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### To the Voters of Holt County:

Having been chosen at the primaries as the candidate for Representative on the Democrat and Populist tickets, and being just a plain farmer and ranchman I am not gifted as a public speaker and have no political ambitions.

But if elected as your representative it would be my pleasure as well as duty to carry out the wishes and uphold the interests of all of the people of Holt county to the best of my ability. 18-3 Respectfully, THOMAS W. WILBURN.

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## "The Least Of These"

By LULU JOHNSON.

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Betty shuddered as the heavy iron gates clanged behind her and she realized that she was actually within the prison yard. It was her first visit to a penitentiary, and, though she found it not half so forbidding as she had anticipated, the atmosphere sent a chill through her whole girlish figure.

Instead of rock piles, with convicts monotonously breaking the stone, here were flower bordered walks and swards of softest green. But for the high walls and the barred windows she might well have imagined herself in a municipal park or on a million dollar estate.

When she reached the office her basket of delicacies was consigned with others brought by loyal friends for the delectation of other convicts, but the keeper looked curiously on the tag on her basket to Betty's face.

"No. 11,806 hasn't had a visitor since he came here five weeks ago," commented the man significantly. "Are you a relative?"

"No," said the girl simply. "He was just good to me when I needed help."

"He was good to lots of folks," grunted the warden, "but somehow they seem to have forgotten it. He's in the hospital."

The warden made a sign to a trusty, and with fast beating heart Betty followed the man in the direction of the great gray building, in one wing of which was located the hospital.

Moreton, ex-boss of the 4th district, was propped up in bed, and at sight of Bessie Vynne he smiled radiantly.

Five weeks he had lain there fighting grimly for the life that he had begun to think was hardly worth the saving, for Moreton had indeed been through the valley of political humiliation. Less than two years before it had required two husky men to guard the door of his headquarters and keep back the crowd of importunate callers who wanted financial help, influential word or perhaps just the chance to fawn upon the powerful political leader.

Moreton had been the boss of his district, ruling with a rod of iron. He had controlled the machine through sheer force of will power.

His enemies both without and within the party had fought doggedly to break his sway, but the boss had gritted his teeth the harder at each fresh attack and beaten the malcontents into submission.

But there had come an end to his rule, as to almost all one man control. The opposing party had secured the services of a political revivalist. "In the interest of good government," they had explained, but the whole city knew that it was a ruse to rid the district of its dominating boss. It meant turning the district over to another clique as bad, but less experienced in municipal villainy.

And the political world had sat back and watched the warfare with grim smiles. Perhaps, after all, the boss would win again. But in this they were wrong. By a mere quip of fate the wheel spun the other way.

The boss lost, and after loss of power came scandals and lawsuits. The latter took most of the fortune he had filched from the city, much of which he had spent on the care of those who needed it more desperately than the taxpayers from whom he had filched it so remorselessly. In reality the boss when the blow fell could have counted his fortune only in thousands when his enemies ran it up to tens of thousands.

When he left the civil court room almost penniless he found himself face to face with criminal charges. Stolecally he had accepted his sentence of five years in the penitentiary. Stolecally he had accepted his desertion by those who had fawned upon him in prosperity and power. A child of the streets who had started carrying the water bucket for the marching club, he had become a ward heeler, a lieutenant and finally the boss without the aid of family ties or family influence. Stolecally he had accepted the decision of the hospital staff. He had an incurable disease. He probably would not live out his sentence.

Yet at sight of Betty Vynne's face his stoicism vanished, and after the radiant smile of welcome came a tenderness almost pathetic.

"What are you doing here, child?" he asked as he stroked the hand that clasped his. "Sing Sing's a good way for a girl to come who's only making her eight a week."

The girl laughed, but her voice was shaky.

"Just listen to the man! And I'm getting ten—right in this town. I read in the paper—about—about your being so lonesome"—The man smiled grimly. So the papers were commenting on the fact that he was a deserted as well as a deposed leader of men. "And I saw the ad. of a lawyer up here who wanted a stenographer, and I came and got the place. I like it much better here than in town. And I can come to see you once a week."

Moreton, deposed boss, leaned over and looked into her face.

"You—come—up—here—to be near me?"

The girl nodded her head. "And I've got the nicest boarding place with a widow, and you ought to see her flower beds!"

Just then a physician in white uniform came toward them.

"You can stay only five minutes," he said without waiting for the formality

of an introduction. "I cannot have my patients unduly excited. In a few weeks we shall have him in fine trim. I hope, but we don't want our treatment upset by too much company."

Moreton's lips set in grim lines. The young doctor evidently did not know that this was his first visitor.

"Dr. Lindsay, this is one of my best friends, Miss Betty Vynne, and her coming can't hurt me. Why, say, I feel like a two-year-old right now."

Nevertheless the young doctor stood near the door, and when the five minutes were up he led Betty from the ward.

"You can come again, as often as the rules permit, but do not stay too long."

The next time he made the rounds Dr. Lindsay found Moreton oddly quiet, his fever reduced, his pulse normal.

"Doctor," he said, with a smile, "that girl's coming did me more good than all your dope. It's good to know that there's one person that hasn't forgot you."

And then the young doctor saw that something more than an organic disease was aiming for the old boss's heart.

"Daughter of an old friend?" he asked casually.

"Not much—just a kid I picked up in a tenement; took her from a sudden old thing who was beating the life and spirit out of her. I turned her over to the sisters. They did the rest."

Lindsay smiled, but he understood. It was the ex-boss who had paid the sisters for the girl's care and put her through a business school and set her on her feet, saving a girlhood like his own boyhood from the slums and the gutter.

After that Moreton slowly but surely began to mend. There was no curing the disease, but there was every chance to prolong his life for years if he wanted to put up the fight. And every time that Betty Vynne came to the hospital he seemed stronger for the fight.

For a time Dr. Lindsay watched the case with purely professional interest, but gradually this feeling became distinctly personal. He generally met Betty in the reception room of the hospital, lingered near Moreton's bedside during her stay and escorted her to the entrance when she departed.

And, oddly enough, he found many excuses for sitting with Moreton and learning more about "the kid's" plucky fight for education and self support.

Before the first year of his sentence had passed the ex-boss read young Lindsay's secret, and one night after Betty had paid her usual call the two men talked it over.

"Mind you, she ain't anybody. Neither she nor I know where she sprung from. So it's up to you," said Moreton warningly and yet with loving anxiety in every word.

Young Lindsay studied the cracks in the flooring for a few seconds, and then he turned resolutely to his patient.

"She's true blue. There are not many like her, no matter what sort of blood was behind her, and I'm going to take chances if she'll have me. And, what is more, I am going down to see her tomorrow when I'm off duty."

"Is it all right, Betty?" inquired the ex-boss as he stroked her hand tenderly the next time she came. "Is it all right, little girl?"

The girl smiled into his anxious eyes. "Oh, Mr. Moreton, do you think I'm half good enough for him?"

"Mind that, will you?" inquired the invalid, as if addressing an audience; then he drew the girl close. "Let me tell you something, Betty. He wouldn't let me tell you before for fear you'd think you owed him something. He wanted you to love him for himself. See? But Dr. Lindsay's got some of the boys started, and it looks like a pardon, Betty; it certainly does."

She sank on her knees beside the bed.

"Oh, that is too good to be true."

"And that ain't all, Betty. I had some shares in a gold mine; thought it was a dead one, but Lindsay he's been looking into it, and mebbe—well, just mebbe I can take you and Lindsay on a wedding trip over to Germany. Lindsay says the springs over there would do wonders for me, and Lindsay needs a change, and—well, Betty, I'd been dead by this time if it hadn't been for your coming."

He looked up to meet the shining eyes of young Dr. Lindsay.

"Say, Lindsay, ain't there something in the good book somewhere about the least of these? I want to find that verse. I'm going to learn it. I certainly am. Ah, there is so much for me to learn and so little time!"

### The Bible's Good Use of Words.

The Bible as a standard for the correct use of words has been urged upon readers by Professor Lounsbury of Yale, writing in Harper's Magazine. "Make up your mind," says Professor Lounsbury, "that the Bible is a guide to be followed grammatically as much as it is morally. The language of our version belongs to the sixteenth century. It therefore naturally contains expressions which, though proper at that time, are not in accord with the common usage of our day. When it was originally translated, which was generally the relative pronoun referring to persons. Hence we say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.' More than this, the subtle distinction found in the employment of shall and will had not then become established in the language. But these do not affect the correctness of its procedure in regard to expressions still met with everywhere. In such cases accept its authority without question and conform your practice with it."

### He Went.

Mr. Lingerlong—I had a queer adventure this afternoon. Miss de Muir (with a swift glance at the clock)—You mean yesterday afternoon, I presume.—Exchange.

### A WARSHIP TEST.

The Unexpected Beat to General Quarters at Midnight.

The ship is lying at anchor in a distant port. It is night, and nothing is heard but the tramp of the sentry on the fore-castle and the ripple of water at the gangway.

Only the officer of the deck, the quartermaster and the guard are awake. The entire crew are below decks and dreaming in their hammocks.

The cabin door opens and the captain steps forth softly, fully dressed and wearing his sword and revolver. He speaks in a low tone to the officer of the deck, who sends an orderly forward with a message. In a moment the orderly returns, bringing with him the drummer, who stands silently at the mast, drumsticks in hand, watching the commander.

"Eight bells"—midnight—is struck. At a silent signal from the commanding officer the drummer poises his sticks an instant, then sounds the long roll, or "alarm," which is at once followed by the quick beat to "general quarters."

Instantly the scene changes to one of apparently the utmost confusion. Four hundred men leap from their hammocks. Passing a few turns of the lashings around them, they throw them into their "nettings," then spring to their stations at the batteries and cast loose the guns.

A moment more and a bright flash and roar from the fore-castle pivot gun bursts upon the stillness and gloom of the night, followed quickly by the broadside battery.

Each gun is fired once, a blank charge, but enough to show that the gun is in good order and ready for service.

As suddenly the pandemonium subsides. Confusion gives place to silence and order and not a sound is heard, but the battle lanterns flashing along the crowded deck reveal the well-disciplined crew standing at their quarters, every man equipped with cutlass and pistol, silent and alert. Sponges, rammers, supply boxes and battle axes litter the deck; everything is provided and ready for action, while the captain, accompanied by the executive officer (the first lieutenant), with an orderly bearing a lantern, makes a thorough inspection fore and aft and below, including the powder division, magazines and shell rooms, to see that nothing is lacking which would be required in real action.

At the touch of the drum the ship has been changed from deathlike stillness to readiness for battle, every officer and man at his station, armed, silent, expectant—and all in less than three minutes!—Chicago News.

### Cause of Giantism.

A learned Italian doctor says that giantism is a morbid process, a disease due to an enlargement of a part of the brain which is endowed with growth regulating functions. When that part of the brain enlarged, the limbs grew to an abnormal extent and other physical changes occurred, the excess of growth being chiefly in the lower jaw, the arms and legs. No giant ever attains length of days. The average life is only a fraction over twenty years. Ireland has produced at least four giants—McGrath, born in Tipperary in 1736 (he was seven feet five inches in height); Malone, seven feet six inches; Murphy, seven feet three inches, and Charles Byrne, seven feet six inches. None of them ever reached great mental development.

### Old Dances in Old Times.

In Edward Scott's "Dancing in All Ages" are some curious details about the dances of old England.

"Joan Sanderson" was a "jolly dance" in Mr. Scott's definition, for before it was ended each lady had kissed all the gentlemen twice, and each man had been equally enterprising. Mary Stuart danced the "Volta," though "not so high and so disposedly" as Elizabeth. In King Charles' time people danced "Trenchmore," the "Cushion Dance," "Omniun Gatherum" and "Hoite cum Toite."

"All in a Garden Green," "Gathering of Peascods," "Lumps of Pudding," "Under and Over," "The Bath," "The Slaughter House" and "Have at Thy Coat, Old Woman," are dances not quite so old.

### The Meaning of "Muff."

The record of the fact that muffs were once worn by more men than women in Paris suggests the old ingenious definition of a muff as "a soft thing that holds a lady's hand without squeezing it." "Muff" appears to have come to us from German, in which language, curiously, "muff" means not only a hand warmer, but also a sulky person or a growling dog. These seem, however, to be two different words. Was our own metaphorical "muff" an allusion to the effeminacy of muff wearers or simply an intimation that the person was distinctly "soft"?—London Chronicle.

### True to the Adage.

"My son, my son!" exclaimed the dismayed mother as she saw all her boy's belongings stacked in a corner of the closet. "Haven't I tried over and over to teach you that you should have a place for everything?"

"Yep," said the son cheerfully, "and this is the place."—Chicago News.

### Fame.

"Who was James Boswell?" asked the teacher of the class in English literature.

"He was Dr. Samuel Johnson's press agent," answered the young man with the bad eye.—Chicago Tribune.

Good temper is like a sunny day—it sheds its brightness everywhere.—French Proverb.

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