

## SONG OF GLADNESS.

Sing away your trouble and soul-disturbing fears;  
Sing away your sorrows, your heart-aches, and your tears;  
Let the sunshine follow you through all the coming years.  
Sing a song of gladness forever.

Look above the trials that abound on every hand;  
Keep a stock of courage always at command;  
Some time in the future you will understand—  
Sing a song of gladness forever.

When the day is gloomy, songs will make it bright;  
When the burden is heavy, smiles will make it light;  
Sunshine will follow in the trail of darkest night—  
Sing a song of gladness forever.

Just a song of sunshine—let it flood the heart,  
And the bars of sorrow it will rend apart;  
Whisper words that courage in some soul will start—  
Sing a song of gladness forever.

—Los Angeles Times.

## Ralph Hicks, Fighter

By OPIE READ,  
Author of "The Kentucky Colonel," "The Jackkins," etc.

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At the time when the Dispatch fell to the ownership of Miss Lelane Graham the outlook for the paper was not good. For the paper—well, yes, with all the advertising in a town of 12,000, city printing and political patronage. But where the bad outlook came in was with the city editor, which meant the entire local staff. Within nine months four city editors had been killed on the street, and no wonder that a contemporary said that the paper was rightly named the Dispatch.

In the part of the country where the Dispatch was printed silence could discount truth as a virtue. It made no difference what a man might know—it was what he said that got him into trouble. But how was it possible to print the news without saying something, and was it likely that one could keep on saying something without treading upon the corns of an occasional truth? It is a fact that two men were hanged by law for assassinating local staffs of the Dispatch, but that did not preserve the life of another local staff two weeks later. Miss Lelane was a handsome, tender-hearted young woman, just out of a famous school, where she studied botany and vivisection, but she had not been taught that it was right to kill men. So, upon taking charge of the paper, she could not help but feel a certain responsibility, not to say anxiety. She could not herself sloop around in all sorts of weather and get the news. Of course she could edit the paper—anyone could do that, as nineteenth-century politicians in the district were ready to swear; but anyone would not dare to gather the news. While sitting at her desk the first morning after taking active control she heard a cough, and, looking up, saw standing near her a thing that looked like a yellow ghost. She stared at it, not over frightened, having taken a whirl at the medical course at school, and asked what was wanted. The man—it was a man—bowed and said that he had come to offer his services as city editor. And the idea that it would be well to employ him occurred to her. No one could have the heart to murder that skeleton. So she hired him and told him to go out and get the truth, for he it known that a community where the publication of truth is the most dangerous, is the place where truth is most demanded and most appreciated by newspaper readers. The

got up from a shake-down of chills and fever, and he thought that a little fresh blood was about what he needed. Hicks asked him if a doctor had given him that sort of a prescription, and the angel "lowed" that he had, and then the ground was stepped off, and Hicks shot the angel between the eyes, and the coroner declared that it was a good shot. This was also printed, and by this time Hicks was at the threshold of a reputation. Sometimes in society, at receptions or at teas, Miss Lelane was asked if she had heard anything more of that fellow Hicks. Everyone was interested in him.

The skeleton would once in awhile bring in a piece of news. No one thought of killing him, yet they made it inconvenient. One man hit him with a mallet and dislocated his hip, and another fellow knocked him down, just to hear him rattle, but otherwise no damage was done. Still his position was often embarrassing. So he said that he believed he would resign. Lelane urged him to remain a day or two longer, till she could find another skeleton, or some other physical unfortunate, immune against attack. He said that he was willing to stay till his other hip was dislocated, but after that she would have to make other arrangements. He went out and just then came another communication regarding Ralph Hicks. He was on a railway train when three robbers came in with pistols and demanded money or life. Men fell down and the train was at the mercy of the robbers till Hicks, who had been taking a nap, awoke. Then the scene changed. He was so tickled to find something useful to do that he broke out into a rude laughter. But he did not stop at this. He shot two of the robbers, tied the other one, threw him upon the wood box and told the conductor that he might go ahead whenever he got ready. This piece of news tickled the town and the name of Hicks was heard in every gathering. Two days later the skeleton came in, limping, and said that his other hip had been dislocated and that it was now time for him to go. She paid him off and he went out, and Lelane sighed be-



SHE SEIZED HIS HAND.

cause she had no more skeletons. But at this moment there entered a tall, handsome fellow with black, rippling hair. She smiled and asked him to be seated. He sat down, and then in a businesslike manner told her that he had come to apply for the city editorship. She answered him with a start and a gasp. Was it possible that so fine a man had come to look for death? He smiled at her. "I understand your situation," he said, "and I am determined to help you. I have had considerable experience in this sort of work. My name is Ralph Hicks."

She seized his hand. He was the one man who could dare to print the news. And she engaged him. The people were astonished to read that Ralph Hicks had taken the news end of the Dispatch. He printed a card in which he said: "It has long been my desire to live in this town, and I hope that I shall be permitted to be one of you. I am not naturally bloodthirsty, and I can prove that I have never looked for a fight. Of course there are times when I feel disposed to shed blood. I suppose we are all that way, more or less, but I never bleed a man just to observe the crimson tide. And, as I say, I hope that you will permit me to live among you in peace, and I am going to try, but I want it understood that I am going to print the news."



"LOOKED LIKE A YELLOW GHOST."

skeleton went out and Miss Lelane opened an envelope and took out a communication. It told of a desperate fight that had just occurred in the hills. A young man named Ralph Hicks had killed, in a fair fight, six ruffians who had provoked a quarrel with him. The deed was so full of valor that it was a good thing to print, and she printed it. A few days later she received another communication from a fellow named Holt Smith, giving another account of the "valiant Ralph Hicks. This time a desperado known as the Swamp Angel had met him at a country store, in a neighborhood where the angel was the owner of all he surveyed, and he was a pretty good surveyor. Hicks was affable and inclined to be conciliatory, but the angel said that he wasn't feeling very well, having just

## THE LATER REST.

He tolled, forever faithful, in the ways where Duty led,  
When earth seemed like a desert, and dark clouds overhead;  
And "As't you feelin' weary?" . . .  
But still his word would be:  
"On the other side of Jordan there'll be rest for me!"

The black storms beat about him. He saw, with saddened heart,  
The laborers in the vineyard, one after one, depart;  
"Oh, rest you from the tolling! There is no light to see!"  
"On the other side of Jordan there'll be light for me!"

"Rest, from the toll and trouble, tired hands and drooping head;  
You do not gather roses for graves that hide your dead!"  
But evermore that answer, clear-ringing, far and free:  
"On the other side of Jordan there'll be rest for me!"

And so he tolled, and tolling, gave earth a lesson sweet  
As the Love of God that showered Love's lilies at his feet;  
No earthly light could lure him—no dark faith could dim;  
On the other side of Jordan there was light for him!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

## BACK TO THE SOIL

By E. B. CLARK.

GEORGE SINGLETON was country born. When he was little more than a baby his father, a wealthy farmer, shipped him off to a city boarding school. From that time until he graduated at the big city university George knew little of country life except through his vacations. It is rather a hard thing to do to make one's hero a narrow sort of a chap, but if the line of truth is to be heeded to, it must be said that in some ways George Singleton's views of life were not more than a foot wide.

Among other things that city school life had done for this farmer's son was to give him a prejudice against country girls. George professed to see something quite different in the rosy-cheeked girl, who, swinging her books on a strap, out through the cornfield to the little schoolhouse at the crossroads, and the girl who took her father's carriage, or, at the very least, the elevated railroad, and was rolled away to a fashionable seminary. George did not want to be a snob, perhaps, but he was one, and the country girls with whom he associated when visiting home knew it. They felt a sort of pity for this young fellow whose vision was so limited. George, while a somewhat remarkable student, was dense enough in one way not to be able to perceive that there was acumen enough in these country girls to enable them to size him up pretty thoroughly. He had yet to learn that keen wits were not necessarily associated with the rustle of silk skirts.

George Singleton's father had been so proud of the progress that his son had made in his studies that it was almost too late that he came to know that the boy had failed utterly to learn some of the higher lessons of life that are not to be found inside book covers. The old gentleman was wont in the later years to remark that George knew all about Greek roots, but when it came to a question of other kinds of tubers George was not certain whether the potato ripened under ground or had to be picked off a bush like a gooseberry. He wanted his son to go farming, even if he had given him the finest education that money could buy. But George wouldn't have it that way. He wanted to be a professor of ancient languages, and, as George was anything but a fool as far as book learning went, he was offered the position of instructor of Greek in the great institution of learning by the lake where he had imbibed knowledge.

Instructor Singleton was looking forward to the day when he would have a right to tack professor on to his name. It is perhaps needless to say in the light of these later-day ways that the university was a co-ed affair. George had mixed classes, males and females. As he looked along the line of fresh girl faces which showed above the front row in the recitation-room he found himself dropping back into his old habit of comparing the girl pupils whom he knew to be city bred with those who came from the country. George was forced to admit against his own inclination that there wasn't much difference in the line of intelligence between those who came from Washington avenue and those who came from "just beyond the bridge on the creek road." He did, however, flatter himself that with scarcely a mental effort he could tell by a certain "savior faire" manner those of his pupils who had been brought up amid what George called the refinements of civilization and those who had been reared where the dust lies thick in the country roads and where the sounds of nature take the place of the rattle of cable cars.

There was Belle Madison, for instance, a strikingly handsome girl of 19, whose very name had a boulevard sound to it. No one could possibly mistake Belle for a country girl. She had a certain something, according to the instructor's view of life, that marked her as a child of that part of the great city where the upper tandom lived. George Singleton had never taken the trouble to look up the dwelling places of his pupils. He didn't have to. His insight could never fail him. Now, it happened that Singleton was only 25 years old. It also happened that he was physically big and good-looking. Something else happened which is not altogether unnatural, perhaps. He began to feel a deep interest in one of his pupils. It may be needless to say

that she was the city-bred girl, Belle Madison. Pupil and instructor met frequently at such of the gatherings as the university life afforded. It is perhaps better to go straight at things, and so let it be said without beating around, that the pupil was not entirely indifferent to the instructor. She was as handsome a girl as one can find after a week's hunt. She was a brunette, with a little of the blush rose showing through the tan of her cheeks. It was tan sure enough, and this fact puzzled Instructor Singleton a little, for it was the one thing which this girl pupil of his had in common with the country lasses who dwelt down his father's farm way.

George's love affair prospered. He wasn't a bad fellow, only narrow and with an unreasonable prejudice against country girls. It didn't take Belle long to find out the bent of her teacher-lover's mind. She heard him say nice things about city girls, to the disparagement of their rural sisters. She chided him a little at times and said that there were lots of country girls who were just as nice as George tried to make her out to be. He said: "You can't find your counterpart in a ten years' search in any city, and as for the country, a man would be nothing short of an idiot who would undertake a search that would last a century, and in the end be unsuccessful."

Things went on smoothly, and teacher and pupil were engaged. George had seen Mr. Madison, the father, at an office in a big downtown building. On the office door appeared simply the words, "William Madison, Commissions." Singleton knew that the mother was dead and that Belle had lived nearly all her life with her father. The spring vacation came on. Belle told George that her grandmother lived in Posey county, Ind., and that she was going to spend the ten days' Easter vacation with her. George was asked to follow her in a few days to get acquainted with the old lady. A few days later he left the train at a dingy little station and inquired of the agent the way to Mrs. James Madison's residence.

"Oh, the old lady," said the railroad official. "She lives a mile back with her son. He's got about the biggest dairy farm in Indiana."

The day was delightful and the country was beautiful, so George trudged along the road in the direction indicated. He soon came in sight of a great collection of buildings, while beyond, turned out for their first spring pasturing, were cattle that might have covered a thousand hills. It was near sunset. George



NEAR BY STOOD A MAN LEANING AGAINST A POST.

reached the first of the long, low roofed sheds. There was a cow stanchioned at one end. Near by stood a man leaning against a post, while on a three-legged stool, with a pail firmly clasped between her knees, sat a maid milking.

By the shades of Aeschylus, Aristotle and the rest of the Greeks, was there not something familiar about the sweeping lines of this dairy maid's figure and the poise of her superb head? George passed through the gateway numb and dazed in all his faculties. At his step the girl turned her head, rose and came to meet him with her brimming pail in her hand and an equally brimming smile in her face. "I thought you'd get here just about this time, George, and so I let you catch me at my favorite work. I was born here and have lived here nearly all my life. Father has a commission office in the city, but he's only there occasionally. Ever since I was 17 I have been his partner in the dairy business, though he made me go to the university to polish up a little. Here," and she put her hand into her pocket, "is our card." George took it and read:

William Madison & Daughter,  
Dairy Farm Products, Posey County, Ind.  
Milk Cows a Specialty.

"Not much savor of a boulevard about that, is there, George? You know now where the tan cheeks came from. Do you think you can stand me as I am?"

And George looked at her and thought he could.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Circulating Love Letters.**  
In the days when so much is being written and said about love letters and upon their sanctity and the question as to whether they should ever be published, even after the death of those who wrote and received them, it is interesting to note a passage in Mr. Scudder's life of James Russell Lowell relating to the poet's courtship of Maria White, whom he afterward married. Mr. Scudder relates that Lowell's love letters to Miss White were so admired by her that they were passed about among the acquaintances of the pair, and, in fact, regularly sent from house to house as soon as they were received. The annals of amatory literature can probably show no parallel to the incident, yet it is very like Boston in the early forties.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

## PERISHABLE CURIOSITIES.

Single Designation of a Carload of Tramps Shipped Out of a Mexican Town.

In Mexico the billing of railroad freight requires a knowledge and precision which can only be attained by years of practice. This is due to the peculiar classification of various articles and the different rates of customs duties. A case recently occurred which severely taxed the ingenuity of the station agent, although he finally succeeded in meeting all requirements, states Youth's Companion.

The town was overrun with tramps, and the council determined that steps must be taken to rid the city of them. It was finally decided to round them up and ship them out of the country. It would be too expensive to purchase tickets, so they concluded to hire stock cars and ship their tramps as freight.

The cars were procured and by the aid of the police the tramps were gathered; but then the question arose as to how the shipment should be designated on the bill of lading.

The term "persons" could not be used, as it would conflict with the state law relative to proper accommodations for the traveling public, and it would also be in violation of the company's rules governing the rates of passenger traffic. "Marketable commodities" would not do, as that would subject the carload to a heavy duty upon crossing the tariff zone. Again, they would have to be classified as "perishable," or the dispatcher might order the cars sidetracked along the line.

But fortunately there is a customs law which exempts certain kinds of curiosities from duty, and so, after much consideration, the tramps were billed and forwarded as so many hundredweight of "perishable curiosities—unfit to eat."

## PLAY CHECKERS BY WIRE.

Telegraph Operators in Canada While Away Their Spare Time at the Game.

When the American management assumed control of the Grand Trunk railway in Canada it set about the abolition of many easy-going habits the employees had drifted into. One unbusinesslike practice to which the telegraph operators of the road were addicted was playing checkers over the wires. Each operator kept a numbered checker board and after arranging the checkers on the squares when the wires were not busy they indicated the moves to be made by telegraphing the numbers of the squares a checker was to be moved from and to. The objection the management had against checker playing was that the pastime sometimes occupied the keys against the transmission of important dispatches.

One winter's evening shortly after the new management took over the Canadian railroad two operators stationed along the main line east were whiling away the time playing checkers when a key was opened at the Montreal office. The head office of the Grand Trunk is at Montreal, and the superintendent's "call" requires immediate attention and a clear wire. The checker-playing operator nearer Montreal heard the magic signal and promptly opened his key. His friend further west, being without suspicion and unable to account for the interruption in the game, ticked out the inquiry: "Whose next move?" and on receiving no answer repeated it, giving his station call.

Then the Montreal key, operated by a touch that was strange, says the New York Times, wired the terse reply: "I guess it will be your next move. I am the new superintendent."

## CRUELTY DEFENDED.

The Custom of Vivisectioning Dumb Animals in the Interests of Science Approved Of.

Several years ago a defense of vivisection, entitled "A Statement in Behalf of Science," was issued to the public by a committee of eminent surgeons and professors, says Henry C. Merwin, in Atlantic. \* \* \* This document, which was endorsed by President Eliot and other distinguished persons, expressly sanctions the practice of vivisection, without the use of anesthetics, however painful the operation, in those cases (and they are numerous) where to use an anesthetic would diminish the value of the experiment. Further, the statement expressly defends the custom of vivisectioning dumb animals not only for experiment, but also for mere purposes of illustration in the classroom; and it makes no distinction in this respect between painful operations and those in which anesthetics are used—whereas in England vivisection in the classroom without the use of anesthetics is prohibited by law. The language of the statement is in the highest degree decorous and euphemistic, but when examined it will be found to cover every form of cruelty that can be perpetrated in the name of science.

## Where Theft Is Not Robbery.

In China theft is so common that nobody notices it. A young Chinaman once slipped three oranges up his sleeve at a party. While making his bow at parting the oranges slipped out and rolled onto the floor. He accounted for the awkward event by saying that his mother was very fond of oranges. His fault was straightway overlooked, and he was afterward held up as an instance of filial piety. There are several proverbs which go to show that the folk think lightly of stealing. One says that "When tailors cease to pilfer cloth, their children will have to go without food," and another declares "When silversmiths do not steal they will certainly starve."

## The Peoples Savings Bank

R. G. OLP, Prop.

Manitowoc,

Wisconsin.

## Closing Out Sale Of Clothing.

In order to make the necessary increase in our Dry Goods and Gent's Furnishing Department we must close out

all ready made clothing. This is made necessary because we already occupy the entire

building and cannot find the additional space required for the extension of the other departments. We will positively close out all men's and boys' suits and will hereafter keep them no more, except trousers and children's clothing of which we will continue to carry a full line. All the new style staple suits have been priced below cost and the sale will continue until every garment is sold. But it will be well for you to act quickly if you wish any of these suits, because you know that when suits are sold at manufacturer's cost, it takes but a short time to close the entire line and thus by delaying you may not be able to find the suit you want.

Men's \$14 extra fine quality black suits, to be closed out at . . . . .	\$9.50
Men's \$12.50 extra fine quality worsted suits, to be closed out at . . . . .	\$8.75
Men's \$10 medium weight suits, to be closed out at . . . . .	\$7.85
Men's \$8 fine quality suits, to be closed out at . . . . .	\$5.50
Men's and Boys' \$7 fine quality suits, to be closed out at . . . . .	\$4.50
Men's and Boys' \$5.50 fine suits, to be closed out at . . . . .	\$3.85
Boys' \$4.50 good wearing suits to be closed out at . . . . .	\$2.95
Boys' \$3.85 fine suits, to be closed out at . . . . .	\$2.25

## Overcoats to be Closed Out.

We still have remaining a few overcoats which will be closed out with the clothing stock. If you wish to buy one of these for future use the saving in price will certainly justify your doing so. These overcoats will be closed out at less than cost price because they are out of season.

\$12.50 Men's stylish overcoats to be closed out at . . . . .	\$7.85
Men's \$10 very fine overcoats to be closed out at . . . . .	\$6.50
Men's \$8.50 good wearing overcoats, to be closed out at . . . . .	\$4.50
Men's \$6.50 overcoats to be closed out at . . . . .	\$3.50
Men's \$5.50 overcoats to be closed out at . . . . .	\$2.85

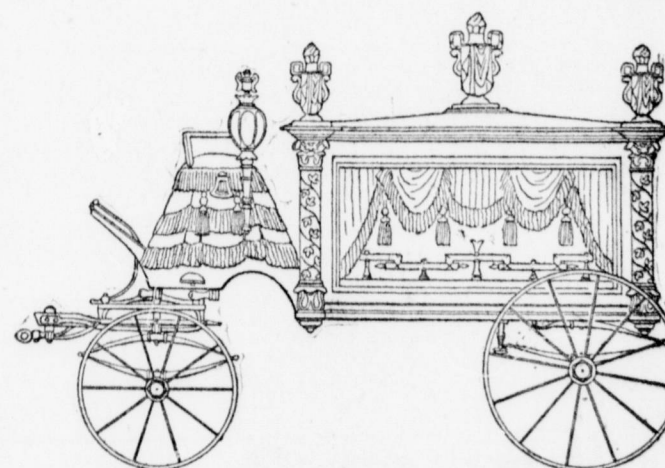
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