

his republican opponent in the November elections. Both candidates are from this city. Governor Foss had scarcely no opposition except from Thomas L. Hisgen, of Springfield, the presidential candidate in the independence league ticket three years ago. Mr. Hisgen's vote was not heavy. Lieutenant-Governor Frothingham was strongly opposed in the campaign by Speaker Joseph Walker and Representative Normal H. White.

At Milwaukee, John J. McNamara was re-elected secretary of the international association of structural bridge and iron workers by acclamation.

Mayor Brand Whitlock of Toledo, O., is seriously ill.

Dr. George H. Denny, president of Washington and Lee university, Lexington, Va., was elected president of the University of Alabama.

Senator Cummins and others are in favor of a primary in Iowa to settle Iowa's presidential preference.

James Loph was elected mayor of San Francisco, defeating the present mayor, P. H. McCarthy.

LOOKING BACKWARDS

In 1896 Mr. Bryan was accused of being an anarchist and a demagogue, and his party followers a lot of hoodlums because the democratic national platform mildly criticised our higher courts for taking unto themselves powers not granted them by law. The governors meeting in New Jersey recently took just the same brave position on this subject that Mr. Bryan and the democratic national convention took sixteen years ago. At that time Governor Harmon of Ohio was in President Cleveland's cabinet and he bolted Mr. Bryan and the national democratic convention work for that particular reason. Now Governor Harman is chairman of a committee of three to present these grievances to the supreme court of the United States to find if there is any redress. What grievances? The same sort of grievances that Mr. Bryan and the democrats complained of in 1896—that have continued ever since—federal courts undoing acts of legislatures and of congress. This agitation is sure to bring about the recall of judges and the election every four or six years of every federal judge high and low.—Hastings (Neb.) Democrat.

FOLK IN NEBRASKA

The movement in Nebraska towards a presidential candidate begins to widen. Merrick county democrats have organized to support ex-Governor Folk of Missouri for president. So also has Nance county. This means that the great Missouri democrat is going to have a following in Nebraska. Missouri is solid for Folk, and this includes Champ Clark and the whole progressive democratic organization in Missouri. Can Nebraska do better than stand by this progressive Missourian who has made good and who has shown the world?—Hastings (Neb.) Democrat.

INTERESTING

A blackmailer wrote the following to a wealthy business man: "Send me \$5,000 or I will abduct your wife."

To which the business man replied: "Sorry I am short of funds, but your proposition interests me."—Farm Magazine.



Happiness

Over the hills and far away
Some seek happiness day by day.
O'er the world and its distance
wide,

Forest and stream and mountain
chain;
O'er the sands at the ocean's side,
Swamp, morass and the wind-swept plain.

Vainly they search as the days go by,
Failing to see she is standing nigh.
Happiness dwells where a heart
beats true
And a love-lit face smiles up at you.

Cabin or palace, 'tis all the same,
All declare she's a fickle dame.

But few there be with the wit to
know

She lives only with warm heart
beats;

Dwelling content in love's warm
glow—

Palace or cabin or far retreats.
Vainly they search in the old, blind
way

For what stands forth in the light
of day.

Happiness dwells where a heart
beats true

And the lips o' love reach up to you.

Still unbought by the sheen of gold;
Changeless still in the heat or cold,

If in the heart of the seeker
dwells

Purpose strong and a faith
supreme;

If with a will the soul compels
Endless days for its youth's
day dream.

Happiness dwells in the lowly cot,
Scorns the palace where hearts are
bought.

Dwells content where the heart
beats true

And love holds out a hand to you.

Speaking of Bread

Some recent comments on the art of bread making has brought to this department numerous letters, some of approval, and some requesting more definite information along certain lines of the art. The Architect of this department frankly confesses his ignorance of the art of making bread, but when it comes to being a judge of the product, he claims to be John-in-the-Immediate-Vicinity.

One far away friend asks for the recipe for making "salt-risin'" bread. I beg to turn the request over to the genius who presides over a companion department of The Commoner which is given precedence over this one—rightfully—by the powers that be. I just know Mrs. McVey can give one that will almost make itself into the most toothsome of bread. Apart from its taste and its digestibility I know little about "salt-risin'" bread, save that it has an odor all its own in the process of making, and that if the wind comes up while the sponge is "risin'" there is going to be a house-keeper scolding over a spoiled batch of bread. Just why a high wind interferes with the making of "salt-risin'" is a mystery to me, and always was.

But one of the most interesting communications anent this matter of breadmaking comes from Paul Cole of St. Paul, Minn., who encloses in his letter a clipping concerning the breadmaking skill of Mrs. Mary O'Grady of that city. It seems that Mrs. O'Grady, who is seventy years of age, has contracted the habit of

walking away with the first premium for bread at the Minnesota state fair, and now she is known as "the best breadmaker in the bread and butter state." That is a far greater title than queen or princess because it is earned, the others are inherited. Eight years in succession she has taken the blue ribbon with her light and flaky loaves. Eight years—count 'em—eight! If Mrs. O'Grady were a year or two older, or the Architect a year or two younger, he would make application to become her grandson. The Architect never had a grandmother, or a grandfather, either, for that matter. If she has any grandchildren they are a lucky bunch of youngsters. It is mighty easy to believe that Mrs. O'Grady would make one of those dear, delightful grandmothers the Architect has so often read about, and which a few boys and girls have been privileged to know and love—and "pester" to death for thick slices of homemade bread generously spread with butter and jelly.

Here's a health to Mrs. Mary O'Grady of St. Paul; and may she live an hundred years to take a premium every year for bread that is bread. And when at last she answers the final summons, may a generation with improved digestions, due to her culinary example, gratefully rear a marble shaft to her honored memory.

The Day's News

One of the most interesting incidents coming to the notice of the Bazoo for many days is the case of John Jeemswax, one of our oldest and most highly respected citizens. For years Mr. Jeemswax has been suffering from a misery in his side, but he now informs us that he has been entirely cured by three applications of Dr. Dopem's Triple Extract of Cockleburrs. For sale by all druggists.

Miss Daisy Mayme Whackelby, one of our city's handsomest young society belles, met with a painful accident last week. While practicing upon the piano and endeavoring to play loud enough to drown the rattling of the dishes her mother was washing in the kitchen, she sprained her left wrist. The injured member was terribly swollen before Dr. Ipecac Persquillum, a leading physician of our community, who was called as quickly as possible, could arrive. Under Dr. Persquillum's scientific treatment Miss Whackelby is rapidly recovering. The Doc's office hours are from 10 a. m. to 12 m., and from 2:30 p. m. to 4 p. m. Both phones.

Mrs. Hy P. Condriack, formerly a resident of this city and well known in society circles, writes from her home in Doodleville: "For the past six months I have suffered terribly with headache, darting pains through my chest and black spots floating before my eyes. I take pleasure in testifying that one week's treatment at the hands of the Famous Luke-warm Springs Doc's completely cured me, and I am now a new woman and can read Ibsen and Browning by using pinc nez glasses." The Famous Luke-warm Springs Docs will be in our city for a limited stay, beginning Monday, October 2. Free consultation.

If after falling from a street car you feel darting pains in your side, see stars with your eyes shut and experience a ringing noise in the ears, it is a sign that you need Dr.

Doem's Quintessence of Cobblestones, Gypsum Juice and Sulphur. Twenty-five cents a bottle, fifty-four bottles for three dollars. For sale by druggists who don't care what they handle.

About three months ago a young lady of this city fastened her back belt with a needle. Late in the evening she discovered that the needle was gone. Day before yesterday Reginald De Appleby submitted to a minor operation at Dr. Cutemup's abattoir and the pointed end of a needle extracted from the tip of his right forefinger. Ah, there, Reginald!

A special dispatch to the Bazoo from New York gives the details of a remarkable discovery. Mr. B. Oozefight, after enduring long years of slavery to the drink habit, at last discovered a sure cure. He wants the whole world to benefit by his wonderful discovery. Not for worlds would he seek to profit therefrom, but gladly gives it free to all who ask for it. Direct all communications to B. Oozefight, Department X, 23 Sucker street, New York.

Misunderstood

"What on earth are you standing down there by the gate for, Mother?" queried Farmer Oatsbin.

"I'm just a lookin' and a wonderin' why our Johnnie boy ain't come yet."

"Why, John ain't comin' home yet, mother. He ain't more'n got settled down at th' university."

"Well, father, I just know he's coming, an' I can't understand why he ain't showin' up down th' lane long afore this."

"An' what'n th' world makes you think he's comin', mother?"

"Didn't we get a letter from him day before yesterday? An' didn't he say he was half-back? An' ain't he had plenty o' time t' come th' rest o' th' way, father?"

After Gray—a Long Ways

The autumn sun slants slowly to the south,

The chilling breeze brings sorrow to the soul;

A warning voice comes from the furnace mouth:

"Get busy, Bill, and fill me full of coal."

Full many a plunk spent for dog days delight

Haunt now my dreams as winter draweth nigh;

Full many a ton of unbought anthracite

Cause me to draw the loud, complaining sigh.

The Awakening

"Ah, but that woman was a perfect dream!"

"So?"

"Yes. But when I asked her to marry me her answer woke me up."

"She must have given you a decided negative."

"Wrong; she gave me a positive affirmative."

L'Envoi

O Sister of Snows, will you tell me,
I pray,

Why do you thus add to my troubles and cares?

'Twas all very well to dissemble your love,

But why did you kick me down stairs?

The Mean Thing

Mrs. Binks—"We had just the loveliest time at the sewing circle today. We made a nice lot of clothing for the poor heathen in foreign lands—"

Mr. Binks—"And tore to rags a lot of reputations right here at home."