

SETTLEMENT OF THE WEST.

West Played by "the Up-Stream Man" in Developing Western States and Territories.

In 1810 the western frontier of the United States started like the roof of a house from Maine to Louisiana. The center of population was almost exactly upon the site of the city of Washington. The west was a distinct section, and it was a section which had begun to develop an aristocracy. We still wore linen-woolsey in Kentucky; still pounded our corn in a hollow stump in Ohio; still killed our Indians with the ancient weapon of our fathers; still took our produce to New Orleans in flatboats; still were primitive in many ways. None the less we had among us an aristocrat, a man who classified himself as better than his fellow men. There had been born that early captain of transportation, the keel-boatman, the man who could go up-stream. The latter had for the stationary or semi-stationary man a vast and genuine contempt, as no man has ever had for the man of an anchored habit. There was warrant for this feeling of superiority, for the keel boat epoch was a great one in American history. Had this clumsy craft never been supplanted by the steamboat, its victories would have been of greater value to America than all the triumphs she ever won upon the seas, writes Emerson Hough, in Century.

As for the keel-boatmen themselves, they were a hardy, wild and reckless breed. They spent their days in the blinding sun, their heads drooping over the setting pole, their feet steadily dragging the walking boards of their great vessel from morning until night, and day after day. A wild life, a merry one, and a brief, was lived by this peculiar class of men who made characters for one of the vivid chapters in the tale of the early west.

Mike Fink, they tell us, was a king among the keel-boatmen at the date of the introduction of steam craft upon the Ohio and the Mississippi. A man of medium height, weighing about 180 pounds, all bone and brawn, a champion with the rifle, a master in business, a hard drinker, a hard worker, of temper alternately sullen and merry, and of a sheer physical force which dominated all he met in his rule calling. This is the man who figures in a well-known anecdote recounted by different early writers. It seems that he had a bosom friend named Carpenter, with whom he was wont to engage in a certain risky pastime. "Carpenter and Mike used to fill a tin cup with whiskey," says one chronicler, "and place it by turns on each other's heads, and shoot at it with a rifle, at the distance of 70 yards. It was always bored through without injury to the one on whose head it was placed. This feat is too well authenticated to admit of question. It was often performed, and they liked the feat the better because it showed their confidence in each other." Yet it fell out that after a long and much-tried friendship these two at last had a quarrel which parted them, and it was some time before their friends could bring about a reconciliation. A truce was patched up, however, and to bind the two agreed to resort to their old test of aim. "Mike won the toss, and it was Carpenter who was chosen by fate to carry the tin cup for the other's aim. Carpenter knew what was to follow, and he then said there made his will, giving his rifle, pistols and equipment to his friend Talbot. He was too proud to ask for his life, though he knew Mike Fink's teaching and Carpenter stood calm and steady with the cup on his head. Fink shot him square through the forehead, and then calmly chided him for spilling the contents of the cup. He pretended remorse when told he had killed his friend. Justice of the frontier overtook him, when Talbot, at a later day, shot him with one of the pistols Carpenter had bequeathed to him.

Dangers of the Apothecary. The distilled essential oil of almonds, which when diluted supplies the popular flavoring for sweets and confectionery known as "almond," contains in its strongest form a sufficient percentage of hydrocyanic acid to make it highly dangerous. A young man who was executing an order by pouring it from a large bottle to a smaller, noticed that he had not put the label quite straight on the smaller bottle, and took it off again. Before replacing the label he kicked it to make sure of its sticking properly; but while pouring he had inadvertently let a drop or two trickle on the outside of the bottle where he had affixed the label. Then, when he touched the label with his tongue, he felt as if something hot along that member, and also a jump of his heart, so he rushed to a tap, which was fortunately close at hand, and put his tongue under the running water. Never, as long as he lived, he said, would he forget that poisoning sensation. - Chambers' Journal.

Too Much Publicity. At Russell a physician rounded up the Record outside because he didn't mention the physician's name in the announcement of births. "I'll do it on one condition," said the editor. "What's that?" asked the doctor. "That I had also mention your name in connection with the deaths," replied the editor. The physician said he didn't believe he cared to have his name mentioned in connection with births anyway. - Kansas City Journal.

He Was Feat. "What you know about my feet?" said the fat man to the fat man who was going to the trap. "I'll think it over," said the fat man, "but he doesn't think much of a walk." - Boston Post.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Miss Daisy Miller, whose father, C. O. Miller, is one of the wealthiest men of Stamford, Conn., is going out to Corea as a missionary.

Senator Depew is trustee for estates aggregating \$200,000,000 in value, besides being a director in 78 different firms and corporations.

When President Thwing, of the Western Reserve university, asked Goldwin Smith to fill a lectureship in American history in the university this year, the reply was a brief note, saying: "My lecturing days are over."

President Roosevelt is said to be unimpaired by only one thing, and that is literary composition. Close occupation becomes irksome and debilitating to a man of robust build and sanguine temperament accustomed to be much in the open air.

Bishop Von Scheele, of Sweden, invested Dr. Carl Swenson, president of Bethany college, Lindenberg, Kan., with the commander's cross of the Order of the North Star. There are only two other members of the order in the United States.

Rev. Charles T. Wright, who is in charge of the Episcopal church work among the Indians at Leech lake, is a full-blooded Indian. He is the eldest son of the famous Indian chief, White Cloud, and as such is the direct head of the Ojibway tribe.

"Municipal" restaurants—that is, restaurants operated by or under the control of the city government, are now being talked of for New York city. Rev. Dr. Rainforth and other ministers are said to be interested. The plan is to sell food very cheaply, if not at cost.

Ira Campbell, nearly 95 years old, a resident of Glen Ridge, N. J., has just had his leg amputated, going through the operation with composure and refusing to take anesthetics. His foot was injured some time ago and danger of blood poisoning made amputation necessary.

If heredity is worth anything Queen Alexandra may well hope for long life. Her mother lived to be 81, while her father, King Christian IX., is now well on in his eighty-fourth year. His majesty has two younger brothers, who are aged 77 and 76 respectively, while on November 9 he sent presents and congratulations to his elder sister, the dowager Duchess of Anhalt, who entered on her ninety-first year on that day.

THE WRONG FUNERAL.

A Milwaukee Man Mourns Over the Remains of an Utter Stranger.

When the death of a prominent West side business man was announced not long since, one of his distant relatives, who had known him intimately years before, felt it his duty to attend the funeral. Although the engrossing cares of business life and the long distance had prevented the men from continuing to the last the friendship of earlier manhood, the distant relative felt a sincere regret. As he approached the church in front of which the hearse and carriages were waiting he began to experience a real grief. At times like that a man will remember things, says the Milwaukee Sentinel.

He entered the church and sat well toward the rear. After the solemn music the minister spoke briefly of the deceased as a man of unimpeachable character, an honor to the business world, and a light in the church where he had labored so faithfully for years. He referred to the many excellent traits of the deceased, his kindness as a husband and father, and his sympathy with everything that was good in life.

The distant relative acknowledged to himself the truth of every word that was spoken, and began to experience a deep regret that the early friendship had been so neglected through many years.

At the conclusion of the sermon the usual opportunity was given those present to pass in front of the pulpit and take a last look at the remains. The distant relative moved slowly forward with the crowd and looked into the casket.

He could hardly restrain an ejaculation of surprise. He had been attending the wrong funeral.

As he passed out of the church a second hearse halted. As one coffin was borne out of the church another was being put in. He reentered the church with the new cortege, and upon inquiry ascertained that this time he was attending the right services.

There was nothing remarkable in this experience except that the minister, in speaking of almost verbatim in the usual language the eulogium on which the deceased relative had already listened.

A Rich Nation.

The United States is the wealthiest country in the world. It has in its treasury the greatest accumulation of money in the history of the nations of the earth. There was never before such an aggregate of savings in the hands of the country. The people were never more hopeful and happy. This display of unexampled national wealth accompanied by unexampled prosperity. An interesting feature of the report of the treasury officials is that the amount of gold and silver is not far from equal, there being \$5,000,000,000 in gold and \$4,000,000,000 in silver. It is estimated that the excess of receipts over expenditures for the fiscal year will be \$500,000,000, or nearly \$1,000,000,000 for every day of the year. - Boston Post.

We Never Expect to See It. There is something we never expect to see as big as those the common eye and describe. - Atchison Globe.

THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.

Recent Observations of Nova Persei Tends to Confirm the Theory of Laplace.

The recent discoveries relative to what Tennyson terms "the process of the suns" in the case of a new star in the constellation of Perseus, first observed in February last, are so exhilarating as to quicken the pulse of the astronomer, and no intelligent mind can afford to be oblivious of them. It is quite another matter to interpret their significance, and the range of conjecture is wide, nevertheless the conspicuous association of star with nebula, together with the cataclysmic agitation of the latter recorded by that impartial witness, the celestial camera, challenges attention and admiration. The motion of the nebula has been so extraordinary and phenomenal as to suggest an almost inconceivable violence of disturbance, quite sufficient to wreck a system of worlds if within reasonable vicinage, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

There is no reason to suppose that this stellar incident is in any sense unique. It is only that astronomical science is more amply equipped to observe and chronicle events in the skies. The photographs of the Great Nebula in Andromeda, taken by Dr. Isaac Roberts with his capacious reflecting telescope, seem to reveal that immense cloud in the very act of condensing into a system similar to ours, while the remarkable negative negatives secured much more recently by the Crossley reflector of the Lick observatory show their preponderating spirality, and are eloquent in their testimony as to the evolution of worlds.

It is a full century since Laplace fashioned his justly celebrated "nebular hypothesis." Both Swedenborg and Kant had ventured into the great depths of speculation concerning the origin of the world, but Laplace contributed to the problem an astronomical skill and a philosophic genius probably second only to that of Sir Isaac Newton. His theory of "rotation," commencing with the existence of a nebula, or cloud of intensely heated gas, globular by its own gravitation and rotating on its axis, losing "rings," which were afterward condensed into planets, the central mass eventually shrinking into a sun, was a daring and sublime sketch of the ages, and might have been presumed to be a prophetic picture for centuries to come, defying criticism. But already light has been thrown upon it by the persistent toil and ingenuity of the physicists, and some modifications have been made necessary by developments of principles unknown in Laplace's day, but these have not marred the beauty and majesty of the hypothesis.

The attention bestowed upon Nova Persei has been universal. The study of its light fluctuations and its spectrum has been unremitting, but the startling news of its nebular association will stimulate a still greater activity of observation. And it will be extremely interesting to perceive what changes in astrophysical theory will come about as the result of its further transformations. However, we will do well to remember, even in that highest realm of thought that does us honor, the last words of Laplace: "What we know is but little, what we do not know is immense."

A \$50,000 VASE.

British Museum Treasure Smashed by a Drunken Man, But Put Together Again.

One of the famous and popular exhibits in the British museum is the unique Portland vase. About ten inches high, made of glass of a wonderfully deep blue, ornamented in relief with a series of figures of opaque white glass, it was found in a marble sarcophagus under the Monte del Grano, some two and a half miles from Rome on the way to Praeneste. For a long time it was the chief ornament of the great Barberini palace at Rome, but toward the end of the eighteenth century it was bought by Sir William Hamilton, who in turn sold it to the duchess of Portland in 1783, and by the duke of Portland it was deposited in the British museum in 1810. The museum did not then occupy its present building, and in 1845, while it was still in Montague house, the vase was broken by an act of vandalism, says London Strand Magazine.

A man named William Lloyd, who was employed in the museum, got drunk one day in February of that year, and, picking up a Babylonian stone which lay on the ground, he hurled it at the vase, which was placed under a glass case. There was a crash, and the case and the vase fell shattered to the ground. The museum authorities approached the duke of Portland with a view to presenting the man, but, for reasons of his own, the duke refused to appear, and the only thing the museum could do was to bring the culprit before a magistrate on a charge of wantonly breaking the glass case. The magistrate fined him a couple of pounds, and the fine was more sympathetically than sensibly paid by the man, got out of court.

The pieces were put together again, and perhaps the numerous which has thus clustered round the vase may have enhanced its value. It is estimated to be worth no less than £10,000.

Pleasant for His Guest.

Friend (over the wire after dinner): Your wife is certainly a brilliantly handsome woman. I should think you would be jealous of her.

His Host (confidentially): To tell you the truth, Seymour, I am. I never write anybody here that a same woman could possibly take the least fancy to. - Story Stories.

HIGH-TONED HUNTERS.

There Are Many Great "Guns" Among Titled Ladies of France and Austria.

During the last few years many women have become remarkable "guns," and they beat their husbands in skill and coolness. Some people blame this innovation in feminine ways, and consider that a fan is more suitable to the hands of a pretty woman than a gun. In their opinion an almost masculine costume with short skirts, gaiters and a soft hat is by no means becoming to the beautiful half of the human race. Moreover, they insist that a hunt should be like a club in which men enjoy a complete liberty, which is incompatible in the presence of women. Gallantry, they say, distracts the hunters. And how could any man dispute the superiority of a lady's brand new gun? How could a man refuse to follow her fancies and her caprices in the selections of the routes? The huntresses would have reason to object, because, if the laurels of Nimrod or the palms of Saint Hubert excite her ambition, it is not for men to put any obstacles in her way, says Figaro.

But it is only in France that we know how to associate women with pleasure parties which appear incompatible with the common customs of other countries that have nothing in common with our manners and instincts. In this we differ in character and mind from the Germans and the English, who keep aloof from the society of women, a society which we Frenchmen eagerly seek.

The taste of the gentle sex for hunting is not of recent growth. At the imperial hunts some ladies of the court became passionately fond of the sport. Many of them with guns on their shoulders and game-bags on their backs, and clad in picturesque costumes suited to the occasion, used to start out after their game at day-break. Among them was Princess Pauline de Metternich, as well as the matter of making powder talk as in the matter of singing a couplet, and woe to the game in either feather that came within her reach. With her we find Countess Melanie de Pourtales, who is still an intrepid hunter, shooting every season with her sons in La Robertson property in Alsace which belongs to her. The accuracy of her eye and the steadiness of her hand, well remembered in Compiègne, are still of the first order. Marquise d'Incecourt, Countess Aguado and Marquise de Gallifet are also crack shots.

Female "guns" have multiplied enormously during the past 15 years and every autumn new recruits appear. The shooting grounds in the neighborhood of Paris give ample proof of this. Among the deputed who occupied conspicuous places in high hunting society were Baroness Legoux, Mme. Paulin Talabot and Duchesse de Valencey. The last-named was a wonderfully quick and accurate shot. Marquise de Cordoue was another skillful handler of a gun.

Among those whom we meet at the great hunts on the outside of Paris and other localities are her royal highness, Comtesse de Paris, and her highness, Grand Duchesse Marie Pavlovna, both excellent shots. Countess Jean de Castellane, daughter of Duchesse de Valencey and widow of Prince de Furstenberg, hunts partridges and pheasants. She is very handy with a rifle.

Mme. Jacques de Wari is perhaps the best feminine gun in France. Partridges are her game. She uses a No. 12, very light. Countess de Fels hunts grouse in Scotland. The feminine disciples of Saint Hubert, as we see, are becoming numerous. In France the lady hunters are more numerous than they are in other countries. In England ladies very often accompany their husbands when the latter "go a-shooting," but the ladies do not shoot. Englishmen fancy that a woman might be dangerous with a gun in her hands. For all that, we can cite the case of Lady Florence Dixie. She has hunted everywhere. In London they consider her a celebrated sportswoman, because she was involuntarily the cause of the death of John Brown. One fine evening the shooting lodge which she occupied alone was visited by a band of tramps. They sacked the place, robbed her of her diamonds, and left her in a sorry plight. The next day the queen, on hearing of the affair, sent her faithful Scotchman, John Brown, to get tidings of Lady Florence Dixie. On returning to the castle he was overtaken by a rain-storm. He got a thorough soaking, which was followed by pleurisy, which caused his death and plunged the poor queen in grief.

With Lady Florence Dixie were associated in sport Mrs. Asquith and Lady Mabel Howard.

In Germany the feminine "gun" is absolutely unknown. But in Austria there are lady hunters of the first order, and they are better shots than the French women. Baroness de Hager heads the list, followed by Countess Irene Loz.

To Reclaim Kansas Land.

"We expect to reclaim more land in western Kansas than could be reclaimed by claiming the Nile," said Joseph H. Harris, of Kansas City, a member of a corporation which has a government privilege. "We expect to turn the water of the Arkansas into a lake seven miles across. The lake is located a few miles from Great Bend, and when we get it filled it will irrigate over 600,000 acres of the finest land in the world. It will make the best orchard country in the United States, as the soil is especially prolific in that respect. We have a canal dug to the low head that is 14 miles long, with a right of way of over 200 feet." - St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FRIENDS OF CORN DOCTOR.

Phases of Various Types That Work Harm to the Feet and Yet Are Worn.

"If a law could be passed," said the chiropodist, according to the New York Sun, "prohibiting the wearing of any shoe in this country except the pattern army shoe worn during our civil war, the corn doctor's occupation would be gone. That war was, for the time, the greatest corn-radicator ever known."

"I never knew a single case of a soldier in that war who suffered from corns a month after he began wearing his regulation army shoe, and I was four years a soldier in it myself. That shoe seemed to be made just right for comfort."

"The high, narrow French heels on women's shoes are the unfailing, firm friend of the chiropodist. They are regular and rapid breeders of corns. No woman can long wear a pair of shoes equipped with such heels without inquiring for the corn doctor."

"The low, flat heel never came into vogue at the solicitation of the chiropodist. If the rest of the shoe fits the foot these heels are the natural enemy of corns and if everybody wore them the corn doctor, although having no corns, would have to suffer."

"It is the popular belief that women are more vain of their feet than men are, but the chiropodist knows better. Men will insist on making their feet look smaller than they really are, and for that reason the sharp-toed or toothpick style shoe was the most popular style with men that had ever been designed."

"That style of shoe insured the corn doctor a living as long as it lasted, and we saw it dethroned with regret. It will come again, though."

"Those shoes were particularly good for the corn crop when they were made of patent leather. A patent leather shoe of any kind, for some reason, will call a corn into being much quicker than an ordinary leather shoe will. I suppose that is because of its lack of elasticity."

"The fellows who do not have corns are those who wear roomy-toe shoes. But the shoes mustn't be too large. A shoe too large is as bad for the corn doctor as one that is too small."

"An oversized shoe is the one that originates and cultivates corns on the bottom of the feet, and they are the worst kind. That is, for the one who has them. They are the best kind for the corn doctor. He gets double rates for unarning the bottom of a patient's feet."

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

The Family Performed Trick of Bursting a Strong Cask with Half a Pint of Water.

That a small quantity of water, say half a pint, may be made to burst a strong cask, seems a startling statement to make, and yet it is true. It is a well-known law of physics that the pressure exerted by liquids increases in proportion to their depth. Suppose, therefore, that we have a strong cask filled with water and standing on end. The staves of this cask may be made to burst apart by adding a very small quantity of water to what is already in the cask.

As the cask is already full, some way of adding the water must be devised. To do this a hole is bored in the end or head of the cask and a long tube of small diameter is inserted upright. At the upper end of the tube is a small funnel, into which water is poured until the tube becomes full, and when that point is reached the cask will burst, says a scientific exchange.

This seems almost incredible, but it is only a demonstration of the law that has been cited. When the water is poured into the tube it unites with the water in the cask, and the depth of the water is the same. The fact that there is only a small quantity of water in the tube makes no difference, for it is now all one body, and its depth is gauged from the top of the tube to the bottom of the cask.

As a matter of fact, this experiment is only an artificial reproduction of what we know takes place in nature. Some of her greatest convulsions are caused by this very process. Suppose, for example, that there is a great mass of rock, under which there is a cavity filled with water that has no outlet. Suppose, moreover, that there is a crack extending from the surface of the ground through this mass of rock to the water-filled cavity underneath.

A rock in this condition is a common thing in nature, the crack being caused by some disturbance of the earth, or by its splitting in the natural order of things. Now, when it rains enough to fill that crack, thus increasing the depth of water in the cavity, the pressure will become so great that the rock will be torn into a hundred fragments.

Lucie Sam's Usual Whooper.

When Mr. Gallor went through the United States with Mrs. D'Block, the celebrated elephant, he one evening was warm in his praises of the hospitality and socialites of the southern country. Amid other instances, he quoted one of the Rutland punch-bowl, which, on the christening of the young marquis, was built so large that a small boat was actually set sailing upon it, in which a boy sat who ladled out the liquor. "I guess," said one of the company, "I've seen a boat that had beat that in immemorial smash, for at my brother's christening the bow was so deep that when we young ones said it wasn't sweet enough, father sent a man down in a diving bell to stir up the sugar at the bottom." - Edinburgh Scotsman.

LONG RIDE ON A MULE.

Old-Time Kansan Who Rode a Hundred Miles a Day for Five Days to Save a Small Fortune.

Judge J. E. Guinotte will be asked to appoint a guardian for Lynn Hays, one of the most picturesque of the few remaining "old-timers" of Kansas City. Mr. Hays is very old and has grown childish, so that his heirs think this step necessary for the protection of his estate, states the Kansas City Star.

The name of Lynn Hays will recall to many an old resident the famous ride of one of the Hays boys on the Santa Fe trail in 1857. It was a ride upon which depended \$64,000—a race with a stage coach from Bent's ford, in Colorado, to Kansas City. The distance of more than 500 miles was covered muleback in five days by one of the Hays boys—there is some difference of opinion as to whether it was Lynn or his brother "Up"—and the \$64,000 was saved. The rider, covered with dust and foam, and almost spent with loss of sleep and fatigue, tumbled from the exhausted mule in front of the bank, made his way to the cashier's window and secured the money a few minutes before the bank closed. An hour later the stage arrived with the letter informing the bank that Russell, Majors & Waddell, upon whom the drafts were drawn, had failed.

The story, as it still lingers in the memory of John C. Gage, is as follows: In 1857 John Campbell was in charge of the freighters' train on the Santa Fe trail. He had a large force under him and he and they were employed by Russell, Majors & Waddell, who at that time, the railroads not yet having reached the west, did all the freighting for the army.

It was at Bent's ford, on the north side of the Arkansas river, not far from Las Animas. Campbell had just received these drafts, and the stage, which had already gone out, carried a letter notifying the bank that this great firm had gone to the wall. If the stage could only be beaten into Kansas City the \$64,000 could be saved. But how beat it? Every 15 miles the stage met a fresh relay of horses and pushed forward, night and day, at a swinging trot.

"Up," said Campbell to Hays, "Old Sam, here, is a splendid saddle mule. He was never known to tire. Can you take him and make that trip?"

It meant 100 miles a day through a wild, sparsely settled country, with long stretches of the trail in which neither food nor drink was to be had. A moment Hays hesitated, but only a moment. "I'll ride him, John," he said.

Then began the race that was afterward to be talked about all over the country. For the last three days of the ride Hays was afraid to stop to snatch an hour's sleep unless some one was by to wake him. When he felt that he could not endure it any longer and was already falling asleep in the saddle he overlooked some campers and got them to watch by him, while he slept and wake him in an hour. He got in here in the afternoon just before the bank closed, and the stage arrived that night.

"It was a very remarkable animal," said Mr. Gage, "probably the most remarkable animal for long-distance travel in the world. When I came to Kansas City in 1858, I met one probably I had heard of. 'Old Sam'—as I had heard of 'Old Sam.' His fame had reached me. I had heard of that wonderful ride, and I went to see the mule within a week after my arrival. He was an ordinary-looking sort of animal, a very active, rimbly mule for many years. I have no idea how long after that he lived, but he must have reached a very ripe old age."

"Campbell used to tell me that he had 'Old Sam' for 14 years prior to 1860, and that there had been a year of that time that he didn't ride him across the plains."

Judge Guinotte remembers the mule distinctly. "There's hardly an old fellow that doesn't remember 'Old Sam,'" he said. "Old Sam died only about eight or nine years ago, I think, but for many years he was pensioned off and out of active service."

Judge Guinotte thinks it was Lynn Hays who made the ride. Mr. Gage is equally positive that it was his brother, "Up." Judge Guinotte thinks the ride was to Fort Leavenworth, and Mr. Gage's recollection is that it was to Kansas City.

In a Newburgh School.

In one of the Newburgh schools a teacher desired to refresh a boy's memory and help him answer a question. Acting on the supposition that a mental review would lead him to a correct solution, she said: "Now, go away back."

Unconsciously from the entire class there came a responsive murmur: "And sit down!"

The teacher was compelled to join the audible smile and hardly knows yet whether the boy's answer was right. - Newburgh News.

Not Cause for Divorce.

Failure to provide a suitable dwelling place with the consequent exposure to cold, and to provide sufficient food and clothing, is held in an Illinois decision not to be within the meaning of the statute allowing a divorce for extreme and repeated cruelty.

At the Doctor's Office. An Atchison man recently called at a doctor's office at three p. m., and found three women waiting. At six o'clock he was still waiting, and the second woman was telling her symptoms. - Atchison Globe.