

# A MISSOURI COMPROMISE

By Edward B. Clark



OLD Bud Jackson lived near the source of the "Big Black" in the Ozark mountains of Missouri. Bud had lived there for sixty-five years. That was just his age. His habitation was rude but comfortable and his daughter Bess tended it with housewifely care. Bess was Bud's only child. She was a coy mountain maiden of twenty, and as pretty as one of the wild flowers that peep from the ground in the Big Black valley in March.

Bud had a neighbor, St WITHERS. St lived down the stream a ways, and the holdings of the two men joined. St had a son, Bill. Between the two mountain farms over in the corner lay a triangular piece of ground not more than two acres in extent. Outside of the woodland this was the only piece of land on the Jackson-WITHERS holding that was not cultivated. It was weedy and rough and though it would have supported a goodly crop of grain, no seed sown by the hand of man ever fell there. It was known for miles around as the debatable ground. Bud and St both claimed the piece, and had wrangled over it for years before the feud became deadly. At the present status of things if either one set his foot on the strip the other would have shot him. Bud Jackson had a hobby. He was a collector of birds.

Scientists from St. Louis and from the western state colleges came to his place every summer to look at his collection. He never would add a bird to the lot unless it had been killed in the state of Missouri, provided always, of course, that the bird was known to be even a rare visitant to the state. Bud didn't expect to get any flamingoes in Missouri, but if he should have heard an Indian tradition that 500 years before a flamingo had been seen on the Big Black, he would not have added the bird to his collection until someone had sent him one with the proper attestation that it had been killed inside the limits of his native state.

What a collection that was! There was pretty near everything in it from the ruby-throated hummingbird to the big bronze wild turkey. Bud had to build an addition to his house to store his birds. Some people said that Bud cared more for his birds than he did for Bess, which was a lie. For years Bud had scoured the woods of the Ozarks, extending his trips to the adjoining counties for the purpose of getting one bird, the ivory-billed woodpecker. He knew that the ivory-billed woodpecker was a dweller of the southeast United States, but he also knew that straggling birds had been seen in the deep woods of the mountains of Missouri, and so he kept up his search with his shotgun over his shoulder year after year. He could have purchased an ivory-billed woodpecker, killed somewhere else, for something like \$20, but he would have a Missouri bird or none. He slept out nights in the woods and starved and thirsted on the trail of reports that the big bird had been seen. Generally it turned out that those who told of the appearance of the woodpecker, not knowing much about birds, had seen the "log cock" and had taken him for his still bigger bird brother.

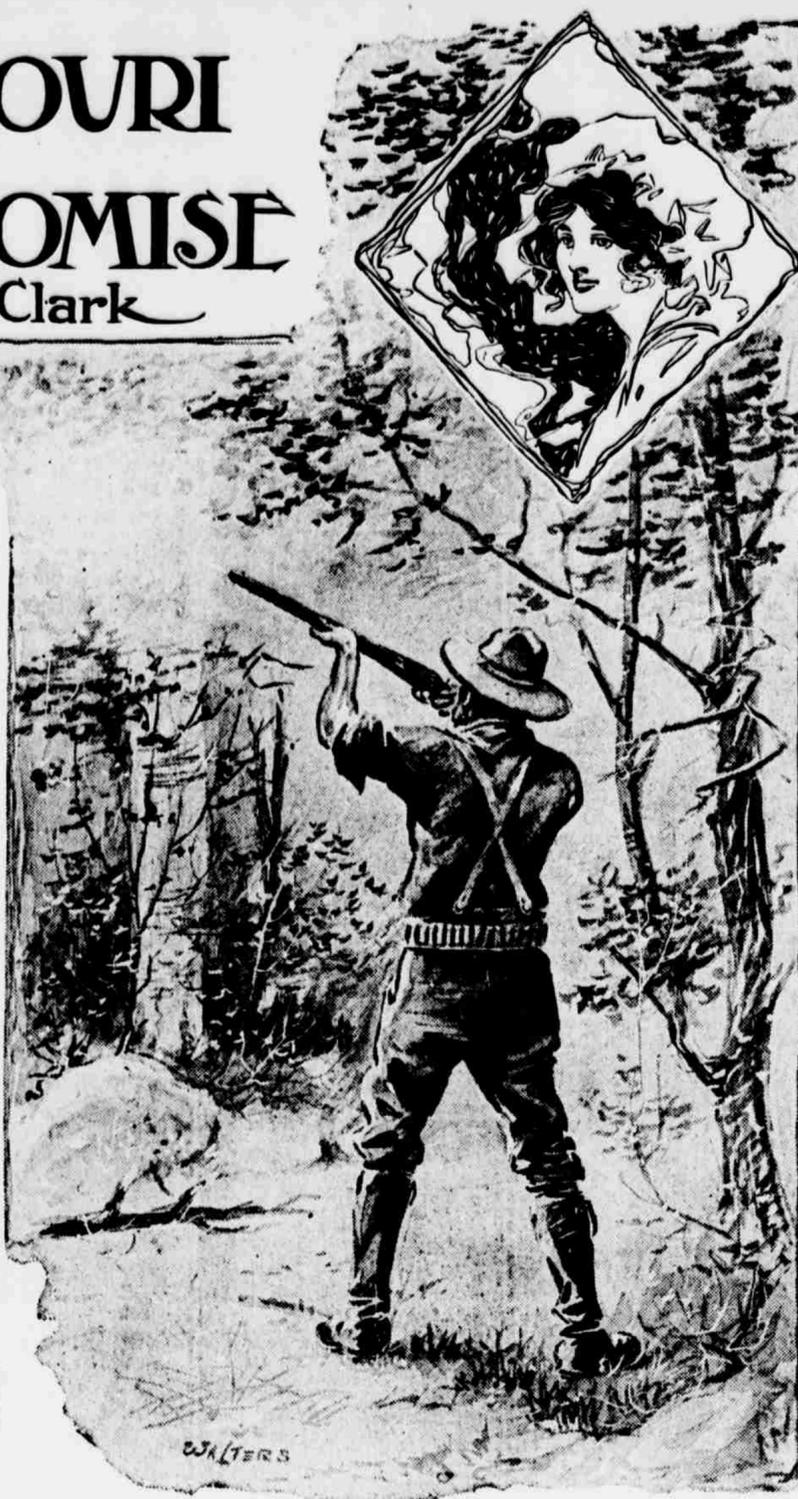
One day in the summer Bud noticed that Bess had something on her mind. She started suddenly whenever he spoke to her and more than once blushed vividly. The old man didn't say much, but just thought he would let the thing come out by itself. But it didn't come out. Bess just kept on acting as though she were way off somewhere in the clouds. One day as the old man was coming back from a collecting trip he could have sworn that he saw Bill WITHERS, old St's son, making off across the brook from the direction of the Jackson home. Bud gripped his gun tightly and felt a lump come up in his throat. He thought he knew now how to account for Bess' blushing. He kept his own counsel, however. He knew that if old WITHERS knew of it he would be just as hot about it as he was. Bud eyed Bess curiously when she entered the house and casually asked if there had been any visitors while he had been away.

"No," stammered the girl, and fell to blushing directly.

"Humph!" said her father. Two days later Bess went out to pick blackberries. Half an hour after her father followed in her trail. The blackberry patch lay in the direction of the debatable ground. Bud came to a rise in the land and looked off toward the triangular bit of ground in dispute. By the great auk, what was that he saw? There in the center of the debatable ground were Bill WITHERS and Bess Jackson holding hands and Bess' sunbonnet was pushed way back. When Bud recovered sufficiently he looked beyond the patch and there stood old St WITHERS grasping a gun and looking at the pair of lovers. There couldn't be any shooting that day on either side and both old fellows turned and went home. It was not a pleasant evening that was spent that night in either the Jackson or the WITHERS home. Bud stormed and fumed and told Bess that she was bringing everlasting disgrace on him by taking up with the son of that old thief, WITHERS.

St WITHERS said a good deal of the same sort to his son Bill, but Bill, being a fellow who thought for himself, held the old fellow pretty well in hand.

About a week after this a negro appeared at the Jackson home and reported that he had seen an ivory-billed woodpecker in the big woods. Bess had been forbidden to leave the house. Bud seized his gun and made for the big patch of timber. The negro had described the bird accurately. Bud reached the edge of the woods, plunged in and had not gone ten yards before he heard a strange rattling cry. He knew it from the description he had heard. He went in its direction. In a minute he saw a great big bird



scuttle round the bole of a beech. Bud's heart jumped into his throat. It was the first living ivory-billed woodpecker he had ever seen. The tree trunk was between him and the bird. He rounded it cautiously. The woodpecker left the tree with a cry. Bud's shotgun went to his shoulder. There was a report and the bird wavered. Another report and the woodpecker, flying another few yards, fell limp to the ground behind some bushes. Bud dashed forward with a great hurrah in his heart. He reached the spot where the bird had fallen. He knew from the way it went down it was dead—but where was it? Not a feather could he find. Two little drops of blood stained the fallen leaves and that was all. Bud searched for three hours and then went home with sorrow in his heart such as he had not known since his wife died.

The morning of that woodpecker episode Bill WITHERS was skirting the woods in the hope of getting a glimpse of Bess. He had a retriever dog with him that was thrashing about in the woods and fields by turns in the nervous way that such dogs have when their owners are not on hunting bent. All at once the retriever burst from the woods and dropped something at his master's feet. Bill picked it up. He knew it was an ivory-billed woodpecker, for he had seen one in a glass case at the capital in Jefferson City. He knew of Bud Jackson's almost insane desire to get hold of a Missouri killed "ivory-billed." He had heard two shotgun reports that immediately preceded the bringing of the bird to him by his retriever. He put two and two together and smiled.

Everyone knows something of the mania of the true collector. The story of the confirmed old bachelor who got married to a sour-visaged old maid because she had a china teacup that would complete his set, unquestionably is true. The stamp collector gives a tenth of his fortune to get a canceled two-cent stamp that happens to be of a color shade peculiar to itself. The true bird collector is perhaps more of an enthusiast than any of the others.

Bill WITHERS managed to get word to Bud Jackson that he would like to meet him at the debatable ground the next morning. Bud might come with an armed escort if he chose. Bill would have one. They met the next morning. Two mountaineers with rifles were behind each party to the conference. Bill howled an invitation to Bud to drop his gun and come to the center of the disputed land for a conference. Bud agreed. They met.

"Mr. Jackson," said Bill, "I want to marry Bess and she wants to marry me. I'll tend to my old man. He's got so he does pretty much as I say, and he'll even shake hands with you."

"None of your breed can have Bess," said Bud sour like.

"But Bess wants me."

"You can't have her." This with a growl, and the two men turned and separated. When he had gone about three yards Bill WITHERS turned and called out: "Bud, look here."

Old Bud wheeled about. Bill was standing there with one hand uplifted and holding by one

foot the finest specimen of an ivory-billed woodpecker that Bud had ever seen or heard of.

"Do you want it, Bud?" said Bill. "It's in the flesh and I'll swear it is Missouri killed."

Bud's eyes popped. His frame shook. In his face was a great joy.

"Bill," he said, and his voice trembled, "Bess is yours."

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## FRIGORIFICO IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Used to Freeze Cattle and Sheep for Shipping to Europe and United States.

A frigorifico is a freezing plant in South America. It is a plant that freezes fat cattle or sheep or lambs and sends them in refrigerated ships northward to Europe. Perhaps later they will send them to the United States.

On the island of Tierra del Fuego, far south to the jumping-off place, sheep get very fat on the good grass. Incredible as it may seem, a short time ago fine fat sheep were boiled down for their tallow. Now a modern frigorifico is prepared to kill them and send them north of the equator. There is another of these newly-erected frigorificos at Rio Gallegos, another a little way up the coast at San Julian, and other new ones are at Bahia Blanca.

These frigorificos make possible the directing of a great stream of good lamb and mature mutton northward, and we here may expect to see it come, sooner or later. Cattle are not killed at these southern frigorificos, but farther north, near Buenos Aires and in Uruguay, are great establishments that kill chiefly cattle. To facilitate the getting of sheep to the frigorificos the government is building the Patagonia state railways, leading to the interior.—Breder's Gazette.

## NOT HIS FAULT.

An Italian woman, accompanied by her little boy, was traveling on a train which was making very poor time. The conductor said to her: "Madam, your boy can't pass on half fare; he is too large."

"Well, he may be too large now, butta when de traina starte he wasa small enougha."

## NOT NEEDED.

"Are they going to have a Midway plaisance at the Panama exposition?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Growcher. "There doesn't seem to be any need of novelties in the line of dancing that was started at the Midway plaisance in Chicago."

## THE SAME OLD REASON.

"Here's a newspaper article that says there is going to be another shake-up in the police department. I wonder what's the reason for it this time?"

"Just the same old reason. Too much shaking down."

## DOINGS IN CONGRESS

### WHAT LAWMAKERS AT WASHINGTON ARE DOING.

Result of Deliberations on More Important Measures Given in Condensed Form.

**Saturday.**  
The Senate.—Resumed consideration of urgent deficiency bill, discussing feature abolishing commerce court.

Currency bill under discussion in committee.  
Action on bill to authorize San Francisco water supply project in Hetch Hetchy valley again postponed after debate.

Considered nominations in executive session.  
Adjourned at 5 p. m. to noon Tuesday.

The House.—Not in session; meets Tuesday.

**Friday.**  
The Senate.—Took up urgent deficiency appropriation bill.

Vice president signed tariff bill.  
Held in continuous session throughout evening in vain attempt to act finally on provisions of deficiency bill to abolish commerce court.

The House.—Agreed to the tariff bill conference report as submitted from the senate.  
Speaker Clark signed bill at 1:25 p. m.

Adjourned at 1:55 p. m. until noon Tuesday.

**Thursday.**  
The Senate.—Appropriations committee reported urgent deficiency bill, endorsing abolishment of commerce court, but extending terms of its judges to December 31.

Nine bills authorizing bridges over navigable rivers were passed.  
Attempt was made to pass Hetch Hetchy bill, but it was put aside.

Conference report on tariff bill was taken up and debated.  
Banking committee heard bankers on currency legislation.

Commerce committee agreed to report favorably seamen's involuntary servitude bill.

**Wednesday.**  
The Senate.—Conference report on tariff bill was presented and ordered to lie on the table until Thursday.

Democrats caucused at 11 a. m. on tariff bill conference report and again at 3 p. m.

President submitted number of nominations, including several postmasters, for confirmation.  
Adjourned at 12:56 p. m. until noon Thursday.

The House.—Not in session; meets Thursday.  
Elections committee began investigation of charges against Representative Whaley of South Carolina.

### Made Good the Shortage.

San Francisco.—An inventory of the estate of the late Lester Jacobs, United States sub-treasurer here during the great fire of 1906, shows that the vaults were robbed of \$2,000 on or about April 18, 1906, the date of the fire. Jacobs made good the loss privately, and the claim of his heirs against the government for reimbursement is valued at nil. During the confusion of the fire and the days immediately following, the sub-treasury vaults were guarded by soldiers.

### Celebrate Wedding Anniversary.

Fairfax, Va.—Secretary Bryan and Mrs. Bryan came to Fairfax to celebrate the twenty-ninth anniversary of their wedding. They spent the day with Mrs. John S. Barbour, Mr. Bryan's cousin, and attended the county fair, where the secretary was the principal speaker.

### Immigrant Carried Too Far.

Lincoln, Neb.—After traveling all the way from New York to this city, Stanton Colseink, a Russian immigrant, learned that his steerage ticket was marked Lincoln, N. H. An error in the marking of his transfer ticket had sent him half way across the continent. The police took charge of the man, who is unable to understand English, and through the medium of an interpreter learned of his plight. An effort is being made to get the steamship company to pay his expenses back to New Hampshire.

### National Guards Will Assist.

Lincoln, Neb.—Request that Nebraska furnish fifty mounted national guardsmen to aid "Buffalo Bill" in his moving reproduction of the battle of Wounded Knee has come to Adjutant General Hall. Details have not been completed for the affair, but according to General Hall the men will likely volunteer to help the old scout out. Any expenses incurred will have to be borne by the men themselves as the cost cannot be charged against the state.

### Canada Wants Good Roads Too.

Detroit, Mich.—Canada will be represented with the United States in an endeavor to obtain laws pertaining to road buildings if the proposition meets the approval of Premier Borden, according to an announcement made at the American road congress here, by A. W. Campbell, deputy minister of railways and canals for the Canadian government. Mr. Campbell said he would use his influence in urging the premier to consent to the appointment of a committee to evolve a plan for uniform road laws.

## MAKES HARD WORK HARDER

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before the kidney disease takes a grip—before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

**AN ILLINOIS CASE**

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

Q. L. Farrand, 1129 Sixth Ave., Moline, Ill., says: "My business required much horseback riding and the constant jar weakened my kidneys. I had terrible backaches and was often laid up for months. I couldn't turn in bed without help. I lost flesh. Three doctors treated me, but I got worse. Finally, I took Doan's Kidney Pills and five boxes since enjoyed good health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Bilioussness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

*Wm. Wood*

## LOSING APPETITE FOR NUTS

Writer Remoins the Passing of the Ancient Fondness That Made Winter Evenings a Joy.

The old butternut, a very rich and fragrant nut of the olden time, has almost disappeared. Very few people of the present generation have ever tasted a butternut. The black walnut is becoming fewer, and in a generation hence it will hardly be known. And yet it is a precious nut, full of goodness and rare taste. Those old pans of cracked walnuts, in the long winter evenings, made up a family joy that has never been surpassed. The hickory nuts, especially the good old shellbarks, figured prominently in those nutty days, and the chestnuts, too, including the hazel nuts and beech nuts; but they are all growing scarcer, and have sadly strayed away from the human heart.

The pecan is becoming the great American nut. There are thousands of trees cultivated in the south, and the nut has become commercially important. Trees are reported bearing \$200 to \$500 worth of nuts per acre. It is a rich nut, but quite too hard for the novice to pick out the kernels. There are, however, machines that do the work perfectly. But, after all, for rich, well-flavored and grand mouthfuls of nuts, give us the English walnut.—Ohio State Journal.

**Wrong Ones.**  
Mamma (at amateur entertainment)—Hush, Willie, the violinist is trying her strings.  
Willie (aloud)—Then, while she's at it, why don't she fix them that show in the back.—Puck.

**Easily Seen.**  
"Have the Jinxes a family skeleton?"  
"Yes, and she's wearing one of these alibouette gowns, too."—Liverpool Mercury.

**Well Met—**  
**A Good Appetite**  
**And Post Toasties**

A dainty, nourishing dish for breakfast, lunch or supper—ready to serve direct from the package with cream and sugar.

"Toasties" are thin bits of choice Indian Corn—skilfully cooked and toasted to an appetizing golden brown.

**Wholesome Nourishing Easy to Serve**  
Sold by grocers everywhere.