

A Missouri Doctor Fired Upon.
Chillicothe, Mo., Dec. 31.—Dr. J. B. Freeman of this county at three o'clock yesterday morning was returning from a visit to a sick lady when as he was passing through some heavy timber he was fired at by a man not ten feet away, the ball grazing his whiskers. His horse carried him to safety. It is said that threats had been made in order to suppress his professional evidence in a case in the circuit court.

In case an extra session of the legislature is not called, the position of congressman at-large will afford a lively contest. Hon. Chas. H. Morgan, of Barton, has announced his candidacy and will make a strong pull for the place. It is also said that Hon. Champ. Clark, of Pike, Senator C. F. Cochran, of St. Joseph, Senator Houston W. Johnson, of Montgomery, Senator E. J. Stone, of St. Louis, and W. F. Tuttle, of St. Louis will be in the race.—Nevada Mail.

A Sound Liver Makes a Well Man.
Are you Bilious, Constipated or troubled with Jaundice, Sick Headache, Bad taste in mouth, Foul Breath, Coated tongue, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Hot dry skin, Pain in Back and between the shoulders, Chills, and Fever, etc. If you have any of these symptoms, your Liver is out of order and your blood is slowly being poisoned, because your liver does not act properly. **HEMISF** will cure any disorder of the Liver, Stomach or Bowels. It has no equal as a Liver Medicine.
Price 75 cents.
Free trial bottle at H. L. Tucker's Drug Store. 44-137.

If the democrats of this congress cannot reform McKinley they can compel some of his trusts to give closer consideration to the beauties of free competition. Hundreds per cent. reform through the attack in detail will go far towards convincing some of our plutocratic tariff friends that their deed to the earth is not recorded.—St. Louis Republic.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve,
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chiblain's Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cts per box For sale by H. L. Tucker, druggist.

The Atkinson Globe says: Tell a widow she should marry again and she will look insulted, but, if you notice, the next time you see her she will have an extra frizz to her hair and an added ruffle to her apron.

How to Succeed, 2
This is the great problem of life which few satisfactorily solve. Some fail because of poor health others want of luck, but the majority from deficient grit—want of nerve. They are nervous, irresolute, changeable, easy to get the blues and "take spirits down to keep the spirits up." Thus wasting time, money, opportunity and nerve force. There is nothing like the Restorative Nervine, discovered by the great specialist, Dr. Miles, to cure all nervous diseases as headache, the blues, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, fits and hysteria. Trial bottles and fire book of testimonials free at H. L. Tucker's drugstore.

A paper on the other side thinks if Steve Elkins takes charge of the war department on New Years day Tennyson's poem should be amended for the occasion so as to read "Ring in the old ring."

Messrs. Johnson and James had a rough and tumble fight at Buckner and Johnson bit a majority of James's under lip off. This sounds like the good old times.

The young man who is engaged is usually a person to be avoided. He is too complacent for this world; but after he is married while he is less self-possessed.

NO HABITATION.

There can be no habitation in the blood or body for poisonous microbes when Swifts Specific, enters the system. It changes the character of the blood so that the germs must either perish or get out, and of course they leave. S. S. S. also forces out the poison which the microbes have left behind. If there is a sore or ulcer the poison comes out through that, otherwise through the skin.

"Having suffered much from contagious blood poison, after using half a dozen bottles of Swifts Specific, I was restored to perfect health and all eruptive sores disappeared. You are at liberty to make any use of my statement that you wish.—J. Crosby Bryson, 208 Third Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa."

Treatise on Blood and Skin diseases mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Atlanta, Ga.

HUNTING FOR GOLD.
Hardships of the Men Who Risk Everything in the Search.
It is scarcely to be wondered at that gold-hunters frequently become insane. All classes of men join in the search for the elusive yellow metal. Deserters from the army, men who have grown tired of ranching, clerks, sailors and reformed tramps. The number of enormously rich mines that have been mysteriously lost in this more mysterious desert is the incentive. Up and down the desert do these men go, some of them well equipped with teams and wagons, others riding mules, and there are some foolhardy enough to essay the perilous adventure on foot. The fierce heats of summer, nor the cool nights of winter, do not deter them. They are all eager, keen and suspicious. Brave, they naturally must be, to penetrate into the most inhospitable wilds in search of a glittering shadow. Nothing seems to daunt them, continual failure appears but to provoke fresh courage, and when once the passion has taken hold of a man to discover a mine, nothing but death will make him relinquish the attempt.

These men are generally very one-sided. They have eyes, ears and understanding for nothing else but gold or silver indications. There is one prospector on the desert a notable exception, a man called Ed Holland, a poet, philosopher, mine owner and storekeeper. Some strange allurements drew him away from civilization, and since the delirium of mine-owning seized him he takes only a passing interest in other matters.

Prospectors are difficult people to get information from. They delight in the mysterious and the mystifying. They all have had hair-breadth escapes from the Indians and woeful marches when assailed by thirst. There is a cheery feeling about them that they will one day meet with sudden and painful deaths on some exploring expedition, but so long as there are signs of the existence of gold will the prospector push on. There are several gallant specimens of this class to be seen in Yuma, who reiterate these before they start again on some perilous journey. Their tales will always fetch around them an audience, and with back against the bar and feet on rail the trials and tribulations of their weary wanderings are forgotten in the blaze of popularity. Nothing pleases the old miner so much as to speak of past dangers and prospects of success.

"You remember young K.," one will say, "well, he lived with the Indians down the Rio Grande, and got as thick as thieves with them. Guess he stole one of them for he had a pile of patent medicines with him. It's got to talk their language pretty well, and one day one big Indian says to him: 'Look here, if you promise never to tell where we take you and promise never to come back again we will show you where there are heaps of gold.' Of course K. consented and the Indians took him a journey of several days, and he gathered up thousands of dollars. He would never say where he got the coin, but I know he got it, for I saw the certificate. Why didn't he come back? Oh, because the Indians would kill him, that is why."

Then another will tell the story of how a poor young fellow got lost on the desert, and, seeing three hills, he climbed one to observe, and down at his feet he saw huge lumps of gold as big as his head. He emptied his saddle bags of all superfluous baggage and piled away as much gold as he could carry. He eventually found his way to Los Angeles. Though he took most careful observations, yet he was never able to re-discover this wondrous mine.

Again, another white man who lived with an Indian woman was told that she would show him to a very rich mine, or, rather have a relative of hers do so. They journeyed for three days, and then the women grew alarmed and would go no further.

Then there is another mine due east from Seven Palms called the "Lost Squaw," which has attracted many prospectors, but she, too, has been a coy mistress, and has so far concealed herself from the prying gaze of hundreds of seekers.

All these stories have but one ending. "Well, one day some fellow who least suspects it will stumble on this mine, and then he will rank with the richest men in the world."—Chicago Ledger.

DECEIVED BY APPEARANCES.

How Two Arizona Boys Increased Their Little Pile.

The vaqueros on the Tejon ranch were paid off recently and soon there wasn't enough money left in the pockets of the whole crowd to buy a wad of brown cigarette paper. This financial embarrassment was brought about by two young fellows who said they were cowboys from Arizona. The two young fellows came into camp one day, got drunk and jeered at the riding of the vaqueros, who were amusing themselves by doing all sorts of queer things on horseback. The vaqueros endured the insulting criticisms of the strangers as long as the laws of hospitality required, and then they wanted to know what the Arizona men knew about riding.

The Arizona men said they could ride anything that wore hair, and challenged the vaqueros to bring out their mustangs. Two ugly little broncos were caught up and saddled, and the Arizona fellows, with drunken recklessness, climbed aboard. They were pitched off with neatness and dispatch, and proved to be very clumsy fellows in the saddle, but that didn't stop their bragging. The elder brother, who was very drunk, explained that the younger, who had displayed the more clumsiness, was a little too full to show what he could do, but offered to bet all he owned that the boy would on the next day ride any horse that the vaqueros could drive into a corral.

The vaqueros had sized up the Arizona lads, but didn't want to take advantage of them, and persuaded them to wait until morning before making any bets. When the morning came the elder brother was still a little soggy, but he gloomily insisted upon making good his drunken chal-

lenge. The vaqueros told him that was all right, that they didn't expect him to back up all his whisky talk. He wouldn't have it that way. Nobody could say that he was a bluffer or a quitter, drunk or sober, and what he said he would back to his last bean. The younger brother, who was sober, tried to dissuade him. "Come now, Bill," he said, "don't be a blasted fool. These boys don't mind what we said yesterday, and they don't want our money. I've had enough and want to go home. Quit your foolishness and come along. I don't want to ride any more mustangs."

Whereupon the elder brother became noisier and more insistent than ever, and abused the other outrageously, calling him a coward and a tenderfoot, until the young fellow could endure his taunts no longer.

"All right," said the young man, "if you want to blow in all your stuff, go ahead. Nobody's holding you. You sha'n't say I'm a coward if you are drunk, and I'll tackle any plug you point out. But don't blame me if you pack blankets back to the ranch. You'd better get long odds in your betting, though."

The vaqueros were very willing to give odds of two to one, and upon that basis they put up all the money they had or could borrow. When the bets were made, the vaqueros rounded up a band of horses, drove them into a corral and pointed out a vicious, Roman-nosed plug, at least ten years old, that had never had a saddle upon his back and was known to be hopelessly cussed from his forelock to the tip of the longest hair in his tail.

The youngster from Arizona, looking very glum and disgusted, climbed to the top of one of the gate-posts of the corral, to the great amusement of the vaqueros, who knew that it was useless to attempt to put a saddle upon the Roman-nosed horse. They thought the young fellow was afraid, and they laughed jeeringly until he began to peel off his clothes and fling them on the ground. Coat, vest, trousers and shirt were flung aside, and upon the top of the gate-post stood a lithe, athletic young man in tight, with a few yards of rope coiled around his waist. Then the vaqueros rolled cigarettes and wondered what he would do next.

The elder brother opened the gate just wide enough to let one horse pass out at a time, and began driving out the band. When the Roman-nosed brute came along and jumped through the opening the man in tight dropped upon his back from the gate-post like a panther leaping from a tree upon a deer, and the deer the astonished horse bounded across the plain. Away he went, distancing the vaqueros, who spurred in pursuit, and in a few minutes the flying horse passed out of sight, the man in tight still sitting upon his back. And then the vaqueros, returned to the corral, rolled cigarettes, smoked, and waited.

In half an hour or more the Roman-nosed horse loped heavily up to the corral, wild-eyed and foam-flecked, and the man in tight sat upon his back and controlled him easily with a hackamore, roughly fashioned out of the coil of rope that he had worn around his waist when he started. There wasn't a kick or a plunge or a buck-jump left in the old horse, and his wind was all gone. He was covered with dust and sweat and mud, and it was evident that he had been down sideways and backward half a dozen times, and had rolled over on the ground in vain attempts to crush his rider. He would have smashed a saddle all to pieces, and probably have driven the horn of it through the breast of a rider in some of his wild backfalls, but the man in tight always landed upon his feet, and when the horse got up the man leaped lightly upon his back.

The man in tight was a champion bareback rider from McMahon's circus and the drunken elder brother was a gambler from Tucson. They carried away all the money on the Rancho Tejon, and the vaqueros aren't saying much about suckers from Arizona. Butcher's wrapping paper doesn't make very good cigarettes, but it is all the boys can get just at present.—San Francisco Examiner.

Velvet and Plush.

Rich black velvet mantles in shape of three-quarter capes, knee length, fitted in the back, open half way up, high on the shoulders, loose in front and trimmed elaborately, with jet embroidery directly on the velvet and feather trimmings, are highly favored. A handsome sage-green smooth cloth cape has a round yoke trimmed with three narrow rows of mink fur, and a moderately high collar, bound in fur. From the yoke hangs a plain full cloth cape, satin lined. Long mantles of rich brocade satin cloakings, lined with fur or silk plush and trimmed with feathers or fleecy fur, with elaborate beaded passementeries and cords, will be fashionable for evening wear. As velvet is to be so much worn in costumes, fur-lined wraps are not desirable, since the velvet pile is soon covered with hairs from the fur. Silk plush, with a slight inter-lining, is equally as warm a lining as fur. For young ladies who do not care for capes, close-fitting long coats or double-breasted jackets are provided, each trimmed with furs or feathers and large fancy buttons.—Chicago Journal.

Proper Spunk.

"Richard Tate!" exclaimed the wife, pale but undaunted, "I will submit no longer to your dictation!"

"Chestnut!" groaned the unhappy husband, putting on his hat and going out recklessly into the pelting rain.—Chicago Tribune.

—At an experience meeting held in an eastern city, the various speakers told what had been the objects of their ambition in early life. One of them had wanted to be president of the United States, another to get rich, another to have plenty of mince pie, another to be a military dictator like Napoleon, another to own a pony, another to be a preacher, another a lawyer, another a blacksmith, and another a naval commander. Only two of all the speakers had attained the object of their early ambition.

QUEER TELEGRAPH MESSAGES.

The Pathetic and the Ridiculous in the Operator's Experience.
Probably it is the sense of the incongruous that takes effect, but it is certain that death messages are more often ridiculous than any others. Surely it was a dutiful and sympathetic child who wired, "Mamma kicked yesterday; will try to make burial Monday," and the number of people who do not hesitate to make funeral arrangements while the prospective corpse is still alive is simply astounding. "We are all well but Sam, and he died yesterday," was probably indicative only by the sender's desire to break the news gently—not of any fears for "Sam's" future happiness. And it is scarcely to be supposed that any ghostly visitation induced the communication. "Your mother is dead and wants you to come home."

"Just send five to help me; am starving by telegraph," was the cry of one inpecunious soul; and the wonder has been since as to the exact method of procedure in a case of "starving by telegraph."

Another source of amusement to the telegraph operator is in the curious names which come up in the course of business. When Mrs. "Whetstone" and Mrs. "Firmstone" send telegrams in one day, the question arises as to their possible relationship; and whether Mr. "Morningstar" and Mr. "Winternight" are neighbors might be an interesting discussion.

Mr. "Raspberry Smith" gives internal evidence of Afro-American nomenclature, and "Gooseberry" is beyond all dispute, the name of a colored family. Mr. "Richwine" and Mr. "Cashier" might easily be Germans, but the nationality of the "Bone-breaks" and the "Goodhands" would be hard to guess. Even "Humbird" comes in occasionally, and "Losehardt" is too suggestive to be pleasant.

In offices where the operator must be also the receiving clerk many odd incidents occur to enliven the routine of business. An old colored man went, panting, into a telegraph office once and indicated his desire to telegraph a small package that he held in his hand. He met with blank unbelief all the statements to the effect that such a thing could not be done, and persisted in his request. "It's just got to go," he exclaimed. "They're my wife's teeth. She went off and forgot 'em and I've got to get 'em to her on the train." After some ten minutes' discussion it was a sadder and wiser old man who shuffled slowly out of the office.

Drunk men, too, furnish their quota of odd sayings and doings for the amusement of the telegrapher. "Say, what'll you send a message for to my wife to M—?" inquired an intoxicated customer of the operator. "Twenty-five cents! Why, I'm one of the boys in blue! Can't you make it any less?" The operator refused to cut rates, and the customer who had imbibed too freely decided to stand the expense, although grumbling. "You'd take the bread from the mouth of one of the boys in blue!" "You write it for me," was the next demand. "It's to my wife," he went on; "never mind the address; now that's none of your business where she lives."

Being induced to give the necessary destination, he continued: "Tell her I'll be home." "When shall I say you'll be home?" prompted the temporary amanuensis. "Well, tell her I'll be home—(long pause)—be home when I come and tell her to answer; if I've got to pay for this she has to pay for one, too." "Be home when I come; answer," read the long-suffering operator.

"Can I say any more?" inquired the boy in blue from M—. Upon being informed that he still had a margin within the twenty-five-cent limit for a message, he leaned over the railing toward the desk and whispered confidentially: "Say, tell her I'm drunk, but I ain't locked up yet."—Washington Post.

SIGHT AND STUDY.

Physical Disability Induced By Mental Activity.
Near-sightedness is usually considered one of the effects of modern civilization and study. The greater the progress, the higher the culture, the more prevalent is the distressing myopia; and one has only to think of intellectual Boston, with its many short-sighted inhabitants, to agree in the truth of the proposition. One heretical observer, however, spitefully remarked—after having been in company with a number of Bostonians—that he believed that half of them wore plain glasses instead of the real thing, in order to appear literary. The association of literature with near-sightedness has much to support it, and the young person who is compelled to resort to "aids to sight" has to bear many sly allusions to the superior learning which necessitates their use.

To find an early example of literary near-sightedness we must go back to the author most widely known, most deeply studied in Christendom; to the one learned in all the wisdom and ptery of the Greeks, the thorough Hebrew scholar, the Roman citizen understanding and ably defending his rights, the great logician and master of style—St. Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles. A charming paper—inserted in one of Dr. John Brown's essays and written, we believe, by one of his kinsmen—skillfully demonstrates that "the thorn in the flesh" was impaired vision, resulting from the memorable experience on the way to Damascus, and that it was his near-sightedness which led St. Paul into the error of speaking harshly to the high priest; for which he apologized by saying: "I wist not, brethren, that it was the high priest." Other passages are cited in support of the theory, and the essay is a delightful bit of reading.

Why mental activity should go hand in hand with physical disqualification it would be hard to explain. Disraeli makes one of his minor characters say, "I look upon a long-sighted man as a brute who, not being able to see with his own mind, is obliged to see with his body." This may afford a partial solution; as conversely, one who cannot see with his body develops clearer mental vision.—Harper's Bazar.

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Feed and Provisions of all Kinds.
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GROCERIES & DRY GOODS,
I desire to say to my many friends that I have replenished the stock and fitted up the store room in shape and I would be glad to have all my old friends call and see me.
PRODUCE OF ALL KINDS WANTED.
I will guarantee my prices on goods to be as low as any store in the city. Call and see me.
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An unlimited supply of MONEY to LOAN on real estate. Loans drawn five years and made payable any time. Also plenty of 8 per cent home money.
Farms for sale in all parts of Bates county. Low Prices, Easy Terms. If you want to buy or sell it will be to your interest to see me.
Complete Abstracts of all Real Estate in Bates County, Missouri.
GEO. M. CANTERBURY.
Office in rear of Farmers' Bank, Butler, Missouri.

McFarland Bros. advertisement featuring a woman in traditional dress, a horse, and various items like a bicycle and a hat. Text includes: "McFarland Bros. have for sale a fine lot of goods... Double Wagon harness from \$10 to \$20... \$25 Second hand harness from \$3.00 to \$5... \$500 of all styles and prices... from the cheapest to the best... 'COW BOY SADDLE' made in this country... Come and see us... McFARLAND BROS., Butler, Mo."