



FOR the first year or two every man is a "prominent citizen" in your simon-pure boom town, and so it was in Greenough. Men endowed with more than argumentative eloquence and a vote, whose pasts were unknown and whose merits had not been tried, became mayor, aldermen or what not?

Haskell Talbot, college athlete, during his first two years in Greenough came within an ace of solving the problem of how not to be prominent in a boom town. He had so much fun on election day that he forgot to vote. In a word, he was such a "good fellow" that nobody took him seriously. And yet he was in love, and, to make matters worse, his sweetheart was the daughter of the richest and most exacting banker in town. To further complicate his chances with her rival was a model young man, mayor of the town, most sedate, ascetic and faultless. Talbot realized that his rival was worthy of his best effort, and flattered his elastic conscience that he was really too busy making love to do anything else "serious."

Of course Catherine Grinstead liked the scapegrace better than the model young man. Pretty, imaginative, warm-hearted girl nearly always do, but Catherine had a common-sense inheritance from her father, and when at last Young Talbot had brought



his wooing to what he regarded as the climax of his ingenuity and the limit of her patience he asked her to be his wife, and she lifted him into the seventh heaven by answering:

"Yes, Haskell, I'll marry you," but, as he took her in his arms she disengaged herself, and, tapping his broad breast with an admonitory finger, added: "On one condition—you've got to be mayor of Greenough first."

Talbot thought it was a joke, but he found she meant it, and then he exacted a promise that, while he was "getting busy" with politics, she must not give Mayor Jones the advantage of her society. It was a bit rough on Jones, but she did freeze him after that, and he became the natural and sworn enemy of Talbot. It was almost ridiculous to see the way poor Talbot started his campaign. Being a democrat, he had no trouble getting that party to nominate him for the simple reason that the republicans had 50 majority, but not even a democrat likes to invite a licking. His candidacy was a town joke and everybody regarded it as the best he had tried. Jones was quickly chosen by the republicans to succeed himself, and even his somberly handsome face relaxed into a smile at mention of Talbot's "campaign."

The democrat rented a little dark back office over the Saddle Rock restaurant, and began to entice the leading citizens, one by one, into his den for a secret chat. Mayor Jones from his window began to notice this move, and smiled sardonically as he noticed that they went into the building with Talbot and were all smiles. But when they came out they looked nervous, worried, even scared. Then Jones got worried. He tried to pump some of the leading republicans, whom he had seen come furtively out of Talbot's office, but they either refused to discuss the matter, or put him off with: "O, just one of Talbot's little jokes." But the envious Jones, in spite of his almost certain success, was puzzled, and, hating Talbot with all the rancor of a defeated lover, began to court his friendship.

The guileless democrat fell into the trap. One day he met the young mayor coming down Main street, and thus airily accosted him:

"Morning, Jonesy! You're my friend, aren't you? Of course. Well, now I want you to come up into my office for a ten minutes' talk. All I ask of you, and I'm going to put you on your honor, is that you never breathe a word to any living creature about what you see in my office. Will you promise? Good! Your word is as good as your oath. Now come up."

When they had entered Talbot's office he pulled down the shade and lighted a candle. Then, from a closet, he pulled out a contrivance that looked exactly like a clothes wringer. Talbot explained that it was a machine for printing money! He picked up a piece of white cloth, clipped it the size of a regulation treasury bill, and said:

"Which will I make you, a five or a ten?"

"A ten," whispered Mayor Jones, his greedy eyes bulging.

Talbot started the blank paper between the rollers, turned the handle and chuckled as a brand new \$10 note came simultaneously out of the machine. Jones could hardly believe his eyes. He took the note and fingered it. He had been a bank clerk, and he knew it was as perfect as a treasury issue.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked, softly, getting pale, but fascinated.

"I'll sell you \$2,000 of the money for \$500," whispered Talbot.

"I'll—would you take \$400—it's so easy, Talbot. Besides, I'm—"

"No, no, no, Jonesey; I've only one price."

"Give me till to-morrow," hesitated the mayor.

"All right, old man. Take the bill with you, and find out if it isn't all right. If it is and you're willing to trade then, I'll ask you to sign an order for \$2,000, or whatever you want, to be delivered in, say 30 days. Here's one of the orders. You see it reads 'note heads' and is merely a memo."

"Has anybody else—er—ordered any?"

"Now, see here, Jonesey, that's my secret. And remember you've promised to say nothing. I couldn't squeal if I wanted to, because—well, I don't want to land in the pen."

And Jones promised secrecy, and went away torn by conflicting emotions of greed, malice and injured pride. He knew there was a standing reward of \$5,000 for counterfeiters of \$10 bills. To give Talbot up meant revenge, a big profit, and, above all, Catherine. The next day Haskell Talbot was in his office when Mayor Jones and a stranger tipped to his door and knocked. He let them in. Jones dramatically pointed to his prey. The secret service man, pistol in hand, let the shade fly up, and growled:

"Where's your outfit?"

But when Talbot displayed his "money-maker" the officer got red with rage, and turned upon Mayor Jones, and roared:

"D'you fetch me all the way down here 'count o' that chestnut? You must be a jay for sure. Why, that's one o' them magician things. It don't make no counterfeit."

Then Talbot laughed like a boy and the detective laughed like a horse, but Mayor Jones stood, grinning sickly, till the joker said:

"Never mind, old man, I'll not give you away."

Jones might have regained his self-esteem if he had been elected, but when he knew that Talbot had defeated him he had actually jumped the town and was well on his way to Kansas City before he figured out that even a "prominent" republican would rather vote for a democrat than be shown up as a dealer in counterfeit money.

As for Talbot, Mayor Talbot, he tore up all those orders for "note-heads," even to the last, Judge Grinstead's, but thereafter his "constituents" knew him and supported him because they knew that he knew them.—John H. Raftery, in Chicago Record-Herald.

WHERE THEY DIFFERED.

Two farmers there were of which I wot,
And one was thrifty, and one was not;
For these two farmers, as all might see,
Were just as different as different could be.
On's name was Tim, and the other's was Clem.

But Clem was a different man from Tim,
For Clem was thorough and up-to-date,
And always at it both early and late,
His horses and cattle in-barn and shed
Were sleek and fat, and all well fed.
When he fed his hogs in their straw shed,
In early morn, with the sky still red,
There fell on the ear a satisfied grunt,
That sounded as loud as a football punt.
He never allowed the weeds to dose
Along the fences, or 'mong corn rows.
His farming tools, when not in use,
Were neatly stored in their own tool house.

But thrifty Clem made the hit of his life
When he chose Mary Morton to be his wife.
For when he concluded to give Cupid a whirl,
Why, Cupid just picked him the dearest girl.
And if ever a man was blest in this life,
Then thrifty Clem was blest in his wife.
For his house was in order from cellar to garret.

As for dust and dirt, she never could bear it,
But better than all, she was loving and kind,
And to worry and scold was never inclined.
Will the world, I wonder, ever know in this life

What it really owes to the farmer's wife?
With her mind on household cares is bent,
With her toe she's rocking a president,
Clem knew, and of her he thought and talked,
Blest grew the ground on which she walked.

Farmer Tim was shiftless and lazy begot,
And just hunted around and shot and shot.
His cattle were lean, and never half fed,
With the sky for a roof, and the snow for a bed.
'stead of feeding his hogs on shorts and meal,
In their pen he left them to squeal and squeal.
He complained that his tools wore out so fast,
Then left them just where he used them last.

When he ought to be caring for his reaper and mower,
He was swapping yarns at the grocery store,
When he goes to milk, his cows are contented
In a filthy stable that never is cleaned,
When their unwashed udders he does assail,
Their real estate is found in the pail,
It's little he gets by way of a yield,
For little but weeds will grow in his field;
And if any ever makes mention of him,
They say: "What a sloven is Farmer Tim!"
These were two farmers of which I wot—
One was thrifty, and one was not.
—J. A. Baxter, in Ohio Farmer.

CAPTURING A PYTHON.

Queer Method of Trapping the Huge Snakes Employed by the Moros of Mindanao.

A man who has been in the far east tells this story of catching snakes, reports the New York Tribune. Says he: "The natives of one of our new colonies, the Moros of Mindanao, have a curious but effective way of capturing the huge pythons that infest the jungles and morasses of their country. Almost all the larger houses there have stone walls built about them to prevent wild animals from entering the yards to prey on the fowls or live stock belonging to the family. These same walls are also made to serve the purpose of serpent traps. A hole about 15 inches in diameter is cut through the rough masonry near the ground. Shortly after dark the natives tie sucking pigs to stakes on each side of the wall, not far from the hole. Then they go inside the house, smoke their pipes and patiently wait for something to turn up. Nor are they often disappointed. The occasional cries and more especially the odor of the pigs attract a python from the nearby swamps. Cautiously he crawls up to the wall until he reaches the first pig outside the hole. In a twinkling he has thrown his jaws about the pig, and, struggling, the poor animal glides down the snake's body alive and whole. The serpent feels good, although the pig was not a large meal for him. So when he hears and smells another such meal on the other side of the fence, he naturally shoves his head through the hole to investigate. There is another scream and the second little pig is on its way down the snake's throat.

"Now comes the critical moment. The natives inside the house rush out, and, flashing a torch in the python's eyes, blind him long enough to slip a small leather strap over his head. The python struggles hopelessly, for each pig he has swallowed is like a knot in his body that prevents him from slipping through the hole either way. The natives soon have him securely bound by stout ropes to stakes in the ground. Then they remove his leather collar and force him to disgorge the last pig he has swallowed. The other is cut out, still alive, and neither of the pigs is much the worse for their experience. Thus the python is not only captured, but also cheated out of the meal which led him to his misfortunes."

A PHILIPPINE TIT-BIT.

Minute Fish of a Volcanic Basin—Lake That Are Made Into Cakes and Dried in the Sun.

The snarapan, a minute fish in Philippine waters, is like any other fish in shape and proportion, so far as the untrained eye can see. On account of its phenomenal minuteness it is almost transparent. It has a black chin, a black line down its center, behind the anal fin, and a few black spots on its back. Many of the specimens dissected under the microscope contained ripe eggs, comparable with the merest needle point and measuring 1-200 of an inch in diameter. The females are slightly larger than the males. The former average a fraction more than half an inch in length; the males just a half inch. The smallest mature specimens are but two-fifths of an inch from tip of nose to point of tail.

An odd fact in regard to these infinitesimal creatures is that they are prized for human food, says the Providence Journal. Lake Bulid is a volcanic basin in the shadow of Mount Triga. Here the side of a mountain seems to have quite recently blown out by volcanic action. Many varieties of fishes of every size abound in the lake, but the snarapan are far more numerous.

The Beols when fishing for them use a large sheet of close web, which they dip under the water whenever a school congregates. They are gathered in tightly woven baskets, from which the water soon drains, leaving a compact mass of the little creatures. Whenever the fleet of fishermen bring them to shore in this condition the natives buy them eagerly. They are seasoned with pepper and other spices, pressed uncooked into cakes and dried in the sun. Our soldiers are reported to have already grown fond of this strange diet.

Muskets Ten-Foot Long.

Gen. F. C. Ainsworth, chief of the record and pension division of the army, is in receipt of several interesting relics from friends in the Philippines and China, comprising a collection of arms of different varieties, modern and archaic, used by the Chinese. In the collection are two jingals; which look a good deal like overgrown muskets. They are too heavy for soldiers to carry about the field, and are usually rested upon a parapet. One of these weapons is more than ten feet long, with an iron barrel of one-inch caliber. Both guns are in good working order, and Gen. Ainsworth has had them burnished and added to the ornaments of his office in the war department. —Washington Star.

Jamaica Toothbrush Plant.

The toothbrush plant grows in Jamaica. By cutting a piece of the stem and fraying the ends, the natives make a toothbrush, and a dentifrice to use with it is produced by drying and pulverizing the dead stems.

A Savage Instinct.

Every man who likes a row, has not rid himself of the savage instinct. —Acheson Globe.

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REGULAR CITY ELECTION.

The Regular Election for Mayor, Marshal and Councilmen for the 1st, 2nd and 8th wards of the city of Okolona will be held at the Mayor's Office in said city on Thursday the FIFTH DAY OF JUNE 1902. Polls opened at nine o'clock a. m. and closed at 5 p. m. Given under my hand this, May 21st 1902. W. A. BODENHAMER, Mayor.

ANNUAL MEETING:

The First Church of Christ Scientists, Boston, Mass., June 15-18, 1902. For the above occasion the Southern Railway will sell tickets from all points on its line to Boston, Mass., and return at the low rate of one fare plus \$1.00 for the round trip; tickets on sale June 11, 12 and 13, with final limit June 27, 1902. For further information call on any agent Southern Railway or write C. E. JACKSON, Trav. Pass. Agt. Morris Hotel, Birmingham, Ala.

Wanted—Men to learn barber trade. Great demand for barbers during Summer rush. Two months completes. Last thirty days that scholarship, board tools and transportation can be earned. Positions guaranteed. Write, Moler Barber College, New Orleans, La.

THE VOLCANOES DEADLY WORK

From the Fall of Pompeii to the Destruction of St. Pierre, By Prof. Chas. Morris, L. L. D. Most intensely interesting book ever published. Complete, thrilling and accurate account of the greatest disaster that ever befell the human race—greater even than Pompeii. Tells how Martinique, one of the most beautiful islands in the world was suddenly transformed into a veritable hell about 500 pages, profusely illustrated with photographs taken before and after the disaster. Practically only "Martinique" book in the field for every one now insists on having Prof. Morris' book and no other. Best author, largest book, best illustrated, scientifically accurate. Price \$1.50. Agents Wanted. Enormous profits for those who act quickly. Most liberal terms. Outfit 10 cents. Don't lose a minute. Send for outfit IMMEDIATELY and be at work. The chance of a life time for making money. Clark & Co., 222 E. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention this paper.

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A REVIVAL INCIDENT.

Things do not invariably happen fortuitously, even where religion is concerned, says the Philadelphia Times. From Towana, Pa., comes the story of a very fervid revival meeting in an up-state Methodist church. Worship there was primitive and simple; the emotions were given unrestrained expression. An old backslider had been moving uneasily under the exhortation of the various lusty lunged speakers, groaned once or twice as though in soul-agony, and finally arose and addressed the assemblage thus: "Brothers! Sisters! Do something for me. I feel that I am going straight to hell." "Glory! Glory!" came from all over the church. "Help me brothers and sisters!" went on the repentant one. "I know I am on the road to damnation!"

The congregation seemed to feel that song was one thing needful, and spiritedly joined in when a sturdy backwoods basso tunelessly roared out the opening lines of the stirring old hymn—

"If you get there before I do, Just tell them that I'm coming, too!"

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Begin with the spire of life and you may end with the vice of it.

Whenever we see a funeral procession go by with its attendant sadness, we try to imagine 30,000 in St. Pierre, and find we are growing dizzy.

Boys! Girls!

Any boy or girl who will secure for us TEN SUBSCRIPTIONS for The Kansas City Weekly Journal at the rate of 25 cents each, making a total of \$2.50, and send the money to us with a list of the names, will be sent postage prepaid, a beautiful watch called The Eclipse! Send money by P. O. order or draft and mail all orders to The Weekly Journal, Kansas City, Mo.

Boys and girls, here is your chance!

Send for samples to be used in canvassing.

No man thinks he is as stupid as he looks.