A. P. T. L.

The American Protective Tariff League is a national organization advocating "Protection to American Labor and Industry" as explained by its constitution, as follows:

"The object of this League shall be to protect American labor by a tariff on imports, which shall adequately secure American industrial products against the competition of foreign labor."

There are no personal or private profits in connection with the organization and it is sustained by memberships, contributions and the distribution of its publications.

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Crooked Creek.

Mr. Burdeck is breaking prairie for Mr. Reiher.

Fred Maurer will be a full fledged school ma'am next week. He will sway the scepter in Dist. 27.

Last Sunday night, some after midnight, Hank Maurer was awakened from his slumbers by a noise very unusual in that neighborhood, and, on going out to investigate, followed the noise southward. Great was his surprise when he found, hitched to a post, a span of mules, and not daring to get near their heels, went back home, feeling even worse than he did last winter when that lumber wagon came thundering down there at night. Hank says if anyone would have seen him they would have taken him for Sockless Jerry Simpson from Kansas, and he didn't even wear a hat. He must have been chilly, for you know how destitute he is of wool in that part of his cranium. Oliver Hedge was just starting home from Martin's when he heard the same noise, but knew what it was, and, knowing there was no sleep for him at home, looked at his watch and went back, saying he would stay another hour if the fuel would hold out. Johnny, of course was late at school again, or had to go without his breakfast.

Steve Morrison and Jerome Wright have gone into the live-stock commission business on Crooked Creek, and have engaged the services of Will Yeiser, who will take charge of the correspondence. Will has a new typewriter—a Musson. The boys will certainly meet with success, as Steve and Jerome have been experimenting, and weighing cattle at Mr. Reiher's.

A person not used to Red Cloud township politics, and who had been to the court-house last Saturday, would have thought he was attending the Chicago board of trade during a wild session. There, sitting around the altar of justice, was Henry Gilham, with the gavel in his hand, which he had occasion to use quite often. Nearest him on the left was Jos. Garber, with the secretary's pencil behind his ear; on his right sat Oliver Hedge, smoking a campaign cigar that he had held over. The rest of the gang had repaired to a corner to fix up a slate and capture the delegates. Just as the meeting had fairly begun, in stepped one of the strongest pops in Webster county, Frank Tennant. Henry Gilham immediately made a motion that no admirers of Billy Bryan should be allowed inside the railing; this was warmly seconded by Hank Maurer's proxy, and Frank took his seat outside the railing. Things went along fine until Milo Martin made his appearance at the door, when Jos. Garber jumped up and insisted that he should not come inside, stating, as his reasons, that he had heard him remark on the street "that Grover Cleveland was the best president the United States had had since Hank Maurer had become Master Workman of the A. O. U. W. lodge. At this, Oliver Hedge threw down his cigar and became frantic, and said that he would immediately leave the convention unless Mr. Martin was allowed admittance. He gave his reasons as follows: That, last fall, Martin received the nomination for road overseer on the pop ticket; was endorsed by the democrats, and was elected by the republicans, and that a man having such a following should have a voice in any convention. Here Pap Thomas, "the rock of Chickamauga," came to Oliver's relief and stated, inasmuch as they had admitted all the bolters, he thought it no more than right to admit Dan Voorhees, too. Oliver seemed to have a deep interest in Mr Martin, and, through sympathy for him, the motion was lost and Martin took his seat beside Frank Tennant.

The next thing to bring about disorder was the appearance of Capt. Houchin, Mike Finkenbinder, and Jake Kindscher. This political Triumvirate knocking for admission into this assembly. I guess Jake could have furnished the proper credentials to allow him a seat in a republican caucus, but, being in company with those 16 to 1 champions, the line was immediately drawn, and all three had to content themselves in the corridor, looking at John Sherman's picture and wondering where all the gold had gone. Aank said he was glad of it, for Jake would want to be supervisor, and he himself would be knocked out again. T. C. Hacker left the Sunday school convention long enough to come over and accept the chairmanship of the delegation. After instructing the delegates for McKinley, the convention adjourned to meet at the fair grounds at day-break, Nov. 3.

And Casey would waltz with the strawberry blonde, and the band played "Pat" O'Reiley.

Oliver Hedge knows when to speak a word at the right time. He says, since the caucus last Saturday, Mr. Martin has assured him that nothing more would be said about coal oil, fuel, or even staying all night, and even Johnny has promised to get in more cobs. Oliver says he wishes this caucus had have been last fall for he has been short on cobs all winter. O, you have a Henry Clay head on you, Oliver, old boy. You are all right; so is Casey.

Carence Gurney is lonesome this week, and Nellie and Laura think the prospect for ice is good.

Norman Morrison now drives out west of town.

Oliver says he won't go to Indiana till after Walter Holsworth leaves for Cripple Creek.

George Winton is still cutting wood and don't know which is the most desirable place to live, Cripple Creek Crooked Creek.

Oliver says there will be two articles in the Belt from Crooked this week. TRIX.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drop to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,
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