Colonel TODHUNTER of Missouri

By RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS

CHAPTER V.

was shortly after this that Colonel Todhunter and Judge Strickland parted. Colonel Todhunter went direct to the office of the

In the Nineveh Blade Sanctum.

Nineveh Blade when he had seen Strickland off for St. Louis. Dick Cantrill, editor of the Blade was a red headed young Democrat who cherished old fashioned principles. There was no thought in his clean

mind of devious ways to make politics pecuniarily profitable. One could no more have "bought" him than one could have "bought" Patrick Henry or "Old Hickory" Jackson, and he was just about as flery and fearless as those two earlier Americans. Consequently, many politicians spoke of him as "that stubborn young fool, Dick Cantrill of the Nineveh Blade." As Colonel Todhunter entered the

Blade office a fuming little man almost extinguished under a big and very rusty silk hat was terminating what had plainly been a stormy interview with Dick Cantrill.

"Hello, Eph!" said Colonel Todhunter surprised. "It ain't often I find you hobnobbin' with Dick Cantrill. Go right ahead. Don't let me interrupt

There was a wicked smile on young Cantrill's mouth. "We're just about done now, colonel," he in prosed "Squire Tucker was trying to induce me to support Yancey in this campaign. but I had to decline. The Blade's for Colonel Strickland tooth and nail, now that he's out for the nomination."

"And you and the Blade are both durned fools, sir-that's all I've got to say!" snapped the little old man under the big hat. "You don't know which side your bread's buttered on, Dick

"Squire," said Dick, grinning coolly, "that ain't the only viewpoint from which I look at the matter. I know Colonel Strickland and I know Steve Yancey, and I know Strickland's the best man. That makes it my duty to support him, squire!"

"It's to your interest to support the winner, you young idiot, and I was talking to you for your own good!" cried old Tucker. "Stephen K. Yancey has got all the money influence behind him in this campaign, and he'll be nominated by an overwhelming majority. You'll put up a mighty poor mouth then, Dick Cantrill, begging for the public printing in the Blade, and I'll

see to it that nothing comes your way!' "Go right ahead. Crack your whip. squire!" retorted Dick Cantrill calmly. "I reckon you and I have different ideas about politics, but there needn't be any hard feelings unless you insist on it. Anyway, we might as well get the whole thing thrashed out right now, as long as we've got started."

"I'll see if I can't make you change your tune before I'm done with you sir!" And old Tucker's cold little eyes narrowed venomously. "You're talk ing mighty big now, Dick Cantrill, but the Yancey administration'll have the last say, my young gamecock!"

"The Yancey administration be hang ed?" replied Dick Cantrill, and then he laughed and settled back in his chair. "But, shucks, squire, I can't talk to you like I could to a younger man. Let's go easy. You're for Yancey, and I'm for Strickland, and that's all there is to it. Every man's got a right to his own opinion in a free country, squire."

"Very well, sir, very well, if you will have it that way," retorted old Eph Tucker. "But you're backing a loser, Dick Cantrill, and you're going to suffer for it. Stephen K. Yancey will snow Bill Strickland under so deep that Bill's friends 'll never be able to dig him out, sir!"

Dick Cantrill stretched his arms above his head. "Such being the case. squire," he replied, "It don't make any difference to you Yancey people what me and the Blade see fit to do, so you can just keep your shirt on."

Old Tucker glared at the amused speaker.

At this moment a fourth figure was added to the group. It was that of Lycurgus Quivey, the schoolmaster of Nineveh, a gaunt and homely representative of rustic learning with a

face pathetic in its meek wistfulness. "Well, well, Lycurgus!" cried Dick Cantrill cordially. "I'm glad to see you, Blest if I hadn't begun to fear the Blade wasn't going to have a poem from you this week. And that would

never do, sir!" Lycurgus Quivey cleared his throat nervously. "I reckon you'll be surprised, Mr. Cantrill," he said at last, "but the truth is I've written a political poem this time. I know Colonel Strick land so well, sir, and I like him so much that I thought I'd write a Strickland campaign song. It might do some good at mass meetings and barbecues

and such things, it seemed to me." Old Eph Tucker snorted and glared



at the embarrassed speaker. Colone Todhunter beamed his approval. Dick Cantrill's sense of humor reveled in the situation.

"Bully for you, Lycurgus!" he exclaimed. "That's just fine! You bet the Blade will print your campaign song. And, by George, sir, come to think of it, here's Squire Tucker doing his level best to convert me to the Yancey cause. I'll just read your poem to him and see if it won't bring him over to the Strickland side!"

At this old Eph Tucker's wrath exploded.

"You won't do anything of the sort!" be ejaculated. "You and your foo" poets can go it alone supporting Bill Strickland. It's about all the support he'll get!"

Then he turned on Lycurgus Quivey "As for you, Mr. Schoolteacher," he snarled, "if writin' campaign poetry for Bill Strickland is the best you can do I'll see if we can't get you more time for it by gettin' you out of the Nineveh school, sir. I can do it too. I'm chairman of the school board, and I'll h'ist you out of your job without lettin' any grass grow under my feet!'

"No, you won't, squire." spoke Dick Cantrill quietly. His steady eyes held those of old Eph Tucker with a dis tinct menace.

"Squire," Dick continued, "I know you just well enough to know that you're willing to make that threat good. Don't you dare do it, sir. This man is a worthy man in his place, and outside of his working hours he's priv iliged to write poetry to whoever and whatever he pleases and to make his own choice in politics, sir. I give you a piece of advice, Squire Tucker Don't you lift a finger to get Lycurgu Quivey fired, sir. If you do it'll be the worse for you."

Old Eph Tucker glared at the speak er. "What'll you do. Dick Cantrill That's mighty big talk to come off or such a little stomach, sir. What'll you do if I see fit to teach Lycurgus Quivey to mind his own business?"

"What'll I do?" repeated Dick Cantrill, his eyes flashing. "I'll skin you alive, Squire Tucker; that's what I'll do. I'll flay you from head to heels, sir, and then I'll hang your hide out here in front of the Blade office so the people of Nizeveh can see just what a miserable skunk you are, sir. If you're going to make a personal fight on this man because he backs William J Strickland for governor of Missouri I'll make the same sort of a fight from the Strickland side of that proposition. And you'll be the first man I'll make it on, squire. I've got the material to do it with, and you know it. You know your own record. You won't last a minute if the Blade goes out after your scalp, Squire Tucker. You'll shrivel up quicker than a dry oak leaf in hell,

A grim silence followed these words Then old Eph Tucker spoke.

"Well," he said slowly, "it strikes me you're goin' off half cocked, Dick. We've both lost our tempers a little

and probably said more'n we meant Anyway I haven't done anything against Lycurgus Quivey yet. Maybe you better just keep cool and wait till I do before you start in to tear up things the way you've been threatenin', sir."

Dick Cantrill laughed. "Sure, squire," he replied. "I can wait just as long as you can, I reckon, but not a minute longer. Keep that in mind, squire-

not a minute longer!" A few moments later Colonel Todhunter was alone with Dick Cantrill "That was a right lively session while it lasted, Dick," he chuckled. "You called old Eph down almighty hard

"The old scoundrel!" exclaimed Dick. Then he added, "I don't like to talk to a man of his age that way, colonel, but that cold blooded threat against Lycurgus Quivey, as defenseless a man as ever lived, sir, flung me off my balance."

"I reckon you ain't done no harm Dick," said Colonel Todhunter. "Are we gettin' any news of how the other side regards Bill Strickland's candi dacy?"

"Well, colonel," grinned the Blade's editor, "there's some mighty amusing surface indications. They haven't lost any time springing one old moss grown political trick on us at any rate, sir."



"I'll skin you alive, Squire Tucker That's what I'll do."

"What trick is that?" quickly asked the other.

"Why, sir, they've induced Hamp Judson of Carthage and Judge Sanford of Bowling Green to come out, both of 'em, in the race for the nomination Each of 'em will take votes away from Colonel Strickland. It's an old move but a shrewd one, colonel. They know Yancey will get the solid vote always controlled by the machine, and they're working to divide the rest between Strickland, Judson and Sanford, str."

"I'll be eternally condemned, Dick." vociferated Colonel Todhunter, "if I'd ha' believed either Hamp Judson or Jim Sanford would lend themselves to such a game, suh. I hate to think it of 'em now, even on your say so."

"It isn't my say so, colonel. It's the race within twenty-four hours after any other of a dozen pretty girls. Colonel Strickland announced his can was just wonderin', that's ail." know they haven't got the ghost of a and drew out a bill. agers, sir."

Colonel Todhunter looked at the

jumping and howling at every crack she hobbied happily away, of the Blade's whip, sir. I'll make 'em | Colonel Todhunter looked after her fore I'm through with 'em."

"Give it to 'em good and hard. Dick." sel with himself.

"Well, suh," he said, "the owner of a newspaper ought to nop down on his marrowbones every night and pray, 'Our Father, deliver us from temptation.' He can help or hurt crooked cuts and bruises, mamma's sore men more'n any other one influence, throat, Grandma's lameness-Dr. and they know it. He sure must have Thomas' Eclectic Oil-the housea hard fight to keep straight. The hold remedy, 25c and 50c, longer he stays virtuous the more they're willin' to pay for him. I'm glad I ain't in the business, suh. Old Satan's got grip holds enough on me GOOD GAME OF BALL SUNDAY

The colonel was still deep in philosophic musings, not more than halfway across the town square, when he was interrupted by a genial hail.

"Howdy, Kunn'l Todhunter; howdy, suh. You sho'ly ain't gwine walk right p'intedly pas' me 'thout sayin' howdy to you' old A'nt Mirandy, is yo', suh?"

a turban, a big market basket on her

long that I reckon I wouldn't ha' known you anyway, you're lookin' so peart and gayly. How are you, Mirandy, and how's that no 'count husband of your'n?"

The ancient negress cackled joyonsly. n'l. Whut you reckon done happ'n to him now, suh? Well, I jes gwine tell. yo'. Dat ole Jed been out fishin' an' COMMISSIONERS START ON come traipsin' back home wid de roomatis', suh, an' layin' flat on he back gruntin' an' groanin' lak he gwine die ever' minit, sh!"

"You're too easy on him, Mirandy, That's the trouble," laughed the colonel. "You ought to take a broomstick and wallop him till he ain't too proud to work, the old rascal! Quit cookin' let him go hungry for awhile!"

ger on a em'ty stummuck, suh, dat I

I jes' nin't got de beart, sun -

"Well, but, good Lord, Mirandy, you must be put to it mighty hard to 'tend to your washin' and look after that triffin' old scoundrel at the same time!" "I sho' is, kunn't. I ain't nebber had no baby what's mo' trubble'n dat ar old Jed. Whuss I doin' now, suh, but rubbin' dat ole fool's f'ints wid liniment whilst I oughter be right at my

washtub all my time, suh? I tell you, Items of Interest to Old and New suh, I got to scrabble fo' a libbin' wuss'n a scratchin' hen dese heah days, suh."

"Where are you livin' now, Miran-

"Whah I libbin'? Whah I libbin'? Well, now, suh, I mos' shame fo' to tell you, suh, but me'n ole Jed is jes' Bottoms road, suh, 'twell me'n him jes' sorter moved into it, sun. Yass, suh, hit's ercross f'um whah ole Mr. Rafe Doggett an' he young granddaughter, Miss Lottle-May, libbin', suh. An' hit sho' am a lonesome place. Ef hit wan't fo' some skylarkin' young man a-comin' out f'um Nineveh to cote daddy ain't home. I tell you p'intedly, Kunn'i Todhunter, hit'd be jes' lak a graveyard, suh."

"I reckon so," said the colonel. "And who are the young scamps that come out to see Miss Lottle-May, Mirandy?'

"Lawd bless you, suh, dey's twothree uv 'em, suh. Mr. Stam Tucker's one. An' Miss Lottie-May sho' am s pow'ful han'some young g'yel, suh. An' her ole granddad, he autt'nly do 'pear to be mighty skeered 'ca'se she so gay an' flirtatious-like, suh."

"Well, Mirandy, I reckon that's only natural for a pretty girl. You ain't never seen Tom Strickland callin' on her out there, nave you?"

"No, suh; not to reckernize him. Kunn'l Todhunter, but dat ain't sayin' young Mr. Tom Strickland takin' to for we saw lots of flirting. anybody but Miss Mary Todhunter, yo' own daughter, suh? Ain't he jes' p'intedly head over heels in lub wid Miss Mary, suh?"

"He ain't tellin' me so, Mirandy,"

didacy down there in St. Louis. They Then he put his hand in his pocket

show for the nomination. All they're "Here, Mirandy," he said. "I would working for is to get solid with the old not be surprised but what this might Jefferson City ring by helping to defeat come in handy while you're a-wrastlin' Colonel Strickland. I'd be willing to with that old scamp Jed and his rheubet that their campaign expenses down matism. And if you'll stop by and see to the last dollar on the last day will Mrs. Todhunter next time you come to be paid by Yancey's campaign man town I'll ask her if she can't give you a basketful of vittles she don't need."

"Glory hallelooyah!" cried old Mispeaker indignantly. "And you're randy. "Dat ar money looks big as de a-settin' there ca'mly, suh," he inquire side of a house to me, suh-it sho' do! laughter in his eyes, "don't you be un ain't. Some o' dese bright days I gwine easy. I've got my end of the fight pay you back more'n dat ar money; Hamp Judson and Judge Sanford eyes. Pouring out a flood of thanks.

the two sickest men in Missouri be almost sadly. "Them old niggers," he said. "I love 'em just like they was "That sounds like business!" cried kin to me, and they love us too. But Colonel Todhunter, much relieved the new breed-they hate us, and I ain't got no more use for 'em than I A little later, crossing the town have for a snake. It's curious and it's square, Colonel Todhunter held coun- somethin of a tragedy, too, sub. I'll of Mr. Hugh Orr, on the farm of held "onto" the lines and yawed, be dadblamed if I know what's goin' to come of it all some day!"

, In Be Continued.)

For baby's croup, Willie's daily

AND DON'T YOU FORGET

From Wednesday's Daily. On next Sunday, July 6, Manager Johnson of the Boosters will the Devon also stands high. have a fine treat for the fans, as The speaker was a fat, gray wooled the Hoctors, one of the fast teams black woman, festively arrayed in a of the Magic City, will be here to gaudy called dress, a bandanna hand- try and take one from our sterlkerchief knotted around her head like ings, and if the Hoctors are as good as they were on their last appearance here the game will be "Well, well, Aunt Mirandy!" return one of the best that has been ed the colonel. "I ain't seen you for so pulled off here this season. The local boys are getting better every game they play, and will be able to give the Hoctors a run for of the game. With two games on "I tell yo' de gospel trufe, Kunn'l Tod the Fourth with the Albambras, am sutt'nly mighty triffin', suh. He great national game a fine chance gittin' wuss'n wuss ever' day, too, kun- to enjoy themselves on both days.

A TOUR OF INSPECTION

From Wednesday's Daily.

This morning the board of Tain't dat ole Jed don't 'serve it, kase of the roads through the eastern he do, but he sho kin put up sich a po' parts of the county. There was mouf, suh! He's de mos' mizzabul nig- only routine business transacted ain't got de heart to 'fuse him when he say he hungry. Dass de fac', kunn'lsay he h

PLATTSMOUTH

New State Historical Son

Residents of City Which Were New Forty Years Ago.

"ad" will appear next week.

Miss Lottie-May when her ole grand- was indulged in at Billy Neville's length, and we will just say the the other night by Messrs. White concert was a credit alike to the and Sanford on one side and Cole superintendent and scholars. and Neville on the other. Sanford and White rather got away with the baggage. Almost all the billiard amateurs in town witnessed Christmas eve. Ye editor got a the game.

The Masonic ball on the 28th Furnas gave us the honor of his presence, and all the good-looking folks in town were present. Lots of fun, plenty of dancing all the youngsters got a "gal" and non said) for supper, made the ashamed and we screwed our evening long to be remembered. he ain't been dar whilst I been away If several engagements didn't ribbon. When supper time came so much o' de time, kunn'l. Huccome come off that night they should, we marched it down stairs and

measures are being taken to build who sat opposite, hadn't stole ata railroad from Plattsmouth most all the chicken and ate it cold facts," replied Dick Cantrill laughed the colonel. "But I reckon southwest through Weeping Wa- "hisself," "Judson and Sanford both entered the Lottie-May ain't no more to him than ter to Tecumseh; thereby to obtain a through line to St. Louis in case the Trunk is not built at

> Bob Boom, the gay old Bob, the varhorse of Salt Creek bottom, he pizen old democrat of Cass county, called on the Herald and shook its wife's paw in our absence.

has been transferred to Fillmore county, and leaves for his new rigon this week. Mr. G. is one of Third street, into Main street, ed, "knowin' these things and not mov- Yass, sub, an' I gwine drop by you all's place this week. Mr. G. is one of Plattsmouth, with a rush. They in' a finger to expose their game?" house, too, suh. An' I ain't nebber our old citizens, and we shall miss kept on rushing up Main street, his pleasant face on the streets

Dr. Latta of Rock Bluff's has that moment isn't far off, you'll see had come into the brave old woman's removed to Lincoln and Cass over a box, and then turned themcounty has lost a good citizen and Main street, on the north side, as kind physician, Well, doctor, may far as Johnson's drug store, luck attend you, but in our opinion you'll come back to Cass after trying "them Lincoln fel- was standing there and that lows" awhile.

> S. L. Thomas, near Four Mile but as there were no bits in the Devons, and really as fine animals like unto pulling at a stump in various opinions as to the merits lady's arms and waking her up of the Short Horn and the Devon with a little eau de vie, the harbreeds of cattle, and considerable ness was patched up. The broken each variety. Our friends, Orr went on their way rejoicing. and Thomas, are enthusiastic Devon lovers; and for the purposes that Mr. Orr intends to use some of his stock-that is, to cross with Texas herds-they are no Blood Bitters, the family system doubt the best and most suitable breed. For milk, and consequently for butter and cheese makers,

We learn that friend Vivian intends to erect a fine brick business block on his property on Main street. That's what we call business. Selling goods at lowest possible rates, and quick returns, is the way to raise money when you want to build.

their money in every department across the Platte River has been considered in danger once or twice this week. A raft of drift hunter, and I sho ain' tellin' you no one at 10 a. m. and one at 2:30 wood formed a dam on the upper Hes-dat ar wuffess ole man o' mine it ought to give the lovers of the side of the bridge, and at times and was taken to the hospital to the pressure must have been im- undergo an operation, but it was mense. So far she has stood the shock. Gangs of men have been the drift, and it is now probably beyond all danger.

gled, "I jes' machully kain't do dat, suh needed, and the general condition to make two first-class wagons. ily, in their loss. No one hurt.

> at the meeting here this week and Methodist church on Sunday even- scratch, the worse the itch. Try Superintendent Reese, was a very any skin itching. 50c a box.

enjoyable affair, indeed. program was mostly filled by small children, which made it very amusing. It was composed FORTY YEARS AGO of songs, declamations, dialogues and poems—Father Plummer favoring us with an original one. which was quite a treat. "The New Church Organ," by Miss Nannie Tibbie, was very well spoken. "Give us a Call," by Miss. Mary Babbington, was well done. If we could have spoken as well' as she does, with as little embarrassment, and learned our pieces Mr. David Morrow has erected as well, at 15, we would have been a new blacksmith shop on Seventh a member of the Nebraska legisa-squattin' down yander in a 'serted street, close to Washington ave- lature ere this. Miss Viola Barnes cabin what waz em'ty on de Black nue, where he will be pleased to also spoke a pretty piece, and so have persons wanting work in his did several other little children, line give him a call. Dave is a but we were not able to ascertain good blacksmith and will give their names. The song, "Jesus satisfaction. Give him a call. His Loves Me." sang by 35 little boys and girls, sounded as sweet as anything we ever heard. Want of A friendly game of billiards space prevents our speaking at

> The M. E. church gave a necktie festival in Parmele's hall on bright pink tie (our wife hooked it as soon as we got home), and soon found a good-looking blackwas a grand success. Governor haired Miss with another. Here was a go; we didn't know the lady, and the lady was afraid of us, and so we twisted about until and quail on toast (so John Shan- went promenading; that made us courage up and went for that pink got opposite the best part of three chickens, where we should have It is currently reported that fared first rate if Cal. Parmele,

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, from near Rock Bluffs, started home in a big wagon, with one roan and one black colt, for a team. At O'Neill's farm they stopped to water, and Mr. L. took the bridles off so the horses could drink better, while Mrs. L. held the lines in the wagon. Something startled the Rev. W. D. Gage of this place colts and off the team set eddying around the valley and bluffs a on the south side, until they turned Mr. Merges upside down everything was handy for a bust up, they ran into another wagon and were brought up all standing. We this week visited the stock All this while the old lady had Creek. They are pure blooded horses' mouths her pulling was of the breed as we ever saw. All effect. Fortunately no one was stock men know that there are hurt, and after rubbing the old rivalry between the breeders of wagon was settled for, and all

> To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock tonic. Price, \$1.00.

DEATH OF A REPRE-SENTATIVE OF THE PAN-AMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

From Wednesday's Daily Yesterday in Omaha occurred the death of Arthur Neilson, a The bridge of the B. & M. R. R. nephew of A. Piestrup, at one of the hospitals, where he had been taken for treatment. The unfortunate man had been suffering from appendicitis for several days found there that the appendix had burst and that his death was only kept constantly at work removing the matter of a few hours, and all that was possible was done to aid him, but in vain. Mr. Neilson was in the state representing the Panama-Pacific exposition, to be Another first-class runaway held at San Francisco, where he vesterday afternoon. Mr. Alison's made his home, and he and his team, being left without hitching, wife were here a short time ago took a swing around the circle, visiting at the Piestrup home. county commissioners departed and when in front of Mr. Amis- The body will be taken back to such good vittles for him, Mirandy, and on a tour of the First and Second on's, the wagon was upset, send- the home in California for burial districts to inspect the bridges ing two wheels to the north pole The sympathy of the community Old Mirandy rolled her eyes heaven, that have been placed in these and two to the south, making will go out to the bereaved wife, ward. "Kunn'l Todhunter," she gur districts, as well as the others enough pieces of the remainder as well as Mr. Piestrup and fam-

> Itchi Heh! Heh-Scratch! The concert given at the Scratch! Scratch! The more you