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FREELAND, DECEMBER 14, 1896.

The Republican factional war has broken out afresh over the United States senatorship in this state. The city organs and the country organettes are bristling with columns of ready-made vituperation and abuse of the candidate of the opposing faction...

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The press of Russia and Turkey, where censors of news and opinions have the life of every publication and its publisher in their hands, cannot exhibit such cringing slaves to the powers that rule as can be found in the offices of the Republican newspapers of this state.

A new and ingenious scheme has recently been developed by the expert shoplifters. They employ a sweet-faced child, who enters a crowded store, carrying a large paper bag, from which the odor of onions and other vegetables is very pronounced.

It is not to be expected that the investigation of Eckert's suicide will result in unravelling the mystery which surrounds it. The person who conveyed to him the deadly poison has naturally covered his tracks well, and has probably made himself secure against any probing which may be done by the county officials.

It is said that the fall term of the circuit court in Logan county, Ky., was the first one in 40 years on the calendar of which there was no murder case.

Too Realistic. An actor, having the very natural desire that his impersonation of an insane person might be true to life...

One of the woman visitors to Li Hung Chang while that gentleman was in New York received a compliment from him, says the Times of that city. She is a young woman, brighter than the average, well posted in politics and affairs generally...

A family residing in Howard, R. I., have been somewhat troubled with rats at their home for a few weeks past, and have tried every conceivable way to get rid of them, but without success.

A bold and independent newspaper man who fears neither clique could make a name for himself in the present fight by refusing to endorse Wanamaker or Penrose, but this class of men are scarce in Republican sanctuaries of Pennsylvania...

The above explanation of socialism, quoted in the Boston Transcript, is not bad: "Said the first gambo to the other: 'What is this socialism?'

While much has already been said on both sides, the public has been but feebly enlightened in regard to the personality of either candidate. The whole truth may come out before the factions end their war, and the people may then demand relief from the rule of leaders who are responsible for allowing these characters to aspire beyond their proper station in life.

One of the queerest bits which was recorded was that made between a man and his wife in Colorado. If Bryan was elected the wife was to chop all the family firewood for a month, and if McKinley won the husband was to do the family washing for an equal period.

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result...

ON THE KANSAS PLAINS.

BY THOMAS F. MONTFORT.

I AM GRABER had sold his ranch and was going back east to his old home. Jake Adkins, Ike Bowles and all the rest of the cowboys on the ranch knew why Sam was going away.

The cowboys watched Sam as he rode away in the thickening shades of evening. They looked after him until he was lost in the distance, then quietly rested on the grass, smoking their pipes and thinking of their own old homes away off in the eastern states.

"No one said anything for almost a minute, then old Jake reached down and took the child's hand in his, and drew it toward him. 'Leetle chap,' he said, 'is yo' ma much bad sick?'

Old Jake stepped promptly out, and he and Jake set off across the prairie in the direction of the timber. It was but a little way, and a few minutes brought them in sight of the old wagon with its torn and stained cover.

As old Jake ceased speaking he walked off towards the wagon, leading the child. "We'll jest go down," he said, "an' take a leetle look around an' see what yo' ma needs mostly."

"Ye' bet," he answered. "He died more than a year ago out west where we'd took up a claim."

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ing. Ike grumbled all the way back, of course, about fooling away time on the squatter, instead of burning his wagon and driving him off right then.

enough to leave without trouble; but let's still thar, an' we got to git him away, an' an' milder means didn't do no good, we got to try some other kind.

"Wal, little 'un, what yo' want?" The child lifted his eyes timidly to the rough, bearded, unbrowned old face, that, though firm and stern, was not altogether cold, and in weak, faltering tones replied:

"Please, sir, my ma is sick, an' there's nobody but me an' her; an' some men come an' I don't know what to do. They want us to go away, an' we're afraid they'll burn our wagon and hurt us if we stay, but we can't go now, because my ma ain't able to travel."

"Then she ort to have some doctor right off, or'n't she?" "Yes, sir; but I don't know where there is any."

"I know whar thar's some." Jake's tones were so kind and gentle that the child took fresh courage, and looking up into his face again he cried:

"You won't let those men burn our wagon an' drive us away, will yo'?"

Before Jake could reply old Ike came forward and, laying his hand on the boy's head, spoke up, promptly:

"Leetle chap," he said, "don't yo be skeered 'bout them no-life, onery rascals what throwed that paper in the wagon, 'cause they're not goin' to bother 'long o' you an' yo' ma. I'll see to that, yo' bet yo' hide, an' if anybody's got anything to say agin it I'd jest like to hear 'em speak out."

Old Ike squared himself around, with his right hand on his pistol, and glared defiantly at his companions, as if he expected them to raise a storm of opposition.

"Ike, yo' blamed fool," Jake replied, "ain't yo' got no sense? Who yo' reckon is goin' to kick up a fuss 'bout yo' standin' by the leetle feller an' his pore sick ma? Don't yo' 'low we all goin' to stan' by 'em?'

Old Jake ceased speaking he walked off towards the wagon, leading the child.

"We'll jest go down," he said, "an' take a leetle look around an' see what yo' ma needs mostly."

Old Ike and the others followed, but when they drew near to the wagon they stopped and waited while Jake and the little boy went in. A pale, sad-featured woman lay stretched in the rear of the wagon suffering from the dreadfully enervating effects of malaria.

She was in a semi-conscious state, and when her eyes, in their listless roving, rested on Jake's bearded face, she started up with a little cry of terror.

"They've come and are going to burn the wagon," she said. "Oh, please—"

"Ye' jest rest easy an' don't be skeered now, lady," Jake interrupted, in a reassuring tone. "Nobody ain't goin' to bother yo' the least bit, 'cause thar's five o' us men, an' we'll stand by yo' to the last. Yo' jest rest easy, 'cause yo' all right."

Jake left the wagon and the child followed him. He took his hand and led him a little distance away where they could converse without the woman hearing them.

"Leetle 'un," Jake began, "I reckon yo' pa is dead, ain't he?"

"Yes, sir," he answered. "He died more than a year ago out west where we'd took up a claim."

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an' child up to the ranch an' take keel of 'em till I git back."

"What's Sam Graber got to be fetched back for?" Ike questioned.

"'Cause that thar woman is his sweet heart," Jake replied.

"How yo' know?"

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ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY.

shadows began to lengthen on the plain, reaching out like long, grim, black specters.

Then at last the station came into view. Only one more mile lay between the two cowboys and their destination.

"Thar's been no train yet," Jake said, "an' we'll git him."

"Mebbe," Ike replied, setting his spurs into his horse's sides.

"Three-fourths of a mile further on they heard the train whistle. Then it was they rode in good earnest, and, sweeping down through the little town like a whirlwind, came up to the station just as the train began to move out.

People standing on the platform were astonished to see Jake spring from his saddle, jump aboard the train, from which he tumbled a moment later dragging a man with him. Very naturally they supposed a shooting scrape would follow, for it occurred to them that, as a matter of course, the man so unceremoniously dragged from the train was a victim to cowboy vengeance.

However, when the two men placed an arm about each other, and walked down the platform, the people found that they were mistaken in their surmises and turned their attention to other matters.

The sun in all his resplendent glory was just casting his first smile over the green prairie when five horsemen rode down to Graber's ranch. They had ridden all night, and just as the morning dawned they had come in sight of their destination.

"I am glad you thought to bring two doctors, Jake," one of the men remarked, breaking a long silence. "I would never have thought of that myself."

"Two doctors is better 'an one, Graber," Jake replied, giving a knowing wink to Ike who rode just behind.

"Yes, that's true," Graber answered. "But, Jake, one of those fellers back there don't look much like a doctor to me. If I'm any judge of such things I should say he has more the appearance of a minister."

"He does look some like a preacher," Jake admitted, "an' I reckon mebbe on a pinch he could preach some."

A few minutes later old Dick led Sam to the best room at the ranch and ushered him in. A moment he stood on the threshold, then with a cry of "Alice!" he went forward, and, kneeling by her bed, drew the woman to his bosom and kissed her.

The cowboys, who had stood outside looking on, softly withdrew, and left the lovers alone together. When they were at a safe distance from the room old Jake said:

"Boys, I know jest all 'bout it. Yo' see them two was lovers 'way back yan, but he had to give Sam up, an' marry another feller to keep her old pap out o' trouble somehow. So Sam he come off out yere and went into the cattle business and never knowed what he had come of her. But it's all right, now, yo' bet, 'cause they love each other yit an' air goin' to git married."

"It was a close rub gittin' Sam back here, though," Ike observed. "Jest think, fellers, he was runnin' right away from his sweetheart an' never knowed it."

"Yes, an' some o' us was chawin' a rag 'bout burnin' her out," old Dick said, with a wink at his companions and a nod towards Ike.

"Don't go to gittin' pussional," Ike replied. "Most any feller is liable to get the fool sometimes, I reckon. We better be gittin' ready for that thar weddin', hadn't we?"

"Ye' bet," came in a chorus from the others.

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