

THE BEAVER HERALD

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Office with Bank of Beaver City. Will practice in all the courts—County, Territorial and Federal.

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Practice in all Territorial Courts and before the U. S. Land Office.

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H. HOOVER, CHAS. SWINDALL, HOOPER & SWINDALL, Lawyers.

General practice in the District and Federal Courts of Texas and Oklahoma and before the land office and Department of the Interior.

Chas. H. Alexander, Jos. A. Hayes.

ALEXANDER & HAYES, Lawyers.

Practice in all courts and United States Land Office in Woodward, Ok.

BRIGGS & WYBRANT, Land Attorneys, Lawyers.

1st door east of Land Office.

WOODWARD, OKLAHOMA

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BEAVER, OKLAHOMA

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Liberal, Kansas, or Beaver, Oklahoma.

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Land Practice a Specialty.

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H. D. MEESE, Probate Judge.

I attend to all kinds of Land work.

GEORGE H. HEALY,

Land Scrip for Sale.

Counsel in Land and Mortgage Cases.

RIVERSIDE, OKLA.

ALEXANDER & HDALY,

Woodward, Oklahoma.

MADE THE CHALLENGE DIRECT

Lawyer's insinuation Something Court Could Hardly Ignore.

Charles H. Hudson was a lawyer of remarkable keenness and ability and well known also as a student of Shakespeare...

One day he appeared before Judge Ladd of the police court of Cambridge in a case involving no difficult questions of law...

The Judge, with a judicial look of triumph, raised himself from his chair and said: "Mr. Hudson, if you do not appear more respectfully for the decision of this court I shall at once commit you for contempt of court."

Hudson arose, with a great assumption of dignity, and, raising his voice and head, said: "Your honor says you will commit me to jail for contempt of your court. I'll bet \$5, and put the money up, that your honor cannot make out the papers correctly in three weeks."

DIDN'T HAVE TO BUY CHICKENS. Sen Could Step Out and Get One in "de Natchral Way."

Comic papers are often illustrated with pictures showing negroes stealing chickens, and this alleged characteristic of the colored man is well portrayed in the following story, told by Judge Harmon of Salem, Mass., as an incident that actually occurred in that city the past Thanksgiving season.

It seems that a philanthropic person heard of a negro family that was reported in destitute circumstances; and calling at their domicile, he found the report true. The family consisted of the mother, a son nearing manhood's estate, and two young children.

The benevolent old gentleman, after hearing the mother's story, gave her herself \$5 to get a chicken for the Thanksgiving dinner, and took his departure.

No sooner was he gone than the negro said to her son: "Sambo, you done gib me dat dollah, and go get dat chicken in de natchral way."

Her Tribute to Spring. It was one of those recent balmy afternoons when the weather was making history for itself by setting spring fairly down in the lap of winter, says the New York Press.

Down Fifth avenue she came, a walking emblem of mourning from the fluttering folds of her crepe veil to the tips of her dull black shoes. But when she came to a muddy crossing and lifted up her black skirt to keep it from being soiled a woman acquaintance hurrying along to overtake the mourner was horrified to catch something more than a glimpse of a pair of ankles clad in grass-green silk stockings.

"Oh, Jessie," she whispered, as she caught up with the woman in black, "have you any idea of what you've come out in? You've got green stockings on."

"I know it," cooed the offender. "You see it was such a lovely day that I simply had to put something on that suggested the springtime. Besides, they only show at the crossings."

Naked Truth. Francis Wilson tells of an encounter of wits that took place between the late Eugene Field and a New York woman, who met at the house of a mutual friend in Gotham.

It was at dinner, and the woman was in evening dress, which was rather decolletee. After a skirmish between the two relative to the respective merits of a well-known author, it would seem that Field came off second best. "Ah, Mr. Field!" exclaimed the woman exultantly, "you must admit that you are fairly beaten at your own game!"

Field bowed politely and with a smile promptly rejoined: "At any rate, Miss Blank, I have one consolation. You can't laugh at me in your sleeve!"—The Sunday Magazine.

Has Too Many Visitors. Luther Burbank, the California naturalist, has been overrun with his visitors during the past year, taking much valuable time from his experiments and scientific work, and has had to call a halt. A circular has just been issued by his relatives and friends, calling attention to the annoyance to which he is subjected almost daily and requesting the discontinuance of visits by the public.

In the year 1905 over 6,000 visitors were received on the Burbank grounds at Santa Rosa and Mr. Burbank was given absolutely no opportunity to rest. A warning sign has been placed on each gate at the residence declaring that any one entering or trespassing on the grounds will be prosecuted.

Springtime's Come Again. O zzzzzh in de eddy. When de moon is in de full O watermelon ready. "Money" yo' dewy leaves, to pull! O choofee, maaet maaet. Le women en us mea. In all dewe back las' footed. "O se de springtime's come again.

De bullah! gins to be hilly. Arowe de shummay biller. "Taint long befo' a fever!" "Kin lavah de shummay biller. De hawk sets roan' en watches. De lockies wild de ben. In de double-dus a newatchin'. "O se de springtime's come again.

De daubers soon be squealla'. "Shapin' up deir mod. En a sort er shaggy fessin'. "Le git gwine along yo' blood. Tilt you love yo' boll, en dees. In de jacks, en wakes up—den. Do de thing dat you kin do. In de de springtime's come again.

Objected to Opprobrious Term. This from Berlin: A well-known woman socialist agitator, Frau Tietz, recently visited the adjacent town of Ropenick, a place known as "Berlin's wash kitchen," on account of its numerous laundries. At a public meeting there, mainly attended by washerwomen, Frau Tietz stigmatized laundry owners as "pashas." This remark, with all it meant, was regarded as libelous by the owners, who took action against the lady, and she was condemned to eight months' imprisonment.

Frau Tietz, to escape punishment, has agreed to insert an apology in the press to the effect that the laundry owners are not pashas.

Lion Jumped on His Back.

Near Nairobi, Central Africa's new aristocratic resort, a lion jumped out from the brush upon the back of the Marquis of Waterford the other day, and he would have been killed but for two native bearers, who came to his rescue and killed the lion, after receiving a severe mauling themselves. Lady Waterford saw the fight, but did not fire for fear she would do more harm than good.

A fellow who stops kicking may be merely getting used to it.

GREAT SCOTT. The Biggest Man of Addison County, Vt., Tells an Interesting Story.

E. C. Scott, meat dealer, Vergennes, Vt., Past Commander of Ethan Allen Post, G. A. R., says: "A severe attack of typhoid left me with weak kidneys. Every night I had to get up frequently to pass the urine, which was rupy, dark and very painful to void. I had no appetite, but drank water continually without being able to quench my thirst. Terrible headaches and dizzy spells oppressed me and my back was lame, sore and stiff. A month's treatment with Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of this trouble, and now I am strong and healthy and weigh 239 pounds. I give the credit to Doan's Kidney Pills."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McBarn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A man never hears the best things that are said about him, because he is dead then.

Poorest Member of Commons. The poorest member of the house of commons is said to be John Ward, member from Stoke-on-Trent, who has a wife and four children to support on an income of \$12.50 per week, his salary as secretary of the Navvies' (Laborers') union.

Worth Knowing. Alcock's is the original and only genuine porous plaster; all other so-called porous plasters are imitations.

Baby Rhinoceros. One of the attractions at social functions at Nairobi, Central Africa, at present is a baby rhinoceros. At a children's party the other day he played till he was tired, drank the milk of three cows and then went to sleep. He is 5 months old and weighs 126 pounds.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hark! Catarrh is the only positive cure now known in the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hark! Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have no fear in its curative power, that they offer five hundred dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. HENRY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Take Hark! Catarrh Cure for constipation.

More Big Ships. The ship from which the Dreadnought, 18,000 tons, was launched at Portsmouth the other day was extended so as to hold ships up to 520 feet in length. Now it is being again enlarged up to no less than 700 feet, and people are wondering how many tons the next battleship built in it is to be.

WILHELMINA WHEN A CHILD. An Amusing Story Told of the Queen Years Ago.

An amusing story is told of Queen Wilhelmina when she was quite a little child. Her majesty was not allowed to share dinner with the elder members of the royal household, but was permitted to make her appearance at dessert and place herself beside some particular favorite. One day she sat by a courtly old general, and after eating some fruit the little girl turned and gazed at him. Presently she exclaimed: "I wonder you've not afraid to sit next to me."

Everybody in the room turned at the sound of her childish rebuke. "On the contrary, I am but too pleased and honored to sit next to my little queen," replied the old general. "But why should I be afraid?" Assuming a woe-begone expression, the little queen replied: "Because all my dolls have the measles; they're all of them down with it!"

FOOD HELPS. In Management of a R. R. Speaking of food, a railroad man says: "My work puts me out in all kinds of weather, subject to irregular hours for meals and compelled to eat all kinds of food."

"For 7 years I was constantly troubled with indigestion, caused by eating heavy, fatty, starchy, greasy, poorly cooked food, such as are the most accessible to men in my business. Generally each meal or lunch was followed by distressing pains and burning sensations in my stomach, which destroyed my sleep and almost unfit me for work. My brain was so muddled and foggy that it was hard for me to discharge my duties properly."

"This lasted till about a year ago, when my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food by a newspaper ad and I concluded to try it. Since then I have used Grape-Nuts at nearly every meal, and sometimes between meals. We railroad men have little chance to prepare our food in our cabooses and I find Grape-Nuts mighty handy, for it is ready cooked."

"To make a long story short, Grape-Nuts has made a new man of me. I have no more burning distress in my stomach, nor any other symptom of indigestion. I can digest anything so long as I eat Grape-Nuts, and my brain works as clearly and accurately as an engineer's watch, and my old nervous troubles have disappeared entirely." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in place



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

ST. GEORGE BATHING MACHINE COMPANY'S

of mines in general, and the one Miss Pauline controls in particular. "We go to-morrow night; it's settled, Dick?"

"Yes, but I don't want to drag you across the big pond, my dear fellow," with a dry chuckle. "Drag—you—bless my soul, that doesn't apply in my case. I'll follow my fate, which is embodied in a most alluring shape. Where the irrepressible Dora goes, Bob Harlan pursues," declares the other, with animation.

"That settles it—we go to Old Mexico. I've always been deeply interested in that country. The very name sends a thrill through my frame. It's a land of romance, too, of tropical beauty. I've heard mandolins played and love songs trilled in the soft moonlight there, with a scent of flowers in the air that intoxicates one."

"Then we'll head that way, my boy, for it seems to me that both of us are in a good condition to stand some love and warmth of climate anyway. You know love and warmth of climate anyway seem to go hand in hand?"

CHAPTER X. "Accept What the Gods Have Given You."

This is their last night in Paris, nor are they at all sorry, since the French capital does not possess the charm for them that many find within its walls. Their thoughts turn toward the land beyond the sea and in the tropical country of the Montezumas they expect to feel more at home than drifting about among the battlements of fashion in the gay French capital.

Dick sits and muses at the window while he finishes his last cigar. His thoughts are of many things, but it is pretty certain that they take in one character in particular—Miss Pauline has entered his life and never again will he be able to feel the same as before their meeting in such a peculiar way, when the footpads stopped her carriage in the streets of Paris.

Sitting there, he can look down into the street, and along this to the great artery it taps, the wonderful Champs Elysees, where, day and night, throngs can be met, crowds that represent all the phases of Parisian life, the soul of the metropolis.

Few people walk along this by-street at such an hour, and Dick's eyes mechanically follow each one as he strides briskly along. Now comes a figure that does not hurry—the notices it particularly on this account, and then gives something of a start, rubbing his eyes.

"Looks like him—wait, he approaches a lamp—we shall see, he mutters, at the same time thankful that he is on the shadowed side of the street, and cannot be seen by the sharp eyes below. Half a minute passes—Dick gives a secret pull at his cigar, all the while keeping his eyes fastened upon the moving figures below.

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He leans out of the window, a little positive that the man below can not see him, for there is no light in the room, Bob having retired. The light from the street lamp has shown the watcher above quite enough to prove the identity of the man on the pavement beyond a shadow of a doubt.

When just opposite the house the Mexican comes to a full stop, and seems to look earnestly upward. Then he walks on, passes down the street—disappears. Dick's cigar is just half done, and while he puffs away he begins to speculate as to what the unfolded future may have in store for him in connection with this man; once they reach the City of Mexico, Barcelona will be in his element, and as it might be a man who can outwit him, Dick is more than ever determined to keep Miss Pauline company, since this "combine" is formed against her.

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whenever the El Dorado mine is mentioned, as though he did not care to be reminded that this girl owns such fabulous wealth. Once Colonel Bob makes what seems to be a break in speaking of the great silver mine, as he chances to draw a comparison, he states that it was not the same as when Dick was there, at which Miss Pauline turns quickly upon the other, and says, in a surprised voice: "Then you have been in Mexico—I did not understand that you were acquainted there."

"I made several tours through the country," he replies, with some show of confusion which the New York girl cannot understand. "And you have visited the El Dorado?"

"On one of my trips I ran across the mine with a friend in tow, who was deeply interested in all that pertained to mining. We examined the El Dorado with interest, though I can assure you it never at that time entered into my mind that I should ever meet the charming young lady who managed such a great property."

Dick must be treading on dangerous ground when he stoops to flatter—like some denizens of the deep, when seeking to retreat they throw up a cloud of sand to hide their suspicious movements—so he quiets any suspicions he may have by this praise, and then coolly plunges into another subject.

Miss Pauline has a queer feeling, which she is unable to explain, but which causes strange thoughts to arise, when, after the gentlemen have gone, she sits before the chessy grate fire, in her little private parlor, and ponders. Why should Dick listen to her speaking of Mexico and the mines, without saying he was familiar with both? It would seem a natural thing for him to state such a fact and converse with her upon themes that both have become acquainted with through association.

Even Colonel Bob thinks it a little queer, and while on their way to their lodging house he mentions the fact to his companion. "I had my reasons for keeping quiet—I didn't want Miss Westery to imagine that I was interested in property she owned. This thing of making love to a great heiress is a rocky road to me," declares Dick, puffing vigorously, almost savagely, at his cigar.

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and, like the Mexican, vanishes from view. "By George, this begins to grow interesting as well as mysterious," says Dick, rubbing his eyes as if to make sure that he is awake.

A few minutes after and his eyes are again riveted upon a figure coming along. "Number Three! Bless my soul, this is very like a play, where the villains steal upon the stage, take a look at the doomed house, and move on." An idea flashes into his head, and with Dick to conceive a thing is equivalent to doing it, since the one follows so closely upon the other. All he has to do is to snatch up his hat, open the door, and pass down the stairs as rapidly as he can consistently with absolute silence.

It only takes a minute or two for an agile man to descend several flights of stairs in this manner, and Dick presses! finds himself at the door, which he opens softly. He is just in time to see the man standing on the opposite pavement, and looking up at the house, as though anxious to fix every foot of its surface upon his memory, when he also glides down the street just as the others did before him.

Dick follows suit on the opposite pavement and strives to avoid attracting attention. He has a natural curiosity to see what this all means, believing there must be a concerted movement against him and his friend. Around a corner he follows the unknown—it is difficult at times to keep an eye on him, but Dick is a natural born hunter, and quick to see little things. Now the man is no longer alone, but has a companion; under the glare from a shop window Dick sees it is the Mexican. Do they compare notes—is there a conspiracy of some sort against the two Americans?

The men walk on, talking in an earnest manner.

Why Too Many Laws Are Made. The growing tendency of legislatures to pass laws has become a source of alarm to many who view with candor the results attained by the various sessions. What can be done to check the flow of useless and mischievous lawmaking is a question that affects our democracy. The pressure upon members of legislatures for laws is twofold. It comes from those who make a special demand upon those they have assisted to elect. On the other hand, there is a strong motive working upon the legislator himself—a desire to make a record. To make a record and secure his re-election the member feels that he must connect his name with some bill which will make a stir. Such men are often re-elected upon their "record" and other men who did nothing but vote "no" are left at home because they "did not do anything."—Minneapolis Journal.

Free Translation.

Ex-Speaker Keifer, of Ohio, in making a speech in the house of representatives the other day remarked that the leaders, Republican and Democratic, and their followers have adopted the principle of the legal maxim, do minima non curat lex—the law pays no attention to small things. A Western judge gave a free translation to that maxim and said that it meant: "The things with head and tail up."

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Rev. Sam Jones, the noted Georgias revivalist preacher, was at all times, to say the least, forceful in his language, says Success. Above all things he objects to a practice of superlativeness, his religion being something on the "shirt sleeve" order. On one occasion he had taken for his text "Vanity," and to point his moral said: "Now, if there is a woman in the congregation this morning who didn't look into the mirror coming to the meeting I want to see her. I want her to stand up!"

A single woman arose and stood with meekly downcast eyes. To describe her in a kindly way, one would say homely. Rev. Mr. Jones rested his earnest eyes upon her. "Well, God bless you, sister," he said. "It certainly is a pity that you didn't—Chicago Journal.

A Laundry Story. In a really well-managed laundry everything lost or torn should be replaced. Great difficulty was recently experienced over this. A small piece of lace trimming on the lingerie of a certain great lady was torn. Everywhere, at home and abroad, a match was sought, but fruitless. Finally it was discovered in a far-away French convent. The mother superior wrote that she could not supply the lace without permission—for which she had written—of a great lady who purchased all they had. The laundry people were visited personally by their client, who let them off replacing her lace, so pleased was she with the trouble they had taken, for she was the patroness of the convent in the far-away French village!

Incredible. "Just before you married me rival, false woman," hissed the villain, "you told me you loved me, and now you tell me that you are my enemy." "Go as far as you like," said the beauty, carelessly. "I told him about it myself to-day, and he didn't believe it. Said it was impossible, because he knew I had ordinary intelligence." "Puffed again!"

And the gallery