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PHYSICIANS.

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Physician and Surgeon.

Office—B. H. Perry's Drug Store North side.

DR. A. T. NOE,
Homeopathist

KIRKSVILLE, MO.

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Office—Front rooms over First National bank.

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KIRKSVILLE, MO.

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Saved by the Rain Makers

Well, if a man don't want to jerk beef or roast peanuts on a bustin' scale, he'd better not come Texas.

This was Mr. Epworth's mild "discourager" to any prospective settler that sought to intrude into the plains region of Lone Star State. Such expressions grew out of the general feeling among stockmen that every new settler meant more cattle in a region which they considered already too densely populated.

Should the home-seeker ride on to the adjoining ranch, he would find the owner, Silas Johnson, an old bachelor, lamenting the death of his wife and six children from sunstroke. A few cowboys would suffer the same fate in the course of the first fifteen minutes' talk with the old gentleman, for he was reckless of human life when it came to establishing the excessive heat of the Texas summer.

There was good thermal backing for these exaggerations, as the summer of '91 could vouch for, and on one of the hottest days in August Mr. Epworth's hired man allowed his horse to fall with him and suffered a broken leg in consequence.

Mr. Epworth's son, Frank, a sturdy lad of fifteen, was called on to ride to the nearest station, a distance of twelve miles, to summon a doctor from Midland by telegraph.

The accident occurred about ten o'clock in the forenoon and the sun already pouring down his burning rays with unwonted energy.

"It's going to be a regular scorcher," was Frank's comment to his pony as he saddled up for the trip. "This won't be much fun for you, Sandburr," he continued. "It's going to be pretty hard on me to ride two hours in this pelting sunshine, but I reckon Jake's suffering more with his broken leg and we've got to do our level best for him."

Animated by this Good Samaritan principle, he set out in good spirits for St., where he had often gone for the mail and on other errands. His buoyancy communicated itself to Sandburr, and the gallant pony cantered along the hot dusty road at a lively pace, creating for Frank a little breeze that proved very grateful in the stifling heat.

The way was over a plain covered with short buffalo grass now fast turning brown and kinking into a good resemblance of the shaggy coat of the uncouth animal after which it is named. For once Frank did not have time to put his pony after some hungry coyote for the mere fun of seeing it run, or to stop and study the manner of the citizens of some prosperous prairie dog town. Interesting as these diversions always proved on other occasions, they did not even tempt him to loiter to-day, as he was alive only to the object of bringing aid to the suffering man.

Hot and thirsty, he galloped up to the station a little after noon. The place boasted of nothing beyond a diminutive depot, post office and water tank, the office of postmaster, agent and operator being combined in one person, a tall, billious-looking individual answering to the name of Watts. His melancholy face had always led Frank to think that the proper salutation was the one with which he now greeted him:

"Hello, Watts, lost your best friend?"

Despite his sad countenance, the agent always took this undue familiarity good-naturedly, as the boy's visits had ever been pleasant breaks in the monotony of his lonely life.

Frank's unusual haste to dismount and general air of importance caused the agent on this occasion to ask with friendly concern:

"Well, Frank, what's the matter with you?"

"O, Jake Lowman got his leg broke this morning, and you are to send this right on to Doctor Mitchell down to Midland," and he handed him the telegram which his

father had written out for the occasion.

The message sent, Frank tarried awhile to give the particulars of the accident, and to impart other scraps of news that a boy of his observant habits would pick up even in that sparsely settled neighborhood.

"In return Mr. Watts had told Frank of the experiments, to be made in a day or so with explosives in hope of producing rain by atmospheric concussion, and explained to his interested listener how the idea had been suggested by the fact that heavy rainfalls usually followed heavy cannonading. The particulars were all brought out by Frank's eager questions, and he started home feeling elated at the idea of having rain wherever they wanted it.

Delightful as it was to be the bearer of the intelligence that rain was soon to be blasted out of the limitless quarries of space in quantities to suit the demand, as Mr. Watts expressed it, yet it would add greatly to the pleasure of the event if he could first talk the matter over with Elmer Jones. This latter personage was a boy of about his own age, whom he had frequently met at the post-office. The two boys had to travel the same road for a few miles, and their friendship thrived on numerous horse races, sprinting matches and wrestling contests until it had grown into a relation very pleasant to both.

At the forks of the road Frank, with some difficulty, turned his pony from the home trail, and struck out south toward the Jones' claim. Knowing that it was several miles out of his way, he urged Sandburr into a livelier pace, and at the end of a half hour sharp riding drew up before the claim where he confidently expected to find his friend. But a great disappointment awaited him.

On going to the door Frank found that the house was deserted, and it dawned upon him that the family had abandoned their claim. A sob almost escaped him as he felt the full sense of his loss swept over him. It was a serious thing to have his only friend taken from him and it was nothing to his discredit that his chin trembled a little as he gazed around at the forsaken premises.

As the pony needed rest, Frank concluded to enjoy the sad pleasure of eating his lunch amidst these desolate surroundings. He took from the saddle a long rope and tying one end of it around Sandburr's glossy neck turned him loose without any further restraint to gaze on the short but nutritious grass.

Frank's dry lunch, induced thirst, and he strolled down to the bed of a dry sandy gully a short distance from the house. Here, Mr. Jones had thought, was the most favorable spot to sink a well, but the hard pan he soon encountered discouraged him, and after digging some twenty feet he desisted without having discovered a sign of water. The hole was unprotected, and Frank was quick to perceive that it was a dangerous trap for any stock that might stray in its vicinity.

His lunch disposed of he returned to the shanty and tore up several boards from the floor, intending to use them in covering over the well. He carried an armful of the boards to the very edge of the hole and was on the point of laying them down when the treacherous sand gave way, and he shot down into the well, two of the boards keeping him company. The loose sand in the well broke his fall, so that he sustained no injury other than being thoroughly shaken up.

His first emotion was one of horror at his situation; the next moment he went to the opposite extreme, and laughed at the ease with which he could extricate himself, and soon discovered his mistake and came home of his own accord. Our hero was ignorant of all this, and having still some hope of a rescue, dropped off to sleep as the night wore on.

Frank was himself five feet tall, and he judged that altogether they would reach the top.

He first proceeded to gouge out a little crevice in the hard wall at a point about four feet from the bottom. This was slow work as he had nothing but a nail to dig with. The boy thought as he worked that if he failed it would be owing to the want of a good knife, and he hoped this would prove a lesson to his father that would induce him to be more careful in keeping him supplied with so useful an article, even if he did lose one every month or so. Thinking of the wrong to which he and many other boys must submit, and laboring under the mistaken idea that the power of his Chief Magistrate is absolute, he finally disposed of the matter with the emphatic assertion,—

"If I'm ever president, every boy in Texas shall have all the knives he wants."

It was not that he wanted to exclude any boy in the Union from enjoying the full benefits of his generous edict that he expressed himself as he did, but that he had extremely vague ideas as to where the great State of Texas ends and the United States begins.

With much labor he scratched out a hole in the hard soil, and leaning one of the boards from this to the opposite wall he swung himself up and began the ascent. He had wedged the other board across the well so as to be in reach when he should be ready for it, intending first to dig out another foundation crevice a foot or so above the top of the board he was climbing. He found it impossible, however, to cling to his frail support and reach up and work to any advantage. The best he could do was to rest the second board on the end of the first one.

It was a difficult feat to fix the other boards in place, but a more ticklish matter to transfer himself to it when it was done. Had he possessed one whit less nerve and activity he must have failed. After repeated efforts, however, he gained the coveted position and again struggled upward.

His heart beat violently as he neared the top. It had seemed but a mite of space from where the board touched the wall to the surface, but having ascended as far as possible, he found still three feet between himself and liberty. Nerved by desperation he dug his finger nails into the hard wall and drew himself up another foot; then his hands encountered the loose sand. He succeeded in dislodging quite a quantity of it, but that was all. However, he persisted in his vain effort until long after dark, and not till his sore bleeding fingers and complete physical exhaustion forced him to it, did he give up.

Shedding bitter tears he descended to the bottom of the well, feeling that he was doomed to starve to death in that dismal hole. He knew that his parents were ignorant of the fact that he intended to visit Elmer Jones, and he was not sure that they even knew of his friend. Their loitering on the road had caused him to reach home after dark on several occasions, and fearing objections would be raised to these social excursions, he had not thought it necessary to speak of his playmate. The pony, he was sure, would wander home during the night, and not till it was discovered riderless, would uneasiness at his prolonged absence grow into certainty that some mishap had befallen him. Even then, there would be no clue to his whereabouts. If he had known that the doctor whom his message had summoned, had met a boy and pony answering to his and Sandburr's description, going toward Midland, Frank would have been in deeper despair. Mr. Epworth, was led to think that his son was the victim of a runaway freak, and while the other insisted on immediate pursuit, the father thought the boy would soon discover his mistake and come home of his own accord. Our hero was ignorant of all this, and having still some hope of a rescue, dropped off to sleep as the night wore on.

The day was well advanced when he awoke, feeling very stiff and sore and nearly famished. It was an hour before his energies reasserted themselves, and he began in a sluggish way to think up some new plan of escape. Dull as his mind was, the experience of the day before enabled him to devise a better scheme than the first one.

Climbing to the lower board, he went to work clumsily to excavate a crevice some three feet above the first one. His fingers were swollen and extremely painful, and his arms ached at times as if crushed in a vice. His stiffened fingers made him drop his nail twice causing a considerable loss of time and strength, and when the task was completed, he was so sick and faint that he had to rest for some time before he felt able to climb up and get the other board. It was with great elation, however, that he finally succeeded in bringing the board down and putting it in place.

The next step was to take down the lower board, lean it against the wall and climb up to the one above him, a distance of seven feet. From this position he drew up the board by which he had just ascended and arranged it as before so as to be in reach from the top of the board he must now climb. Inspired by the thought that his boards would now reach to the top of the well, he managed to plant the last board firmly on the one under him and had the satisfaction of seeing that it projected a little above the surface.

In his weak and famished condition these exertions had again nearly exhausted his strength, and he turned sick at the thought of the struggle it would take to climb from one board to the other. Growing weaker all the time, and his limbs aching stiff and painful, becoming more so at every moment, he dared not delay the attempt, worn out though he was.

Giving himself a few minutes in which to breathe, he essayed the task which had been next to impossible the day previous, when he was strong and supple. But every effort now was a weak, nerveless struggle. Between his fear of falling and that his clumsy movements would displace the boards and so give him another fall, he was all in a tremble, which of itself would have rendered him inadequate to the delicate feat, even if he had possessed his usual vigor.

Almost ready to swoon with pain and fatigue, he was again forced to relinquish his exertions, and slid down the board he had dropped to the ground where he lay panting and moaning, his misery the more intense from the realization that he had been so near victory.

While thus prostrated he became aware of a low rumbling noise so indistinct that he hardly knew whether he felt or heard it. It was repeated several times, and it finally occurred to him that the rain-makers were at work and the explosions were the cause of the noise. This added a greater bitterness to his soul, for he thought how everybody would be absorbed in the experiments, and wholly concerned with speculation as to the increased value of their claims and the saving of crops, while he was left there to perish miserably and alone.

In a few hours another plan of escape suggested itself to his mind. He could place the boards two or three feet above each other at each stage of his ascent. Climbing to one he could reach down and get the other, put it in position and mount higher and so finally work himself to the top. This was beyond his spent strength, but though the dim twilight which prevailed in the well had again turned to the darkness of night, he struggled painfully to his feet to begin the work. But a fresh disappointment met him. The lower board was now considerably above his reach. In his despair he had forgotten to bring the upper board down with him when he had given up the struggle in the afternoon.

The board was dimly outlined against the starry sky, but though he tried many times to jump up and grasp it, his leaden limbs were unequal to the feat.

The long night wore away, and about daylight Frank dozed off to sleep. He was awakened by something cold striking his face. He started up to find that it was raining, and he lay down with upturned face and wide open mouth, to catch as many as possible of the straight descending drops on his parched and burning tongue. In half an hour he was wet to the skin, and the pangs of thirst greatly allayed.

But now a new horror presented itself. The rain continuing to pour had started the gully to running, and Frank knew that a torrent would soon be sweeping along its bed. Already several streams were trickling down the sides of the well, and in a few minutes his feet were submerged in the warm, muddy water. Frank could not swim, as that arid region was not favorable to the cultivation of the useful art, and the speedy death by drowning now seemed to him more horrible than the lingering one from thirst and hunger.

The water crept up to his knees, but the rivulets pouring in on him grew in volume, and the flood seemed to reach his waist with a bound. At this point he almost startled himself by suddenly giving vent to a shout of delight. He quickly tore off his trousers, and throwing them astride the board grasped the dangling legs firmly, knowing that he had much more than a straw to cling to in this emergency. By this time the water was around his neck, and he drew himself up to the board without difficulty.

The well filled rapidly, but with the aid of the boards, he had no trouble in keeping his head above water. Swiftly and surely he was floated to the top, and scrambling out into the turbid water he waded safely to the shore, his reappearance being received with a grateful whinney from Sandburr. The pony had not intentionally been so faithful, but the lariat becoming wrapped around an old post which had been left standing near the house, forced him into this display of loyalty.

Frank was not long in pulling on his trousers which he had taken the precaution to keep with him, nor in mounting Sandburr and departing from the scene of his mishap. When he reached home, his woful condition, his broken account of the accident, given between his heavy sobs, which he could not restrain as he once more felt himself safe in his mother's arms, quickly dispelled the belief that he had wanted to run away.

Whatever others may think of the government rain expedition, Frank will ever regard it as a grand success, for while rain might have fallen without its intervention, yet he is willing to give the rain-makers credit for it, and thinks they were largely instrumental in saving him from a terrible death.

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In fact, more political history will be constructed, during 1895

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School Report.

Second monthly report of Long Dover school, district number 1, township 61, range 15, county of Adair, for the month beginning the 15th day of October and ending the 9th day of November, 1894, number of pupils enrolled during the month 61, total number of days attendance by all pupils for the month 1011, average number of days attendance per pupil 16, average number of pupils attending each day of month 50; per cent of enrollment of enumeration 50; number of days taught 20; names of those in attendance each day during the month: Nora, Stella, Ray, Byrd and Flossie Bragg, Freddie, Cordie and Willie Crawford, Lawrence Clem, Florence and Andrew Chadwick, Claid Gilbreath, Jessie Knight, Hubert, Alma and Henry Sebring, Gertie Ryan, Katie, Lucy and Sarah Wilson, and Opal Wright.

Very Respy,
A. D. MAHAFFEY,
Teacher.

Ballard's Snow Liniment.

This liniment is different in composition from any other liniment on the market. It is a scientific discovery which results in it being the most penetrating liniment ever known. There are numerous white imitations, which may be recommended because they pay the seller a greater profit. Beware of these and demand Ballard's Snow Liniment. It positively cures rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, bruises, wounds, cuts, scalds and inflammatory rheumatism, burns, scalds, sore feet, contracted muscles, stiff joints, old sores, pain in back, barb wire cuts, sore chest or throat, and is especially beneficial in paralysis. Sold by Fout & McKeehan.

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