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FARM JOURNAL FIVE YEARS.

By special arrangements made with the publishers of the FARM JOURNAL we are enabled to offer a 5-year subscription to that paper to every new subscriber who pays for the COURIER one year ahead; and the same offer is made to every old subscriber who will pay all back dues and one year in advance—both papers for the price of ours only.

In order to get the FARM JOURNAL as a premium for advance payment it will be necessary to walk right up to the captain's office, for we have only a limited number of 5-year subscriptions to dispose of. The FARM JOURNAL is on a solid foundation and perfectly trustworthy.

ANOTHER new word has appeared in Kansas. Down in Cowley county when a politician is keeping under cover and is silent on an open issue, they say he is "chiggering."

John E. Stewart, Carmel, Ind., writes: "My daughter has weak lungs and catches cold at almost every change of weather. We have tried many remedies, but nothing stops her cough equal to Beggs Cherry Cough Syrup." We keep it. Sneed Drug Company.

WHEN the Chicago Democrat or any other paper says that "Democracy stands for bimetalism at any ratio," it is not speaking for the Democratic party. All true bimetalists are for silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 and on this ratio only—no matter what any Chicago paper may say.

Not a minute need be wasted in curing your cold if you take Beggs Cherry Cough Syrup. It acts the quickest and surest of any known remedy. No matter how bad your cough, you can sleep if you take this remedy on going to bed. Kept by Sneed Drug Company.

"WHENEVER an old girl marries," says the Atchison Globe, "some one starts the story that the man has been in love with her for years and years. Then why didn't he get her before? Girls are not surrounded by barb-wire fences. If a peach is admired on a tree why wait till it is withered before gathering it?"

THE item to the effect that a Missouri man was fined \$20 for beating his mule and only \$2 for whipping his wife, is being commented upon in the eastern papers as a reflection on Missouri justice. It is no such a thing. In Missouri a mule is worth \$100 and a woman who would stay with a man who would whip her isn't worth a tinker's dam.—Louisiana Press.

Mr. T. H. Strout, Parkersburg, W. Va., says: "Gentlemen—I found that Beggs Cherry Cough Syrup does the business every time. Not once has it failed to cure my children of cold or croup. Even la grippe gives up its hold when tackled with Beggs Cherry Cough Syrup. I would sooner be without life insurance than not to keep a good supply of this medicine in my house. Sold by Sneed Drug Company.

A FARMER'S wife bought a box of matches in a shop in Limerick on her weekly visit to that city. On the next market day she returned the matches as they were damp. "They're all right, ma'am," said the shopkeeper. "Look at this," and he lit one of the matches by rubbing it on the seat of his trousers. "Arah, get out with you," cried the countrywoman. "Whin I want to light a fire must I come in six miles from Ballyneety to strike a match on yer ould britches?"

At a revival meeting up the country a preacher said: "When the prophet announced that Sodom would be destroyed by fire, the brass band of that thriving little city, in order to celebrate the approaching event, struck up the tune of 'There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night,' and that Mrs. Lot, in her flight to safety, heard the music and could not resist the last opportunity of taking a bird's-eye view over her shoulder at her native city, and was immediately turned to a pillar of salt."

ODIN, KAS.

BEGGS MFG Co.—Sirs: I have used your Cherry Cough Syrup the past week for la grippe, and can cheerfully say it is a sure cure for that disease, as it cured me in a short time, and will cure others if they use it faithfully.—F. Shadle. Sold by Sneed Drug Company.

Old-Time Eloquence.

During the session of the Missouri legislature in 1859, Representative Pitt offered a resolution "that the speaker be authorized to cause to be printed and posted 100 bill announcing the 8th of January, 1859," and made the following speech in its support:

Mr. Speaker—This house passed resolutions, sir, to celebrate, in an appropriate manner, the 8th of January. This resolution is simply asking that notice be given to the public of that day. We have declared an intention, and now, when we come to publish it, some gentleman is suddenly seized with the "retrenchment gripes," and squirms around like a long red worm on a pin hook. Gentlemen, keep continually talking about economy. I, myself, do not believe in tying the public purse with cobweb strings, but when retrenchment comes in contact with patriotism, it assumes the form of "smallness." Such economy is like that of old Skinfint, who had a pair of boots made for his little boy, without soles, that they might last the longer. I reverence "the day we celebrate." It is fraught with reminiscences the most stirring; it brings to mind one of the grandest events ever recorded in letters of living fire upon the walls of the temple of fame by the strong right arm of the god of war! On such occasions we should rise above party lines and political distinctions.

I never fought under the banner of Old Hickory, but, by the eternal, I wish I had. If the old war horse was here now he would not know his own children from the side of Joseph's coat of many colors—Whig Know-Nothing, Democrats, hard, soft-boiled, scrambled and fried; Lincolmites, Douglassites and blatherskites! I belong to no party; I am free, unbridled, unsaddled, in the political pasture. Like a bobtailed bull in fly-time, I charge around in the high grass and fight my own flies. Gentlemen, let us show our liberality on patriotic occasions. Why, some men have no more patriotism than you could stuff in the eye of a needle. Let us not squeeze five cents till the eagle on it squeals like a locomotive or an old maid. Let us print the bills and inform the country that we are as full of patriotism as are Illinois swamps of tadpoles. I don't believe in doing things by halves.—Globe-Democrat.

A Thousand Tongues

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard street, Philadelphia, when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this royal cure: "It soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the universe." So will every one who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the throat, chest or lungs. Price 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at W. C. Gaston's drug store; every bottle guaranteed.

The Worm Has Turned.

The western married man is beginning to assert himself. He has submitted for several decades not only to the dictation, but to the persecution of the married woman, and he proposes, just for a change, to throw off the galling yoke. One of the most conspicuous grievances is that he is almost invariably the defendant in divorce suits. It is he, nearly always, who is cruel, unfaithful, dissipated and neglectful. It is he who must stand shamed before the court and listen to allegations from the plaintiff and her friends, which, if true—and they are generally accepted without question—brand him as a moral wreck and brute. He has allowed himself to be sacrificed, as it were, on the altar of devotion.

But he has revolted at last. The worm has turned. The bruised and battered victim of social tyranny has arisen with a fixed determination to do or die. Western married manhood in this contest for freedom was championed in the person of Charles Vermehron, who lives in a Missouri town with the appropriate name of Independence. He has just been granted a divorce on the ground that his wife read novels all the time when she was not gossiping in society. The outraged

husband pleaded his own case, and made such a strong presentation of the facts that the court and jury were in tears during his peroration. A verdict granting him absolute divorce and alimony was rendered before the hired counsel for his wife was allowed to earn his miserable fee.

His example has inspired other western married men with courage, and some of the trans-Missouri newspapers are calling attention to the numerous divorce bills now being filed by husbands who have been regarded for years past as incurable victims of the apron string. Not among the least serious of the charges preferred against their wives are: Attending bargain sales habitually to the neglect of their homes; trading off their husband's best trousers for decorated chinaware; going to pink teas while the baby had the croup; attending whist parties while suspender buttons are at a premium in once happy homes; dressing so that the husband's creditors believe he has drawn money in a lottery, and so on.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying Electric Bitters, and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks and am now a well man. I know they saved my life and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents a bottle at W. C. Gaston's drug store.

He Misjudged His Audience.

This story is told of a conjurer who was performing before a rough-and-ready audience in Kentucky:

"I am now about to undertake a feat," he said, "in which I shall require the temporary loan of a pint flask of whiskey."

There was a dead silence. "Will some gentleman in the audience favor me with a pint flask of whiskey?"

There was no response, and the conjurer began to look blank.

"Surely," he said, "in a southern Kentucky town I ought not to have to ask a second time for sure a thing. I give you my word I will return it unharmed. Is there no?"

"Stranger?" said a tall, gaunt man, as he rose slowly from a front seat, "wouldn't a quart flask do just as well?"

"Why, certainly, I merely—" But before he could finish the generous, open-handed audience had risen like one man and was on its way to the platform in a body.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Trust Those Who Have Tried.

I suffered from catarrh of the worst kind and never hoped for cure, but Ely's Cream Balm seems to do even that.—Oscar Ostrom, 45 Warren avenue, Chicago, Ill.

I suffered from catarrh; it got so bad I could not work; I used Ely's Cream Balm and am entirely well.—A. C. Clarke, 341 Shawmut avenue, Boston, Mass.

A 10c trial size or the 50c size of Ely's Cream Balm will be mailed. Kept by druggists. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren street, New York.

Maxims for Marriage.

Never marry except for love. Never forget these rules when the knot is tied: Never taunt with a past mistake. Never meet without a loving welcome. Never both be angry at the same time.

Never forget to let self-denial be the daily aim and practice of each. Never let the sun go down upon any anger or grievance.

Never neglect each other; rather neglect the whole world besides. Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence.

Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain that fault has been committed and always speak lovingly. Never forget that the very nearest approach to perfect domestic happiness on earth is the cultivation, on both sides, of absolute unselfishness.

Rural Journalism is Exciting.

A newspaper man who recently went up the state to take charge of a rural sheet and give his tired brain a rest has come back to town and is hustling for his old job. "The country is all right," he declares, "but there is too much hapsning, and I came back to town to find a more restful atmosphere. There were two papers in town, and I had to watch the other one. Both published Friday, and we could not afford to let the other fellows beat us on news. The first issue looked all right, but the old man kicked because we were scooped on the death of a cow on a farm three miles out of town, and would not be consoled when I showed him that the opposition missed a story we had on an accident in the railroad yard. The next week it was the same way; we did not announce that the baker had lost ten loaves of bread from his delivery cart, and there was a howl that rather sickened me of the country.

The third week settled the job. We were all ready to start the press when the old man rushed in, greatly excited, and announced that he had a beat. We lifted off one form and waited while the old chap wrote out his story, and this is what I had to kill one of my pet small editorials for: 'We notice that George W. Haskins is making preparations to improve the appearance of his cozy home on Protection street. We noticed Mr. Haskins in close conversation with Mr. Smith, the painter, whose advertisement appears in another column, and learn that he will have his residence painted a light buff, with white trimmings and green shutters, when the weather moderates. This will greatly enhance the appearance of our little village. Others should do likewise.' Then I came home. The life was too feverish."

That Throbbing Headache

Would quickly leave you if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for sick and nervous headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by W. C. Gaston, druggist.

How They Died.

"A crank came running into the office yesterday," says the Lacon Journal, "and said that a man had just swallowed a two foot rule and was dying by inches. We started out to learn further particulars of the death and meeting a doctor we told him about the case. He said that was nothing, that he had a patient who swallowed a thermometer and died by degrees. A couple of bystanders just then chimed in. One said it reminded him of a fellow down in Kansas who swallowed a pistol and went off easy. The other said he had friend in Lacon who took a quart of apple-jack and died in good spirits. But according to the story of one of our undertakers, the above cases are nothing compared with the man who broke into his office and drank the contents of a bottle of embalming fluid and died hard."

A Frightful Blunder

Will often cause a horrible burn, cut, scald or bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures old sores, fever sores, ulcers, boils, felons, corns, all skin eruptions. Best pile cure on earth. Only 25 cents a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by W. C. Gaston, druggist.

THE sending of poison in sweetmeats through the mails is fast becoming epidemic and already threatens our most prominent citizens and esteemed townsmen. The latest instance is at Lewiston, Me., where a citizen received arsenic hidden in his whiskey and sugar.

Beggs Cherry Cough Syrup gives you the essential qualities of the cherry tree bark from which it derives its name. It cures your stubborn colds, coughs of long standing and croup. It is the best known cure for la grippe. Sold by Sneed Drug Company.

THE mayor of Macon, Ga., is collecting subscriptions for supplying at least one newspaper to each family now without one. He believes that this is in the interest of law and order and wisdom and sobriety in the community, and the local press unanimously agrees with him.

THE CONTINENTAL LIMITED, NEW FAST TRAIN EAST VIA THE WABASH. Lv. St. Louis 9:10 a. m. Ar. New York (Next) 3:30 p. m. Ar. Boston (Day) 5:50 p. m.

Wabash No. 4, leaving Keytesville at 12:20 a. m. connects with the Continental Limited at St. Louis Union Station. For further information call on D. C. Severs, Agent, Keytesville.

SEND ONE DOLLAR. BUILT IN OUR OWN FACTORY IN CHICAGO. ACME QUEEN. OUR OWN MAKE. SEND ONE DOLLAR. WRITE FOR OUR FREE BUCCY, CARRIAGE AND HARNESS CATALOGUE. Address SEARS-ROEBUCK & CO. (INC.), CHICAGO, ILL.

A RECENT suit in Louisville, Ky., to recover a coon dog occupied the attention for an entire day of a judge, six attorneys, the plaintiff and defendant, the jury, which included two Baptist ministers, and a room full of witnesses. During the hearing of the case the dog slept under a table in the custody of the sheriff.

Ask your Druggist for a GENUINE 10 CENT Trial Size. Ely's Cream Balm. COLD IN HEAD.

A Correction. The readers of the Daily Press were astonished, Thursday, to read in its usually toothful columns an item to the effect that a man had received some jack rabbit eggs from Texas and the still further astonishing statement that they were thirteen inches from tip to tip. The statement was due to a typographical mistake and should have read "ears" instead of "eggs."

SOMEHOW the cow never gets half the care in the stable that the horse does, especially as to currying and brushing. Even in the field where a cow lies down in green pastures she often has scurf on her skin which causes her to rub against trees and posts. We knew a farmer once who fastened a pole between two posts just high enough so that cows of different sizes could go under it and rub their backs against it. The institution was well-patronized and doubtless paid the cows' owner.

DOES COFFEE AGREE WITH YOU? JOS. F. HANSMAN, DEALER IN PURE WINES AND LIQUORS, KEYTESVILLE, MISSOURI.

SEED CORN That Pays AT FARMERS' PRICES! Pleasant Valley Seed Corn Farm, Box C, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Don't Sacrifice. Future comfort for present seeming economy, but buy the sewing machine with an established reputation, that guarantees you long and satisfactory service. THE WHITE. ITS PINCH TENSION AND TENSION INDICATOR.

For Sale by Rucker & Hunt ST. JAMES HOTEL, ST. LOUIS. EUROPEAN PLAN. Rates: 75c. and \$1.00 per Day. RESTAURANT POPULAR PRICES. SPECIAL 25c. DINNER.

Salisbury Machine Shops. J. F. ROLING, Prop. WEST SECOND ST., SALISBURY, MO. Engine Trimmings, Brass Goods, and Lubricating Oils kept constantly on hand.