kentucky, soon after taking a large dose of haschisch, began to feel very excited; a feeling of finer joyousness possessed him; all fatigue seemed banished forever, and his mind ran riot, one bizarre idea after another rapidly passing through his mind. Later his brain seemed split in two parts, one of which urged him to the performance of comic gestures, while the other as insistently hinted an impending death, and suggested restraint and instant medical advice.

While waiting for a doctor he experienced alternate spells of lucidity, and periods when all connections between himself and the outside world seemed to be severed, when a chaos of disjointed ideas and wild reveries obsessed him. The duration of these latter periods was never longer than two minutes, but each seemed an eternity. It appeared a hopeless task to follow the minute hand of his watch during its infinite round; long before the 60 seconds had elapsed he gave up the stupendous task in deep despair. The departure of the doctor synchronized with the return of the feeling of impending death, now most horribly intense.

He imagined himself surrounded by grotesque, menacing, cruel-visaged monsters. He felt himself expanding, dilating, dissolving into space, as he ascended steep precipices, covered with Brobdignagian, creatures somewhat like lizards, overhanging enormous abysses, the while he was overwhelmed by a horrible, rending, unutterable despair.

The Habits of Wolves.

The range of a pair of wolves is an area of from six to ten miles square. When the hunter learns that wolves have been seen and heard in a certain locality it may take several days of scouting before the dogs can be got on the trail. The hunter must look sharp for signs in soft or sandy places and along creeks and streams.

The old lady wolf will, as a rule, go to the nearest water to drink when leaving the den, or go to get a drink as she returns from the hunt before going to the den, and its locality is often found on account of that habit. A wolf track can be distinguished from that of a dog, because the two front toenails are set further ahead, making the track more pointed. When wolves are running and especially if frightened, these toes spread apart, making a track that at a hasty glance looks very much like the track of a deer.—Fur News.

In Shakespeare's Time.

The big yellow moon climbed above the trees.

"Be careful, Romeo," cautioned the fair Juliet, "if papa hears you there will be trouble."

"But what objection has he to me?" said Romeo, somewhat piqued. "Didn't you tell him I move in the best of society?"

"Yes, dear, but he insists that you are only a climber."

And then and there Romeo decided to cut out the balcony scene and make love out on the lawn.

New Answers to Old Questions.

Restaurant Patron—What is good to-day, Otto?

Walter—Nothing, sir. The table d'hote is a rehash of yesterday's menu, and the la carte has been in the icebox since Thursday. But you can get some nice chops and steaks up at Smith's cafe. Going, sir? Good day, sir.—Puck.

Awkward Mistake.

Mrs. Upmore (making a call)—Why, this is your latest photograph, isn't it? It's an excellent likeness of you, but it isn't so good of the baby. Wasn't he—

Mrs. Highmus—The idea! Did you think the little darling in my lap was baby? That's Fido!

Had Only One Think.

Mrs. Benham—Second thoughts are best. Benham—I know it; I thought only once when I asked you to marry me.

THE CUSTOM OF HARAKIRI.

Said to Be Practiced Only by Descendants of Old Nobles of Japan.

The custom of harakiri is a thing rather confined to the samurai class, and the daimin, the commoners, are quite strangers to it, writes Mr. Hashimochi in the Atlantic, a Japanese magazine published in New York. It thrived in the days of feudalism, when the lives of the samurai were at the disposal of their masters, lords and rulers.

The samurai youths were taught to commit harakiri rather than submit to the disgrace of decapitation.

Thus harakiri became an inveterate hereditary propensity of the samurai class, from which it was not an easy affair to free them after the advent of the western civilization, awakened the benighted land of the Rising Sun.

In this enlightened age of Meiji, however, this practice has been going out of fashion. Yet it is amazing to learn that it has again come into use in the war with Russia.

Last year Prof. Ukida of Waseda university of Tokio, who is a graduate of Yale, delivered an address in an educational gathering held in Tokio, in which he referred to the practice of harakiri. He said in part:

"A soldier may die in the battlefield for the sake of duty, not for the sake of personal honor. He shall not commit harakiri just because he has no means of defense against his enemy. Should he be taken prisoner by the enemy he will do well to console himself with the idea that he is sent to the enemy's country as a student, to be of further service in future to his country."

His reasons were right, if his utterances were not judiciously made. Yet he has been denounced as a traitor by Maj. Gen. Sato, who based his arguments upon the sentiment that the Japanese soldiers die in the battlefield not for the sake of honor; that it is for the Russians, not for the Japanese, to die for duty; that by committing harakiri rather than surrendering to the Russians have the Japanese been enabled to win the victory; and that Prof. Ukida's address would have a tendency to detract from the patriotic fervor of the Japanese soldiers.

All the press of Japan made comments upon the controversy, saying that what Prof. Ukida termed duty was exactly the same as what Maj. Gen. Sato termed honor in the essential points.

McKinley's Thoughtfulness.

It was a blistering hot day on the sands of Camp Montauk in 1898. Fourteen thousand weak, sick or wounded soldier boys sweated under their tents.

Down at the army depot the Second cavalry had received President McKinley and Secretary of War Alger with a great flourish of trumpets and salute of swords.

Cannon were booming the president's salute, and transports in the harbor waving their flags. The president had called these 14,000 men and boys together to defend the nation. He might have been swelled with pride over the honors being paid to him.

His carriage moved slowly through the deep and hot sand. The tenderness in his nature came to the surface as he leaned forward and asked Secretary Alger:

"Have the boys plenty of water?"

Men Are Gossips.

"When it comes to discretion, if there is an inequality of the sexes we fancy men have the disadvantage," remarks a London paper, apropos of the exclusion of women secretaries from the higher bureaus at Washington.

"If there is a scandal in society, a dark cloud overhanging the ministry, an ominous rumor about a newspaper or a bank, where is it first discussed? Why, in the men's clubs. Thence it reaches the female gossips, and if they in turn mention what 'my husband heard at the club' they are at once set down as scandal mongers, while the originators of the scandal go scot free. In country houses, too, are not the men as ready to tell tales as the women, as eager to bring forward the latest news, political, social or financial? Many women let their tongues run on, it is true, but so do many men."

Nature Reclaimed Island.

King Island, between the coasts of Tasmania and the Australian mainland, has always been an arid waste of sand and other nonarable soil. Some years ago, however, a vessel was wrecked off the island and a number of the sailors' mattresses, stuffed with the yellow-flowered clover, a kind of grass, were washed ashore. A certain quantity of seed was contained among the stuffing and in due course these took root and in the space of a few years covered the sandy stretches with rich verdure. Clover and other leguminous plants have the peculiar capacity of fertilizing a waste soil, owing principally to the action of bacteria, thereby enabling the plants to draw nitrogen directly from the atmosphere. King Island, previously a waste stretch of sand, is now one of the richest grazing districts in the Australian continent.

A Misconception.

"Your reputation is gone," the capitalist grafter was informed.

He brightened up instantly. "Good!" he exclaimed. "Why, do you know, it was my reputation that made me take to tall timber."

Whistling merrily, he began to study a time-table.

DOG'S DAY IS OVER

AT LEAST SO THINKS ONE WEARY PILGRIM.

Writing in Tribulation and Sorrow He Recounts His Sufferings and Consigns the Whole Race to Perdition.

"I have come to th' conclusion," said the weary pilgrim, who was in a shocking humor, "thet this world would worry along some how if they wan't no dogs. 'Course, long ago they had their uses, though I ain't never had no use fer 'em.

"The monks of Saint Bernard kep' a lot of big dogs one time an' named th' place in honor of th' beasts. An' the monks would send them out on bad nights an' try to lose them, but allus some tourist 'ud find th' stray an' lug him back home. Each dog carried a little barrel of booze on his collar an' in that way made himself pop'lar with total strangers. Them days air past now. They have moved th' Swiss Tyrol to th' Chicago amusement parks. So th' dogs, bein' out of a job, air no more use to nobody.

"Oh, yes I allus hev a dog about. But from greetin' him with shoe leather an' profanity every time he make a plumb fool of hisself I'm wore to a shadder. An' every time I am be-reaved of a dog by some blame dog thief I vow I won't never hev another. But it never ain't very long till someone else sticks me fer a thoroughbred pointer with a pedigree made on th' spur o' th' moment.

"I brought one home th' other night and put him in a nice box of straw. He waited till I was abed and then he set up th' worst lament you ever heard. I went down an' shut him in th' barn. Three minutes later I put him in th' henhouse. No good. He was back under th' winder recitin' th' works of Edgar Allan Poe as per several times previous. Then I went down an' turned a washtub over the pup an' set on it. I lit a pipe an' held down the waillin' monster fer three hours. Then th' ol' woman stuck her head over th' winder an' said she hated to butt in an' of course I was a-doin' th' best that could be did, but how would it do to tie th' dog in the outhouse? Tie him up! Shucks! I never thought of that. It worked fine.

"They say a dog is man's best friend. Thet's all right, but you never kin tell which man. I hev a large freckled kyoodle once that would run th' grocery boy off th' place, chase th' new minister up a apple tree, scare th' wash lady into gallopin' conlption fits an' then escort a frowzy tramp up to th' house a-waggin' his tall plumb up to his ears. I got sore at th' dog when he halted me one night an' jus' wouldn't let me come anigh th' house. I got an armful of paving stones an' hed bust two holes in th' kitchen wall w'en I discovered in th' most natural way in th' world thet th' dog was behind me chavin' my leg. An' only thet mornin' the brute hed let a bill collector walk right into th' house.

"Yes, sir, th' dog has outlived his usefulness. All dogs has, from th' bow-legged bulldog to th' monkey-faced pug. Doggone the doggone dogs!"—G. A. Thompson, in Chicago Daily News.

A Favorite Resort.

Marienbad, with King Edward goes for his annual "cure," was almost unknown a century ago. It was virtually discovered by Dr. Nehr, who published a booklet in 1813 describing the marvelous results upon patients of his who had been drinking the waters. But Dr. Nehr recommended that all invalids repairing to Marienbad should take their beds with them, because no accommodation whatever was then provided in such a sequestered spot. Matters had not much improved in 1820, when Goethe visited Marienbad and drank the waters, for he wrote to a friend: "I feel as if I were in the American solitudes, where the forests are cut down to build up a city within three years." Nearly 20,000 valetudinarians now annually make pilgrimage to Marienbad.—Dundee Advertiser.

First Universal Language.

One of the earliest and most confident attempts to establish a universal language on the lines of the modern Esperanto was that of Sir Thomas Urquhart, who in 1653 issued his "Introduction to a universal language which for variety of diction in each part of speech surmounteth all the languages of the world." An expectant public was bidden to look out for subsequent volumes, but they never arrived. Bishop Wilkins, who flourished about the same period, had his own ideas about a universal language, but they did not materialize. He was an optimist of the first degree, and was firmly convinced that it would be possible to communicate with the moon by means of flying machines.

Not Charlie's Gum.

"Now, Charlie," said the sweet-faced little woman, "before you come into Sunday school, don't you think it would be nice to take your gum out of your mouth?"

"Yeassur; but it ain't mine, it's my brudder's."

The Size of It.

Daggs (reading the morning paper)—I see that a trust has a grip on the South African mines, and that it is likely the price of diamonds will go up.

Mrs. Daggs—What a shame! How do these monopolists expect us poor folks to live?