

BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

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BAXTER SPRINGS, - KANSAS

HER LITTLE HAND IN MINE.

She laid her little hand in mine,
O' joy, if I might hope to win it:
And, at the touch, a flash divine
Thrilled all along the electric line,
For just one brief and blessed minute.

And then, again, when at the stile
Her timid steps began to waver,
She gave to me her hand the while,
Nor guessed that I'd walk many a mile,
Delighted to repeat the favor.

She was as innocent of love—
The master passion—who can doubt it!
As any tender-hearted dove
That coos upon its perch above,
And did not vex her soul about it.

She laid her little hand in mine,
With not a semblance of emotion;
But as the tendrils of the vine
Unconsciously reach out, and twine
Around the symbol of devotion.

And oh! her faith in me awoke
A sense of knightliness: she had crowned me;
And though no word of love I spoke,
Lest I her enmity provoke,
Tender and true she ever found me.

And so, one day, her hand in mine
She laid for just one little minute;
When, joy! there thrilled along the line
The sweet assurance, so divine,
That made me know her heart was in it.
—Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.

THE MAD CANNIBAL.

Clever Way in Which We Boys Captured Crazy Burk.



GOING over to
White Birch
Knob to camp
out, are ye,
boys? Well, my
advice is to go
anywhere but
over there," and
the old man
shook his head
very gravely.

"What's the
matter with
White Birch
Knob?" asked
Sam, in surprise. "No game there?"
"There's plenty of game," admitted
the old hunter, "but you are apt to find
a warm reception. Crazy Burk is stop-
pin' over there in an old logging camp.
He will make trouble for any one who
trespasses on his territory."

"Well, we are not afraid of Crazy Burk,"
laughed my companion, who possessed
a rash courage and love of adventure.
"If that old coon comes fooling round
us, he will get into trouble."

Jack Thorne smiled grimly.
"I guess you don't know what you are
talkin' about, little feller," he said, as
his eyes rested half-scornfully on the
diminutive figure which occupied the
canoe with me. "Ole Burk would chaw
both you chickens up in no time. He is
a mighty dangerous man. It is said that
he has killed one or two people, but it
can't be proved against him. Mart
Simpson, the peddler, disappeared about
four weeks ago, and some folks think
Burk killed him."

"If he is such a man as that, I should
think they would shut him up in an in-
sane asylum, where he belongs," I ven-
tured.

"That's where he ought to be," nodded
Thorne; "but, ye see, there hain't no one
who cares about capturin' him. Half a
dozen tried it once, but blamed if he



WE COOKED OUR SUPPER.

didn't lick the whole crowd and get
away. They say he is as strong as three
smart men."

"Well, Billy," smiled Sam, "it is plain-
ly our duty to go over there, and capture
this terror of the woods."

"Well, you can go over there if ye
want to," said the old hunter, as he
paddled his canoe slowly away. "I've
warned ye; that's my duty. I shan't
be a bit surprised, if you are never seen
again."

"That's all right," cried my compa-
nion, waving his paddle as a parting sal-
ute. "Much obliged for your kindness.
Good-bye."

We watched Thorne till he disap-
peared in the mouth of a small stream
that empties into Long Pond, on the
western side, then we dipped our pad-
dles into the water, and started slowly
forward.

"Had we better go over to the knob,
Sam?" I faltered.

"Course we had!" he exclaimed. "You
hain't afraid of Crazy Burk, are ye?"
I would not admit that I was, and so
we pulled for White Birch Knob,
straight across the pond. Two hours
later we were pitching our tent upon a

pretty spot we had selected near the
shore, and that night we cooked our sup-
per over an open fire, and slept beneath
canvas.

We found game in abundance around
the knob; not large game, but plenty of
partridges, ducks, and such small fry.
We had not come after large game, so
we were contented with what we se-
cured. Any one who has ever camped
out knows what fun we had, and how
jolly and full of life we were. Hungry!
—we were hungry all the time, and food
which at home we would have refused
with scorn, we devoured with avidity.

We had come prepared to stay a week.
Five days passed and we saw nothing of
Crazy Burk.

"Guess that was a fish story Jack
Thorne told us," Sam observed. "Per-
haps he was afraid we would kill off all
the game over here, and he wanted it
himself."

Although I was not satisfied with this
view of the case, I had lost all fear of
the madman, for I felt certain that he
was not in the vicinity of the knob.

On the sixth day, we went on an un-
usually long hunt, having agreed that
it should be our last before returning
home, for which we had decided to start
in the morning. For some reason we
were very unlucky that day and bagged
but little game. We had taken a lunch
with us, and at noon we sat down on the
ground near a cool spring to eat. When
we had satisfied the cravings of the
"inner man," and taken long draughts
from the clear water of the spring, I be-
gan to feel drowsy, and lay down on the
ground, telling Sam that I was going to
take a nap. He seemed to share my
feeling, and soon we were both fast
asleep.

It seemed that I had barely become
unconscious when I felt myself sud-
denly seized by a pair of sinewy hands.
"If you fetch a yell, I'll cut yer
throat!"

These were the words which were
snarled in my ear, as I awoke to find
myself held helpless by a large, be-
whiskered and raggedly-dressed man.
There was no need for him to caution
me not to make any noise, for I was too
frightened to utter a sound. He grinned
in a horrible manner as he saw the look
of abject terror which must have set-
tled on my face. His eyes were wav-
ering and unsteady, while they had a
reddish glow which I have never seen
in human eyes since that day, but which I
have often seen in the orbs of a mad-
dened animal. I knew in a moment
that I was in the clutch of Crazy Burk!

But where was Sam?
A glance showed me that he was gone.
I was alone in the power of the madman.
Swiftly Crazy Burk bound my hands and
feet, knotting the cords so tightly that
they seemed to entirely stop the cir-
culation. When this was done, he lifted me
with one hand, and tossed me over his
shoulder. Then, picking up my gun, he
started off through the forest, carrying
me as if I had been a bag of oats. On
the tramped, without a word or a
sound, save now and then a horrible
chuckle of delight. I made no struggle;
I knew that it was useless.

Finally, we came to a deserted log-
ging camp, by "deserted," I mean that
it was not in use by lumbermen, and
had not been used for years. But I
soon learned that it was Crazy Burk's
home. The terror of the woods carried
me in and dumped me on the floor, as if
I had been some inanimate object.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, fendishly; "a
good supper! a good supper!"

I did not comprehend his meaning
then, but I soon understood it in all its
horror. With feverish haste, my captor
set about making a fire in the great,
open fireplace, and soon he had a heavy
volume of smoke rolling up the chim-
ney, which was a wide, old-fashioned
concern, plastered with clay on the in-
ner side. Then he took a long, wicked-
looking knife, and sat down on a bench,
deliberately whetting it on his boot,
while he grinned at me in the most
blood-chilling manner. In despair, I
asked:

"What are you going to do with me?"
"Ha! ha! ha!" came his rasping laugh.
"You will make a good supper—a fine
supper! And I am hungry!"

"You don't mean to eat me?" I
gaped, with a feeling of horror that is
indescribable.

He nodded, as he felt the edge of
the knife with his thumb. Just then I
heard a slight thump upon the roof of
the cabin, but I scarcely noticed it. The
door was closed and fastened, and it
seemed that I was doomed to become a
feast for the madman of the woods.

"You will not be the fust one I've
eaten," chuckled the fiend. "They
were sweet—oh, so sweet! There is no
meat like it. I will not hurt you much,
for this knife is sharp. A quick, sure
stroke, and in a few moments it's all
over. Ho! what does that mean?"

He stopped short as the smoke began
pouring into the room, as if it could
not escape from the chimney. Thicker
and faster it came, making it plain that
if it continued the but would soon be
filled with smoke. Burk uttered an ex-
clamation and sprang to his feet. He
hesitated a moment, then, unbarring
the door, he rushed out. The next mo-
ment I heard a scraping sound in the
big chimney, and a dark object dropped
down and landed in the midst of the
fire. Then Sam Faber leaped out and
stood before me, his face aglow with
excitement! Never, in all my short
life, had I seen a more welcome figure.

"Quick, Sam!" I cried, "bar the door!
He has gone out but he'll be back in an
instant, and he's got a knife!"
Sam made an agile leap and seized the
heavy bar; but the maniac had heard
my voice and came rushing in at that

moment. Sam swung the heavy bar
in the air and brought it down on the
man's head with a crash, putting all
his strength into the blow. Crazy Burk
went down like a log, faintly knocked
senseless.

"By jingo! I've fixed the old whelp!"
shouted my friend, in triumph.

"Cut these ropes lively!" I panted.
"He may come to."

Sam seized the knife which the mad-
man had dropped and quickly set me
free, but for some time I could not use
my limbs.

"What shall we do with him?" asked
the brave little fellow who had saved my
life.

"Tie him up as quick as you can," was
my reply. "I will help you in a mo-
ment."

Tie him! Well, I should say we did!
We bound him so that if he had pos-
sessed the strength of ten men he could
not have broken loose. Sam feared that
he had killed the maniac, but it soon
proved that Burk was far from dead,
for he recovered consciousness and be-
gan to froth and rave in a manner that
was terrible to hear.

"What shall we do with him?"
That was a question which puzzled us,
but when Sam explained that there was



CRAZY BURK WENT DOWN LIKE A LOG.

a stream close by we decided to bring
our large canoe up the stream and carry
our captive away in that.

While I was sleeping at the spring
Sam had strayed away after a partridge
which flew up close by and had discov-
ered the stream. He was returning to
the spring when he saw Crazy Burk car-
rying me through the woods on his
shoulder. He followed as cautiously as
possible, and when we were within the
hut he stole forward and gained the roof
by the aid of a convenient tree. He
covered the chimney with his coat, hav-
ing resolved to slide down into the hut
when my captor came out to see what
the trouble was. His plan worked to
perfection.

We succeeded in getting the madman
to our camp that night, but did not
start to cross the pond and run down
the stream for home till the following
morning. While on our journey we
came upon Jack Thorne paddling lei-
suredly along the south shore.

"Hello, young'ers," he cried, cheerily.
"So old Burk didn't get you after
all. Did you find any game?"

"You bet," was Sam's ready reply.
"Just come alongside and we will show
you a sizable animal that we captured.
How is that for game?"

"Heavens to Betsy!" gasped the old
hunter; "if it ain't Crazy Burk him-
self!"

"Told ye we'd capture him," laughed
my companion. "It takes us boys to do
what you men don't dare to try."

"Well, I swan! that beats the Old
Nick!" was all that Jack could say.
When he heard our story, he looked his
admiration and declared that we were
two "harkers," which we accepted as a
compliment.

As soon as possible we delivered our
captive into the hands of the proper au-
thorities. He was adjudged insane and
sent to an asylum, but he lived less than
a year after being confined. He often
boasted that he had killed and eaten
Mart Simpson, the missing peddler.

If ever two boys were lionized they
were Sam and I when it was known
what we had done, but I persisted in
giving Sam all the credit of saving my
life and capturing the cannibal of the
woods—and he deserved it. But he se-
cretly confessed to me that he was sick
of being a hero and having folks stare
at him and ask him scores of questions.
I don't wonder, for I got enough of that
myself.—William G. Patten, in Yankee
Blade.

London Doctors' Incomes.

The fact that the will of the late Sir
William Gull has been proved, showing
property to the amount of \$1,750,000, has
created much talk of late. It is beyond
a doubt that for the last few years,
since physicians have doubled their fees,
and since both branches of the profes-
sion are constantly in receipt of very
large sums for expeditions by rail, the
earnings of members of the healing art
have very largely increased. There are
possibly a dozen medical men in Lon-
don who at their death will be found to
have amassed \$500,000, but there is prob-
ably not one who has put by any thing
like the fortune left by Sir William
Gull.—N. Y. Medical Record.

—Ellie was examining very attentively
the large spurs of the Leghorn rooster,
when papa came into the poultry-
yard with a measure of corn for the
fowls. "Papa," said Ellie, "I know
why the chickens are called 'Leghorns.'
It's because they have such big horns
on their legs!"—Youth's Companion.

EXPLOSIVES IN DOSES.

The Use of Gun Cotton and Nitro-Glycerine
in Medical Practices.

Dr. H. H. Burchard, a famous Phila-
delphia physician, speaking of the
progress of medical science in these
later years, said to a reporter the other
day:

"Have you any idea of how far high
explosives are used in medicines? You
can not get your knowledge from books
unless you ransack five hundred vol-
umes and pick up the scattered items
here and there. It may surprise you to
know that they are in daily use and of
the greatest value in all sorts of dis-
eases and injuries.

"There is, for example, gun cotton,
or, as we call it, proxynin. It is twice as
powerful as gunpowder, but very much
inferior to dynamite or nitro-glycerine.
Dissolved in ether, it makes that won-
derful compound we call collodion. In
this shape it is employed to protect raw
or injured surfaces. It dries rapidly—
in fact, almost as fast as it is employed
—and leaves behind a fine, elastic artifi-
cial skin, which is air and water-proof
against microbes and disease germs.
Mixed with cantharides, collodion makes
the best blistering plaster known to
science. Mixed with tannin or tannic
acid, it makes a wonderful remedy for
stopping the flow of blood from wounds.
In cases of scalding and burning col-
lodion enables the profession to cover
the exposed flesh in a manner never be-
fore possible. No secretion of the body
affects it, nor, on the other hand, does
it exert any unpleasant or objectionable
influence upon the system.

"But of even greater value is nitro-
glycerine. When used in medicine it is
largely diluted, one part being mixed
with one hundred parts of alcohol, and
one drop of the resultant mixture is a
dose. In this form it is an admirable
antidote in cases of neuralgia of the
heart and many cases of nervous dis-
turbances of the human body. Thus it
has been used and given wonderful rel-
ief in nervous asthma, hiccoughs, head-
aches and similar disorders. It has re-
peatedly cut short an attack of the
chills and fever, and so eminent an au-
thority as Dr. Robert Hartholow recom-
mends it in certain forms of Bright's
disease, and also for that most misera-
ble of earthly ailments, sea-sickness.

"Thus far we have only begun to know
the medical virtues of gun-cotton, nitro-
glycerine and amyl-nitride. Beyond
these there are over six high explosives
of which we know little or nothing as to
their real character, and nothing at all
regarding their action upon the physical
organizations. It does seem curious,
however, that substances which in
large quantities are destructive of life
and property should, in small ones, be
beneficial to the sick and injured. The
gun-cotton which blows a man up en-
ables the physician to destroy the pain
of his raw members and to heal them in
less time than was ever before possible
with other remedies."—Washington
Star.

DO FISHES SUFFER PAIN?

An Expert Says They Are Not as Sensitive
as Warm-Blooded Animals.

I have read many articles on the sub-
ject of whether fish, when caught on the
hook, feel any pain, or whether their
struggles were merely the result of find-
ing themselves fast. I fish a great deal
in the summer months for trout, bass
and pickerel, and have done so for many
years. I have studied the matter very
carefully, and have made up my mind,
from various incidents that have come
under my observation, that fish are not
sensitive to pain as are warm-blooded
animals. I will cite two instances that
show to me plainly that I must be right
in my conclusions on this subject.

Last October, while fishing for pick-
erel on Lake Cary, Wyoming County,
Pa., in company with a companion,
among other fish that we caught was a
pickerel that would weigh nearly, if not
quite, three pounds. My friend pulled
it up, and as it came on the top I
saw about twelve feet of a very coarse
brown line hanging to it. Upon in-
specting it more closely I found that the
fish had in its side a very strong and
coarse hook, to which the piece of line
was attached. The wound must have
been made a very short time previous
to our catching the fish, for it was
bleeding quite freely and looked very
fresh, and if the fish could feel, it would
certainly have deterred it from tak-
ing our hook so soon after such an
injury. There was only one other party
fishing on the lake that day, as it was
cool and windy, and that pickerel must
have received his injury from them and
have come nearly across the lake to us,
dragging that piece of heavy line with
him.

The other instance occurred in this
way: I was fishing for pickerel with a
"skipping bait"—most of your readers
know what that is—a piece of pork rind
or a pickerel belly, and had with me a
friend who, though he could handle a
brigade under a heavy fire, was not up
to the trick of catching fish that way. I
was having fairly good sport, but he got
impatient and finally, when he had a
good strike, he jerked so hard as to
break his line, and away went the fish,
and he at once proposed to go home; but
I told him in joke if he would wait five
or ten minutes I would catch that fish
and get back his hook. So we sat down
and had a short smoke. I soon com-
menced to cast my hook near where he
lost his fish. I had a strike, and to our
mutual surprise out came the General's
fish, with his hook well fastened in its
mouth. Now, I don't think the fish
would have taken the bait so soon again
had it been in any pain from the hook.
—Forest and Stream.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Washing pine floors in solution of
one pound copperas dissolved in one
gallon strong lye, gives oak-color.
—When drying salt for the table, do
not place it in the sprinklers until it is
quite cold, or it will harden into a
lump.

—Fried Beets: Boil beets in salt water
until tender. Remove the skins, cut in
thin slices and fry in butter. Dust with
pepper and salt. Squeeze over the juice
of a lemon.—Ladies Home Journal.

—Coffee Jelly: Soak half an ounce of
gelatine in half a pint of cold water;
dissolve it in a half pint of very strong
coffee, sweetened to the taste. Extract
of coffee can be used to flavor this jelly,
and answer well.—Good Housekeeping.

—Brown Bread: Scald one cupful of
Indian meal, add to this one pint of
sweet milk and stir till the meal is well
mixed, three-quarters of a cupful of
molasses, one teaspoonful each of salt
and soda, and Graham meal enough to
make a batter that will pour with great
difficulty. This makes one large loaf.
Bake one hour and a half.

—English Pancakes: One pint of
milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of
sugar, one cupful of flour, one teaspoon-
ful of baking powder, one cupful of
cream, saltspoonful of salt; this should
make a thin batter; heat a small fry-
pan, pour about half a cupful of butter
in, brown both sides delicately, butter
each one, sprinkle with powdered sugar
and grated nutmeg and roll it up, serve
on a hot dish.—Boston Herald.

—Steamed Spring Chicken: Take a
half-grown chicken, split down the
back, rub with salt and pepper, place in
a steamer and steam one hour. Prepare
a sauce of one pint of cream, half a
pint of boiling water, six spoonfuls of
flour, a tablespoonful of corn-starch and
butter each, with pepper, salt, and a
few drops of extract of celery. Mix all
together, let boil one minute and pour
over the chicken.—N. Y. Observer.

—A German Salad: Cut into small
pieces any kind of cold boiled vegeta-
bles you may have on hand, one kind
will do, or a mixture of three or four; add
a chopped onion, season to taste with
pepper and salt, and allow about two
tablespoonfuls of vinegar and three or
four of oil to every two pounds of vegeta-
bles. Serve in a bowl, and garnish to
taste.—Christian at Work.

—Bacon Stew: Cut one-half pound of
rather lean salt bacon into thin strips;
peel and slice two medium-sized onions,
and cut into small pieces two stalks of
celery. The green part of several stalks
can be saved for this purpose. Put
these in a saucepan in alternate layers,
seasoning with pepper only. Cover
with cold water, and stew slowly for
one hour, then add one quart of pota-
toes peeled and sliced, and stew very
slowly for one hour longer. Have plenty
of gravy; if it cooks down too much, fill
up with boiling water. All this can be
done the day before wanted. In the
morning place it where it will heat
gradually until it is very hot, then
serve, poured over thin slices of but-
tered toast.—The Housekeeper.

AT FRIEDRICHSRUHE.

The Retired Chancellor's Surroundings in
the Sachsenwald.

Prince Bismarck's home at Friedrichs-
ruhe, where the ex-Chancellor now leads
the simple life of a country gentleman,
is a most secluded spot, though only an
hour distant from Hamburg by express
train. The estate is surrounded by forest
land—the Sachsenwald—so little fre-
quented that the deer are quite tame
and scarcely pay attention to the train
rushing by. Little of the estate is vis-
ible from the railway, but thick under-
wood, with an occasional glimpse of the
narrow river Au, covered with reeds,
which turns the Prince's saw-mills.
The house lies to the right of the line,
but is hidden from the rain by a high,
red brick wall which also borders the
main road, while the river and hedges
close in the two remaining sides.
Originally Friedrichsruhe was a hunt-
ing lodge, built in 1763 by Count Freder-
ick of Lippe-Sternburg, and later it
became an inn, called Frascatt, where
the Hamburgers flocked for picnics on
holidays. When William I. presented
the estate to his Minister, Prince Bis-
marck added to the house, but kept the
main building intact. It is a two-
storied edifice, painted light yellow,
the Prince's apartment being on the
ground floor, while the rooms up stairs
are occupied by the Princess and the
Countess Rantzau, the Prince and
Princess' only daughter, with her three
little boys. Handsome shrubs and a fine
pine tree are planted in the front of the
house, the river Au running at the foot
of the grounds and forming a tiny water-
fall.

Prince Bismarck has no near neigh-
bors except in the little village of
Friedrichsruh, with its inn and a few
scattered houses inhabited by foresters,
postal and railway officials, the work-
men at the saw-mills with their fam-
ilies, a tailor, a blacksmith and a miller.
The only important personage is the
head forester of the Sachsenwald, who
is mayor of the village and the manager
of Schwarzenbeck—another of Prince
Bismarck's small properties which lie
close by, like the farms and pastures of
Silk and Schonhausen. The Prince en-
joys talking local gossip with the
forester, inquiring anxiously whether the
cattle thrive in the meadows or whether
the wood-cutting season has been profit-
able. Princess Bismarck would often
say at the Parliamentary reception:
"My husband takes more real interest
in a turnip than in all your politics,"
and the Prince has now the opportunity
of proving the truth of this witty criti-
cism.—London Graphic.