

# The Kimball Graphic.

FIFTH YEAR.

KIMBALL, BRULE COUNTY, DAKOTA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1886.

WHOLE NUMBER 233.

## THE KIMBALL GRAPHIC.

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### THE CHILDLESS HOME.

Ah! he was bonnie, and brave, and sweet,— My only darling,—my little Jim! With a wealth of love in his little heart For the world all new to him.

But he scarcely entered his open door, He nothing knew of its gain or loss, He never had battled with toil or sin, Or lifted a heavy cross.

But straight from his innocent joys play, With never a shadow or thought of fear, The angels took him to live with them, And I—I am lonely here.

I fondle his stockings and pretty kilt, And the curls once shorn from his restless head. For mothers grow strange and fanciful When their little boys are dead.

And so I listen with bated breath, As a child's feet footstep patter near, Or a shout rings out on the summer air, And dream my boy is here.

But never at morning, noon, or dusk, By night or day does the dream come true; No path leads back from the portals fair His feet have patterned through.

Only to rock him at twilight hour, And fold him safe in his downy bed; To linger the oft-told stories o'er, And hear his night prayer said.

Only to look at his hazel eyes, Peeping from under the battered brim Of his misused hat, or to hear his laugh; But the house is still and dim.

Never a trample of muddy boots, Or whistling scattered over the floor; No litter of toys on the kitchen shelf, Or raid on the pantry's store.

But only a desolate, darkened house, That mourns in silence for little Jim. He will never, never return to me, But I—I shall go to him! —Lillian Gray.

### THE COBBLESBURY BURGLARS.

Mr. Coblesbury came home to supper looking very grave, and sat down to the table with one hand firmly pressed over his breast pocket.

"What have you got in your pocket, pa?" inquired the eldest daughter, Miss Emeline.

"Hush, breathed Mr. Coblesbury, as he felt in his pocket for the thirtieth time in five minutes. "Burglars!"

"Burglars in your pocket, pa?" cried inquisitive Marmaduke Coblesbury, aged fourteen.

"No, son," said Mr. Coblesbury, gravely; "but I have \$500 which John Spriggs paid me after banking hours to-day, and it is highly probable that our house may be visited by burglars to-night."

Mr. Coblesbury looked so solemn that the twins, aged five, began to evince signs of indulging their favorite amusement of weeping in one another's arms. All the family excepting Charles Simon, the eldest son, who had just returned from college, became very grave.

"I have been expecting a visit from burglars for many years," said Mr. Coblesbury. "It is strange we have escaped so long."

"True," asserted Charles Simon. "Every well regulated family nowadays must boast of a visit from burglars before they can take their proper position in society. I learned that in college."

Marmaduke thought it would be a good idea to set steel traps in all parts of the house to catch the burglars.

"What do the newspapers say?" asked Miss Emeline.

Mr. Coblesbury could not remember having read any good recipe for catching burglars. Charles Simon thought he would write a book on the subject as soon as he graduated at college. But the principal trouble seemed to be how the family were to be awakened when the burglars came.

"The burglars will wake us fast enough," said Charles Simon.

"But they might kill us first," said Mrs. Coblesbury, innocently.

"I read in a paper that the safest way was to fasten a burglar alarm to every door and window in the house," said Miss Emeline.

"That would be a waste of money," objected Mr. Coblesbury, "for no burglar would break in at every door and window."

"Besides," said Mrs. Coblesbury convincingly, "the burglars would steal the alarms."

"Why can't we put tar all over the front stairs?" inquired Marmaduke.

"Then pa and I could kill them in the morning as we go down to breakfast, for all the burglars would get stuck on the way up!"

"I do not wish to kill any deprelator, if he will surrender or leave peacefully," said Mr. Coblesbury.

"The only arrangement possible is to arm ourselves to the teeth, and I will conceal the money in a safe place."

The family coincided with this. Mrs. Coblesbury thought they should retire early in order to obtain some sleep before the burglars came. There was some difficulty concerning the armament required. Both Mr. Coblesbury and Charles Simon possessed revolvers. Marmaduke took the fire tongs and an old razor and tied a leather belt around his waist. Miss Emeline procured a small package of red pepper to throw into the burglars' eyes, but Mrs. Coblesbury thought this would be cruel and her daughter compromised on black pepper, which would not be so strong.

The twins wished to take the garden hose to bed with them, feeling confident that an icy stream of water would drive the intruders away. They were eventually obliged to be contented, however, with their popguns and a small tin pail filled with beans.

When Mr. and Mrs. Coblesbury retired the question arose what should be done with the revolver? Mrs. Coblesbury declared she should die of fright if the weapon were placed under the pillow, and Mr. Coblesbury finally drew up a chair beside the bed and laid the revolver upon it.

"Shall we leave the gas burning?" inquired Mrs. Coblesbury, nervously.

"Certainly not," answered her husband. "The burglars would then be enabled to move around with perfect

case." Accordingly they turned off the gas and retired. Mr. Coblesbury, despite his years, was soon snoring vigorously, but Mrs. Coblesbury could not sleep. In about an hour she shook her head energetically, and adjured him to wake up.

"Yes, my love!" cried he, leaping up; give me the gun; I'll fix 'em!"

"No, no," said Mrs. Coblesbury. "It isn't burglars—it's the pistol."

"What's the matter with the pistol?" queried the husband, sarcastically. "Is the pistol sick?"

"I can't remember the way you laid it, Samuel," explained Mrs. Coblesbury, tremulously. "Didn't you put it with the pointer part toward the bed?"

"Well, suppose I did?"

"Oh, Samuel," cried Mrs. Coblesbury, "turn it around quick; it may go off at any minute and blow us all to pieces."

Mr. Coblesbury reached out sleepily and turned the revolver around. It was now aimed directly toward her, but, fortunately, Mrs. Coblesbury lacked the power of seeing in the darkness, and was comforted by the fact that she was not alone.

Several hours later, Mr. Coblesbury awoke from a thrilling dream in which he had killed seven burglars single-handed and was wading about in human gore. He awoke with a violent start and for a moment was hardly able to decide whether he was still dreaming or not. Just as he arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that he was thoroughly awake, a tremendous crash down stairs came to his ears.

Rising in a high state of excitement, Mr. Coblesbury grasped the barrel of his revolver and felt his way cautiously along to the door, his heart beating in a most reprehensible manner. Unfortunately, as he gained the doorway, he stumbled over some object and struck the door with a shock like an amateur earthquake. Mrs. Coblesbury had thoughtfully placed a chair against the door to impede the progress of the nocturnal prowlers. The noise awakened her, and she could hear her muffled voice from beneath the sheets, shrieking: "Samuel! Samuel! the burglars are here!"

"So am I," grunted Mr. Coblesbury, rubbing his injured foot, absently, on which he had maintained a desperate hold.

"Have you caught them?" cries Mrs. Coblesbury. "Is it safe for me to get up?"

"Stay where you are, and don't move," said Mr. Coblesbury, as he limped into the hall, shivering with cold and excitement. He was not afraid, but nevertheless began to feel a willingness to let the burglars depart peacefully, so he straightened up by the stairway, and yelled at the top of his voice:

"I'll give you two minutes to leave the house! We are all armed to the teeth! Turn the night latch and run out of the front door if you value your lives!"

Mr. Coblesbury could not help congratulating himself afterward when he remembered having made this speech. There was no answer but a flash of light in the hall attracted his attention, and Charles Simon, Marmaduke, and Miss Emeline, all half dressed, appeared on the scene.

"Where are they?" cried Charles Simon and Marmaduke in a breath, one brandishing a revolver and the other a razor.

"Down stairs," said Mr. Coblesbury in a theatrical whisper.

"Emeline, this is no place for you," said Charles Simon, holding the light from her hand. "You know I have learned everything at college, and I know all about such things. Now, you just go and get under the bed in mother's room, and don't let the twins make a single peep till I call you."

"But the burglars may come in and chloroform us," objected Miss Emeline. "I have read of such things in the newspapers."

"Hush!" said Mr. Coblesbury. "You all talk too loud."

Miss Emeline vanished and was heard barricading the door. Mr. Coblesbury then said that Marmaduke must go for a policeman.

Marmaduke objected decidedly and begged to be allowed to live a little longer.

"I will go," said Charles Simon. But it would never do to go downstairs among the burglars, and Mr. Coblesbury looked perplexed.

"I will swing myself out of the window to the lower roof, crawl along to the kitchen, and climb down the grape arbor," said Charles Simon. "I learned that at college."

Accordingly Mr. Coblesbury and Marmaduke lowered Charles Simon from the opened window to the roof below, and he agreed to give three whistles when he returned with the police.

Mr. Coblesbury then sat down on the top step with his revolver pointed below, and Marmaduke crouched beside him with the lamp. It was very chilly on the top stair.

"Say, Em," shouted Marmaduke at length, "give us a blanket; we're freezing!"

Several repetitions of this resulted in the door being opened a few inches and the required blanket was slipped out. Mr. Coblesbury and Marmaduke accordingly wrapped themselves up in aboriginal fashion and waited.

"I declare," said Mr. Coblesbury, "if Charles Simon doesn't return before long I shall go back to bed again."

At this moment a tremendous racket occurred outside, which culminated in a violent ringing of the door bell and loud cries in Charles Simon's voice.

"I tell you I ain't a burglar," shouted Charles Simon without. "You let me be! Pa, open the door!"

"They are murdering Charles," shrieked Mrs. Coblesbury from the inner room, and Mr. Coblesbury, dragging the half frozen, badly frightened Marmaduke after him, ran down stairs and unlocked the door.

"I am coming, my son!" yelled Mr. Coblesbury. "Hold 'em off a minute longer!"

When the door was opened, however, the three policemen who had Charles Simon in custody had realized that he was not a burglar and released him. As soon as they understood the state of affairs they accompanied Mr. Cobles-

bury, Charles Simon and Marmaduke through the house on a tour of inspection with a dark lantern. At the dining room door they halted. A noise was plainly heard within. "We have them!" said one of the policemen, and he shut the door in a great hurry. He then gave an order to the other two policemen, and then all three drew their revolvers and fired through the narrow opening of the door, which was instantly closed again. "We will sweep you in and capture them," said the head policeman, but nobody seemed to care about going in. One of the policemen said that the robbers were killed, of course, and it was useless to disturb the bodies before the coroner could be summoned.

Mr. Coblesbury did not think the burglars were all killed, as only three shots had been fired. If there had been a large gang of them they would not have dared remain boldly in the house all this time.

It was finally decided that all should rush in at once. The door was opened, the three policemen, Mr. Coblesbury, Charles Simon and Marmaduke entered in triumph, while precisely at the same moment an immense black cat leaped from the table and flew out of the room like a streak of lightning.

There were no burglars, but some of the dishes on the table had been shot into small fragments. The policemen were very angry, and debated whether it would not be wise to arrest Mr. Coblesbury. Finally they marched off in high dudgeon, just as Mrs. Coblesbury, Miss Emeline and the twins entered.

"Where are the burglars?" cried Miss Emeline.

Nobody answered.

"But the money is safe," said Mrs. Coblesbury. Everybody looked surprised. They had forgotten all about the money.

"The burglars escaped," said Mr. Coblesbury, "just as I was preparing to use my trusty revolver. The police spoiled it all." As Mrs. Coblesbury uttered these words he flourished his weapon, and Marmaduke made a discovery. "Why, pa," said he, "there ain't nothin' in that pistol, and the trigger's broke off, too!"

Mr. Coblesbury said never a word, but wrapped his blanket around him like an Indian, and sat on the stairs, and upstairs with a dignity that caused the family to gaze after him with feelings of speechless admiration.—Herbert H. Winslow, in Chicago Mail.

Letter-Carriers to Have a Rest.

"In 1886 such a thing as a postman or a carrier walking ten or fifteen hours a day delivering mail matter will never be heard of, for the simple reason that there will be none in existence then," remarked a scientific man the other day to a New York Mail and Express reporter.

"How will the mail be delivered?"

"Everything will be reduced to a fine system, and a letter will be delivered in three seconds after its arrival in the postoffice. Each house in a big city will be connected with the general postoffice or branch station, as the case may be, with a pneumatic tube large enough to carry a gossamer package. At present such a system of delivery cannot be put into practice because it would be too expensive. A century hence civilization will rise to such a high and prosperous point that a system of quick delivery by means of pneumatic tubes will entirely be in vogue. It could be done now only it would bankrupt a city. The tube from Twenty-first street to the Western Union building shows the general idea. A letter or telegram message takes just two seconds to go the two and a half miles. The quickest means of transit are sure to be adopted in the long run. It is the evolution of progress, and nothing can stop it short of universal reverse. Not only will private houses have these tubes, but all our large cities will be pneumatically connected. Chicago will be perhaps ten seconds by letter from New York and San Francisco a minute or so. It will change a great many things and do away with the steam-cars as a mail carrier. The system is yet in its infancy.

"New York will by that time have a new system of sewers, much better than Paris has now, and tubes can be run along in them instead of having to dig up the earth, as is the case with gas and steam pipes at present. The postage on letters will not be one-twentieth what it is now, and the expenses to the government will be less. Of course the deliveries will have to be regulated to the so many during the day. Say five or ten during the morning and evening. And yet human nature is so constructed that even with such improved facilities I believe many kickers could be found who would protest against the slow time made. All these things will come to pass, and it takes no prophet, to plainly see the handwriting on the wall. The overworked carriers will have a long rest."

Canada Won't Stand It.

Uncle Sam—"I demand that you recognize the rights of American fishermen."

Miss Canada—"Demand away. It don't worry me any."

Uncle Sam—"Now see here Miss Canada, I just want to ask you one question. Why won't you let us have any more of your herring?"

Miss Canada—"Because you put them in boxes and sell them to us as sardines, that's why."—Omaha World.

Dr. Franklin's Gallantry.

Dr. Franklin was one of the most gallant of men, even after he was well advanced in years. I remember to have seen in the Government Library at Paris the original of a French note written by him to Mme. Helvetius, wife of the illustrious philosopher. "Mr. Franklin never forgets any party where Mme. Helvetius is to be. He even believes that if he were engaged to go to paradise this morning he would make application to be permitted to remain on earth till 1:30 o'clock to receive the embrace which she has been pleased to promise him upon meeting at the house of Mr. Turgot."—Ben. Terley Poore, in Boston Budget.

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