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A professor in the Chicago university has put himself under a bond of \$25,000, conditioned that he tell the exact truth for a year. We will bet \$4 that he violates the conditions of the bond within two weeks unless he lights out for the wilderness and finds some place where the foot of man has never trod, where he can live the life of a hermit, seeing no man and consequently conversing with no man. To tell the whole truth as we understand it would be to absolutely conceal nothing. It would be to tell every man he meets just exactly what he thinks of him and likewise as to every woman. If he really undertakes to do that and doesn't get his face punched in before a week goes by then we miss our guess.—Tom McNeal.

An exchange says it is easy to get rich if you want to badly enough. Here is the way to do it: Work like fury 16 hours a day at least, run back and forth for your meals, hurry your wife into hysterics if she doesn't have every meal ready just when you get there, sleep as little as you can and live; grasp every dollar in sight and dig for some that you think are covered up; pinch your pocket-book, shrivel your soul and overwork your body, and you will make money. You will be rich when you are old, if you live.

Henry Hull who lives near Peru has a genuine Stradivarius, made in 1722. He purchased the instrument at an auction sale in Missouri a number of years ago and did not realize what a prize package he had drawn in the lottery of chance until one day he got to looking at the violin and found who was its maker and its venerable age. There is no doubt as to its genuineness and Mr. Hull treasures it as carefully as possible to protect so great a treasure. He has been offered, and refused \$2500 for the instrument.

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Mrs. Perla Beck, 819 C street, is the owner of a violin which bears inside its back the brand "Antonius Stradivarius Cremona Faciebat Anno 1713." The violin, which is believed by Mrs. Beck to be a genuine "Strad," came from South Dakota, where her brother, Rev. R. M. Wood, now of Chillicothe, Ill., secured it. A violin bearing a similar mark was recently heralded in Broken Bow and the claim that the Broken Bow violin was probably the only genuine Stradivarius in the state led to the disclosure of Mrs. Beck's valuable relic.

Market Letter.

Kansas City Stock Yards, The good start made by the cattle market first of last week was followed by strong markets all week, and the close was 15 to 25 cents higher on all kinds of killing cattle with the exception of calves, which declined 25 to 50 cents. Stockers and feeders moved slowly after Tuesday, and the market on them closed with a small loss for the week, while the number held over at the end of the week increased 1200 head as compared with the close of the previous week. Cattle supply today is 8000 head here, and light at other points, market 10 to 15 higher on steers, strong to 15 higher on she stuff, and the usual Monday strength is shown by stockers and feeders. The best steers sold at \$5.75 last week, reaching that figure on four different days, top today at noon \$5.65, with some better steers still in the pens. Bulk of the steers bring \$5 to \$5.60, a third consignment of the Lockhart steers today, sixteen cars, going at \$5.60, as compared with \$5.45 last Monday, and \$5.25 two weeks ago. Cows bring \$3.25 to \$4.75, a few fancy ones \$5, heifers \$3.75 to \$5, tops at \$5.30, bulls \$3.25 to \$4.50, veals \$5 to \$6.25, stockers \$3.50 to \$4.75, feeders \$4.35 to \$5. The general market is better than ten days ago, and under normal commercial conditions sharp advances might be expected, but from the present outlook traders view the situation with more or less conservatism.

Hogs made a gain of 10 cents per cwt, last week, after constant fluctuations, closing the week with a rousing market on Saturday. The strong finish failed to attract any great run today, only 3000 head here, which is taken to indicate that no heavy reserves remain in the hands of feeders. The market opened 5 higher today, but closed a shade easier, top \$4.70, bulk of sales \$4.50 to \$4.65, pigs worth \$3.80 to \$4.10. Weight from 180 to 240 lbs. have gone further toward the front in the last week, account of the strong demands on packers for fresh pork.

Sheep and yearlings made good gains last week, especially ewes which are 50 to 60 cents above two weeks ago. Lambs also gained 15 to 25 cents during the week, small receipts being the dominating feature. The supply today is again moderate, 5500 head, market 10 higher, lambs at \$6.80 to \$7, fair to good ewes \$5.35, yearlings \$6.30, wethers \$5.50. This was not the fittest test on either ewes, wethers or yearlings, as these classes reached \$5.60, \$5.75, and \$6.30, respectively, late last week.

No Excuse for Mistakes

This is the way the editor of the Old Town (Me.) Enterprise bears up under the tribulations of newspaper life: "We apologize for all mistakes made in former issues and say they were inexcusable, as all an editor has to do is to hunt news and clean the rollers and set type, sweep the floor and pen short items and fold papers, and write wrappers, and make the paste, and mail papers, and talk to visitors, and distribute type, and carry water, and saw wood, and read proofs, hunt the shears to write editorials, and dodge the bills, and dun delinquents, and take cussings from the whole force, and tell our subscribers that we must have money—we say that we've no business to make mistakes while attending to those little matters and getting our living on hopper-tail soup flavored with imagination, and wearing old shoes and no collar and a patch on our pants and obliged to turn a smiling countenance to the man who tells us our paper ain't worth a dollar anyhow, and that he could make a better one with his eyes shut."

A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS

By SUSAN B. ROBBINS

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There was a heavy frown on Matilda's face and her stern silence was ominous. Her brother and his two children felt her mood and ate breakfast quietly without speaking. All the sunshine and cheer of out-of-doors were shadowed by the clouds within. And though the woodland in view from the dining room windows was glorious in its tints of autumnal coloring, all within doors in the little home was as somber as an empty church.

"What is the use in living!" Matilda burst out at length. "And in such an old, dull place as this. I'd about as lief die. Why can't you sell the farm, Henry, and move into civilization?"

Henry's face wore a hunted look, but he spoke patiently. "I've told you a good many times. It would not bring near what it is worth, and besides, I can make a living on it; and you know I couldn't stand working in a factory."

"A living!" Matilda laughed scornfully. "A bare existence, I should call it. Yes, you needn't speak; I know we all have enough to eat and wear; but we don't live. We just get along from day to day. We never see anyone to speak to from week's end to week's end. I never heard of such a place."

"You must admit that you aren't very neighborly," Henry spoke mildly. "All the women about here have called on you and you haven't been to see any of them once."

"I don't like them. They are countrified and dowdy. The country is no place to live in, anyway. I could stand it in summer, but in winter it will seem like being buried alive. Now when I was earning money in the city I used to live, though I didn't know when I was well off. But there! what's the use to look back? I've got to stay here, and that's all there is about it."

Silence fell again, and when breakfast was finished Henry went out to his work. He stooped a little, and looked tired and worn.

It was the spring before that Henry's wife had died. Matilda was a bookkeeper in a factory at the time. The work was hard for her, and what



"I Don't Like Them."

with the headaches that had begun to trouble her, and the hot weather coming on, the outlook had been depressing. So it was with a feeling of relief that she gave up her position and went to keep house for her brother and his children. For a while, as long as the pleasant weather lasted, she had been contented. The work was not hard, and the change improved her health. She did not care for the neighbors, and held herself aloof. As fall came on she began to be discontented. Henry could not let her have as much money as she had been used to. She had a good deal of sewing to do for the children, and when they went to school she was lonely.

"Things had gone from bad to worse till, as she expressed it, she was desperately blue all the time, and explosions like the one of this morning had come to be of frequent occurrence. She went about her morning work in a listless way. The children watched her furtively. The girl put on her things and went out of doors to play till school time. The boy, who was the elder, seemed restless and anxious. At length he spoke. "Aunt Mattie," he said, "is grandpa very poor?"

"No, not very," she answered shortly. "Why do you ask?"

"I was thinking," the boy hesitated and then went on desperately. "If papa should die, I thought Ethel and I could go to grandpa's to live. I knew you wouldn't want us. And then you could go back to the city and earn lots of money and have good times, as you used to."

Matilda gazed at him with dilated eyes. "Who's been talking to you about dying?" she asked sharply.

"Nobody," only the other night I heard papa talking in his sleep, and he said he wished he was dead like mamma, and perhaps he would be pretty soon. He didn't know that I heard him, but I did, and I cried all the rest of the night."

Matilda said no more. She was shocked. She noticed the child's face, which looked pinched and worried and careworn.

All the forenoon she brooded over what he had said. Why should Henry

"Why, what's the trouble?" I says. "He laughed sort o' sneeplish. 'It sounds funny, but it ain't,' he says. 'Margaret's taken to smoking.' 'Smoking?' I says.

"Yes, smoking," he says. "I don't wonder you're astonished. I was myself. I tried to get her off the notion, but she won't give it up. She said she thought it would be so sociable to sit by the fire evenings and smoke together, and she wanted to like all the things I did. I told her it would make her as sick as a horse, but she said she'd got real mild tobacco, and anyway she guessed everybody that learned to smoke was sick some. She said I must teach her how to do it, and if you'd believe me she brought out her tobacco and some pipes she'd bought. Well, I saw she was set on doing it, and I thought the quickest way to cure her was to let her have her way, but I tell you I was on nettles all the time for fear some of the neighbors would drop in during the lesson, as she called it. She took a few whiffs, and then she turned as white as chalk, and I had to carry her to the sofa and open all the windows to air out. Well, I thought that would be the last of it, but the next night when I went to take my usual smoke, she had to go through the same performance. She says she thinks she'll get the hang of it pretty soon, and I declare I believe she will, for she held out longer this second time."

"He stopped and set there looking down at the floor, as moody and troubled as could be. I had hard work to keep from laughing.

"Well, I says, 'your great-aunt Jane used to smoke, and I don't know if it's worse now than 'twas in them days. And there was old Mrs. Plummer—'

"Great Scott! Aunt 'Senath,' he broke out. 'Do you think I want my wife to be like those old smoke-dried specimens?'

"Perhaps we can think up some way out of the trouble," I says, soothingly like.

"I've tried everything I can think of to make her change her mind. Perhaps you could do something with her," he says.

"I don't believe much in mixing up in married folk's troubles," I says, "and besides, why shouldn't she smoke if she wants to? Of course I don't see why she should want to, but then, I don't see why you should, either."

"Pretty soon he stopped tramping and went and stood by the window. 'I suppose if I should give it up, she would,' he said.

"A night or two after that I see him again for a minute or two. 'Margaret's stopped smoking,' he says with a grin.

"How'd you do it?" I says. "Have you give it up, too?"

"Margaret thinks I have," he says, and he looked sly. I was disgusted then ever with him, and discouraged, too. There our plan was going all to pieces, and Margaret and I were both bent.

"But the next day I found out we wa'n't quite so beat. Every Thursday they come over to supper, and early Thursday afternoon Margaret come, bringing her work in a bag. She looked kinder white and miserable, and I see she knew as well as I did that Paul was smoking on the sly.

"We didn't say a word about it, but an hour or so before supper-time she folded up her work and put her hand into her bag and took out a clay pipe and some tobacco.

"For the land sakes!" I says, "what are you doing?"

"Paul thinks I've stopped," she says, and she tried to look sly. I never give Margaret credit for seeing into things so far till that minute. She filled her pipe and went and got a match and lit it.

"I thought I hated tobacco before," she says as she began to smoke, "but I never did till I began to use it. How long before I'll like it, I wonder?" and she laughed in a way that made me want to cry. I didn't realize even then what she was trying to do, and that she was playing her trump card.

"She got whiter and whiter, till I was pretty well scared, and then she put down the pipe with shaking hands and I helped her to the old lounge."

"There she lay with her eyes shut. I didn't see how 'twas ever coming out right, and it worked on my feelings so I 'most dropped tears into the supper.

"When Paul come in, he looked so healthy and handsome that I declare I almost hated him for a minute. He saw Margaret, and a scared look came into his face. 'What's the matter?' he cries.

"She's sick," I says, as short as I could.

"He went and looked at her. 'What is it, dear?' he says.

"It'll be over in a little while," says Margaret, and I see the tears creeping out under her long eyelashes.

"Paul glanced around and see the clay pipe. For a minute he stood there, looking kinder guilty and mean. Then he just dropped on his knees 'side of the old lounge, and I went out and left 'em there.

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