

WESTERN KANSAS WORLD CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

H. S. GIVLER, Publisher.

WA-KEENEY, KANSAS

The Khedive of Egypt recently sent a present to Pope Leo XIII. in the shape of a mummy, dating back to two thousand years before the Christian era.

A movement is on foot in North Carolina, prompted by the tobacco dealers, to erect a statue of Sir Walter Raleigh in Raleigh. Collection boxes are to be placed in stores where tobacco is sold.

A line of "observation automobiles" is to be run in Washington, D. C., for the benefit of visitors. Each vehicle carries twenty-two passengers and will be accompanied by a lecturer on points of interest at the capital. The fuel is kerosene and the motive power steam.

Dr. S. J. Trexle of Kutztown, Pa., before his death, provided that everyone who attended his funeral should have a free dinner, and over 1,000 persons availed themselves of his offer at the two leading hotels, where arrangements had been made to feed the multitude.

A New York newspaper recently celebrated its fiftieth birthday by bringing out a copy of its first issue. That number contained, among many musty and forgotten things, an article on the Nicaraguan canal route, extracts from English papers on the superiority of American yachts, and an article on the sympathy of Americans with the Cubans, oppressed by Spain. Verily, "the thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think."

An American laundry machine company has recently shipped a complete steam laundry plant to Vladivostok, eastern Siberia. It will be capable of handling four thousand pieces of linen a day, and will consist of washers, centrifugal wringers and a large mangle. This is said to be the first introduction of such an equipment into that region. If so, it is doubtless a case of "Wring out the old; wring in the new," slightly to amend Tenyson's familiar lines.

The "Donau Zeitung," a Bavarian newspaper, gives currency to the rumor that the Kaiser has instructed the military authorities to remit all sentences passed on soldiers of the China expeditionary force. His Majesty, it is said, does not wish that the men who went voluntarily to China to fight for the Fatherland shall return home to undergo punishment. Quite a large number of soldiers of the German forces have been sentenced to more or less heavy punishment for offenses against military discipline committed in China and for excesses against the person and property of the Chinese.

When Emma Paul was called as a witness in court in Baltimore, Md., in a suit brought by her father against her mother, the astonishing facts were disclosed that, although she is aged twenty years, she did not understand the nature of an oath, had never been to a church or Sunday school, had never heard of God, or heaven, and did not know of the promise of immortality. It was discovered that the young woman had lived in Baltimore all her life, and that her home was in the heart of a densely populated section. Judge Wickes allowed her to testify, saying she was an extraordinary and unsatisfactory witness.

The street car companies of Chicago are apparently not in favor with the Service committee of the committee on local transportation of the city council, for it has formulated a code that is likely to reduce the receipts of the railroad companies considerably. The committee at a meeting decided that if a passenger is obliged to stand up in a car and hang on to a strap he has received value for only four cents, and not five. Then the committee has suggested to the corporation counsel to enforce an ordinance relative to transfers, making it obligatory on the traction companies to furnish transfer slips to any of its intersecting lines.

An interesting operation has just been performed in the hospital attached to the University at Halle, Germany. A 6-year-old girl patient was suffering from partial paralysis and as the doctors in charge considered this could only arise from a tumor on the brain Prof. von Bramann decided to remove it. With an electric saw he cut out a piece of the skull a little larger than a half-crown, cut through the inner skin, and discovered a tumor as large as a walnut. The professor skillfully removed this tumor, sewed up the inner skin, fitted in again the round piece of the skull he had sawn out and sewed up the outer skin. The operation lasted an hour, and may be considered perfectly successful, as the child is quite well again and all symptoms of paralysis have disappeared.

At the request of friends and admirers of Dr. Armand Hansen, the discoverer of the bacillus of leprosy, the Norwegian sculptor Visdal made a bust of him, which was unveiled the other day, on the occasion of Hansen's sixtieth birthday. Professor Lassar delivered an address, in which he remarked that it had taken the world a quarter of a century to fully realize the import of Dr. Hansen's discovery but that already, in consequence of it, great improvement had been effected in Norway, long one of the favorite haunts of that terrible disease.

SOME SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

The Thrilling Rescue of Gilmore and His Party From the Hands of the Filipinos Described by Col. Luther R. Hare—Many Hardships.

THE INEVITABLE.

I like the man who faces what he must. With step triumphant and with heart of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unflinching trust
That God is good; that somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp—better with love a crust
Than living in dishonor—envies not
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot;
But, with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler; he alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.
—Sarah K. B. Iton.

THE RESCUE OF GILMORE.

"Before I left Texas my father seemed to have his mind set on the rescue of Gilmore and his party," said Colonel Luther R. Hare at Kansas City recently. "Let all other things go, if possible," he would say, "and get poor Gilmore out of the Filipinos' hands. Dr. Lieberman of Kansas City, was my chief surgeon, and between the two of us we got 1,300 men, physically fit to go anywhere. Fate and my father seemed to be working together, for soon after reaching Luzon General Wheaton ordered me north to join General Young's command, and Young at once sent me out after Gilmore. We were about in the center of Northern Luzon—at Bignat, in Arara province—when we made the start with 135 men and some natives. We passed through the district producing the finest tobacco in all Luzon, and breech-clout people grew it. Once we came to a doubtful place in the trail, and a piece of blue flannel shirt set us right. But the best guides we had were chalk marks on the cliffs. These generally took the form of 'Drink Blank's Beer,' and we knew Americans had written it, but we wondered why they should choose to mark the trails with suggestions of that nature. We had been out eleven days, I think, when we ran onto a party of fifteen insurgents escorting three Americans. We attacked, killing five Filipinos, and the others fled, leaving the prisoners. They were from Gilmore's party, had escaped and been recaptured. Gilmore, they said, was about two days ahead. Early the second day later we came upon the naval officer and his party. Their captors had heard of our coming and fled. Gilmore begged them not to leave him without food or arms, and his men had had little except pony meat for two days before we reached them. Gilmore had been a prisoner nearly eight months when we found him and he seemed dazed. In fact, none of the men were very demonstrative. True Americans, they had never ceased to hope, and the relief came rather as a matter of course. Gilmore's authority had always been recognized by his men, and he had made a civilian named Langford his executive officer. And here the beer advertisements on the trail were explained. Langford was agent for an American brewery and was captured while in some out-of-the-way place drumming trade. On the march into the mountains he took some chalk from a school house and with this wrote 'Drink Blank's Beer' along the trail. The Filipino officer in charge caught him at it, and of course remonstrated.

"Oh, I'm only advertising my beer," Langford told him, and the insurgent thought it was a good joke. One of Gilmore's men, a young fellow from San Francisco, had a little monkey which he carried on all the trip, and they made good use of him. In many cases the fruits and berries in the Luzon mountains are poisonous. These hungry men would lead the monkey to the fruit, and if he ate they would eat, otherwise the most tempting growth would go untouched, and the little monkey never abused the trust placed in him. We had no rations and decided it would be better to float down the river to the northern coast than to try to go back. Rafts took us out near Apawi, where we found the Princeton, in less than two weeks. Rice was practically the only food we could find. On the entire trip I lost only one man. He died of smallpox, and we brought his body back on a raft. None of the other men were infected."

A REMARKABLE CASE.

One of the most remarkable cases of a man surviving a severe wound is that of Augustus F. Emery, of Dorchester, Mass., who was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, and carried the bullet in the muscles of his back for ten years. The ball entered near the waist line, on the right-hand side, and lodged, no one knew just where, for a long time; but, as was finally determined, about three inches to the right of the spine, about on a line with the point of its original entrance. He lay on the field of battle thirty-one hours, and all the nourishment he received was a drink of

water. He was carried to the field hospital on the night of July 4, but it was not until noon of the next day that an attempt was made to remove the bullet. Its location could not be determined, and he was conveyed to a hospital in Baltimore, and from there to his home at Parkers Head, Md., although the surgeons predicted the journey would kill him. He recovered, however, and within three or four months was back at the front again. About a year later a piece of shell went through his right side, coming out at his back and leaving a hole as big as a half-dollar, though, unfortunately, it did not take the encysted bullet along with it. For several months, while he was under treatment, portions of his canteen, leather cartridge box and his clothing, that had been carried into the wound by the shell, periodically came forth into daylight again from the aperture in his back. In a little over three months Mr. Emery was in the ranks again, serving till mustered out, in August, 1865. During the ten years succeeding the close of the war Mr. Emery carried about his leaden memento with periodical seasons of serious suffering, when his wound would suppurate continually for months at a time. One day, in 1873, while working on a steamer, pairing a ship in Bath, he fell, striking his back, at the point where the bullet was lodged, on the corner of a plank below. He was carried home, and the doctor, who was familiar with his case, discovered that the ball had dislodged the bullet from its old resting place and left it in a place where it could be easily removed. It did not take long, nor did it require the administering of ether to make an incision in the side and extract the bullet, after which the patient recovered, save for occasional attacks of rheumatism during the years that have followed.

"THE NEGRO SOLDIER."

Col. R. L. Bullard of the subsistence department, late colonel of the Thirtieth Volunteer Infantry, has written a paper to a service journal on "the negro soldier," which is attracting considerable attention in military circles. During the Spanish war Col. Bullard commanded the Third Alabama Volunteer Infantry, the enlisted force of which was composed entirely of negroes, while all the regimental officers except the chaplains, were white men who had lived in the south. Colonel Bullard says that the negro soldier is a good-natured, happy person who is not worried by climatic discomforts or the irregularities of a soldier's life. He does not find them lazy as soldiers and says that when "in squad" they work well. As individuals, however, they are inclined to trifle, and are not up to the mark as sentinels. Their light-heartedness and good humor makes the negro complain a rarity. The negro starts, too, with a proper appreciation of the respect due his commissioned officer. It seems to be inborn knowledge, and as a general thing he lives up to this disciplinary quality. He does not, however, readily lend himself to the authority of the non-commissioned officers. A difficulty in punishing negro soldiers comes from their stubbornness, and it is even necessary, in order to make punishment effective, to have it carried out with the ridicule of comrades. On the other hand, says Col. Bullard, the negro is fond of praise and can be made to accomplish much by judicious commendation. The colored soldier is subject readily to the moods and excitement of his commanding officer. If the captain be a little rattled in drill the effect is seen on his men. If he loses his head and becomes frightened or excited his followers are imbued with the same spirit. In the same way negroes "take sides" in any row of which they happen to be the observers, according to Colonel Bullard. The negro is a good soldier in the sense that he is obedient and a splendid fighter when he is under intrepid officers who are disciplinarians. The negro regular in Cuba showed he was of the right material, and it must be assumed that he was a type of all his race under arms. "By character more submissive to discipline, by nature more good-humored and happy, by social position more subordinate to superiors, from poverty more used to plain food, fewer clothes and comforts," says Col. Bullard, "the average negro volunteer comes to the color with more of the first urgently needed qualities of the soldier and reader for service than the white."—Washington Star.

BETTER THAN BULLETS.

It was during one of the preliminary skirmishes at Chickamauga, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The federal troops had reached the top of a hill, and the confederates had been forced down on the other side. They hid behind stumps and trees, fell over behind logs and sought other places of concealment in their effort to escape Yankee bullets. One headless youth fell over behind a log—and the rest of the story is best told in his own words. I fell with my face down, and could hear the Yankee bullets whistling over my head or burying themselves in the log behind which I was hiding. In hugging close up to the log I shoved my face into a hornet's nest. The hornets covered my face and head, and I lay there picking them off one at a time until I found an opportunity to escape. Soon after that met one of my company and he said "Great goodness, J. M., what on earth is the matter with your face?" "Shoveled it into a hornet's nest." "You must have suffered fearfully." "No; I never experienced a more delicious feeling in my life. I prefer the sting of hornets to Yankee bullets!"

THE TIME TO LAUGH.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Pleased with the Hour, or the Ready Wit of a Son of the Emerald Isle—A Large Covey—Figuring Out Her Share.

PLEASED WITH THE HOUR.

From the Louisville Times.—Lieutenant Heffernan was saying the other day that he had hardly ever seen an Irishman who wasn't ready with a quick retort, no matter what the circumstances might be.
"It was about three years ago that I arrested a certain fellow. He was about the drunkest man I ever saw to be still standing on his feet. As soon as I got hold of him he wanted to make trouble. He was just like many others from the old sod when they get full of bad 'booze' and they think there is a chance for a scrap. He made a pass at me, but I reached over and tapped him once on the head with my stick. He became quiet right away, and he looked up at me and said:
"And what time is it?"
"And of course I couldn't help but answer, 'Just struck one.'
"Well, if that's so," he answered, "I'm dum glad yez didn't hit me an hour sooner!"

NONE IN HIS.

"It's funny about Chinamen, isn't it?" remarked the saloonkeeper whose place was next door to a laundry. "I knew Sing Lung was working away like a steam engine this hot day, and so I drew a glass of cold seltzer and handed it in to cheer and revive him."
"That was thoughtful of you," said the man leaning on the bar and wishing he was a Chinaman.
"Oh, but the fellow wouldn't touch it."
"No?"
"And he even flew mad and ordered me out of his place. Didn't seem to understand, you know."
"But I think he did. Yes, I think he had been there before."
"How do you mean?" asked the saloonist.
"Why he's been given knockout drops and had his laundry robbed of the last nickel!"

A LARGE COVEY.

Two old hunters were swapping yarns and had got to quail.
"Why," said one, "I remember a year when quail were so thick that you could get eight or ten at one shot with a rifle."
The other one sighed.
"What's the matter?" said the first.
"I was thinking of my quail hunter. I had a fine black horse that I rode everywhere, and one day out hunting quail I saw a big covey on a low branch of a tree. I threw the bridle rein over the end of the limb and took a shot.
"Several birds fell and the rest flew away."
"Well, it's so. I saw it in a paper," on that limb that when they flew off it sprang back into place and hung my horse!"

FIGURING OUT HER SHARE.

Eunice had been doing some figuring on her slate.
"Papa," she said, "do you know this country eats about 2,600,000 tons of sugar every year?"
"No, I don't know it," replied papa, taught by past experience to be cautious.
"Well, it's so. I saw it in a paper," "Yes, what of it, dear?"
"Nothing, only I've been finding out how much every man, woman and child in the United States eats on an average."
"Well, how much is it?"
"It's about 66 pounds a year. I don't believe I eat half of that, and yet you make a fuss every time I want—"
"That'll do, child. I surrender. Here's a quarter. Go and get your box of candy."

LANGUAGE.

BeGar—"How is your health?"
Smages—"I'm just up from a sick bed."
BeGar—"Strange! Vat is ze matter wix ze bed?"
HIS ASCENSION.
From the New York Times: When the young minister of high church tendencies was called to preside over a congregation that abhorred ritualism, and was a stickler for the simplest of services, he called on Bishop Potter to ask what would be the result if he went in for ritualism just a bit.
"Suppose I should burn a pastille or two during the service; what do you think would happen, bishop, for I dearly wish to try the experiment?"
"Your congregation would be incensed, your vestrymen would flame, and you would go out in smoke," quickly replied the bishop.

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WORDS OF THE POET.

From the Louisville Times: The poet has to stand more tramping on his toes, more knocks and bangs, than the majority of men. Possibly he is so sensitive that he feels them more; anyhow, he suffers and endures, and is always expecting a solar-plexus blow. He had a woman friend whom he admired and esteemed a lot. She was intensely particular, however, but she liked him and always had something kindly to say. The other evening she began talking about his book of verse.

"I borrowed it from a friend," she declared, "and started to read it. I would pick it up before breakfast or after supper, but do you know that every time I was trying my best to wade through it some of the children in the house would call me for something, and I never did plow through the volume."

The poet had grinned broadly when she began on the subject of his book, but the words "wade through it," "plow through it," told his spirit to the dust. That girl was worse than the woman who wrote a note of thanks for a gift of his book and let him find it on her parlor table with the leaves uncut.

VERY TIMID.



Colonel Ruddygore—What did I do last night?

Hotel Clerk—You got drunk and shot a man.
Colonel Ruddygore—Is that all? I was afraid I had insulted somebody; thanks.

LOOKING AHEAD.

From the London Tit-Bits.—A good story is told on one of the dignitaries of the Scottish church. Before he became known to fame he was a minister of a remote country parish, and was not considered a particularly attractive preacher.

At his suggestion extensive alterations were made in the transept of his church, and these had the effect of sweeping away considerable seating accommodation.

One day after the alterations had been effected, he visited the church to see how it looked.

"What do you think of the improvements, John?" he asked of the headie. "Improvements?" exclaimed John, in disdain; "they're no improvements at all. Whaur are ye g'in' to put the folk?" "Oh," said the minister, "we have abundance of room, John, considering the size of the congregation."
"That's a very weel the noo," retorted the headie; "but what will we do when we get a popular meenister?"

DOING HIS BEST.

In the early morning I went to the post office in an Alabama town to inquire for mail, but found I was half an hour too early. I was walking away when the colored janitor who was sweeping out called to me and asked: "Was yo' promast' nat'n' around yere arter yo' mail, sah?"
"Yes, but I see I'm too early."
"Yes, sah, too airly. An' was yo' a stranger in dis town?"
"Yes."
"An' ha'n't yo' no one to talk to?"
"No."
"Den, sah, if yo' don't keer to eliminate about de street fur half an hour yo' can stop right yere, an' I'll do my best to consider de reciprocity of de situashun an' make yo' feel to home!"

HARD LUCK.

The cowboy sat down on the ground fingered a roll of bills and looked sadly at his pard.
"Bill," he said, "it's no use. I can't go to town with you to-day."
"Why," asked Bill.
"I've only got \$25 to my name."
"Figger it up ag'in," said Bill.
"No use. I've figgered it up a dozen times, and it always comes out the same. It'll take \$20 for the drunk dollar an' a half fer bed an' breakfast three an' a half fer catridges, an' that won't leave a cussed cent to pay the fine."

Unnecessary Fear.

Widow Goosupeshel—Oh, dear, oh, dear, Mrs. Goosupeshel—Oh, dear, oh, I feel. Whenever I wake up in the night and it happens to strike 13, I imagine that my dear, dead husband will appear to me!
Mrs. Goosupeshel (comforting)—But, my dear, poor woman, how can you imagine such a thing! Your husband never did appear until after two in the morning, you know.

"Straws Show Which Way the Wind Blows"

and the constantly increasing demand for and steady growth in popularity of St. Jacob's Oil among all classes of people in every part of the civilized world, show conclusively what remedy the people use for their Rheumatism and bodily aches and pains. Facts speak louder than words, and the fact remains undisputed that the sale of St. Jacob's Oil is greater than all other remedies for outward application combined. It acts like magic, cures where everything else fails, conquers pain.

Sound money must be the kind that jingles in a fellow's pocket.

Owing to recent enlargement of our business, ten positions are open on our force of traveling salesmen. We solicit applications from capable men in all walks of life. Natural ability and aptness counts for more than experience in our work. We furnish all samples, rating book and supplies, and sell only to merchants—nearly all classes of stores. First-class, high-toned positions for the right men. We pay our salesmen over \$50,000 annually in salaries and commissions. Apply at once stating age, previous employment and references.

American Standard Jewelry Co., Detroit, Mich.

An old fool is always more foolish than a young fool.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

Beauty is a delusion and a snare—especially to women who lack it.

Hamlin's Blood and Liver Pills cure constipation and all the ills due to it; 25c at your druggists.

Long sermons are sometimes referred to as clerical errors.

Pico's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Hares, 322 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1904.

The fortunes of war are those made by army contractors.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 31st.—After investigating Garfield Tea, which is quite universally acknowledged to be the best family remedy, it is not difficult to explain its success—it is the medicine for GOOD RESULTS! It is prepared here by the Garfield Tea Co., in their new and attractive laboratory and is made wholly from simple, sweet and vital HEALTH-GIVING HERBS. Garfield Tea is the ORIGINAL herb cure for constipation and sick headache.

A physician always asks a sick man what ails him, and then proceeds to charge him \$2 for the information.

ALL UP TO DATE HOUSEKEEPERS use Defiance Cold Water Starch, because it is better and 4 oz. more of it for same money.

The swimming instructor is apt to be immersed in business.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Fame often consists of having yellow dogs and five-cent cigars named after you.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or spot the kettle (except green and purple). Sold by druggists, 10c. per package.

Love is blind. That is why so many women marry men to reform them.

Wm. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

"Never give up" is a good motto for people who don't pay their debts.

IRONING A SHIRT WAIST.

Not infrequently a young woman finds it necessary to launder a shirt waist at home for some emergency when the laundryman or the home-servant cannot do it. Hence these directions for ironing the waist: To iron summer shirt waists so that they will look like new it is needful to have them starched evenly with Defiance starch, then made perfectly smooth and rolled tight in a damp cloth, to be laid away two or three hours. When ironing have a bowl of water and a clean piece of muslin beside the ironing board. Have your iron hot, but not sufficiently so to scorch, and absolutely clean. Begin by ironing the back, then the front, sides and the sleeves, followed by the neckband and the cuffs. When wrinkles appear apply the damp cloth and remove them. Always iron from the top of the waist to the bottom. If there are plaits in the front iron them downward, after first raising each one with a blunt knife, and with the edge of the iron follow every line of stitching to give it distinctness. After the shirt waist is ironed it should be well aired by the fire or in the sun before it is folded and put away, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Many a man's success is due to the fact that he never attempts to do anything beyond his ability.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

A. PRIESMEYER SHOE CO.
SHOES THAT WEAR.
Ask Your Dealer For Them.

W. N. U. Kansas City No. 45, 1901

DISCURE FOR
Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Asthma, Hay Fever, Eczema, Skin Diseases, etc. Sold by Druggists.