

Colonel TODHUNTER of Missouri

By RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS

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CHAPTER VII.

Colonel Todhunter Cuts a Wide Swath
in Missouri's Metropolis.

TO Colonel Todhunter, a countryman born and bred and of an innate rusticity of soul that was an essential part of his being, contact with the throbbing life of a big city was so rare and foreign picturesque unlikeliness to the urban that it never failed to emphasize his type. He stalked into the busy St. Louis headquarters of the Hon. William J. Strickland on the parlor floor of the Laclede hotel, the living embodiment of that political figure dear to the amused metropolitan imagination, "the delegate from the rural districts."



It was a brave and honest face that showed itself in Colonel Bill Strickland's private office, but somewhat dismayed at thought of an impending ordeal.

"I'll just be eternally whipsawed if you ain't a-tryin' to make a round peg fit into a square hole, Bill!" he protested earnestly, something like awe of his surroundings stamped upon his sunburned features. "I'm willin' to do most anything in the world for you, and you know it. But when you turn me loose in a big town like this and expect me to behave like anything more'n a wall-eyed plow horse with his tail full o' cockleburrs I'll be everlastingly condemned if you ain't makin' a mighty serious mistake, suh!"

"Nonsense, Thurs!" laughed Colonel Strickland. "I'm counting on you for some St. Louis speeches that'll be worth their weight in gold, my friend. We need you here, sir—a man that talks old-fashioned American Democracy straight from the shoulder. City politicians have forgotten what the real Democratic doctrine is, Thurs, and we've got to revive it in the people's hearts if we expect 'em to vote right. That's why I want you to help me open my St. Louis campaign. You've got to do it, Thurs!"

Colonel Todhunter gazed at his friend pensively. "Bill," he said, "I'm a-goin' to do it, as you well know. I'd strip the shirt off'n my back and head a percussion wavin' it for a Strickland banner if you asked me to, whether I thought it was the best thing to do under the circumstances or not. But I bid you remember, Bill, that I warned you in time. It'll be your fault if you have occasion to regret havin' brought me in from the pasture and stacked me up against these here bang-tailed city thoroughbreds, suh!"

"I'll take the chances, old fellow," said the candidate, his eyes twinkling. "You just oblige me now for old friendship's sake and I'll be responsible for everything that happens afterward. I ain't the least bit afraid."

"I'll eat my hat if I don't wish I could say the same, suh!" ejaculated Colonel Todhunter, a vehement panic in his tone. "I'm skeered to the marrow, suh, because I'm out o' my ball-wick and up against a proposition that I don't know any more about 'n a hog knows about a holiday, suh. And you're a-goin' to discover, suh, before we get through with this piece of foolishness that I had mighty good reasons for bein' skeered too."

"Shucks, you old warhorse!" laughed Colonel Bill Strickland. "Once you get into the fight you'll warm up like a two-year-old and show these St. Louis folks what a real Missouri Democrat is. You're going to make the hit of your life, sir!"

"Maybe I am and maybe I ain't, Bill Strickland," quoth Colonel Todhunter moodily. "But all I ask at the finish is that you'll remember it wa'n't me that made the prediction, suh. I'm a natural born optimist, suh, but that don't necessarily mean that I'm a natural born jackass at all times and under all circumstances and on all subjects, as some folks seem to think, suh!"

And in this frame of mind Colonel Todhunter returned into the general headquarters offices and was introduced to his Nineveh friend's St. Louis backers and campaign staff.

A quiet young newspaper man who happened to be drifting through the rooms seemed instantly impressed by Colonel Todhunter's picturesque personality. He studied the colonel intently, a growing appreciation in his thoughtful and latently humorous eyes.

er. Something like a gleam of laughter leaped into his eyes, and he nodded, almost imperceptibly, an approving signal to Colonel Todhunter's companion. Then, for an hour or more, the two were left undisturbed.

They chatted pleasantly on many topics. The colonel himself was led to talk discursively on the political situation in Missouri, the distinctive types of party leaders in the country districts, his own personal views and ample reminiscences of past campaigns in the state, his quaint valuation of Democracy's great historic figures. He was in reality being trapped into a self-revelation. Behind his talk, animating and shining though its unsuspecting frankness and utter naturalness, appeared the childlike and simple soul of the speaker, presented with absolute unreserve. The colonel's companion was the most appreciative of listeners, and as he listened a light of whimsical regard deepened in his eyes.

"But I'm a-takin' up a heap of your time, suh!" exclaimed the colonel finally. "I reckon you city newspaper men have to trot around after news till your tongue's a-hangin' out of your mouth a yard long. You mustn't let me keep you from other things, suh."

"Not at all, Colonel Todhunter," came the quick response. "It's been well worth while, sir. I intend using some of your talk, if you have no objection, so you're really helping me out, you know."

The colonel looked at his companion pityingly. "You're wastin' your powder, young man. I can talk by the hour, but what I say ain't got no more business bein' printed in a great city newspaper 'n a whiff o' wind a-rustin' the dry leaves in the woods, suh. You better be mighty careful, tryin' to make somethin' worth while out o' them there observations of mine. Your folks at the paper 'll think you're skyin' an old huntin' dog that goes skyhootin' off hickety-split after a rabbit when it's patridges they was a-countin' on him to p'nt, suh."

The newspaper man leaned back and laughed zestfully. "Colonel, I'm willing to take the chances on that if you are. And I'll leave it to you tomorrow afternoon if I don't know what's worth while when I see it, sir. You've given me a crackerjack talk on Missouri politics, and I'm very much obliged to you, colonel."

"You're mighty welcome," replied Colonel Todhunter, genial but doubtful. "I'll be shot full o' holes if I see how you're a-goin' to write a piece from what I've been sayin', suh."

Then suddenly he nodded to his front. "What in blue blazes and Sam Hill is that man a-doin' there?" he asked. "The one with that placard in his hand, squintin' at me every two seconds and then jabbin' down somethin' with his pencil? That's the confoundedest most singular proceedin' I ever laid my two eyes on, suh!"

The young newspaper man shook with laughter. "Colonel," he said, his humorous lips twitching, "don't worry about that man. He's perfectly harmless. I know him. He's got a bug on political celebrities, sir. It's a case of bats in his belfry on that one subject. He goes around recording his impressions at close range during every campaign just the way you see him now. Most remarkable character, colonel. I've known him for a long time."

"Well, suh," replied Colonel Todhunter, "I'll be eternally condemned if he mustn't ha' wrote a whole book about me, then. He's been jabbin' that there pencil o' his'n up and down for the last twenty minutes or so worse'n a little girl playin' tit-tat-toe behind her jogaphy durin' schooltime, suh!"

pocketed his pencil, stuck his bit of cardboard under his arm, and then together the two departed.

"It's this here crazy-like city life that makes such wrecks as that poor simple Simon," mused the colonel. "I-gad, it beats me why any human bein' is willin' to live it, let alone pay such a price as that for it! But it takes all sorts o' people to make a world. I'll just be jim swizzled if it don't, suh!"

The next afternoon when Colonel Todhunter's eyes fell on the front page of the leading independent Democratic paper of St. Louis he fairly gasped with horror. Then followed an almost tragic pause as he absorbed the full meaning of what had so suddenly stricken him with dismay. The next moment he handed the newspaper to Colonel Strickland.

"What did I tell you, Bill?" he groaned. "I'm a-goin' back to Nineveh just as fast as the good Lord'll let me, suh!"

Colonel Strickland's gaze rested upon the newspaper page. He saw Colonel Todhunter's name boldly typed in the glaring headline that extended across three columns. A full length "character cartoon" of the colonel surrounded by "thumb nail" impressions of his face and bodily pose at various interesting moments of his talk of the preceding day surrounded the larger portrait.

Colonel Strickland began a reading of the article. A smile crept upon his face. Slowly his eyes went down the printed page. The smile broadened. Soon it became a chuckle. Later, absorbed in the reading, the candidate's shoulders shook as he read. Finally, with one big fist planting the newspaper to the table in front of him, Colonel Bill Strickland leaned back in his chair and roared with laughter.

"Lord have mercy on us Thurs!" he gasped. "It's the best and truest thing I ever saw in my life. They've got you finished off to the queen's taste."

"I don't know nothin' about the queen's taste, suh," spoke Colonel Todhunter grimly. "But I know one thing mighty well, 'I'm a-goin' to dust that newspaper man's jacket for him the next time he comes in reach o' me. Great name above, suh, th' ain't no man can handle Colonel Thurs T. Todhunter like that and not get it well taken out of his hide, suh!"

Again Colonel Strickland shouted with laughter. "You old fool!" he sputtered. "That newspaper man knows you better than you know yourself. It's wonderful, Thurs! He's made a character study of you that's nothing more or less than a miracle, my friend."

It was the truth. Colonel Todhunter had come under the vision of a masterfully gifted newspaper expert in "character values." The young fellow with whom he had chatted so freely and at such ease on the preceding afternoon had temperamentally "absorbed" him body and soul. Then he had gone to his newspaper desk and written a descriptive interview that was sheerly the colonel himself in the flesh. It was a feat of psychological wizardry. The man achieving it seemed to have put aside his own being for the moment and taken on that of Colonel Todhunter instead. As a result of this exercise of the strangest of literary powers Colonel Todhunter himself, the typical figure of a Missouri Democrat of the old school, talked in his proper person, a living, breathing, almost palpable entity, from the printed page.

And the keenly humorous, appreciative and well nigh loving quality that signalized the writer's performance of his task was finely re-enforced by the work of the cartoonist. The sketches themselves were lifelike, bringing out the colonel's every salient characteristic in facial expression, bodily pose and gesture.

But this amazing projection of himself in printer's ink on the publicity "screen" of a newspaper's front page appalled Colonel Todhunter. He shrank from it, shocked, with all a countryman's dismay at sudden prominence before the world.

"It's all right for you, Bill; you can afford to laugh!" he said indignantly. "But I'm the one that's holdin' the bag, suh! It's me that's put on that there infernal circus poster like the wild man o' Borneo, not you. And I'll be shot full o' holes if it ain't me that's agoin' to hold them there two young rascals to an accountin' for it, you mark my words, suh!"

Colonel Strickland wiped the tears from his eyes. "You're all wrong, Thurs—honest, you are!" he protested. "There ain't a line in that story that don't speak good of you, and what you say there is as sound as a dollar. It's you talkin' to the life, old fellow, and you're talking for me, and every word you say helps us more than a column of ordinary newspaper stuff. I wouldn't take \$1,000 for it, right now!"

"I'd sell it for a blamed sight less'n that, suh!" hotly replied Colonel Todhunter. "And didn't I warn you—didn't I tell you beforehand that they'd shorely size me up as a country Jake from the very beginnin' and that I'd bungle you all up here in St. Louis, suh? Didn't I say that as sure as I came to these here city headquarters o' your'n I'd play the very old blue blazes and Sam Hill fore I got through, suh? Yes, suh—and I'm a-headin' straight back for Nineveh this very day, suh!"

"No, you ain't—not by a jugful!" retorted Colonel Strickland, manfully striving to straighten his face into gravity. "No, sir. You'll speak at the coliseum this very night, just as we've planned, Thurs, and I'll tell you another thing. You'll speak to the biggest and most enthusiastic audience the coliseum ever held, or else I don't know the signs of a man's popularity when I see 'em, sir!"

Colonel Bill Strickland prophesied truly. The coliseum was packed to the

doors.

"Great Scott and Maria, suh," said Colonel Todhunter, describing the scene to Dick Cantrill upon his return home, "you couldn't ha' wedged a knife blade in between any two men in that there crowd, suh. And the way they cheered and hollered when I was introduced by the chairman of the meetin', suh! Blamed if you wouldn't ha' thought I was the original roarin' ring tailed gurgasticus of Calaveras county, suh, and the only one in captivity, suh. I never saw grown men behave that way before in all my life, Dick Cantrill, and it made me hotter'n blazes. But I kept my shirt on, suh, sayin' to myself that I was there to help old Bill Strickland all I knew how. So I just took it out in talkin' to 'em like a Dutch uncle, suh, givin' 'em the straight Democratic doctrine and tellin' 'em they needed it blamed bad, too, suh. And I laid the law down to 'em, suh, that it wa'n't me, but old Bill Strickland, they ought to be a-hollerin' for by rights, if they was the good Democrats they pretended to be, suh. Yes, suh, and then they hollered louder'n ever. But let me tell you one thing, Dick Cantrill, I'll be shot full o' holes if I didn't have 'em every one up on their hind legs a-whoopin' themselves black in the face for old Bill Strickland fore I got through with 'em, suh. I tell you, Dick, that there Satan straddled newspaper done its damndest to ruin me, but I got even with it right then and there, suh!"

"Bully for you, colonel!" vociferated Dick Cantrill, his humorous lips treacherous with mirth. "I'd gladly give the last dollar I had in the world if I could have been there and heard you!"

But the colonel's face fell. "Dick," he said, "would you believe it! Them there infernal cartoonists came back at me the next day worse'n ever, suh. They'd seen there at that meetin' and got me in action. I'll be eternally condemned if I ever saw such pictures of a livin' human bein' as they drew of me then, suh. It was a sin and a shame. What's a man goin' to do these days, Dick Cantrill? I tell you, suh, the present frivolity of the American press is utterly destroyin' the dignity o' public life, suh!"

"It is, colonel—it is!" agreed the editor of the Nineveh Weekly Blade contritely. And it is to Dick Cantrill's everlasting credit that he held himself in until Colonel Todhunter had stalked away. Then he laughed as he had not laughed in many a day.

"God bless him!" he said to himself chokingly. "He and his speeches have gained five thousand votes for Colonel Strickland in St. Louis just as sure as the sun rises and sets! And they're worth it, too!"

To Be Continued.

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO

Items of Interest to Old and New
Residents of City Which Were
New Forty Years Ago.

Governor R. W. Furnas paid our city a visit on Friday and Saturday of last week. He rode out to see Mickelwait's Paradise on the bluff, and expressed himself pleased with our fruit prospects.

We are informed by Dr. Kenaston that the wheat crop in his region (on Stove creek) is damaged somewhat by the heavy rains, a kind of damp struck it. The corn never looked better in the world. The Grangers have a very prosperous society, numbering over forty members, and are doing all they can for the good of the agricultural portion of our community.

There is to be a "Fat Man's Convention" at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, and all the "fatties" from all parts of the Union are cordially invited to attend. This puts us in mind of two organizations existing in this town, viz: The Heavy Weights and the —s. Ed and Joe Buttery, Stiles, Mickelwait, Uncle Streight, Coon Heisel, Gen. Matthews and Dan Wheeler are at the head of the "heavies"; while Cap. Palmer and the editor of the Herald are supposed to be the representatives of the latter club. So mote it be.

Last Friday the chicken hunters of this city went out and just slaughtered the young game. Eight different parties started. Messrs. Clark and Parmele went early in the morning and stayed all day and most of the night. They shot 94, big, little and fat. Col. Morse, Boss Holdrege, Dr. Livingston & Co. took six dogs, ten rifle breech loaders and four double and twisted shotguns, and shot two express wagons and a wheelbarrow full. Cap. Bennett, Wiley Black and Gen. Matthews went out on horeback and shot 206. John Shannon and some more of the boys took up the Platte bottom and came back with one of the ugliest catfish we ever saw—horas three feet long—two

mud turtles, a "lamper eel" and eighteen pollywogs. They carried their chickens in a bag, and we couldn't count 'em. Cook & Co. brought home one lamb fry, two speckled Durham heifers and a sand hill crane, besides—chickens. So ended the first day.

The city council and J. Walter Haines are trying constitutional problems. Walter seems to have the best of it just now.

Married—On the 3d day of July, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Chas. McKelvey, Mr. Samuel Long to Miss Viola Streight. The happy pair (we know they were happy) left for Chicago instanter by steam.

Mr. Benedict, living on Platte bottom, two miles from town, had his house burned on Tuesday night, containing provisions, etc., worth \$75, and furniture. It was supposed to be the work of incendiaries. Look after them sharp; Cass county wants no house burners.

The Baptist church of Platts-mouth has recently purchased one of Estey's \$260 organs, with which they are very highly pleased and take this method of expressing their gratitude to Mr. A. F. Sherman, through whom they purchased the organ, and many other kind friends who have contributed liberally to this object.

The directors of the Midland Pacific railroad have filed amended articles of incorporation to their charter, by which a branch may be built in Nebraska to a point opposite St. Joseph, Missouri; also northward to the northern boundaries of the state.

The Lincoln Journal claims that this makes the M. P. a trunk road entirely across the state and from the St. Joseph bridge to a connection with Puget Sound. It says the surveyors will be at work in fifteen days, and that this move cuts the gordian knot of the trunk road.

Yes, it does, for Nebraska City, but not for Plattsouth, or Omaha, or Cass county. Should this project be carried out, it might cripple the Trunk road proper, through this county, and bids good-bye to the Weeping Water road forever, for no railroad company will ever build a route midway between the B. & M. and the M. P. road in that direction. It will drain too small a space of country. Cass county needs to be up and doing if she means to get a road at all through her borders.

A farmer in this county by the name of Hunt is reported to have forged a note on N. Jeans on Monday, Tuesday he sold said note to John Shannon and on Wednesday the sheriff and fifty dollars reward is hunting for Hunt.

Died—At Rock Bluffs, June 30, 1873, of typhoid fever, Cynthia Clements, wife of Travers Clements, aged 37 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Clements came to Nebraska from Ohio in June, 1857, and settled at Rock Bluffs, where they have since resided. Mrs. Clements leaves a large family of children, four boys and four girls, and many friends to mourn her death. She bequeathed to them the good example of an exemplary Christian life.

This gallant and unbragous young phalanx of keen will'o'ho wists of Plattsouth met in Stadelmann's new store on Tuesday evening. Three new members were elected, viz: D. W. McKinnon, A. Cunningham and V. Weeckbach.

The secretary announced the arrival of the new uniforms and that the engine would positively be here by the first of the month. Henry Boeck, our glorious German friend, offered to let the company have the use of his brick building on Fifth street, north of Main, free of charge, until further orders; the lower part for an engine room and the upper for meetings. This is just the thing. Mr. Boeck also generously offered to furnish collars for all members killed in the line of duty, on the same philanthropic principle.

The republican central committee for Cass county are requested to meet at the rooms of the Herald office on Tuesday, July 15, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the transaction of important business. Jno. A. MacMurphy, Ch'm.

The committees are: Plattsouth—1st ward, D. H. Wheel; 2d ward, P. L. Wise; 3d ward, M. B. Murphy. Precincts—Plattsouth, N. Jean; Liberty, J. Chilcott; Oread, Thos. Thomas; Louisville, E. Noyes; South Bend, J. Craw-

ford; Salt Creek, N. Shaffer; Greenwood, Thos. Brown; Elmwood, Jos. McKinnon; Tipton, John S. Buck; Stove Creek, J. Kenaston; Weeping Water, M. E. Woods; Eight Mile Grove, Wm. Wettencamp; Mt. Pleasant, E. A. Kirkpatrick; Avoca, O. Traft; Rock Bluffs, Wm. Gilmour.

CROPS NOT IN VERY GOOD CONDITION IN FRONTIER CO.

Thomas Wiles of this city has just received a letter from his friend, J. H. Burnett, of Maywood, Frontier county, in which he tells of the condition of the crops in that county. Mr. Burnett states they have not had over one inch of rain in six months there and that the oats, wheat and rye crops are complete failures, and that while corn is still looking good it cannot stand the extreme dry weather much longer, and should this crop fail will make it very hard on the farmers in that locality. Mr. Burnett had some eighty-five acres of small grain on one of his places and states it will not be worth cutting, so greatly has it suffered from the drouth. After reading this the farmers in this section of the state can feel more than thankful for the bounteous crops they have had and for the prospects for a big corn crop which is offered them, as well as feel deep sympathy for the affliction that has visited the farmers in the western part of the state.

THE U. S. COURT OF APPEALS AFFIRM CASE OF JESSE BLUNT

Information has been received in this city that the United States circuit court of appeals at St. Louis has affirmed the case of Jesse Blunt against the C. B. & Q. Railroad company for injuries received while in their employment. In the lower court Blunt secured a verdict of \$4,500, and the case was taken up by the railroad company to the circuit court, where it has just been affirmed. The railroad will also be forced to pay the costs, which will be quite large. Matthew Gering of this city appeared as attorney for Blunt in the case.

Rid Your Children of Worms.

You can change fretful, ill-tempered children into healthy, happy youngsters, by ridding them of worms. Tossing, rolling, grinding teeth, crying out while asleep, accompanied with intense thirst, pains in the stomach and bowels, feverishness and bad breath, are symptoms that indicate worms. Kickapoo Worm Killer, a pleasant candy lozenge, expels the worms, regulates the bowels, restores your children to health and happiness. Mrs. J. A. Brislin, of Elgin, Ill., says: "I have used Kickapoo Worm Killer for years, and entirely rid my children of worms. I would not be without it." Guaranteed. All druggists, or by mail, Price 25c. Kickapoo Indian Medicine Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis.

Moves Carpenter Shop.

John Weyrich, who has for the past two years had his shop in the rear of the Weyrich & Hadraba drug store, has removed to the Beck building on Sixth street, as the store was so crowded as to make it difficult for his work and at his new location he can handle all kinds of carpenter work. Orders may be telephoned or left at the drug store and will receive prompt attention.

If you have a house for rent try little ad in the Journal.

What's the Difference

Between stationery and
stationary?

A difference of one letter.

But if your stationery
is well printed, up to
date and businesslike,
such as we can supply
you, your trade will
not be stationary.

Good Stationery, Letter Heads,
Billheads, Statements, Circulars,
Etc., Keep Business ON
THE MOVE.

That's the kind we print.