

A SILENT PARTNER.

Mr. Timothy Foley broke his leg by falling on the icy pavement, and an hour later he was in the hospital. The emporium was left in charge of Mrs. Foley and her young son, William, who was eight years old.

The boy had helped deliver papers, but now that his father was in the hospital he found that he could not get the dailies to every house in time for breakfast. The banker who lived in the big house, and the dry goods merchant who had a home on the avenue, and the diamond dealer who went early every morning to business, said that they really must have their papers on time, and as there were several mornings when they had to get to the train without any they told another newsdealer to bring them. The trade of the Foley emporium was becoming less every day, and when things were at their worst the landlord came for his rent.

"You owe two months' rent," said Mr. Biggs.

"Yes, but although we are slow, you will get it very soon, for within two weeks Timothy will be out again, and with his hand at the helm we will steer in the old way."

"Enough of such talk," growled Mr. Biggs. "I am a man of business, and unless you pay you will have to get out; that's all."

William Foley, when the landlord had gone, took his hat down from the peg and said he would be back in an hour.

He boarded a street car and went down town to where the big cathedral raised its twin spires. Back of the church was a house of marble. The boy rang the bell, and John, who had been the butler for many years, opened the door.

"I came to see the Archbishop," said the boy, "and I must see him at once, for it is very important."

"His Grace is too busy to see you," answered John. "You had better go to the house of the priests next door."

"No, that won't do," said the boy; "it is something very special, and if the Archbishop had a chance to see me—"

"He has it now," said a voice. "It is a matter of business," said the boy.

"Come up to my study," said the Archbishop, for it was he, and we will talk it over."

"Now, then," asked the Archbishop, when they were alone upstairs, "what can I do for you?"

"It's this way," said William. "My father has broken his leg and can't attend to his newsstand. He is in the hospital, and mother and I are doing the best we can, but we can't get all the papers around on time in the morning. Some of the customers are leaving us. We

are too months behind in our rent, and the landlord says that we had better go, as he can rent his store for ten dollars more a month. Now, if we could borrow the money we could pay it back after father got out, for he can make money fast when he is able to get around."

"Your father is in the hospital?" asked the Archbishop.

"Yes," replied the boy.

"We will go and see him," said the Archbishop.

A few minutes later the Archbishop and the boy reached the hospital, where his Grace had a long talk with Timothy Foley.

The Archbishop then went uptown to the Foley News Emporium and sent for the landlord.

"Mr. Biggs," said he, "I hear that you are going to turn us out of doors."

Mr. Biggs looked at him in surprise.

"I hope you won't do it," added the Archbishop. "I am a silent partner in this newsstand, and I am sorry to say that I have been so busy lately that I haven't had time to devote as much attention to it as I wished. It's two months' rent we owe, is it not?"

The Archbishop paid the rent and Mr. Biggs, who was so puzzled that he did not know what to say or what to do, gave a receipt for the money and went his way.

"Now, then, about the papers," said the Archbishop. "We shall have to arrange that a little better. I know one of the altar boys who will be glad to come and help you out. I'll send him here to-morrow morning. We must get those customers back. Let me see. Suppose we write a letter."

The Archbishop sat down at the desk and wrote a letter, which was afterward typewritten. Copies were sent to the houses of the customers who had quit buying papers at the emporium. This is what the Archbishop wrote.

A CARD TO OUR CUSTOMERS.

We regret to say that owing to the fact that Mr. Timothy Foley fell on the pavement and broke his leg our delivery service has been much crippled. We have, however, made arrangements for increased delivery facilities during the time Mr. Foley is in the hospital, and we are also happy to announce that within two weeks he will be able to attend to business with his usual energy. In the meantime we ask our customers to be patient, and promise that we shall do everything we can to have our papers delivered at the earliest hour possible. Trusting to merit a continuance of your favors, we remain,

THE FOLEY NEWS EMPORIUM.

The letter which the Archbishop wrote caused many persons to buy their papers again at the emporium. Mr. Biggs told everybody he knew that the Archbishop was a friend of the Foley family, and the trade increased so much that when Timothy Foley came out of the hospital he could hardly be-

lieve his eyes. The Archbishop was repaid, and papers are now delivered to the customers regularly.—Indianapolis Sentinel

Dislocated Her Shoulder.

Mrs. Johanna Soderholm, of Forgas Falls, Minn., fell and dislocated her shoulder. She had a surgeon get it back in place as soon as possible, but it was quite sore and pained her very much. Her son mentioned that he had seen Chamberlain's Pain Balm advertised for sprains and soreness, and she asked him to buy her a bottle of it, which he did. It quickly relieved her and enabled her to sleep which she had not done for several days. The son was so much pleased with the relief it gave his mother that he has since recommended it to many others. For sale by All Dealers.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Reform isn't what it is lectured up to be.

It doesn't take a great deal of kissing of lips to kiss away all their sweetness.

Not one woman in a thousand knows the difference between loving and being loved.

When a red-headed woman hasn't a red-headed temper, it is a sign it is bleached.

Seldom does a woman love a man without, and seldom a man love a woman with, complete self-abnegation.—New York Press.

Photographs AT Belle Johnson's Studio

In Paris, Mo., gray-headed grandmothers and bald-headed grandpas and the lame, halt, and blind as well as all other folks patronize the bowling alley. The form of salutation runs thusly: "What is your bowling record?" Just as well be out of the world as to be out of the bowling alley in Paris. No wonder Paris is a babyless burg—women don't have time to be mothers. All spare moments taken up knocking down ten pins.—Centralia Courier.

Don't Worry.

This is easier said than done, yet it may be of some help to consider the matter. If the cause is something over which you have no control it is obvious that worrying will not help the matter in the least. On the other hand, if within your control you have only to act. When you have a cold and fear an attack of pneumonia, buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and use it judiciously and all cause for worry as to the outcome will quickly disappear. There is no danger of pneumonia when it is used. For sale by All Dealers.

Sayings of the Wise.

Politics is the science of exigencies.—Theodore Parker.

I will listen to anyone's conviction, but pray keep your doubts to yourself. I have plenty of my own.—Goethe.

Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all mothers venerable.—Richter.

There is a German proverb which says that Take-It-Easy and Live-Long are brothers.

'Tis sad work to be at that pass that the best trial of trust must be the multitude of believers in a crowd where the number of fools so much exceeds that of the wise. As if anything were so common as ignorance.—Montaigne.

All philosophy lies in two words, "sustain" and "abstain."—Epictetus.

One cannot bear to pay for articles he used to get for nothing. When Adam laid out his first penny upon nonpareils at some fruit-stall in Mesopotamia I think it went hard with him, reflecting upon his old goodly orchard where he had so many for nothing.—Lamb.

F. C. and American Beauty Corsets

You'll never know what "Corset Comfort" really means until you have worn a pair of these celebrated Corsets.



This WARRANT with every pair—Money refunded after Four Weeks' Trial if corset is not satisfactory.

Kalamazoo Corset Company, Makers KALAMAZOO, MICH.

FOR SALE BY J. B. ANDERSON.

Kansas City Star: Mr. Whitecotton is the first speaker of the Missouri house of representatives who has ever succeeded himself in that position. The speaker is a man of considerable force of character who made an admirable presiding officer at the late session of the general assembly. His re-election as the unanimous choice of the Democrats of the legislature is all the more complimentary to him since he was an outspoken opponent of Mr. Stone who appears certain of election as United States Senator.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned Joseph W. Hardesty, Administrator of the estate of Albert Hardesty, deceased, will make Final Settlement of his accounts with said estate as such Administrator at the next term of the Probate Court of Monroe County, Missouri, to be held at Paris, in said county, on the 24th day of February, A. D. 1903.

JOSEPH W. HARDESTY, Administrator of estate of ALBERT E. HARDESTY, Deceased.

A Thought for the Day.

No one can live a true life who measures its worth by what others do, or think, or say. Be content to be yourself, to be self-contained. Contentment, after doing one's level best, brings a poise and sweetness into the life, a balance to the character, which can never develop under festering, over-anxious, abnormal ambition.

SUCCESS.

A Devoted Parent.

"Da wson is one of the most devoted fathers I ever knew."

"How so?"

"He's so proud of his children. Why, say, he often lies awake half the night trying to think up clever things that he can credit them with saying."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Acme Food for sale at Hayden's Livery Barn. Every bucket guaranteed.

Teachers, get your report cards at this office.



FOR BREAKFAST, Luncheon, Dinner, any time, day or night, the Ideal Cereal Food. Wheatlet. Made from the entire wheat. Superior in every way to oatmeal or any similar production. If your grocer does not keep it send his name with your order—we will see that you are supplied. Made only by the FRANKLIN MILLS CO., LOCKPORT, N. Y.

SEE THE WEST IN ITS 1902 PROSPERITY.

Homeseekers' excursion tickets are sold over the Burlington Route on the first and third Tuesdays of each month at one fare plus \$2 for round trip to the territory east of the Rocky Mountains.

CHEAP ONE-WAY RATES

One-way settlers' rates on same dates to a large extent of territory at a trifle more than half rate.

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The generous harvest of 1902 is a strong appeal to homeseekers, investors and renters to visit the West and see the rewards which have come to farmers, stock-raisers and fruit growers in the territory traversed by the Burlington Route, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern Railroads from the Mississippi River through to the North Pacific Coast.

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Consult your nearest ticket agent or write us of your proposed trip. It shall be a pleasure to send you a careful reply and any of our publications free on request.

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