

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, MARCH 13, 1891.

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J. C. THATCHER, INSURANCE —AND— LOAN AGENT

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The oldest and most reliable Agency in the city. Established 1875.

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COWARD JOE.

We called him a coward everywhere. Us boys who knew Joe White. With his freckled face and sandy hair. He'd rather run than fight. If you called him a liar or a fool, He'd take it just the same. An' we use to plague him out of school, Because he had no game.

Joe White he liked Mirandy Brown— That fact wasn't told, but seen, An' with her he acted like a clown, So ornate an' so green! He was eighteen then. The boys liked fun. "There's a handy top!" they'd shout, An' they got the cripple, Dickey Dunn, To go an' cut him out.

Joe took it hard, growed thin an' pale, Tho' nobody heard him sigh, An' his relief for work appeared to fail, An' a tear seemed to haunt his eye. "Joe's got consumption," his mother said, An' his father thought the same, But Joe he managed to keep out of bed, If he did not have much game.

Us boys all knew that his heart was broke; But no pity did we show, An' the kindest words of him we spoke— "Have you heard from Coward Joe?" Randy liked Joe some, we allins thought, But she was a girl, you see, An' favor of a girl can best be bought By a show of bravery.

Then the war came up, the North an' South Could no longer hold their hate, An' to speeches from the cannon's mouth They narrowed the old debate. It's boys went in as first recruits— Great snipers! so did Joe, An' we laughed an' yelled, "When Joe White shoots A panic will seize the foe!"

We ridiculed Joe in camp an' drill, We teased him with jeering rhyme, But he bore it all as a coward will— Or a man who waits his time. While marching South, in rear or van, Joe wore a more martial look; He'd somehow caught more the air of a man, Or the hero of a book.

At Chickamauga our sergeant fell— Joe raised the colors high, An' his tone rung clear as any bell, "What soldier's afraid to die?" Overhead the screechin' stray shells burst, While the balls went screeamin' by, Joe shouted, "Hurrah for the Twenty-first!" He's a coward who will fly!

A piece of a murderous shell went past, Joe's strong right arm was cleft, An' the good old flag in the dust was cast— But he raised it with his left. The frenzy of battle dried his face— "Twice a picture that beat all art; Next we saw him reel and sink in his place, With a ball thro' his hero heart!" NEASE SCHOLCK.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

You look very tired, Mary.

Don't you think you had better lie down a little while?

"I will if you will carry my babe into the bed-room for me," replied the pale-faced, sad-looking little woman.

"You don't feel very strong, yet, do you Mary?" tenderly asked Aunt Hannah, as she laid the infant in her niece's arms and carefully spread a blanket over them.

"You mustn't go to gettin' low-spirited. We'll have you nursed up so that you won't look like the same woman in a few days."

"I hope so," Mrs. Fisk replied in a trembling voice. Do you expect mother and Jane back soon?" she asked, and she drew the blanket over her head, under pretense of screening her babe from the chill of the morn. But Aunt Hannah saw that there were tears on her cheeks; and she knew that it was to hide them that the blanket was drawn up. She answered:

"They'll be here in an hour or two; and you must try to get a good nap fore you see 'em"

Aunt Hannah heard a faint sob as she stepped out of the room. She said to herself:

"There 'tis agin! Another couple has started on the wrong track, and everything 'll go wrong till they git on the right one. Fred Fiske is a tyrant, I know; and I allers thought he would be; and she, poor, little, meek-faced thing, dar'sn't say her soul's her own. She didn't begin right. I've told her mother a good many times that I believe something was going wrong with Mary. She allers answers:

"The wear and tear of her three babes does seem to be most too much for her!" Strange, Tilda can't see that its taken something besides the babes to bring that expression over Mary's face. I've seen a good many young wives go down just as she is goin' in my time. They'd look sad and mope a few years, then they'd begin to cough, and they'd go right straight down. Things are terribly out of joint somehow, or 'twouldn't be so. I don't believe there's a single speck more need on'than there is of dumb critters goin' so. They seem wonderful

happy when their young are 'round them; and it seems to me that human critters ought to be. I can't stand it to see Mary look so wilted and crushed. Something must be done. I must talk to her mother once more about it."

It is a favorable opportunity, while Aunt Hannah is watching for her brother's wife's return to give the readers a short history of the good old lady, and of others who have been introduced in this story.

Hannah White is a rare woman. She is a single lady, sixty years of age; and she resides with her brother Richard White, the father of Mrs. Fiske. Deprived by death of her father when she was only twelve years old (the eldest of six children) and left with a very feeble mother, nearly the whole care of the household fell upon her at that early age. Her opportunities for getting an education were very limited. In fact she never went to school one day after her father's death. But her cheerful disposition, good common sense, and eminently good judgment, make her a welcome visitor to all of her acquaintance, in spite of her homely way of expressing herself.

Mr. White and his wife were both well pleased when Frederick Fiske asked permission to woo their Mary. Aunt Hannah was not; but she did not think best to express her thoughts about him, as she really could bring no distinct charge against him. Still she had very positive opinions in regard to him.

Frederick Fiske respected himself exceedingly. He meant to be respected by every one else. Why shouldn't he be? He was industrious and enterprising; and no one could accuse him of any moral delinquency. And was he not always calm and self-possessed? so discreet and so reticent that it did not seem that an earthquake could shake an unguarded word from his lips? He was principal of the High School in the village in which he resided; and he was spoken of as a good teacher and a very promising young man. Aunt Hannah never spoke against him (except to herself) when people were complimenting him and congratulating her brother and his wife on the good fortune of their daughter; but she would say to herself:

"I've seen young men like him before. They make hard husbands to git along with. They allers want their wives to feel the crushin' weight of their dignity. Fiske, probably, never'll say a rough, hard word to any woman, but he'll so manage, his wife'll feel as much in bondage in a short time as any slave ever did. Mary will soon learn that all he requires of her in regard to thinking is to think just as he thinks, if she thinks at all. Such kind of men call women blue-stockin' and strong-minded, if they read and try to know somethin'; and, if they don't, they call 'em weak-minded and frivolous. They find fault with 'em if they do, and they despise 'em if they don't. Thank the Lord! all men don't feel so; but there enough of 'em to raise the mischief with a great many women, and they, in their turn, raise the mischief with a great many more; for such wives (if they don't sink down and die young) are apt to grow hard and bitter after awhile, and then they are down on all the men, and they think that all women are abused; and they git a great many women to feelin' discontented who have no just cause for feelin' so."

Aunt Hannah felt sure that morning, that her fears had proved true. She met her sister-in-law at the gate and told her that Mary was there, and was then lying down, "and I hope she has gone to sleep," she added. "I want to have a talk with you fore she wakes up. Trouble of some kind is wearin' the dear child out, you may depend on't. We must help her out of this 'sloUGH of despond' or she'll sink out of our sight fore we know it. Fred Fiske couldn't

quite kill me with his lordliness, but I'm re'ly afraid he will her."

"Why, Hannah!" exclaimed Mrs. White. "Frederick never seems unkind to Mary, and she never complains about him."

"I presume she never does. She isn't one of the complainin' sort. But you must have noticed how she lowers her voice and speaks hardly above a whisper when he is in, and how worried and anxious she looks if everything is not in its place; or if the little girls make any noise when he is readin'. You know, Tilda, she is a great deal more as 's used to be when he is out of the house. Why should a wife stand in such awe of her husband? What a wretched household it'll be, by-and-by, if they keep on in this way."

"You really alarm me," said Mrs. White.

"You have reason to be alarmed," Aunt Hannah replied. "Mary is lookin' quite too pale, thin and discouraged. But, it is not entirely Fred's fault, that things are as they are. Mary didn't begin right. It wouldn't have been wise for her to do as she has done if she had married a man whose turn of mind was entirely different from Fred's. But with a man of his stamp she could hardly have done worse for herself."

"Why, what has she done?"

"You know, Tilda, that before she was married she was very fond of her studies, and was considered quite as good a scholar as Fred, and he seemed quite proud of it. She should allers have kept him feelin' so. But as soon as she was married she dropped all her studies, and gave all her time to domestic duties, and depended upon Fred to tell her all that she wanted to know. When a woman is as meek and quiet as Mary is, and a man is naturally as self-confident and domineerin' as Fred is, it is easy enough to see before-hand what such a course would result in. He tells her what he thinks is best for her to know; and it's evident he don't think it's necessary for her to know anything outside of household matters. He knows enough for both, so she needn't trouble herself with anything outside of her sphere. Doesn't he give 'honor unto the weaker vessel?' I wonder what good, old Saint Peter would have said to such an interpretation. Don't you see, Tilda, that she begun wrong?"

"Perhaps she did; but she never has had much spare time for studying."

"She never will have as long as she puts three ruffles on the skirts of her little girls' every day dresses, and spends every spare minute for a whole month in embroiderin' a baby's blanket. The children ain't a speck better off for it but they would be, by-and-by, if she should study, now."

"You are right, no doubt. But Frederick allers wants the children dressed tastefully; and he wants the house in perfect order, always; and it does seem—Hark! I believe I hear the baby. I presume she'll be right out with him."

"I'll go and bring the baby out," said Aunt Hannah. "She don't look as if she had strength enough to lift a kitten."

Mrs. White threw aside her bonnet and shawl and followed Aunt Hannah. She went directly to the bed and kissed her daughter. Mary threw her arms around her mother's neck, and said:

"I'm so glad to come home once more."

"We are quite as glad to have you come, I assure you," Mrs. White replied; "and we must get up something special in honor of the occasion. Just think of it, sister Hannah, this is my first visit from my first grand son."

Mrs. White was one of those women who has the faculty—and a most blessed faculty it is—of conversing cheerfully whenever the occasion demands. But she did not feel cheerful just then, for she saw that there was a red circle around her daughter's eyes, and that she was still struggling to keep down the rising sob.

Five minutes afterward Mrs. Fiske sat before the fire in her mother's sitting-room. Her sister Jane sat by her side holding her little nephew and talking baby talk to him, while Mrs. White and Aunt Hannah busied themselves getting dinner. In the intervals of the lullabying and there-thering to the baby, Aunt Hannah caught snatches of conversation between the sisters, as she passed to and fro, that confirmed her in her surmises and filled her righteous soul with indignation. Mrs. White, also, heard enough to deepen the anxiety which she already felt, and to bring a shade of sadness over her countenance. Jane had never seen her nephew before. She looked at his eyes and talked of their size, shape and color; she commented upon each feature of his face. She said that his mouth was like the Fiske's—his chin like his mother's and she declared that his hands were shaped precisely like his grand-father White's.

"What do you think about him, Mary? Which side of the house do you think he resembles?" she asked.

"I hardly know," Mrs. Fiske replied, in a dull, languid way, "but most people think he looks very much like his father."

"Of course that is pleasing to you," Jane said, "for I remember that you used to pride yourself a good deal in his fine looks. You are very fortunate in your children. With so fine a boy as this, and two beautiful little girls, you must be very happy."

As Jane looked up for some response to her remark, she was startled at the woe-begone look Mrs. Fiske wore, and she exclaimed:

"Why, what's the matter, Mary? How dejected you look! Was it too much for you riding up here?"

"It fatigued me some, I suppose. But that's nothing new. I am weary all of the time. It is strange Jane, that girls can't know when they are well off. If you are not engaged to Herbert Ives, you'd better take warning and stay where you are. Now you can come and go when you please—attend a lecture, or go out making calls, or stay at home, just as you fancy; and you have no fears, if you are pleased with yourself, but what everybody else is pleased. But, if you get married, you will want to please your husband, and take good care of your children, if you are so fortunate or unfortunate as to have them, and that makes a slave of any woman."

"Why, sister Mary?" said Jane opening her eyes wide with astonishment. "What would Frederick think to hear you make such remarks? Seems to me he wouldn't feel very highly complimented; and the dear babes, if they could understand you, wouldn't think they were very highly prized. I allers supposed that mothers, when they were rearing their families, had a great many cares and anxieties, and that, if they were not quite wealthy, they had to work pretty hard; but I thought it was cheerful service—a labor of love, and that they had a great deal of happiness, notwithstanding their cares."

"Oh, of course, you can't understand it, yet; nor you never will till you learn it by experience. When you have been married half a dozen years, you will view things very different from what you do now."

"May be I shall," Jane replied, "but I can't think that all wives and mothers feel as you do. This world would be a pretty wretched place if they did. I think I should be about ready to take my departure. I am sure that my mother never felt as you are feeling."

Mrs. Fiske sighed and made no reply. No doubt, the thoughts of the contrast between her mother's feelings and her own, drew that sigh forth. Mrs. White whispered to Aunt Hannah in the but-tery:

"What an awful state of things there must be between her and

and Fred! What will it end in? I beg of you to stay at home from the lecture this evening, and have a thorough talk with her, while the rest of us are gone. I'd rather trust you than myself. You never make bad matters worse."

At half-past seven most of the family had gone to the lecture; and Aunt Hannah and Mrs. Fiske were sitting together in Aunt Hannah's chamber. Everything in that chamber seemed cheerful and cozy and suggestive of comfort to Mrs. Fiske. It seemed to her, that evening, that she would always like to stay there. The joys of her childhood had always been shared with Aunt Hannah, in that room, and her tears had been wiped away there. She said with a half sigh:

"How happy you are, and all ways have been, haven't you, Aunt Hannah?"

"For the most part I have been pretty happy," Aunt Hannah replied, "but I have not lived without my cares. You have often heard your father tell how much was put upon me when I was only twelve years old—more than I knew how to get along with; but, even then, I was not really unhappy. It don't seem to me that you ought to be unhappy, Mary, but I'm afraid you are. When you was a girl, at home, you allers let me talk to you just as I pleased. You'll let me have the same privilege, to-night, won't you? I've been achin' to have a real out-and-out talk with you for a whole year; but I've been puttin' it off, hopin' that you'd find your own way out of your troubles."

"Why, what you mean, Aunt Hannah?" asked Mrs. Fiske, in a surprised tone. "You never heard me complain of having trouble, did you? Perhaps you overheard me talking to Jane, this morning, about the cares and anxieties of young married women. For my part, I can't see how any woman could get along with the cares of a house and three children without feelin' tired out, and, at times utterly discouraged. I suppose that you will tell me that my mother didn't feel so, when she had six children to do for. But things are different now, from what they were then. Fashions are such people can't do as they used to do. Then, father is one of those easy, good-natured mortals who are not annoyed if things do get a little topsy-turvy, sometimes. I can remember when he used to fly around and set back the chairs, and pick up the children's playthings if he saw some one coming in. He would allers say to mother, 'Never mind, folks must expect some litter where half a dozen children are.' I don't think there are many men like him, in that respect. Frederick is very differently constituted. (I rather think he is, Aunt Hannah said to herself.) It annoys him exceedingly, if everything is not in perfect order. And I can assure you, Aunt Hannah, it takes all my time and strength to keep things so. I hardly find time to look in a book or newspaper, and I feel as if I was forgetting all that I ever learned. Men go and come when they please—find time to read the newspapers every day; and they don't seem much more tired up than they did before they had families."

Aunt Hannah had started right. She had led Mrs. Fiske to make just such remarks as she wanted her to make. The way was open for Aunt Hannah to say what she wanted to say, in reply. She was too shrewd and too judicious to complain to any wife about her husband; for she knew that any true wife would bear it better to be told of her own faults, than to be told of her husband's. She said:

"I have seen so many young wives and mothers situated just as you are, and feeling just as you do, I understand all about it. Such women begin wrong, and git everything in their households to goin' wrong, and then they groan all the rest of their days for what they have brought upon themselves. The fact is, Mary, you

commenced to spoil Fred as soon as you married, and if you don't turn right about you'll finish the job, and very likely ruin your children; and do a vast deal of harm to your own sex, besides."

Mrs. Fiske no longer looked dull or pale. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were wide open. She was thoroughly aroused. She exclaimed:

"I spoil my husband, and ruin my children! I do harm to my own sex! Really, that needs some explanation. If any one else had said that to me I should feel indignant. But you, Aunt Hannah—you can't mean anything unkind. For pity's sake tell me what you mean. I don't understand you at all. I have done the best that I knew how to do for my children; and, if any wife ever tried to please her husband, I am sure that I have."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Salvation Oil quickly finds its way to the seat of the disease, allays the inflammation, and, by removing the cause, effects a permanent cure. 25 cts.

Mr. Ruskin thinks there is a great future for American art—but he hardly realizes the enormous demand over here for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

School Report.

Term report of the Green Grove school commencing on 1st of Sept. 1890 and ending Feb. 27 1891. Number of pupils enrolled during the term 88; number of days taught during the term 120; number of days attended by all pupils during the term 4841; average number of pupils attending each day during the term 41; average number of days attended by each pupil during the term 84; those who were present every day during the term were George Coonfield and Mattie McManus.

J. H. BRADEN, Teacher.

Sixth and last monthly report of the Green Grove school commencing on the 2nd day of February 1891, and ending on the 27th day 1891; number of days taught during the month 20; number of days attended by all pupils during the month 820; average number of days attended by pupils during the month 19; those who were present every day during the month were: Alfred Braden, George Coonfield, Altha and Miles Cook, Mertie and Maude Huff, Mariah and Virgil Hughes, Charles, Mattie, Lillie, Lulu, Amy, Maude Hickman, Mertie and John Hendricks, Addie and Mattie McManus, John, Jesse and Rosy Matthews, Roy McKee, Alma Shoop, Celia Sanders, and Mertie Sanders. J. H. BRADEN, Teacher.

Term report of Gibbs school. Length of term 5 months, commencing Oct. 9th, 1890, and ending Feb. 20th, 1891; Number enrolled 49; whole number of days attended by all pupils 3068; average number of days attended by each pupil 62; average number of pupils present each day 31; No. of days taught 97. Those maintaining a grade of a hundred during the term are: Dollie Good, Essie Davidson and Pearly Hawk. Present each day Dolly Good. Those making the best grades in spelling are Daisy, Lydia and Annie Young in the order named in each class. The school closed with an entertainment on the evening of the 21st in which the pupils acquitted themselves with credit.

HATTIE BARNHILL, Teacher.

As long as there are more men in the world than there are offices, the devil will always reap an abundant harvest at election time.

It very often happens that if the money put in a monument had been put in a rest for the man under it, the building of the monument would have been delayed several years.

"Don't put on so much coal as to put out the fire," and don't try everything for catarrh or influenza, but buy and try Old San's Catarrh Cure, the quickest and safest remedy known.

The best is the cheapest. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is acknowledged to be the safest and most reliable medicine for babies. Price 25 cts.

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