

Pa Falls Into the Cistern.

Peck's Sun.

"Say, I thought you was going to try to lead a different life," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as the youth came in with his pockets full of angle-worms, and wanted to borrow a baking-powder can to put them into while he went fishing, and he held a long angle-worm up by the tail and let it wiggle so it frightened a girl that had come in after two cents worth of yeast, so that she dropped her pitcher and went out of the grocery as though she was chased by an anaconda.

"I am going to lead a different life, but a boy can't change his whole course of life in a minute, can he? Grown persons have to go on probation for six months before they can lead a different life, and half the time they lose their and before the six months expire, and have to commence again. When it is so affirmed hard for a man that is endowed with sense to break off being bad, you shouldn't expect too much from a boy. I ain't half as bad as I was. Gosh, why don't you burn a rag. That yeast that girl spilled on the floor smells like it was sick. I should think that bread that was raised with that yeast would smell like this cooking butter you sell to hired girls."

"Well, never you mind the cooking butter. I know about business. If people want to use poor butter when they have company, and then blow up the grocer before folks, I can stand it if they can. But what is this I hear about your pa fighting a duel with the minister in your back yard and wounding him in the leg and then trying to drown himself in the cistern? One of your new neighbors was in here this morning and told me there was murder in the air at your house last night, and they were going to have the police pull your place as a disorderly house. I think you were at the bottom of the whole business."

"O, its all a darn lie, and those neighbors will find they had better keep still about us, or we will lie about them a little. You see, since pa got that blacking on his face he don't go out any, and to make it pleasant for him ma invited in a few friends to spend the evening. Ma has got up around, and the baby is a daisy, only it smells like a goat, on account of drinking the goat's milk. Ma invited the minister, among the rest, and after supper the men went up into pa's library to talk. O, you think I am bad, don't you, but of the nine men at our house last night, I am an angel compared with what they were when they were boys. I got in the bathroom to untangle my fish line, and it is next to pa's room and I could hear everything they said but I went away 'cause I thought the conversation would hurt my morals. They would all steal, when they were boys, but darned if I ever stole. Pa has stole over a hundred wagon-loads of watermelons, one deacon used to rob orchards, another one shot tame ducks belonged to a farmer, and another tipped over grindstones in front of the village store, at night, and broke them, and ran; another used to steal eggs, and go out in the woods and boil them, and the minister was the worst of the lot, 'cause he took a seine, with some other boys, and went to a stream where a neighbor was raising brook trout, and cleaned the stream out, and to ward off suspicion he went to the man the next day and paid him a dollar to let him fish in the stream and then kicked because there were no trout, and then the owner found the trout were stolen and laid it to some Dutch boys. I wondered, when those men were telling their experience, if they ever thought of it now when they were preaching and praying and taken up collection. I should think they wouldn't say a boy was going to hell right off 'cause he was a little wild now days when he has such an example. Well, lately somebody has been burgling our chicken coop, and pa loaded an old musket with rock salt, and said he would fill the fellow full of salt if he caught him, and while they were talking up-stairs ma heard a rooster squawk, and she went to the stairway and told pa there was somebody in the hen-house. Pa jumped up and told the visitors to follow

him, and they would see a man running down the alley, full of salt, and he rushed out with the gun, and the crowd followed him. Pa is shorter than the rest, and he passed under the first clothes-line in the yard all right, and was going for the hen-house on a jump, when his neck caught the second wire clothes-line just as the minister and two of the deacons caught their necks under the other wire. You know how a wire, hitting a man on the throat, will set him back, head over appetite. Well, sir, I was looking out the back window, and I wouldn't be positive, but I think they all turned double back summersaults, and struck on their ears. Anyway, pa did, and the gun must have been cocked, or it struck the hammer on a stone, for it was pointed towards the house, and three of the visitors got salted. The minister was hit the worst, one piece of salt taking him in the hind leg, and the other in the back, and he yelled as though it was dynamite. I suppose when you shoot a man with salt it smarts like when you get corned beef brine on your chapped hands. They all yelled, and pa seemed to have been knocked silly some way, for he pranced around and seemed to think he had killed them. He swore at the wire clothes-line, and then I missed pa and heard a splash like when you throw a cat in the river, and then I thought of the cistern, and I went down and we took pa by the collar and pulled him out. O, he was awful damp. No, sir, it was no duel at all, but a accident, and I didn't have anything to do with it. The gun wasn't loaded to kill, and the salt only went through the skin, but those men did yell. Maybe it was my chum that stirred up the chickens, but I don't know. He has not commenced to lead a different life yet, and he might think it would make our folks sick if nothing occurred to make them pay attention. I think where a family has been having a good deal of exercise the way ours has, it would hurt them to break off too sudden. But the visitors went home real quick after we got pa out of the cistern, and the minister told ma he always felt when he was in our house as though he was on the verge of a yawning crater, ready to be engulfed any minute, and he gussed he wouldn't come any more. Pa changed his clothes and told me to have them wire clothes lines changed for rope ones. I think it is hard to suit pa; don't you."

"O, your pa is all right. What he needs is rest. But why are you not working at the livery stable? You haven't been discharged, have you?" And the grocery man laid a lump of concentrated lye, that looked like maple sugar, on a cake of sugar that had been broken, knowing the boy would nibble it.

"No, sir, I was not discharged, but when a livery man lends me a kicking horse to take my girl out riding, that settles it. I asked the boss if I couldn't have a quiet horse that would draw his self if I wound the lines around the whip, and put one arm around my girl, and patted her under the chin with my other hand, and her mouth looked so good, and her blue eyes looked up at me and twinkled as much as to dare me to kiss her, and I was all of a tremble, and then my hand wandered around by her ear and I drew her head up to me and gave her a smack. Say, that was no kind of a horse to give to a young fellow to take a girl out riding. Just as I smacked her I felt as though the buggy had been struck with a pile-driver, and when I looked at the horse he was running away and kicking the buggy, and the lines were dragging on the ground. I was scared, itell you. I wanted to jump out, but my girl threw her arms around my neck and screamed, and said we would die together, and just as we were going to die the buggy struck a fence and the horse broke loose and went off, leaving us in the buggy, tumbled down by the dash board, but we were not hurt. The old horse stopped and went to chewing grass, and he looked up at me as though he wanted to say 'philopene.' I tried to catch him, but he wouldn't catch, and then we waited till dark and walked home, and I told the livery man what I thought

of such treatment, and he said if I had attended to my driving, and not kissed the girl, I would have been all right. He said I ought to have told him I wanted a horse that wouldn't shy at kissing, but how did I know I was going to get up courage to kiss her? A livery man ought to take it for granted that when a young fellow goes out with a girl he is going to kiss her, and give him a horse according. But I quit him at once. I won't work for a man that hasn't got sense. Gosh! What kind of maple sugar is that? Jerusalem, whew, give me some water. O, my, it is taking the skin off my mouth."

The groceryman got him some water and seemed sorry that the boy had taken the lump or concentrated lye by mistake, and when the boy went out the grocery man pounded his hands on his knees and laughed, and presently he went out in front of the store and found a sign: "Fresh Lett's, been picked more'n a week, tuffer'n tripe."

St. Louis, Emporia & Western R. R. Clinton Advocate.

For several weeks past there has been some talk in railroad circles of a line of road running from St. Louis to Emporia, it being announced that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fee were the projectors. Whether this company had, or have, any such intentions we do not know, but that there is a project on foot looking to the construction of such a line we have to-day been apprised through a call from Mr. Daniel Hay, of St. Louis, director and attorney of the "St. Louis, Emporia & Western Railroad." Mr. Hay left St. Louis some two weeks ago to make a trip over the proposed route for the purpose of fully understanding the resources and possibilities of such a road. After coming thus far he seems to be very well satisfied and will no doubt be able to make a favorable report. Mr. Hay stated that it was not being built in the interests of any railroad corporation, but was an independent company and if put through will be as a main trunk line.

As Clinton is one of the points on the road the people of Clinton and Henry county must necessarily take a lively interest in its construction, particularly as nothing will be asked in the way of subscription. It would open up a direct line with St. Louis some 27 mile shorter than the present route by rail, which would give to the farmers, traders and business men generally, the choice of two routes to St. Louis, our natural market. That such a line would pay there can be no question.

Henry county and Bates with their coal fields and their magnificent agricultural resources could almost furnish material enough alone, to pay a handsome interest on the money invested in the construction of the road. Then there is the trade beyond Emporia which would find its way to the east more readily and cheaper than it does now.

St. Louis ought to wake up and make an effort to secure much of the trade in this section that is now being diverted in other directions. Such a line as the one proposed ought to be built by her citizens alone solely to secure the business that she is now losing. There is a beautiful country out this way that is being rapidly developed and destined to grow with amazing rapidity in the future which is well worth looking after by the business centers.

We hope the line will be built and are satisfied that the people of Henry county will be willing to do what they can to boost it along.

A "rose" is the latest French slang for a very young matron.

Lowell, Mich., has an eave-trough factory that turns out 3,500 feet of complete work a day.

Bridgeport, Conn., has nine quartet church choirs, one double quartet and three chorus choirs.

The Apache way of punishing a seducer is to tie lariats to his ankles and wrists and pull him to pieces with horses.

Mr. F. B. Sackett, of Titusville, Fla., has taken this year nearly 900 pounds of honey from only six hives of bees.

MOST TRAGIC OF TRAGEDIES

A Dr. awful Scene Enacted in a Eternal Chamber in South America.

From the Motevideo Reason.

A horrible affair took place recently at Rio Grande del Sur, near to the Uruguayan frontier. A young farmer was bitten by a mad dog, and remedies were immediately applied to the wound. Cauterization was resorted to, and there was every reason to believe that the virus had not entered the victim's system. When the accident occurred the young man was about to marry, but in consequence of the untoward occurrence the ceremony was postponed for three months, when the medical men who were consulted on the case gave it as their unanimous opinion there was not the slightest ground for apprehending any danger from the bite. The marriage took place on the farm and was celebrated with the customary festivities. After the nuptial supper was over the groom appeared to be seized with a fit of melancholy. One of love's caprices, said somebody. After supper came the ball, and when this was at its height the newly wedded couple withdrew from the festive scene and retired to their apartment.

About an hour afterwards the house resounded with ferocious cries, intermingled with shrieks and groans. As soon as the guests had recovered from stupefaction, they started in the direction of the cries. They proceeded from the nuptial chamber. The door was burst open and a horrible spectacle presented itself. On the floor lay the young bride in a pool of blood. She still breathed, but her body was torn and bitten as if she had been seized by a tiger. In a corner of the room was the bridegroom, covered with blood and foaming at the mouth, scratching, biting and tearing away at the wall and furniture. With a sudden bound he sprang like a tiger upon the invaders of his lair, and he would have made one or more victims had not a brother of the dying bride sent a bullet crashing through the mad man's brain.

A Team Stolen.

Clinton Advocate.

On last Monday evening there was a young man, who gave his name as Springer, went to the livery stable of Mr. Cooper in Rockville, and hired a team, saying that he was going out in St. Clair county to visit some relatives by the name of Springer, but instead of going to St. Clair he drove to Clinton, arriving Tuesday, morning the day of the balloon ascension. He put up his team at Duncan's livery stable, taking the buggy over to Saunders' blacksmith shop to have it repaired, and while the work was being done asked Mr. Sanders what the buggy was worth. Mr. Sanders told him it was worth about sixty dollars. Before he left the shop Mr. Sanders asked him what his name was and where he was from. He said his name was Springer and that he was from St. Clair county. The young man left the shop and went around to Blatt's feed and sale stable proposed to sell the horses. Mr. B. went and looked at them; but with his usual precaution questioned the fellow. He told such a plausible story that Mr. Blatt bought them; but for once in his life he was mistaken—as the sequel proves. After selling the horses he went back to Sanders' shop and told him that he had sold his team and would sell him the buggy for thirty dollars. Mr. S. told him that he would not pay that for it, as he did not need it, then Springer said he would take twenty-five dollars for it, which Mr. Sanders gave. The harness he left at Duncan's stable. Those who had dealings with him say that he was a very bright young fellow. He was seen around town at various times Tuesday, but since that time nothing has been seen or heard of him. This morning Mr. Cooper arrived in Clinton and on looking around soon found his team, buggy and harness and claimed and proved them and they were all turned over to him. The loss falls pretty heavily on Mr. Sanders, as he is a poor man and just starting in business.

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THE FINE SADDLE STALLION, EDDY WARD.

Will make the season of 1883 at our stable in Bates county, Mo., four miles southeast of Butler, near the Miller school house, and near Stumptown or Pappinville road, on the John Atkinson farm at \$6, payable at the end of the season, or \$8 to insure a mare in foal or \$10 to insure a live, sound colt, payable in both cases when the mare proves in foal or when the colt comes. A lien will be retained on the colt until the service of the horse is settled for. Great care will be taken to prevent accidents to mare or colts, but will not be responsible should any occur. The season will commence April 1st, and close July 1st. He can be seen in Butler on Saturday's of each week at the stable of H. H. Evans.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.

Eddy Ward was bred by Loudon Snell, in Scott county, Ky., foaled in spring of 1877 a dark chestnut, nearly black, 16 hands high, fine action and weight, with very heavy mane and tail. He goes all the fine saddle gait that any horse can go, he has proven himself a sure getter and good breeder, his colts show the saddle gait following their dams uniformly of good color. Eddy Ward was got by the celebrated getter of saddle horses, Expert out of Nelly Ward. Dr. Adams' celebrated premium saddle mare by Old John Dillard, also a premium stallion, great dam by Boston Sire, of Lexington Fashion, and many other racers, g. g. dam bred by Ned Blackburn, got by Old Bertrand, g. g. dam by Blackburn's Whip, sire of all the good Whips. John Dillard was got by imported Ind Jan Chier, dam by Marsk, thoroughbred g. dam by Hampton's Whip, Expert by Old Bald Stocking, the best son of Old Canadian Tom Hall, Experts dam by Whip Comet, son of imported Comet. John Dillard and Nelly Ward took more premiums at various fairs in Kentucky, perhaps than any other two animals in the show for fine saddle horses.

ALSO THE FINE BRED JACK, BLACK JOHN.

Will stand at the same place and conditions of Eddy Ward. Black John bred in Bourbon county, Ky., by John Cantrell, foaled June 1877, black with mealy nose, 15 hands high with good bone and weight, a quick performer and good breeder as can be seen by looking at three of his colts at our place. He was sired by R. H. Parks' Premium Jack Peacock, dam by Hawkeye g. dam of Mammoth and Warrior stock. Peacock got by Capt. Leers' premium Jack Napoleon, Jr., dam by Buena Vista, g. dam an imported Jennet Napoleon, got by imported Napoleon, dam by Buena Vista, Hawkeye got by Compromise, Jr., dam by Mohawk. We could trace the pedigree at a great length, but we deem it unnecessary, as we think a look at him and his colts will satisfy the breeders of mules in this county. His colts are large and fine, we think it would be to the interest of breeders of horses and mules to see this stock before breeding elsewhere.

WARNOCK & WILMOTH.