

J. M. Webb

SULLIVAN DEMOCRAT.

PART ONE—Pages 1 to 8.

SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1899.

VOL. I. NO. I.

Death of Mrs. Julia Cazier.

Juliette C. Cazier, widow of James Cazier and mother of William Cazier died at the home of William Cazier where she had lived for the past thirty three years on Wednesday night September 6. Deceased was eighty-two years, four months and eight days old at the time of her death.

Juliette C. Hudson was born April 28, 1817, in Oldham county, Kentucky. She was married to James Cazier in that county May 27 1839. The same year of their marriage they moved to Moultrie county where deceased resided ever since except about six months when she resided in Mills county, Iowa.

Unto them were born four children, two sons and two daughters. The daughters both died some years ago. The two sons still survive her. Wm. living in Moultrie county and Jerry in Rossville, New Mexico. Deceased has lived with her son William for the last thirty-three years and has seen his children born and most of them reared to manhood and womanhood. In his home she had in her declining years the best of care and attention from her son, his wife and children, all being uniformly kind and attentive to her. Shortly after her marriage she united with the Church of Christ of which she has been a faithful member for over sixty years. Her life has been an example of christian devotion, a beacon light in the home and community, the highest and noblest in precept and example. Her hearing and sight failed her in her latter years but her health had been moderately good for one of her advanced age until last Saturday when she received a partial paralytic stroke, from which she gradually sank and passed to peaceful sleep Wednesday night.

The funeral services were held in Liberty church and were conducted by Dr. A. L. Kellar who delivered an able discourse highly eulogistic of the deceased whom he had known a long time, the Hudson and Kellar families having come from from Oldham county, Ky. The scripture lesson was taken from the first sixteen verses of the fifth chapter of second Corinthians. From the church the remains were taken to the Liberty cemetery and laid away, in the presence of a large crowd of mourning relatives and friends. As an illustration of Dr. Kellar's long life of devo-

tion to his fellow men it is recalled that over forty years ago he preached the funeral of Elizabeth Hudson, mother of Juliette Cazier, here in Sullivan.

A Great Amusement Enterprise.

Some years ago a number of bright, young, colored students, musically inclined, attending a Southern college, formed a concert company under the title of "The Nashville Students Concert Company." Their unexceptionally clever talent soon attracted managers of amusement bureaus and a tempting offer allured the students from the college precincts to a trip through the larger cities of the south and north. Their success was instantaneous. Managers and the press everywhere conceded them to be the best musical attraction offered to the public and from this nucleus—a sextette of students—evolved the present mammoth minstrel organization known as the Wright's Original Nashville Students and Gideon's Big Minstrel Carnival, a consolidation of two immense and distinct minstrel shows into one, with a membership of 45 of the best, brightest and brainiest colored performers in minstrelsy. The steady solid growth of this magnificent combination from season to season has evidenced its success in pleasing and attracting the best patronage and overflowing houses everywhere. Manager Carpenter, its shrewd efficient manager, has carefully clung to the best amusement principles and has kept the attraction free from the slightest taint of vulgarity or its slightest suggestiveness. Every act shows money spent in its special selection. No two acts are alike and their variety is unlimited and so numerous that the show presents a continuous performance of solid hours of wholesome fun, singing, dancing, acrobaticism, juggling, tumbling, slack wire walking and every meritorious act known to minstrelsy and vaudeville. This big attraction so complete in all its excellent details will be the attraction at the Titus opera house, Wednesday, Sept. 13.

Windsor Has Her Annual Awakening.

The Sullivan band and a large number of others from here attended the Windsor picnic and log-rolling Thursday. A great crowd was present and a good program was carried out.

The Educational Mill Again Grinds.

Our public schools opened Monday with very flattering prospects of a successful year. The following is the enrollment.

First grade.....	Miss Sarah Powers.....	67
Second grade.....	Miss Mary Powers.....	73
Third grade.....	Miss Cora Woodruff.....	31
Third grade.....	Miss Cora Emmons.....	39
Fourth grade.....	Miss Belle Hoke.....	50
Fifth grade.....	Miss Hattie Taylor.....	36
Sixth grade.....	Miss Flora Anderson.....	41
Seventh grade.....	Miss Hettie Stricklan.....	41
Eighth grade.....	Mr. Hugh Bone.....	32

Total in grades.....	400
High school.....	102

Total in school.....502

The initial enrollment is a little larger than last year.

The following is a list of the tuition pupils in the high school enrolled to date, with the name of the school from which each comes.

Name	Year	School
Marion Woodruff.....	4.....	Bethany
Claudia Lehman.....	3.....	Sullivan
Elmer Ward.....	3.....	Bethany
Alva Wilt.....	2 and 3.....	Lake City
Ray Warren.....	3.....	Sullivan
Estella Blair.....	3.....	Cadwell
Frank Weger.....	3.....	Sullivan
Irving Shuman.....	1.....	Sullivan
Andrew Robinson.....	2.....	Sullivan
Cyrus Robinson.....	2.....	Sullivan
James Wood.....	2.....	Sullivan
Cleveland Miller.....	1.....	Bruce
Clifton Miller.....	1.....	Sullivan
Ernest Buxton.....	1.....	Sullivan
Willie Bolin.....	1.....	Sullivan
Ralph Wiley.....	1.....	Allenville
Della Hull.....	1.....	Sullivan
Mina Fleming.....	1 and 2.....	Cooks Mill
Addie Fairchild.....	1 and 2.....	Sullivan
Jessie Fairchild.....	1 and 2.....	Sullivan
Dora Davidson.....	1 and 2.....	Jullivan
Jessie Whanger.....	1.....	Sullivan
Hannah Hastings.....	1.....	Arthur
Elmer Ledbetter.....	2 and 3.....	Bruce

Christian Church Notes.

The subject for sermons Sunday September 10, forenoon, "The Simplicity that is in Christ." In the evening, "Paul's Answer to King Agrippa." Mrs. Brickert will sing in the evening.

The pastor and wife received the official board and building committee at their home Wednesday evening. Some important business was transacted after which all enjoyed a social hour. Some beautiful music was rendered. Mrs. Brickert was assisted by Misses Nettie Harris and Zelma McClure.

Rev. Burnham of Charleston, will deliver the oration on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone Saturday September 16 at 3 p. m. Rev. Mr. Wilson will speak at night.

Surprised Him.

Monday evening the immediate relatives of Frank Harbaugh invaded his home on West Harrison street and gave him and his excellent wife a surprise on account of his birth-day. A pleasant time was had which is needless to say. We did not learn his age as Frank has lived so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

Personal and Otherwise

Sam Cox is in Sullivan this week.

A child of P. J. Harrison is quite sick.

Mart VonAlmen was in Sullivan Sunday.

Dr. J. A. Dunlap was in Sullivan Tuesday night.

Miss Savannah Story was a Decatur visitor Sunday.

Cicero Lane made a flying trip to Arthur Thursday.

Jack Funston of Lowe township was in Sullivan Thursday.

B. F. Rork bought his first crop of broom-corn Tuesday at \$60 per ton.

Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Miller are at West Baden, Indiana, for a ten days stay.

Mrs. Rolla Fleming of Springfield, is the guest of friends and relatives in Sullivan.

Guss Lee has moved into the property vacated by Paul Pundt on Blackwood street.

Dennis Cook and family of Marrowbone township were in Sullivan visiting relatives Thursday.

A. J. Lindsay was sick Wednesday night, requiring the attendance of a physician Thursday morning.

Dr. H. A. Gaskill who has been the guest of J. B. Ford for some time, went to Arthur Friday to take charge of a school near there on Monday.

Misses Nettie and Nellie Duncan who has been visiting the family of W. A. Duncan, returned to their home in Arcola Thursday, accompanied by Mrs. Arthur Cochran and daughter.

Rev. G. H. Turner of Sullivan was elected moderator. Seven years ago Mr. Turner was a student at Lincoln, and was sent to fill an appointment at the Argenta church. He is now presiding as moderator in the same church in which he preached his first sermon.—Decatur Herald.

Probate Court.

Hearing was had on petition to form drainage district in Moultrie, Douglas and Coles county. Prayer of petition was granted and A. S. Sexton, J. B. Craig and Henry Fulton were appointed commissioners to estimate cost and apportion benefits.

J. M. Kelly made final report as administrator of estate of Sarah J. Dodson deceased and same was approved and administrator discharged.

Katherina S. Kearney has been appointed guardian of Mary E. Kearney minor heir of Henry Kearney deceased, in bond in sum of \$1200.

When Their Release Came

All Three Sisters Decided That They Wanted to Get Away from Home and One Another.

"AND now, my dear nieces, that we have arranged these sad details, I want to talk to you about yourselves," said Uncle William, taking up his hat and stroking the new hatband reflectively.

Augusta remained unmoved, the invalid Amelia sighed. Anne looked impatiently round the room.

"As far as I can judge from a cursory glance at your poor father's affairs," he continued, "there is a sum of about £5,000 to be divided equally between you. Now, if this is carefully invested it may bring in something like £200 a year—"

"Nearly £70 a year each," interrupted Anne.

"Hush!" said Augusta.

"Of course, it is impossible for you to continue to live in the style you have been accustomed to on such a sum as that."

At this Augusta gave a suppressed snort capable of any interpretation.

Her uncle went on: "But if you hold together, and are content to take a little cottage in the country I think you will be able to manage pretty comfortably."

"I absolutely refuse to do anything of the sort!" cried Anne, vehemently.

"Hush, hush!" said Augusta.

"You must let your sister speak," interposed Uncle William. "She is over age and quite independent of any of us."

"Over age, indeed! And am I not 20 years her senior? Have I no voice in the matter?"

"With regard to your share, certainly; but not beyond that."

"I should like to tell you what I feel, Uncle William," said Anne. "As you know, papa was ill for five years, ever since I grew up. When I was a child I saw the others having splendid times; they went here, there and everywhere."

"Oh, Anne, how can you?" cried Amelia. "You know I have never been able to go out much."

"You had your own room; you could see your friends; everyone has always given way to you." Anne continued, feverishly: "No one I cared for ever came near the place since I've been grown up. Only the old friends of the family have called and whispered and sympathized. The rest couldn't come; how could we expect any sunny person to visit a house with a pall over it—the tomb of a living corpse; to see the body of a man who had been great, and was—worse than nothing?" The girl's voice broke in an uncontrollable sob; she clasped her temples tightly with her two hands and regained her composure.

"Anne, how can you?" cried Amelia. "You can't know how hateful your contempt for the ailing and the weak makes you."

"I have no contempt for the sick. The sick have their brains; they have some chance for recovery. But to sit and watch—watch for five years—a hopeless case, a case in which each day brought more foolishness, more hopeless imbecility, all through the best years of my life, while my youth, my precious, precious youth, which can never come back to me, was flying away!"

"Nonsense, nonsense; you are a child still," cried Uncle William, moved by her emotion.

"My face is all over little wrinkles, uncle. I am only 22, I know; but you cannot keep young in a tomb."

"Coarse girl," muttered Augusta.

"What do you propose to do, then?" said the uncle, despairingly.

"In the first place, put London between myself and my loving family,"

she replied, with sparkling eyes. "Then I shall see if there are not some means by which I can make a decent income; if so, I shall train myself for the work; if not—well, I'll promise never to ask any of you for help."

"Although I have no legal control over you, Anne, it is my duty to warn you that many dangers await a young, unprotected girl in London," said the uncle.

"Oh, I know all about that. I am going to stay with an old friend of mine. We were children together and now she is a widow; she has a little house in Mayfair and has asked me to go to Cowes with her."

"Do you know who this woman is she proposes to live with?" said Augusta, icily. Amelia was sobbing. Uncle William shook his head.

"She is a woman in society, certainly, but her photographs are in all the shop windows and she has actually appeared upon the public stage."

"Well, she was a failure, at any rate," burst in Anne; "that ought to satisfy you! But if I go on the stage I'll take good care to succeed, you may be sure."

"Go on the stage! Is that what you propose to do?" cried Augusta.

"Oh, my poor darling!" sobbed Amelia.

"And if I did? Why, I should get fond of you two and send you stalls. Think of that. Papa, in his grandest days, never took you to anything better than the front row of the dress circle!"

"My dear Anne, I advise you seriously to reconsider the position. As I was saying, your united incomes would amount to—"

"Don't trouble to make calculations on my account, Uncle William. I have arranged everything for myself. My address will be 'care of Mrs. Devass, 105 Brook street, Mayfair, W.,' and I shall be glad to hear from you when my share is available. Till then she has promised to look after me. Good-by, Augusta—I hope you'll enjoy living for a year on the price of your last best dress. Good-by, Amelia. Don't flirt with the curates too much. Good-by, Uncle William. You're a dear and I know Devass will be awfully glad to see you at dinner one evening. She gives rattling good dinners, I can tell you. Good-by, all of you. I give you my blessing." And Anne rushed out of the room before any of her astonished relations found breath to speak.

"Oh, my poor, lost, little sister!" said Amelia.

"It's the girl's shocking selfishness and ingratitude I think of," snapped Augusta.

"Well, well, she is young. You must remember—you had your fling in the good old days."

"Really, Uncle William, I think you are unnecessarily—well—coarse. I admit I accompanied my father to such entertainments as he found time to attend—and that I have been received at all the courts of Europe; if you like to call that having my fling—"

"Oh, don't, please, don't let us have any more disagreements," moaned Amelia; "we two sisters must cling together now we are left desolate."

"Well, what have you to propose, Uncle William?"

"We are here to discuss business and we may as well get it over," said Augusta.

Uncle William returned from a day-dream and, pulling himself together, said:

"Well, I suppose you two may count on an income of about £140 a year. Of course, Augusta can advantageously purchase an annuity."

"Certainly, I intend to do so."

"Quite wise. You would get about £90 instead of not quite £70 a year in that case. It would increase your united incomes to £160."

Augusta looked grim, Amelia cast a sidelong glance in her direction. There was a long pause. At last Amelia said:

"I thought, perhaps, I should like to make a little arrangement on my own account, if Augusta didn't object."

"Ah!" said Augusta.

"Well, what is your little plan, Amelia?" said Uncle William genially.

"That nice Mrs. Crowther, our late clergyman's widow, is living down at

Richmond; she offered to take me in any time as a paying guest for one pound a week; they are such nice, pleasant people, you know, so bright and lively; it always does me good to be with them. I think I could manage it."

"My dear Amelia, I'll see that you can manage it. In a few years you'll be able to make a bid for an annuity, too, and until then I'll try what I can do to eke things out."

"Oh, how kind of you! I was wondering if it wouldn't be possible to get on the civil list, in consideration of papa's services, you know, as I am an invalid."

"Quite a little business woman, after all," said Uncle William.

"Amelia always has an eye to the main chance," sneered Augusta. "It appears, then, I am to be left to shift for myself, so I shall at once accept an offer I have had of a little flat near Sloane square that a single lady I know is just about to give up. I will see about it this afternoon."

"Oh, Augusta, I hope you don't feel that I am deserting you?" said Amelia.

"Why should I? Why should I feel deserted? Both my sisters have shown themselves most anxious to remain with me, haven't they?" replied Augusta, in her most acrimonious accents.

"Do not talk in that hard way, Augusta; I'll give it up—I'll come and live with you in your little flat."

"There isn't room," said Augusta, snappishly. "It would be most inconvenient for more than one person and the servant."

"You'll never be able to afford a servant on £90 a year," sobbed Amelia.

"At any rate I shall want the third room as a box room—it would be impossible for you to live there. Besides, the stairs—you could never manage them."

"Perhaps we could go somewhere else together?"

"No—you've had your chance. I shall make my own arrangements now."

"Augusta! I believe you want to be alone, too."

"So the secret is out! You want to be alone, do you, after all the devotion that has been lavished upon you for years? After you have had the best bedroom—everything that was mine by rights. Well, we all know that gratitude is a sense of favors to come. I have my reward, certainly."

"Come, come," said Uncle William, "you are all overwrought. Don't let us say any more at present. When your nerves are calmer you'll regret all this and see things in a better light."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Augusta bitterly. "Home is very well for children, but grown women are not meant to live together, and I believe to part is the best thing we can do."

"In fact, you wish to put London between you and the rest of your family, as Anne said," whispered Uncle William, not without malice prepense.

"Don't mention the girl!"

"Oh, we must think kindly of her," interposed Amelia.

"Well, I'll be off now and try to arrange matters according to your respective wishes," said the uncle. "After all, there's a strange unanimity in them. Good-by."

"Good-by, uncle; you'll see about the annuity, won't you?" said Augusta.

"Certainly."

"Good-by, dear uncle; you'll consider what can be done about the civil list pension, won't you?" said Amelia.

"Of course."

As he went out he met Anne in the hall with her boxes, just about to drive off in a hansom. She said:

"Good-by, Uncle William. Don't forget to come and dine in Brook street."

"Delighted."

After he put her in the cab he walked down the street, congratulating himself that he was a bachelor and that he had refrained from inflicting a home upon his possible descendants.—Black and White.

Czar's Military Household.

The military household of the czar is composed of 98 officers of various ranks, 83 of whom belong to the army and 15 to the navy. Nineteen members of the royal family are included in this list.

HUMOROUS.

"O'Hara broke his arm the first day at his new job." "Breaking himself in, eh?"—Philadelphia North American.

"Will you have some of the sugared ham?" asked the landlady.—"What was it cured of?" asked the new boarder, suspiciously.—What-to-Eat.

Blunt—"Who reads your poetry, anyhow?" Billets—"Why, my dear sir, all the prominent magazine editors of the country, and many of the lesser lights on the daily and weekly papers."—Philadelphia North American.

Mrs. Snaggs—"Isn't it odd that a French duel is usually harmless?" Mr. Snaggs—"Yes; they ought to introduce the American toy pistol into France for duelling purposes."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Logical and Unanswerable.—Mr. Cross—"If the love of money is the root of all evil, what shall be said of your insatiable love of jewelry?" Mrs. Cross—"Why, darling, it's an excellent means for uprooting evil!"—Jewelers' Weekly.

O'Flannigan (in an awful predicament two stories high)—"Faith, Pat, I can't howl on here enny longer. I'm goin' t' drop—rest me sow!" O'Mulligan—"Could yez hang on a wee bit longer, Tim, till I get me new dinner booket from under yez?"—Ohio State Journal.

No Eyes for Shells.—He took his fiancée sailing one summer's day, and they sailed to a beach-bound island in the sound. When they returned one of their friends said: "Did you bring back any of those beautiful shells on the beach?" "We didn't see any shells," they said. And then they wondered why everyone laughed.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

His Reformation.—Uncle John—"The fact is, you have no stability about you. How many times, now, have you sworn off cigarettes, only to begin smoking again worse than ever?" Harry—"But I have sworn off for good now, and I've stuck to it this time." Uncle John—"Stuck to it? How long, pray?" Harry—"Well, I haven't smoked to-day, and to-morrow and the day after will make three days."—Boston Transcript.

VACCINATED A MILLION.

American Medical Men Had a Big Job on Their Hands After the War in Porto Rico.

Dr. Azel Ames, who had supervision of one of the most gigantic jobs of vaccination ever attempted, which was nothing more nor less than the injection of the vaccine virus into the whole population of Porto Rico, is at the Riggs. In alluding to this labor Dr. Ames said:

"When Gen. Henry first proposed it I do not think he realized what a herculean task it was—this vaccination of 1,000,000 people. It took four months to complete the work, but it was accomplished in a highly satisfactory manner. The big question at the outset was where we could obtain our supply of vaccine matter. What had been sent us from the United States had proved very unreliable and in undertaking such a wholesale job it was important that the very best material should be used. Finally we determined to make our own virus, and then came the problem of getting an adequate number of young and healthy cattle. The way we managed to get the people to come forward and submit to vaccination was simple and yet very effective. An order was issued which said that no inhabitant of Porto Rico who could not exhibit a certificate that he had been vaccinated should be employed in any trade, business or vocation of any kind on the island. The certificate thus became a sine qua non of employment and as soon as the natives realized that they fell over one another in their eagerness to get treatment."—Washington Post.

Much Safer.

Brown—I don't believe I would fancy going with a party in search of the north pole.

Jones—No; I would feel safer with a relief expedition. They sometimes get back.—Ohio State Journal.



OUR LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Little Boy Blue awoke one morn
So cross that he wouldn't blow his horn;
He wouldn't even play;
The sheep in the meadow, the cows in the
corn,
Were "the hatefulest things that ever were
born"—
They acted jus' so every day!

With pie too sour and with cake too sweet
There wasn't a morsel fit to eat,
And mamma's feather fan
Broke jus' because it was almost split—
He couldn't touch anything even a bit!
He wished he was a grown man!

And what was the use of having schools?
He hated 'rithmetic sums and rules,
And joggerfy was mean!
He'd like to be king of a Cannibal isle
And eat up people a little while,
And play with his savage queen!

Now what was the matter with Little Boy
Blue
That he should make such a how-de-do?
Now what was the matter, pray?
O listen to me and I'll tell you true
Just what was the matter with Little Boy
Blue—
He got out of bed the wrong way!
—Mary Clarke Huntington, in Good House-
keeping.

CAT WITH A HISTORY.

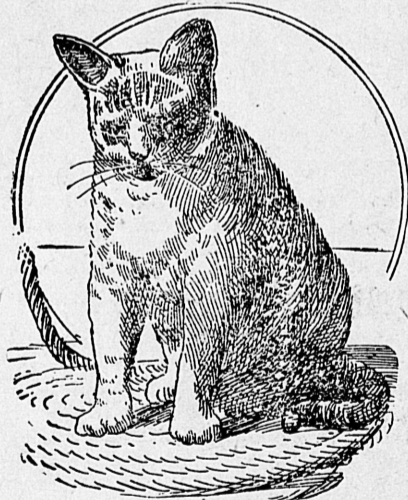
**Tom Terror, Official Rat Killer and
Mascot of the United States
Ship Annapolis.**

Although Commander Ingersol, of the gunboat Annapolis, has made the stay of the cadets and crew in New York pleasant by allowing as much shore leave as possible, there is one member of the ship's company who is not permitted to land.

Tom Terror, official rat killer and mascot of the Annapolis, is again in disgrace and has forfeited all liberty until the completion of the cruise.

Tom is not in irons, although his offense—that of attacking an officer—is a most serious one, but as he is already branded as a deserter from the Monongahela he is not given another chance to "cut and run."

Tom Terror is a noted figure in the United States navy, and comes from a long line of naval cats. He was born on cob dock, Brooklyn navy yard, some



"TOM, THE TERROR."

three years ago, and all of his brothers and cousins are now honorably serving the ships of the navy as rat killers and mascots.

One day when the monitor Terror lay at the navy yard last spring Tom strolled on board, made a careful survey of quarters of the crew, roamed around the quarter-deck, curled himself up on the rug in the captain's cabin and went to sleep.

He had a record of having licked every other cat on cob deck, and since there were no more cats to fight Tom concluded to fight—and eat—for his country.

Tom was regularly adopted by the ship's company of the Terror. Full-enlistment papers were made out giving him the rating of rat killer and

mascot. The papers were promptly filed and Tom's sea life began.

He saw service in the blockade of Havana and participated in his humble capacity in several small naval engagements, and when the Terror—after whom he was named—returned to northern waters Tom, with the rest of the crew, joined the receiving ship Franklin.

From the Franklin he was regularly transferred to the gunboat Monongahela. Life on board the Monongahela was made as pleasant as possible for Tom, but alas! the fighter was ungrateful. He scratched two of the officers, bit one of the men and exhibited an appetite that bordered on gluttony—a sin not to be tolerated in the navy or in any other walk of life.

Still Tom was loved on board, and though his shortcomings were duly entered upon his ship's papers he was treated well.

On June 3 the Monongahela and the Annapolis lay side by side at Norfolk. Tom probably heard from the sailors all about the pleasure cruise the Annapolis was to take with the naval cadets on board—of the social entertainments that were to add zest to the voyage—of the trip to West Point and Newport, and Tom made up his mind to desert the Monongahela and join the Annapolis.

Just before the Annapolis weighed anchor a message was received by Commander Ingersol from the Monongahela asking whether Tom Terror, a tawny cat, was on board.

The commander ordered a search. The messenger from the Monongahela looked dubious, but saluted and left.

The Annapolis weighed anchor and started out to sea. The bugle call for supper was sounded, and up from the depths of the fo'castle walked Tom. He climbed upon a 4-inch gun, looked around to see if the Monongahela was still in sight, and finding himself safe stalked majestically to the bridge and, gazing calmly into Commander Ingersol's eyes, said:

"Pur-r-r-r."

The gallant commander was almost overcome with astonishment. He knew that this was Tom Terror, a deserter, but he couldn't take him back to land, so he did the next best thing—he adopted him as a member of the ship's company.

Tom quickly made friends with the officers, the cadets and the crew. He is no respecter of rank, and insists on making his own rules. He will sit and purr by the hour at Lieutenant Commander Bartlett's side, scratch fun-loving, teasing cadets and then steal a tempting morsel from the crew's mess.

He is a great ratter, and so far has proved an efficient mascot.

On the books of the Monongahela Tom is put down as a deserter, and may some day have to face a court-martial, but at present he is a happy, careless cat. He has but one sorrow. There are no other cats on the Annapolis with whom he can fight.—N. Y. Journal.

A Genuine Newspaper Dog.

Ginger is a black spaniel owned by a New Jersey newspaper man, and if he could only read and write he would make a first-class reporter. He daily makes the rounds of the courthouse, city hall, police stations and other public places where newspaper men assemble, and he always accompanies the reporters on police and fire assignments. He knows a fire alarm bell when he hears it, and if a reporter doesn't start out at once Ginger barks vociferously. He has lately acquired the habit of going the rounds of the police district near the office, presumably to note whether the roundsmen are on time; at any rate, he visits each one in turn. Ginger will positively recognize no one but policemen, newspaper men, hackmen and messenger boys.

Carp Is Wonderfully Made.

People marvel at the mechanism of the human body, with its 492 bones and 60 arteries. But man is simple in this respect compared with the carp. That remarkable fish moves no fewer than 4,386 bones and muscles every time it breathes. It has 4,320 veins, to say nothing of its 99 muscles.

AS TO VOICES.

What the Musical Critic Said to the Girl Who Wanted to Sing to Him.

"Is this Mr. Kaile, the eminent musical critic and urban philosopher?"

A gentle, imploring creature spoke. The scene was a summer resort, not many miles from Boston. The hotel piazza was comparatively deserted.

A conservatively blonde, robust and impressive man made haste to reply:

"I am Mr. Kaile," he said, in a fatherly manner, beaming through his glasses; "but I am not eminent, and sometimes, when I listen to the Boston Municipal Rain band, I doubt if I am musical. No man, my daughter, can be eminent, even though he be musical, if he is subject to good digestion."

Mr. Kaile beamed once more through his glasses in a fatherly manner.

"Oh, I am so glad I have met you. Mother said she knew it was you, because she saw your picture in the Uxbridge Vanguard when the Worcester musical festival was held last winter. I want to ask you if it would be too much trouble for you to hear me sing this evening, and tell me honestly what you think of my voice."

One of the glasses through which Mr. Kaile had been beaming fell off the piazza railing, where Mr. Kaile had just placed it, with a crash. It would have been useless at that time, for there was no more beam in the eye of the good man, nor did he look then like a kind and indulgent father.

He gasped once or twice and replied:

"My dear girl, it is true that my picture was printed in the Vanguard, one time, next to pure reading matter, and I hasten to assure you that I did not pay for it. It is also beyond dispute that I was present, as is my custom, when the musical festival was pulled off, but yet withal I lack that courage which enables less sympathetic men to referee voice tests and give honest opinions."

He was warming to his subject and he did not wait for a reply.

"You are young," he continued, beaming once again, as a new glass was brought to replace the old. "You are young, you are fair. Undoubtedly some good or poor teacher is trying to pay his rent by convincing you that before you is an operative future, and that perseverance is the keynote of the hour, as long as you pay for the hour. It is not for me, the chairman of our musical branch of the Confidence Operators' union, to interfere with a brother craftsman's means of livelihood. Being a woman, you have a voice and cultivation cannot hurt it. The same cultivation which helps you will help my fellow trades-unionists as well. You are young and hopeful. Somebody has already told you—I see it in your eye—that even now you are as much beyond Nordica as Nordica is beyond Margaret Kline or a melancholy jig saw. That may or may not be true. I shall not dispel your illusions. I will not decide."

The gentle, imploring creature looked perplexed and sorrowful.

"Can't you give me just one word of advice, Mr. Kaile?"

"With pleasure. Have you ever tested your sweet young voice on 'My Old New Hampshire Home'?"

"Why, no."

"Then don't."

And the critic who disclaimed eminence suddenly saw somebody in the distance who was not there, yelled cheerily: "In just a minute," in reply to a summons that had not been issued, saluted gracefully and departed with surprising celerity.

"What a funny man!"

And with those words the gentle, imploring creature also disappeared.—Boston Journal.

Crab Apple Pudding.

Core but do not pare the apples, cook in a little water until tender, sweeten, and put in a pudding-dish. Make a batter with one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two eggs, a little salt, and milk enough to mix soft. Pour this over the apples and steam 1½ hours. Serve with cream and sugar.—Home Magazine.

WEDDED IN QUEER PLACES.

Singular Caprices of Sensation-Loving Couples of Recent Development.

Readers of the newspapers will recall the young couple who, shortly before the completion of the Auditorium tower, climbed to its loftiest rafter and were there pronounced man and wife by an accommodating clergyman. This pair was only representative of a class that delight in creating a sensation at the most important epoch of their lives. Other singular weddings have occurred here and elsewhere from time to time.

An odd wedding was reported from Philadelphia some time ago. The bridegroom was Rev. George Young, and the bride was Miss Anna Hart. On the face of it this statement shows no reason why the bride's friends should object to the marriage, but they did object in dead earnest, for the bridegroom in prospect, though "Christianized," was a Celestial. The opposition sent requests to Philadelphia ministers generally not to marry the couple, and at one time it looked as if they would either have to go to Camden, N. J., across the river, to be wed, or resort to a justice's office. Young declared, however, that he would do neither of these things, nor did he.

One afternoon he quietly took out a Philadelphia license and soon after met the woman in the waiting-room of a Camden ferry (on the Philadelphia side), where a minister and witnesses met them on the arrival of the next boat. Then, amid the bustle of passengers to and from the boat, the ceremony was performed so briefly and so quietly that no one of the hurrying throng knew what was going on till the minister asked the newly-made benedict to salute his bride and showed him how by planting a resounding kiss squarely on the girl's pretty lips.

Jeremiah Simpson and Mirada Ellsworth, both of North Stonington, Conn., had been engaged a long time, but one evening they quarreled at a social gathering. Their differences were so serious that at the young woman's request a mutual friend, Rev. Mr. Jay, accompanied them when they left the place for their homes, a couple of miles away.

For about a mile the three plodded along in silence, when they were all disturbed by an attack from a mighty Texas steer, the newly acquired property of a farmer living by the roadside. The onslaught was so sudden and vigorous that the attacked party took to their heels, and might all have been hurt had they not reached a tree ahead of the steer. The sulky lover valiantly climbed into its branches first. Then the girl, boosted by the minister, joined the swain. Last of all, and just in time, the minister clambered up. Once in the tree they were safe, though obliged to remain prisoners till the steer saw fit to go away.

Their curious situation loosed the tongues of the young man and the girl, and in half an hour they had made up their quarrel. When the minister asked if there was anything the matter with a wedding then and there they both said no, and so they were married. Perched up in the tree branches the minister improvised them a special service. The steer wouldn't let them climb down, though, till the next morning, an hour or two after sunlight. Then he was driven away by his owner, who was passing by on a load of hay. The united couple and the minister who had married them were willing passengers to their homes on that strange bridal carriage.—Chicago Chronicle.

Quite Another Thing.

Hammer—Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence in an hour or so.

Henpeck—It's easy enough to write one. Making one to your wife is where the trouble comes in.—Kansas City Independent.

A Wise Precaution.

Lulu—You should get him to sign the pledge before you marry him.

Baba—Why, he doesn't drink.

"No, but he may be tempted to do so later."—What-to-Eat.

SULLIVAN DEMOCRAT.

CREECH & HUDSON, Publishers.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year \$1.00
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Three months25

ANNOUNCEMENT.

This paper is the first weekly edition of the SULLIVAN DEMOCRAT, a weekly democratic paper published by Creech & Hudson. In embarking in this enterprise we realize that the newspaper business in Sullivan is well represented in the number of papers published. We have faith in the old saying. "There is always room at the top." If we can't be at the top we will still have an even chance with our competitors. If by ability and enterprise we succeed in getting to the top we will have a broad field in which to succeed. In politics THE DEMOCRAT will represent the principles declared in the Chicago Platform of 1896, free silver 16 to 1, W. J. Bryan for president in 1900. Concerning new issues growing out of the war THE DEMOCRAT will stand by the Declaration of Independence and the teachings of the fathers. In short, we shall keep THE DEMOCRAT true to its name a democratic paper.

We will do our best to cover the local field in the matter of gathering news and make THE DEMOCRAT what is most desired of a local paper by all, regardless of party, a newspaper. We are completing arrangements to have on our staff of correspondents the best news gatherers in every part of the county so that the paper will have for every reader a local and personal interest. In size and make up the paper will be on the same plan as this issue, a sixteen page paper, printed in two sections of eight pages. On the inside of each section will be found four pages of carefully selected political and news matter and matter of general interest to the home and every member thereof. The subscription price will be \$1.00 a year in advance. Six months fifty cents, three months twenty-five cents. If you are not a regular subscriber you will know that this copy is sent you as a sample. If you like the paper drop us a line inclosing the amount of your subscription less the cost of remittance and we will place your name on the regular list.

PROUD, WITH GOOD REASONS.

Chairman Sam B. Cook of the democratic state committee is justified in the satisfaction with which he contemplates the results of the election in the eighth district.

The victory is one in which the late Mr. Bland himself, honest and faithful democrat that he was, would have delighted with especial appreciation. It was a clear-cut democratic triumph. The platform upon which Judge Shackelford was elected was a fearless and definite declaration of democratic principles. The republican candidate opposing him was confessedly the strongest republican in the district. The republican platform

pronounced unequivocally in favor of the president's expansion policy, and republican press called upon republicans to indorse the president by turning out in force to vote for Vosboll.

The test in the eighth district was acknowledged by both parties as being the first expression of public sentiment on the issue of imperialism. Both candidates made the issue prominent. The country at large recognized the significance of the eighth district election and awaited its results with profound interest. It was freely conceded as constituting a political development of national importance. For an isolated contest in an off-year of politics the struggle was one of singular moment.

The democrats scored a signal victory in the election of Judge Shackelford by a bigger plurality than that received by Mr. Bland in 1898. Expansion suffered a telling reverse in the overwhelming defeat of Mr. Vosholl on a platform of uncompromising imperialism, with the full strength of his party's national and state machinery behind him. Chairman Cook is right in claiming that the democratic victory in the eighth district "makes success in Missouri next year doubly certain and immensely strengthens the democracy in every section of our common country."—St. Louis Republic.

THE broom-corn grower now has a chance to appreciate the benefits (to the lumber dealers) of a high tariff. Broom-corn slats which formerly cost \$16 a thousand now cost \$30 and other lumber is rated in the same proportion. The man who kicks is put down as a traitor and agin the flag. Don't kick brethren, pay the price, and while down in your heart you may think it robbery remember that you are standing up for the Hanna flag and adding your contribution to the lumber trust coffers and enabling the trust to contribute more liberally next year to a party pledged to perpetuate this robbery.

FREE silver died again in Bland's district in Missouri last week. Judge Shackelford was elected to fill the unexpired term of Dick Bland by a much larger majority than Bland received when elected. A specially hard fight was made on the democratic nominee. Shackelford's platform was a reaffirmation of the Chicago platform and against imperialism.

A Jab at John Pilfer.

A Missouri man who is back on a visit to this county, says he never appreciated the Saturday Herald until he got away from home. He states that it is much better than a letter from home every week and that in all the time he has been absent it has been a welcome visitor as it "always gives the news completely and in an entertaining manner."—Herald.

The above squib, clipped from the Herald, appeared originally in the Tuscola Review over a month ago, substituting the name of the Review for that of our brilliant east side contemporary. 'Tis passing strange that two men from different localities should express their approbation of their local paper in identically the same language. Remarkable coincidence. Very!

Doings of the Dads.

The city council met in regular session Mouday night. The usual routine of business was transacted. The session was remarkably harmonious, so much so that dignified statesmen dozed. When alderman Swisher made a motion that the finance committee instruct the city treasurer to settle with the county treasurer and with the proceeds pay off certain warrants and thus cut off five per cent interest on a lot of outstanding warrants the council was so composed that no one seconded the motion and now some of our constituents are so cruel as to say that the settlement is withheld in order if possible to run in that steel bridge warrant. Not so. The lassitude resulting from a harmonious meeting is the cause of the failure to get a second to the motion. The saloon license of F. P. Banks was transferred to L. Lambrecht he having purchased the business. Five ordinances for sidewalks on different streets where walks are very much needed were introduced and referred to the ordinance committee. It was decided to call a special meeting for Monday night September 18 to open bids on the water works tower and tank.

Death of Mrs. Robert Bragg.

Mrs. Robert Bragg died at her home in southeastern Missouri Saturday morning, Sept. 2. Deceased was, before her marriage, Miss Jane Morgan, daughter of J. W. R. Morgan formerly of this city. She was born in 1830 and was at the time of her death past 69 years of age. Mr. and Mrs. Bragg lived many years in this community and reared a large family well known to all our people. Deceased was a highly respected Christian lady, beloved by her family and friends. She leaves a large circle of relatives and friends in this county to regret her departure. Mrs. Lon Griggsby is the only child living in this county. Her other children are located elsewhere.

Was Probably a Bluff.

Miss Vernal Knapp of Bruce daughter of John Knapp caused quite a commotion in her family Friday morning by informing the family that she had taken Lewis lye. She was promptly doped with lard and other familiar remedies and is now safe and sound. It is doubtful whether she really took any lye. She had been to the fair on Thursday in company with a young man and we are informed that her father did not approve of her keeping his company and gave her a whipping after she arrived home Thursday evening and on account of the trouble she either took the lye or made believe she had.

Who's Buckner, Anyway?

Gen. Buckner wastes no words in giving his opinion of such democrats as Goebel and McLean.—Decatur Herald.

What has this fellow Buckner ever done that he should be entitled to all this publicity, any more than any other republican?

O. O. Stricklan is home on a thirty day vacation. He is now located at Fairmount as agent for the Wabash at that point.

Personal and Otherwise

THE DEMOCRAT telephone number is 105.

Guy Conklin was in Sullivan over Sunday.

Miss Ruth Phelps went to Chicago Monday.

L. C. Harrell went to Monticello Monday.

O. O. Stricklan was here visiting his father's family this week.

Miss Tona Siple visited Miss Lena Ronff at Shelbyville last week.

Wm. F. Wright of Crackerneck has gone on a three weeks' trip through Missouri and Kansas.

Lucas Lambrecht has bought F. P. Banks' saloon business and took charge Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Bushart of Lake City drove down Sunday to visit Mrs. E. V. Heskett and Mr. and Mrs. Gus Lee.

H. J. Lewis and family started Tuesday morning over the P. D. & E. Ry. to Luverne, Minn., where they will reside in the future.

Foy Wolfe had a severe attack of cholera morbus Sunday and for a time it looked like the chances of recovery were against him, but he pulled through the night and out of danger.

FOR RENT:—To family without small children, a new four room house in splendid condition, located in Sunnyside. Possession will be given Oct. 1 and tenant will be expected to vacate May 1. Inquire at THE DEMOCRAT office.

Mrs. George Reimund went to Urbana Monday morning where she was joined by Mr. Reimund's mother and together they started on a month's trip through the east. They will visit Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New York and other cities and points of interest.

Sullivan and Bement played a hotly contested game of ball at the fair ground ball park Sunday. The score was 10 to 9 in favor of Sullivan. Sullivan made the winning run in the last half of the ninth inning. A large crowd witnessed the game, the gate receipts being \$55.80.

Winfield Murray has as fine a field of nice straight broom-corn as we have seen this year. We passed his farm Sunday and saw a sample of the brush which measured from 30 to 36 inches. This was a fair sample of the whole field and certainly cannot be beaten in length and straightness.

Judge W. G. Cochran, who is one of the trustees of the Soldiers' Orphan Home, was in Decatur yesterday on his way home to Sullivan. He had been at Normal where the trustees awarded a contract for the erection of a new hospital building. The house will be a two-story affair and will cost \$6,062. There were nine bidders and the range was from \$9,000 to the figures given above, at which the contract was let.—Decatur Herald.

AN ERROR CORRECTED

There Are Many Charming Girls in Indian Territory.

They Don't Wear Blankets, Nor Live in Tepees, But Are Well Dressed and Dwell in Houses with Modern Conveniences.

The official announcement that the Indian Territory will be thrown open to white settlement has caused a flood of inquiries as to the personnel of the Indians who live in the territory. Most people are under the impression that they wear blankets and live in tepees. The Indians, says the Chicago Times-Herald, are as much civilized and most of them as well educated as the upper class of citizens of the larger eastern cities. There are five nations—Chock-taw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Creek and Seminole. About ten per cent. of the five tribes are full bloods, while the remainder are quarter, sixteenth and thirty-second blood. The young men are most all highly educated, as well as the girls. Each nation has a school where these young people are educated and boarded free. The school is maintained by the United States and all the higher branches are taught. The Indians are compelled to send their children to these schools. Perhaps the most interesting characters of the Indian nation to-day are the girls and young women. A too general impression regarding the Indian girl of to-day is that she is an unkempt, coarse-appearing creature, with none of the refinement characteristic of the white woman and a general tendency toward degradation. It has seemed to be almost impossible to divorce the Indian girl from the idea obtained through the story book squaws of other days or the impression given by the besotted Indian women one sees lounging about the stations of Arizona and New Mexico. It is true that a majority of the Indians have black hair and eyes, but it is equally correct to say that there are many perfect blonds among them, with rose leaf complex-



SUSIE MCCLELLAND.
(A Highly Educated and Beautiful Cherokee Maiden.)

ions that many city-bred women would envy.

Again, the complexion of the Indian brunette is not muddy, but as clear and delicate as one would expect in a woman who had led the ordinary life of civilization. As a matter of fact, these Indian girls of the five tribes would be at home in any drawing-room, as witness this picture of Miss Susie McClelland, a sixteenth Cherokee. They have been educated into it by the college teachers among them. It is very difficult to distinguish the Indian girls of the territory from white girls who live among them. During the last quarter of a century the number of white men who have married girls belonging to the five civilized tribes have been astonishing. The advantages of marrying these girls are many. The man who marries one is at once adopted into the tribe and is given a large tract of fine land and his share of the annuity funds, which in some of the tribes amounts to \$50 per month. The white adopted citizens have become a power among the Indians of the territory, and it is largely due to them, at least the more honest ones, that the territory is being opened

to settlement. Not long ago one of these attractive Indian girls, for a joke, inserted an ad. in a matrimonial paper, and it was a good paper or else the ad. was a very attractive one, because she received 350 proposals of marriage. The Indian girls have been trapped by fortune hunters so many times that they are very suspicious of proposals of marriage from white men whom they have not known any length of time. To protect these girls from the clutches of unprincipled men the interior department recently made a ruling that before a white man could marry into any of the five civilized tribes he must present a certificate of good character from the judge of the county where he last resided. They want no more criminals in the Indian race.

Don't Like Photographers.

It is interesting to know that there are some people who very strongly object to being photographed. The late Empress of Austria was one of these, and for many years before her death eluded the vigilance of all photographers. The dislike of the late Empress Elizabeth to the camera is shared by ex-Empress Eugenie, who has not been photographed for 30 years. Three decades have passed since John Ruskin was photographed, and only once has John Hare allowed himself to be thus victimized; this was after a performance at Balmoral and by the express desire of Queen Victoria. Miss Marie Corelli is one of the very few people who have never sat to the camera.

ECCENTRIC JACOBITE.

His Name is Theodore Napier and He Makes Speeches for the Restoration of the Stuarts.

The Jacobite period for the most of people has passed into the region of poetry. We admire the songs that tell of the "Bonny Prince Charlie;" and the gallant attempt he made in 1745 to win for himself the throne of his Stuart ancestors, and the story of his escape from Scotland after Culloden, aided by the heroic Flora MacDonald, is one of the beautiful legends of the highlands. We have a sentimental regard for the



THEODORE NAPIER.
(The Eccentric Jacobite Leader of Edinburgh, Scotland.)

last of the Stuarts, but all the same we know that for the most part the last of them were a pretty bad lot, and that for all practical purposes the reign of the Guelphs has been fraught with the greatest blessings to civil and religious freedom, and to the commercial prosperity of the country.

Recently, however, a number of "cranks" have arisen and formed what they call "the Legitimist Jacobite league," the members of which make seditious speeches on certain occasions, as, for example, on the anniversary of the death of Charles I., which in almost any country but free Britain would land them in prison. They declare that Queen Victoria has no good title to the throne: that there are at least 600 persons with a better; and they do homage to an obscure Bavarian princess, whom they designate "Queen Mary III. and IV. of Scotland and England." All this is very amusing to the average subject of her majesty.

One of the most crazy of the Jacobite leaguers in Scotland, says the Chicago Record, is Theodore Napier. Curiously enough, he does not happen to be a highlander, and was not even born in Scotland, hailing from one of the Australasian colonies, but summer and winter he wears a full highland dress of the Montrose period. When he marches along the streets of Edinburgh with his Jacobite nose in the air, everybody turns to look at him, which he regards as a great compliment. Though in private he is the most mild-mannered and gentle of elderly gentlemen, when he is on the Jacobite warpath he makes speeches of a fiery nature, which are intended to strike terror to the heart of the present "usurping Hanoverian dynasty."

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.

British Ambassador to the United States Made a Peer for Distinguished Services.

No one who knows Rt. Hon. Sir Julian Pauncefote and the useful work he has done for his country during the course of his diplomatic career will grudge him the peerage which has just been conferred upon him by his sovereign. Sir Julian, whose portrait we give, was born in 1828, and called to the



SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.
(Recently Raised to the Peerage by Queen Victoria.)

bar in 1852. He has been British ambassador since 1893 to the United States, in which capacity alone he has rendered his country excellent service by his tact and judgment, and he has been the principal representative of Great Britain at the recent international conference at The Hague. The new peer has friends in many parts of her majesty's dominions. From 1865 to 1869 he was attorney general of Hong-Kong, and was ex-officio member of the executive and legislative councils and acting chief justice of the supreme court from 1869 to 1872, and was knighted in 1874 for his public services in the colony. He was made chief justice of the Leeward islands in 1873, assistant under secretary of state for the colonies in 1874, assistant under secretary of state for foreign affairs in 1876, and permanent under secretary in 1882. In 1889 Sir Julian was appointed envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the United States, and since 1893 he has been ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary. He was appointed K. C. M. G. in 1880, G. C. M. G. in 1885, K. C. B. in 1888, and G. C. B. in 1892. Sir Julian's diplomatic skill and conciliatory temperament have served England well in more than one period of difficulty.

Frank About Their Ages.

Russian women are said to be remarkably frank about their ages. Several years ago one of them misrepresented her age in court and she was promptly sent to Siberia. It is said that the courts of France are absolutely unable to get correct statements of the number of years the fair daughters of that land have been upon earth.

The Largest Stamp Mill.

The largest stamp mill in the world just started up at the old Treadwell gold mine on Douglas island, Alaska, has 60 batteries each of five stamps, and each having a crushing capacity of four tons daily. The Treadwell mines now operate 880 stamps and crush 3,520 tons of ore daily, representing \$14,000.

SHIPWRECK SAVED LIVES.

Loss of the Steamer Milwaukee Kept the Saugatuck Crew from Starving.

"And you never heard of the wreck of the Milwaukee?" said Capt. J. N. Upham, of the Saugatuck. "Well, well, well!" Capt. Upham has sailed the lakes 54 years, and, still hale and hearty, is taking things easy this year as skipper of the little steamboat Pilot on the Kalamazoo river.

"Let's see. The Milwaukee was wrecked right here off Saugatuck way back in the '30's—'37, if my memory serves me right. Now, the Milwaukee, she was a fine full-rigged ship—not a schooner, mind you, but a full-rigged ship—and you don't see them nowadays on this lake, I can tell you. She belonged in Buffalo and she was bound there with a cargo of flour. She had picked up the flour all along the coast, beginning with St. Joe. Now, in those days if a Saugatuck man wanted any flour, he packed his wheat on his back—70 pounds was a good back load—clear to Otsego, ten miles this side of Kalamazoo. Then he got it ground and packed it back again. So you can see there wasn't much flour in Saugatuck for the Milwaukee. Where did it come from? Why, from Kalamazoo. They brought it down the Kalamazoo river, 50 miles by small boats. The Milwaukee, she couldn't get in the river and she was lying at anchor off the mouth. Well, it was late in the fall and the Milwaukee was in a hurry to get away for Buffalo. Her crew was kept working night and day taking on flour and they were so played out they were almost ready to mutiny. The last of the flour was put aboard about midnight. The shore men hadn't more'n got back before a reg'lar gale come down out of the northwest, with snow and cold weather. The next morning the Milwaukee was goin' to pieces on the beach and her flour was comin' in on the waves. The crew was already ashore—we found 18 of them drowned and frozen stiff on the sand. They're buried over there in that old deserted cemetery that's about all that's left of the city of Singapore.

"And now, here's another part of the story; it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Well, sir, that storm brought on the winter. Everything froze up and stayed froze till the next April. And sure as you live Saugatuck people would have starved to death that winter if it hadn't been for the Milwaukee's flour. She had 3,000 barrels on board, and a whole lot of it was saved. People lived on it and even fed it to their cattle. Yes, sir, that flour was the salvation of Saugatuck that winter, sure. A good many more'n 18 would have been dead by spring if the Milwaukee hadn't been wrecked right here."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Alcohol for Automobiles.

The majority of motor cars are now driven by petroleum, but a French engineer recommends the use of alcohol instead of it, and motors are being altered so as to consume it. There is no fear of explosion with alcohol and it is said to be less costly than petroleum. We might, therefore, paraphrase the national poet and say: "Put it in your cars to save your legs."—N. Y. World.

Observing the Sabbath.

A Kansas soldier boy, writing to his folks from the Philippines, conveys the astonishing information that he was arrested and lodged in the guard house for "trying to observe the Sabbath." A little further along, however, he explains that he slipped away from camp and went fishing.

Hope Springs Eternal.

Podsnip (meeting elderly person)—By Jove! Is it possible? My old school-teacher. By the way, do you remember that you said when I was in your class that I'd die on the gallows? Elderly Person—Well, you're not dead yet.—Philadelphia North American.

Shallow Men.

As a rule shallow men are despised, but all the same they don't require as much watching as deep ones.—Chicago Daily News.

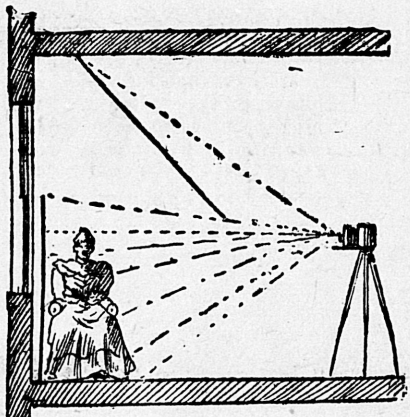


PORTRAITS AT HOME.

Valuable Suggestions for Amateur Photographers for Handling the Light, Etc.

Although all kinds of interior work are much more difficult than outdoor work for amateur photographers, owing to the difficulty of managing the light, nearly everyone who has a camera tries the former sooner or later. It is not at all uncommon to begin on portraits, which require a good deal of experience and technical knowledge. In the gallery of an artist one usually finds that the studio is provided with a skylight. The amateur is rarely able to command one. However, in a recent issue the *Mechanic Arts Magazine* made some excellent suggestions on this point.

It was recommended that an ordinary side window be shaded up to a height of about five feet from the floor by means of bookbinders' board. This can be cut to fit the window cas-



THE EXPOSURE.

ing. In front of the binders' board should be hung cambric of whatever hue, gray or black is preferred, for a background. Some subjects require a light one and some a dark one. Hence the material should be hung in such a way that it can be changed readily. In order to get a good supply of light from above a reflecting screen is provided. It should consist of white cloth—a sheet, for instance. Beginning at a distance of 18 inches from the side wall, one edge of the sheet should be fastened to the ceiling. The lower edge of the cloth should be stiffened with a strip of wood, like a sail. Then the screen ought to be inclined away from the window at an angle of about 45 degrees. Another screen, hung from the ceiling or mounted on feet at one side of the sitter, out of the range of the camera, will assist in lighting one side of the face more than the other in a full face picture and in illuminating the face for a profile view. The magazine here referred to goes on to say:

"Where the photograph is to be a full-length figure or a three-quarter full length, care must be exercised that the upper part of the subject is not more strongly lighted than the draperies nearer the floor. It is well, on this account, to spread on the floor a white sheet or a number of newspapers, so that the light may be reflected upward against the lower part of the figure.

"Where a person has light curly or fluffy hair it is best to illuminate the hair brilliantly by setting the top screen about as shown in the illustration and then arrange the side screen to reflect light on the face in an upward direction, so that as far as possible its stronger shadows may be softened and too much contrast prevented."

Driving in Russia.

In Russia no one drives without having a thin cord with a running noose around the neck of his horse. When the animal bolts the cord is pulled, and the horse stops as soon as it feels the pressure on the windpipe.

BELL'S RADIAL KITES.

Not of Much Practical Use, But Rather Curious Ventures as Scientific Experiments.

The greatly increased use of kites for scientific purposes of late years has sprung from two distinct causes. One is a desire to ascertain the temperature, humidity and other characteristics of the atmosphere at an elevation above the earth for comparison with surface conditions, in order to promote, if possible, more accuracy in weather predictions. The other object in view has reference to aerial navigation, and deals with the shapes and surfaces that give the largest stability and lifting power.

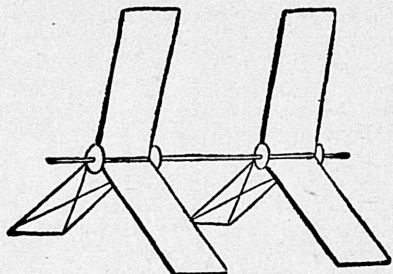
Prof. A. Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, has long felt a lively interest in the second subject, and has followed the experiments of his friend, Prof. S. P. Langley, with much eagerness.

The latest number of the *Monthly Weather Review* mentions some work which Prof. Bell has been doing at his country home in Nova Scotia.

Most of the new kites which this ingenious amateur tried resembled the "cellular" or "box" kite (invented by Hargrave) in that they were composed of two members, one ahead of the other. The cellular kite consists of two cells separated by an open space, which is carefully proportioned. They are connected by two sticks, one above and one below, both extending along the central vertical plane of the whole device. Prof. Bell has employed only one backbone instead of two, and from this he caused two sets of wings to radiate, one set forward of the other.

When he tried only two wings in each set they did not reach out in the same plane, but either slanted upward, at the same angle with a horizontal, or else slanted downward sharply. He also had two different ways of making a three-winged kite. In one type he had absolutely flat wings, and in the other they were wedge shaped, the blunt end of this wedge abutting against the central rod or backbone.

He made four-winged and five-winged affairs, and in some of his experiments varied one of these forms by attaching a conical tail, or else a small revolving fan for a tail. Instead of radiating wings, he would occa-



BELL'S RADIAL KITE.

sionally try a pair of cones, one ahead of the other. Sometimes the cones would be slender, like closed parasols, and sometimes he would use blunt ones that looked like smaller parasols opened. The axis or central rod was long enough to allow of setting the two sets of attachments at different distances apart. When wings were being tested the latter were secured, not to the axis, but to spools that could be slid along the rod. The cones were also adjustable. One kite had no less than four small cones on the same shaft. The cord was attached at different points along the axis, to vary the angle of the stick with a horizontal.

Prof. Bell found his three-winged kites the most interesting, although he does not report any serious results of importance from his series of trials. The *Weather Review* says: "Perhaps the most remarkable kites were made by giving a twist to each of the three or four individual arms, and allowing each spool to revolve independently of the other set. This freedom to revolve seemed to make no difference with the flying, but decidedly increased the steadiness of the kite. The pull on the strings was not sensibly diminished when the wings revolved, as compared with that when they were stationary."

Ima Daisy Cook is the name of a new postmistress in Oklahoma.

LIGHT FOOD FOR SUMMER.

Various Articles of Diet That Are Suitable for Warm Weather Consumption.

We are advised by all who make a study of health to partake of light food in summer-time. But what precisely is "light food?" Without going into tedious details of chemical proportions, which to the ordinary housewife are bewildering and unmeaning, we might briefly state this fact, one easily understood of all—namely, that the kind of nourishment which taxes the digestive organs the least is light food. Fish is of this order, so are veal and lamb; the reason why fish is especially good diet for brain-workers is not that it contains a larger proportion of phosphates—this theory was exploded long ago—but that being easily digested it nourishes better those who from want of exercise have feeble forces to set at the work of digestion.

All summer vegetables are "light" in comparison with those which belong to the autumn and winter season; that is, they contain a larger proportion of water to solid matter, and fluids are naturally more easily assimilated than solids. As more fluid is required by the system at this season we find vegetables and fruits absolutely indispensable to wholesome diet.

Zwieback, or twice-baked bread, is twice as digestible as that of ordinary baking, and toast can be eaten by those who turn against a slice of bread from a loaf. The reason of this is that twice-baked or toasted bread is already half digested and the remainder of the process is thus greatly facilitated.

Cream and butter fulfill a necessary part in summer diet, fat in some degree being required by the system equally as much as in winter, and in these two we meet with it in its very purest forms. Cream is a better antidote to the acidity of fruit than sugar; with ripe fruit a morsel of dry bread will be found to correct the acidity best of all, and children ought to be taught to eat bread with ripe fruit.

Well-cooked oats and wheaten foods are light and suitable diet for summer, particularly so if cooked fruits be eaten with them; these foods are not so heating as they are commonly supposed to be. Emphasis must, however, be laid on their being thoroughly well cooked and made entirely with water, not with milk. The reason why cereal foods are found to be difficult of digestion with many persons is the too common practice of eating sugar with them. Sugar hardens the starch globule and turns the food into a clogging mass. If the fruit was sweetened at the time of its cooking, and cream or milk eaten with the oats, no evil effect would be felt after either.

Soft-cooked eggs are light food, and good, ripe cheese also; mushrooms are an excellent article of diet now, as they are nourishing, light and savory. We lay particular stress, however, upon clear soup and broths as occupying a first place in our summer diet, for they convey just the kind of nourishment most needed by the system, in a form most readily assimilated, while they refresh. Needless to say we do not class rich meat and thickened soups in this category, nor yet vegetable puree. These we reserve for their own proper time and place, the winter season.—*London Telegraph.*

Mock Ice Cream.

Two cupfuls of milk brought to a boil with one cupful of sugar; thicken with a large spoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little milk. Add the yolks of two eggs well beaten with a teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla extract. Set from the fire and beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth. Stir into the hot custard, beat well for five minutes and set on ice. Serve in glass dishes.—*Ladies' World.*

No Disturbance.

Mrs. Gofrequent—Your husband goes out a good deal, doesn't he?
Mrs. Selldom-Holme—Yes, but we always have seats next to the central aisle, and it never disturbs anybody.—*Chicago Tribune.*

ON A SPREE WHILE ASLEEP.

The Old Topper Experienced All the Sensations While Half Conscious.

A peculiar case that has been recently brought to the notice of the medical fraternity is that of a gentleman living in the suburbs of this city, who for years had been imbibing more alcoholic drinks than were good for him. On different occasions he would abstain from drink for two or three weeks, but invariably would wind up these periods of soberness with a terrible spree. It was his custom while on these sprees to leave the house silently about five o'clock in the morning and go forth to some saloon in order to purchase a drink. Two years ago at the request of friends he accompanied them to a small town in a western state where a physician resides who has had great success in curing the habit of drunkenness. The cure in his case seemed beneficial, for at the end of a month's treatment he announced that he had taken his last drink and that his craving for alcoholic stimulants was completely gone. He resumed his place in the business world and for nearly two years was never seen under the influence of liquor.

One morning over a month ago a police officer who knew the gentleman well was surprised to see his familiar figure walking up the street at five o'clock in the morning. The man stopped and tried a saloon door.

"It is all up with him," whispered the policeman to a brother officer. "He has commenced drinking again."

The man waited about until the saloon door was opened, walked in, and to the astonishment of the bartender, to whom he was known, complained of suffering from the effects of an awful spree, and drank five drinks of whisky. Then, paying for the drinks, he went home, opened the door with his latch key and retired. He is a widower, and his daughter, alarmed at his nonappearance at the breakfast table, went to his room and rapped on the door. He answered, and the moment he appeared she noticed he had been drinking. Knowing his fondness for whisky, the daughter summoned the family physician, who advised his immediate removal to the home of the physician renowned for his treatment for drunkenness. This was done, the gentleman making no objection. The strangest part of the tale is his statement made since his return, that his lapse from a sober life was caused by a dream. He had dreamed that he sat with a crowd of boon companions in a cafe. Stories were told and the bottle passed freely. At last he unsteadily arose, called a cab and went home to bed. As was his wont when drinking he awoke promptly at five o'clock, feverish, his palate dry, with all the symptoms of the effects of a spree, and had arisen and sought a place where he could buy a drink. He had not touched a drop of liquor for two years before he had had this dream, and says he believes that while in the saloon that morning he was not more than half awake, and fully believed the story he himself told the bartender. The gentleman states that, no matter what his dreams are after this, nothing will induce him to drink again. The case has been the cause of some argument among the members of the medical fraternity, some practitioners of high standing stating that a dream might so vividly impress one's mind as to produce the after effects of a spree, while others declare it to be impossible.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

He Wasted His Breath.

I happened into one of the railway stations the other morning, and while I was waiting for a train to come in, I sat me down beside a grave and dignified little girl of perhaps four or five. Presently a man in the uniform of the railway company came in and bawled out a long list of perfectly unintelligible names. The little girl looked at him disapprovingly. Then she looked up at me.

"Ain't that a awful silly way for a great big man to talk?" she said.

Verily, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh wisdom.—*Washington Post.*


BURTON, ENSLOW & CO

Livers Block, SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS.



An Early Showing of New Fall Dry Goods

Dress Goods, Silks, Dress Trimmings, Golf Capes, Ribbons, Kid Gloves in the new fall shades, Fancy Petticoats, Table Linens, Towels, Stand Covers, Bed Spreads, Tapestry Curtains, Drapery Silks, Silkolines, Fancy Demins, New Percales, Prints, Gingham, Ladies' and Children's Fine Shoes, Etc., Etc.

<p>Black Dress Goods.</p> <p>We offer a very beautiful line of Crepons at 90c, \$1.19, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 to the beautiful silk Crepons at \$2 yard.</p> <p>A very elegant line of fancy soliels, 46 inches wide, at 75c yard.</p> <p>46 inch Satin Jacquards at 39c yard.</p> <p>Special value in Satin Jacquards at 25c to 29c.</p> <p>46 inch Serges, silk finished Henriettas, 48c and 50c yard.</p> <p>46 inch very fine Henriettas, 75 cents a yard.</p> <p>46 inch Florentine Sacillian, very heavy, suitable for skirts, \$1 yard.</p>	<p>Silks---Complete New Line</p> <p>Of Satin Duchesse, Peau de Soie and the latest color combinations and designs in fancy silks for waists, suits, etc.</p> <p>Colored Dress Goods.</p> <p>We have lately placed on sale a new line of fabrics for fall wear, suitable for tailored suits, etc.</p> <p>Venetian cloths in beautiful colors 50c yard.</p> <p>Illuminated Coverts in a number of new shades 50c yard.</p> <p>Striped and checked Coverts in single pattern lengths 75c yard.</p> <p>Plaids are favorites for fall. We show a nice line from 25c to \$1 yard.</p> <p>We place on sale one lot of checks, plaids, etc., for school dresses---very cheap---10c, 12 1-2c yard.</p>	<p>New Fall Percales.</p> <p>A new line of Fall Percales, Penangs, Pomellas, etc., very suitable for school dresses, 7c, 7 1-2c, 8 1-3c, 10c yard.</p> <p>Kid Gloves.</p> <p>All the new shades of Kid Gloves are now found in our stock. We offer a very handsome glove for \$1 per pair.</p> <p>Fancy Petticoats.</p> <p>Form a very interesting part of our new fall stock.</p> <p>Merierized sateen skirts, satinette, etc. \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 to \$2.95.</p> <p>Sheeting, Ticking and Flannel</p> <p>Values in all three.</p>	<p>American women have been quick to avail themselves of the advantages of the advantages of the "Cresco" which is warranted not to break at the waist line. Price</p> <p>\$1.00</p> <p>A complete line of new Corsets. See our line before you have that new dress fit</p> 
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Our Shoe Department.

You will find in our stock some of the best makes of shoes on the market; we have just received our fall line of School shoes, Ladies dress shoes, etc.

Ladies' Dongola or Kang calf, good and solid \$1.25 per pair.

Ladies' Kang calf or Dong Kid tips, lace or button, \$1.50 per pair.

New Fall Dress shoes for ladies, \$2.00, \$2.25 to \$3.00.

Misses' School shoes, splendid value, \$1.00 per pair.

Misses' Kang calf or kid, lace or button, \$1.25 per pair.

Special Values in men's and boys' shoes at \$1.25 per pair.

Four Lines of Goods at Bargains.

Special Values in House Furnishing Goods. A very elegant line of handsome table linen just received this week. A wise house keeper will not fail to see these, priced at 25, 39, 50, 69, 75c to \$1.20 per yard

Bed Spreads.---Six very special items, including, Mar-seilles and satin quilts, hemmed ready for use, 69c, 85c, \$1.00 \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00.

Tapestry Curtains.---Special values to offer at \$1.98, \$2.25, \$3.25, to \$4.00 a pair.

Remnants of Silks, Wash Goods, Woolen Goods, etc., offered cheap to move quickly.

News Notes from Neighboring Villages and Communities.

LOVINGTON.

Miss Anna Smith is in Indianapolis this week.

Mrs. W. D. Hoggard is seriously ill at this place.

Gilbert Baker has moved back here from Cadwell.

Harry Hause has returned from a visit in Ohio.

Attorney Harbaugh of Sullivan was here Thursday.

Emery Bailey of Springfield is here on business this week.

Earl Sullivan returned to his home in Indianapolis Sunday.

Miss Donna Dawson of Decatur spent the week with Miss Emma Shook.

Miss Mae Galloway returned to her home in Latham Monday, after a brief visit with Miss Michenor.

Lanton and Lovington ball teams crossed bats Saturday. The game re-

sulted in favor of Lanton, the score being 17 to 12. The Lanton team had two-thirds of Lake City's crack nine, combined with three of their own nine.

Miss Clyde Bailey has returned from Chicago but has gone to Monticello to serve as stenographer for the county court.

School opened Monday with the following teachers: O. B. Lowe, principal; Julia Coffman, first high school; Victor Rhodes, grammar department; Anna Sutter, second intermediate; Carrie Moffett, first intermediate and Eva Smith, primary.

Mrs. Edna Randol died at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wood of this city Tuesday morning, Sept. 5. Deceased was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kelling. Her death was due to consumption. Funeral services were held Wednesday at 9:30 a. m. by Rev. W. F. Stevenson, after which

the interment took place at the Lovington cemetery.

KIRKVILLE.

Amos Steele is reported no better.

A. F. Burwell of Sullivan was here Tuesday.

Miss Tona Donaker returned home from Decatur Wednesday.

Wm. Kirkwood of Sullivan was here on business Thursday.

Aunt Margaret White of Sullivan was a visitor in this vicinity Sunday.

Jesse F. Henderson of Todds Point was in this vicinity Sunday.

The fair at Sullivan last week was well attended by the people of this vicinity.

School began here Monday with a large attendance and R. C. Parks as teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Nazworthy were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Frederick Sunday.

John Gustin has purchased J. W. Kirkwood's stock or groceries and will take possession soon.

ALLENVILLE.

Oscar Preston will start to college at Champaign next week.

Miss Fanny Stewart was a business visitor in Sullivan Wednesday.

School commenced Monday with Misses Merritt and Bolin as teachers.

Mr. Blackwell of Kansas is visiting his son, G. W. Blackwell, near here.

Mrs. Milam and Mrs. Addington were visiting in Mattoon the first of the week.

Glenn Gladville has gone to Bearsdale, where he has a position as freight agent.

Mrs. Munt and children of Charleston are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Shaper.

Mrs. Wm. Merkle and Miss Lucy Merkle attended the Harvest Home picnic at Windsor Thursday.

Black's campmeeting commences Friday night in Thos. Weakley's grove, one half mile southwest of this place.

Land Transfers.

J. R. Smith to Thos. J. Moore, lots in Arthur.....\$ 800

B. B. Haydon to Harvey M. Haydon, lot 5 and part lot 6, block 17 original town of Sullivan..... 1000

W. A. Huffman to L. S. Younger, land in Bethany..... 900

J. W. Roberts to W. J. Cazier, 40 acres 23-13-5..... 1700

Lillie P. Rader to Isaac Horn, 14 acres ne ne 24-14-5..... 910

Mrs. E. O. Thomason and sons Harl and Sidney of Azusa, California are the guests of relatives and friends in Sullivan.