

WHEN NEW YORK WAS LIVELY

Drafting for Soldiers in 1863 Caused Trouble.

Men Became Maniacal and Hundreds Were Slain—Mr. Horace Greeley Stood Pat.

Saturday, July 11, 1863, the New York papers announced that drafting would begin that day in the Twenty-second ward of the city. Both on Saturday and Monday the papers announced that all would be quiet, but before the following Friday noon the city had lost \$2,000,000 by fire and robbery, while some 200 of its citizens had been slaughtered.

Provost Marshal Charles E. Jenkins gave notice that the draft would be made in this manner: The name of each enrolled man, with his residence and color, to be written on a slip of paper six inches long and one inch wide, each slip to be rolled closely and a rubber band placed around it, these to be placed in a cylinder hung on an axis to be whirled around before each drawing, and at the call of each number a slip would be drawn by a blind-folded man. And thus the drafting began at his office, 677 Third avenue, Saturday morning, July 11, 1863, in the presence of about 150 persons, besides the enrolling officers, clerks and a corps of reporters. "There were general hilarity and good humor," say the reports. "It was looked on as a matter of course." There were 1,500 names to be drawn from that district, and 1,336 were drawn that day.

The next night (Sunday) the emissaries of evil were busy in all the dark holes of that tangled wilderness of narrow streets and alleys which covers so large a portion of the east side of the city. The clause in the conscription act allowing exemption on payment of \$300 was especially denounced as in interest of the rich.

Monday at 10:30 a. m. the drawing was resumed at the same place, with the same officials and an immense crowd in the streets. Some 70 names had been drawn when a pistol was fired in the street, and the officials rose. There was a brief pause, then a shower of brickbats and paving stones came crashing through the windows, and instantly the room was filled with a howling mob. Two clerks seized the wheel and escaped with it to an upper story. Some of the officials were knocked down and forced into the street. The rest escaped by a back door. In a few minutes the whole vicinity was in control of the mob. A man poured a can of turpentine over the room and applied a match. In ten minutes the building was blazing to the roof.

The firemen came, but the mob would not allow them to work till the building was destroyed. Deputy Provost Marshal Vanderpool was captured and beaten to insensibility. Police Superintendent John A. Kennedy appeared in citizen's clothes, was knocked down, stamped and beaten to an almost shapeless mass. He survived, but never recovered, dying a few years after of chest troubles caused by the stamping. In the meantime the escaped officers had reached the park barracks, and a small company of men from the invalid corps who were there hurried to the scene. Their captain ordered them to fire blank cartridges. The mob heard the order, jeered, rushed on the "old cripples," as the invalid veterans were called, wrenched the guns from their hands and good naturedly dismissed them with nothing worse than a few kicks and cuffs. But a small squad resisted. Of these one was beaten to death, another thrown down a declivity and several others badly hurt. A small detachment of police next arrived and fought magnificently, inflicting fearful wounds on the rioters, but were finally defeated.

Down to this time the riot had been localized near the ruins of the provost marshal's office, but the mob now moved northward and eastward among the shops and warehouses. They drank freely at all the saloons, paying nothing, and their numbers were soon augmented by the laborers in the shops and mills, who ceased work. Then the cry was raised, "Down with the rich men—the \$300 exemptions!" And while one part of the mob fell on every well-dressed man whom curiosity drew to the scene the other attacked the elegant houses on Lexington avenue and that vicinity.

Every negro in sight was chased, beaten and sometimes killed. A colored boy 10 years old was beaten to insensibility. A negro man was hanged and his legs slashed with knives while he was struggling in the agonies of death. Still another was hanged and his clothes set on fire as he was dying. Just before night occurred the attack on the colored orphan asylum, a spacious and beautiful building on Fifth avenue at Forty-sixth street, in which 200 colored orphans were cared for. Giving the inmates barely time to escape, the rioters destroyed or carried off all the furniture, injuring several of their own party in their haste. A little girl was killed by a heavy chair thrown from an upper window. The building was then fired and burned. By a sort of unanimous instinct the rioters then moved toward The Tribune building, pausing on their way

to destroy another enrolling office at Broadway and Twenty-ninth street and plunder all the jewelry stores near it. About dark the advance of the mob reached The Tribune office, forced an entrance, made a heap of papers on the counting room floor and set them on fire, but a brave police captain led in his squad and drove out the rioters, laying many of their bodies stiff on the pavement. Horace Greeley straightway put his office on a war footing. The tanks were kept full of boiling water, with hose arranged to turn it on an attacking mob; the employees were well armed, and a supply of hand grenades was secured from the navy yard. The mob came on subsequent days, but could not bring their courage to the attacking point.

Tuesday morning brought a shower of proclamations, one from Mayor George Opdyke commanding all good citizens to enroll as special policemen, another by Major General John E. Wool asking old soldiers to enlist for order. But the citizens did not rally. All the militia were absent but one regiment, there were few United States troops on Governors island, and so, except as the police could oppose, the rioters went unchecked for another day.

Besides the usual outrages and murders of colored people the great event of Tuesday was the inhuman murder of Colonel H. T. O'Brien, of the Eleventh New York state troops. After serving against the mob he rashly returned to his house alone in the disturbed district. Encountering there a small but not very turbulent mob, he upbraided them in a most pronounced manner. They moved toward him. He drew his revolver and fired, striking a woman in the knee. She fell, and his fate was sealed. Every one in the crowd was seized to strike or kick him. He lay for hours on the pavement after they had dragged him in the mud, and every time he moved enough to show that life was in him he was again stamped on or beaten. In vain did Father Clowrey beg for leave to take the colonel home and bestow the last rites of the dying.

"You have killed him. Let me give him the rites," said the priest. "You can give the rites here if you like," replied the mob. "You can't take him away."

So the priest, knelt in the muddy street and administered extreme unction. He remained by the colonel until dark, when death occurred. Tuesday night an awful calm prevailed, but the glow of burning buildings showed where the rioters had done their latest work. Wednesday morning showed that the forces of law and order were organized, and the desperate closing struggle began. From Governors island, the Brooklyn barracks and navy yard, with the old soldiers, invalid corps and one regiment of militia, which was stopped, as it was ready to take the cars for Pennsylvania, enough soldiers were gathered to guard all the arsenals and public buildings and leave a few hundred to back the police in clothing the rioters. And the clubbing was done to the queen's taste. In one brief combat 30 rioters were killed or mortally wounded. In another a howitzer was fired into a mob, killing 22. Still the mob hung on and grew more fends.

Thursday morning dawned on a city in which general business was completely suspended. The worst was over, but on that day and until midnight there were local disturbances attended with fearful slaughter of the rioters. Thirty were shot and bayoneted in one encounter. Three militia regiments arrived from Pennsylvania that day and soon cleared the gut of the streets. Friday morning all the street cars and omnibuses were running again, and the riot was officially declared at an end.—Ex.

How It Helps.
"Do you find that a college education helps you much in life?"
"Well, yes, I kinder think it does a little sometimes. Since Erzy's come back him he's got a hull lot of new notions about social distinctions; so he never loads around with the hired man keep him from work like he used to."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fancy Xmas cards, exquisite designs.—Kilgore & Landahl's.
Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

TRAVELERS TO KOYUKUK

TAKE NOTICE
That the N. A. T. & T. Co. at Fort Yukon has a full stock of goods for outfitting, at reasonable prices. Any shortages arising will be reported to their Circle-City station.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

CHEAP FREIGHT RATES

WINTER RATES ON GENERAL MERCHANDISE TO THE FOLLOWING CREEKS, PER TON:

Gold Run, Including 21 Below.	Below 21 Below.	Month of Quarts.	Below 21 Below.
\$30.00	\$30.00	\$30.00	\$30.00
\$30.00	\$30.00	\$30.00	\$30.00

F. A. CLEVELAND,
Office, Hotel McDonald.

OUTLOOK IS EXCELLENT

Last Chance Output to Be Greater Than Ever Before.

C. P. Dolan, one of the heaviest operators on Last Chance and a mining partner of Deputy Sheriff Ellsbeck, came in from the creeks last night and is busy today renewing old acquaintances. Said he:

"I believe there is more work being done on Last Chance this year than ever before. Claims which have not been previously prospected are being opened up, and excellent pay has been found in many of them. Three-fourths of the claims between the mouth of the creek and the forks are being worked and this year pay has been located on a number of properties on the right fork. Both Discovery and Fifteen paces are receiving considerable attention and as far as I know are turning out fully up to expectations. I feel quite confident that next summer will see the biggest clean-up. Last Chance has yet produced."

SEASONABLE COMPLIMENTS

Presidents of Two St. Andrew Societies Send Messages.

Among the first messages to come over the through wire when it began working last night after a week's rest was the following:

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 30, 1901.
To R. P. McLennan, President St. Andrew's Society, Dawson:
"Candle chiefs with outland light, May friendship's lowly breeze unto bright."

F. F. BURNS.
To the above Mr. McLennan returned the following reply:
To F. F. Burns, President St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society, Vancouver:
"Ye claim'd Scotchman, soaked in rain, Give ear!
Though frost-bound, we've a better wetter here."

R. P. MCLENNAN.

New Uses for Sawdust.
Scientific men have long been engaged in the study of methods of utilizing waste products, such as sewage, garbage and many other things, formerly thrown away as worthless. After it is ascertained just what these materials contain that can be utilized to invent machinery and devise processes by which the valuable commodities may be extracted. In this way many million dollars' worth of oils, fertilizers and other useful substances are now saved, and the world is so much richer.

A great deal of sawdust has always gone to waste though many mills used it to supplement their fuel supply. Chemical analysts have been at work in the sawdust problem, and it has been shown clearly that it contains very useful elements that are worth saving, and now machinery has been invented to extract these materials. The experiments have proved that 1000 pounds of sawdust will yield about 160 pounds of charcoal, which is practically the same as charcoal and equally serviceable; 180 pounds of acids, 160 pounds of tar and a quantity of gases that have been tested for heating and illuminating and found to be excellent for both purposes. While the acids, tar and charcoal are the products particularly desired, it is said the gases are of commercial value.

A machine has been invented in Montreal for the purpose of distilling sawdust and obtaining the desired products. Consul General Binkley writes that the machine treats about 2000 pounds of wet sawdust an hour. As Canada manufactures enormous quantities of lumber, it is expected that the utilization of sawdust in that country will be an important source of valuable commodities.

There are 36 places in Europe where oxalic acid is extracted from sawdust. In Scotland sawdust is used to make floorcloth, coarse wrapping paper and millboard, which is a kind of pasteboard used by bookmakers in the covers of books. This sawdust, once thought to be a good deal of a nuisance, is beginning to be considered quite a useful article.—Ex.

Straight Tip.
"Withers—I told Pomeroy he would play the deuce if he married that girl."
"Higgins—Well, what has happened?"
"She has presented him with twins."—Smart Set.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

STORY OF DOG NAMED CLOVER

She Was too Smart for Elmer's Landlady

And Afterwards the Means of Getting Him a Wife—Canine Love and Efection.

"There must be a girl in it," said John Locke as he took down his overcoat. "I never saw a fellow more anxious to get home nights than you are."

"I do enjoy my evenings," laughed Elmer Stearns, "and I have a very pleasant companion." Then he walked away whistling softly to himself.

Elmer Stearns had many pleasant acquaintances in New York, but so far only one friend. Elmer was a quiet fellow who stuck to his work while in the big counting room, but from the moment he left it banished all thoughts of business and gave himself up to the enjoyment of his books, his pipe and his faithful friend, a pure bred pointer named Clover.

He stopped for her now at a neighboring stable and the two went on together to his boarding place. Mrs. Nubbs, his landlady, had said "No," very vigorously when Elmer had asked if he might keep a dog, but after Clover had waited, stood in the doorway and finally gone to her best bow, all in response to Elmer's command, "Go and beg her to let you come, Clover," her face relaxed and she said, "I never allow no dogs here, Mr. Stearns, so don't ever let me see that animal go in that door or over those stairs."

Elmer was not obtuse and understood the emphasis on the word "see."

He easily taught Clover to slip by him into the hall and over the stairs at a bound, so Mrs. Nubbs never saw her come in, though she often shut the dining room door in order that she should not, and she silently handed Elmer a brown paper parcel every night which was always found to contain tidbits for the dog.

City life was new and strange to them both, and though the dog found interest and variety in the novel things she saw from the gate of the box stall where she spent her days, and Elmer enjoyed doing the work he was fitted for, both felt a great relaxation when the day was over and they were together again.

If the man wished to read or write without interruption, the dog sat motionless by his side, sometimes resting her head quietly on his knee to invite a caress. If the man was pensive and wished to smoke and muse, the dog put her paws on his knee and rested her head on his shoulder, and thus they sat hour after hour.

Her personal beauty would have delighted any dog fancier. She had a coat like satin, brown head penciled evenly with white up the forehead, and on her back was a well defined four leaved clover. In brown, of which her brown tail formed the stem. The rest of her was purest white. This odd marking explained her name.

With this sympathetic companion Elmer Stearns was content and rarely felt lonely during the long winter evenings. He kept early bedtime and spread a shawl on the foot of his bed for Clover, and the two friends slept as only healthy, free animals can.

The winter passed, and one sloppy April day Elmer called at the stable for his dog. Mike, the groom, came forward with sorrow pictured on his kind face.

"I don't know anything about it at all, but the dog must have been unlocked. I've been every minute of the day except just two hours. I missed her about 4 o'clock, and I walks over and looks in the stall, and the door was a bit of a crack open and no dog inside."

Elmer went into his boarding house to see if the dog had been there, but then back to the office, and then to the police. Next day he advertised, and for many days he tried every possible means to trace the missing dog and finally decided she was stolen and beyond his reach.

The summer days dragged on, and the heat of the city became almost intolerable. Elmer had promised himself a vacation in the mountains, but hunting without Clover would be a sorry sport. However, the weeks set apart for him on the schedule of the great business house were at hand, and he was wondering moodily what he should do with them as he walked to his boarding house one sultry August day.

As he neared the house he started suddenly, for on the steps sat a brown and white dog, gazing wistfully at him. Gaining his room, he took the great dog bodily in his arms and hugged her tight, and they rolled and frolicked together on the carpet.

So Clover and her master took a two weeks' hunting trip, and they were short and happy weeks. They returned together rather reluctantly and mounting the dingy stairway to the stuffy city room began to unpack. As they were thus occupied there came a sharp rap at the doorbell, which was answered by Mrs. Nubbs. She drew herself up stiffly when she faced a blue coated officer.

"Does any of your boarders keep a dog?" he queried.

"Well, I should say not," she

answered fiercely. "What sort of a house do you think I have here. One of my young men did bring a dog here, and I told him never to let me see a dog come into this house. That was six months ago, and I ain't never seen a dog come in here since."

So they investigated their search and in due time knocked at Elmer Stearns' door.

"There he is!" cried the girl, and to Elmer's unbounded astonishment she rushed into the room and began to lavish caresses on Clover.

"There is some mistake here," he remarked quietly. "May I ask why you manifest so much interest in my dog?"

"Your dog!" cried the girl. "I'd like to see you prove it." "Let the dog speak for herself," he suggested mildly. Clover stood looking from one to the other with sad eyes.

"Sit here, please," said Elmer, "and I will go quite to the other side of the room. Now we will call her together and see what she will do."

"Clover, come here," the man said quietly.

"Come, Lucky, Lucky," pleaded the woman.

Clover stood with her tail and ears drooping. The woman was nearer. In passing her, Clover stooped and allowed the girl to stroke her neck, and even lick her cheek. But the dog's eyes were on Elmer, and as soon as possible she broke away and came to him.

"You see," cried the girl, "she came to me first your own proof is against you. Let us go, officer. Come, Lucky."

And placing her hand on Clover's collar she led her out of the room and down the stairs. Elmer heard a cab door slam and sat down wearily, wondering what to do.

He decided to wait quietly for the dog's return and watched eagerly each night for it. Two weeks went by, when John Locke invited him to spend the evening at his home. It's a meeting of a little informal card club," he explained, "without constitution or bylaws. The host can invite one friend, and a second invitation makes you a member."

Elmer's evenings were long now; so, though he disliked cards, he went. He met 15 pleasant young people and among them Miss Esther Daly. He recognized her instantly as the young lady who had claimed his dog, but she showed no sign of recognition.

Before the evening was over he was head over heels in love. When a man reaches the age of 30 without a love affair, he is apt to make a short cut of it. Elmer Stearns received an invitation from the next hostess and was thus installed a member of the informal club. At the weekly meetings he met Esther, and soon they were on excellent terms.

At last it was her turn to entertain the club and there to meet Clover. The dog was overjoyed and plainly showed her pleasure. Esther was surprised and said it was very unusual for her to show any interest in a stranger. As for Elmer, he snubbed Clover unmercifully in spite of her joyful whines and manifestations of love for him.

Clover thought it over sadly as the gardener tied her rope that night, and she decided on a desperate course. She knew the way quite well how to her old master, though she had made before in the daytime. The rope was a new thing since she had gone home before, and she resented it.

She set her teeth in it and managed to tear away a few shreds, but it was a big rope and she tore her mouth more than she did the rope. Then she strained her collar and the metal edge cut her neck, but she strained hard and it came over her head with a jerk and she was free.

Elmer was awakened by a scratch on the front door and ran down stairs without waiting for clothes. Clover slipped in up stairs in her old way and soon both were asleep.

He telephoned Esther in the morning that he had found Lucky and would bring her back that evening. Clover's tail hung lower and lower as she found herself near her former home—for home it had never become to her—but Elmer urged her on.

"How strange that she should have come to your rooms," said Esther, "and last night she seemed to be glad to see you. Have you some mysterious power over dogs, or"—and then came the gleam of recognition Elmer had always feared—"yes," she said breathlessly, "you are the man."

He answered by calling Clover to him and putting her through many clever tricks. Then he told her frankly all about Clover, while the dog sat by whining dolefully and keeping on the side of his master farthest from Esther.

The girl's cheeks burned hot at the close of the recital. "Uncle Harry gave me to me on the date, you lost him, my twentieth birthday. I supposed he bought him, but he must have picked him up on the street. Whatever shall I do to make it up to you?"

"There is one way that would more than make up, dear," he said.

"I'll try," she whispered, "and you shall take Clover home with you till—then, and," she added, with laughing eyes, "Clover shall go on the wedding trip."

NERVE OF CORNY JOHNSON

He Did Not Look It But He Had It All the Same.

Took a Suit Home to Try on, He Was Married in It and Returned it as a Misfit.

Had you seen Corny Johnson driving into Saline Ford from up Platte Bottom way, where he lived alone on his eighty acres of sand and buffalo grass, you would not have put your mark upon him as a man of colossal nerve. His team was raw-boned and ill fed, his wagon unpainted and rickety, himself sleepy eyed and loose jointed. When he dismounted from the high wagon seat and walked around to fasten his team in front of the general merchandise store there was a high hitch in his gait that suggested a horse slightly affected with straining or spavin. Certainly you would not have pointed him out to a friend and remarked, "The nerviest man on Platte Bottom."

Certainly up to this particular time the community at large had not recognized him as charged with those characteristics of fearlessness, force and "carrying-a-thing-through-against-all-odds" that are so dear to a western man's heart. But a great transformation had taken place in Corny Johnson's life.

Early one evening he had left his little low-built shanty and gone across the sand bottom covered with the thick young buffalo grass to the home of old Denny Nolan, set close to the sloping bank of Clear creek, to borrow a rip-saw. The old man, his wife and daughter and all the little Nolans were just sitting down to supper. They asked Johnson to stay, and he took the chair between his host and hostess, the buxom, red-cheeked, laughing daughter sitting opposite.

Johnson made good work with the asparagus soup, the fresh beef, the dumplings and the brown bread, and though the setting sun shined through the window took him full in the face, he managed to keep his eyes upon the girl across the table. He had met her before and had spoken a few words with her at the village store on a Saturday, but never before had he taken time to study her closely.

He noted approvingly that she seemed to be the head of the table, served the things dextrously, looked after his wants, pressed this or that upon him. Moreover, her smile pleased him as well as the full round throat and the strong, shapely figure.

After the meal the two men went out on the porch, and while the two women cleared away the supper things smoked their cob pipes and talked of the spring plowing. Then the mother and daughter came out, and all four discussed the last winter's revival, the stone mill being built at the Ford and the new neighbors from Missouri up the road.

The moon came up and a thin gray mist crept over the bottom land. Something stirred near the door, and Johnson looking around found that the girl had disappeared. Suddenly the conversation became lifeless to him, the porch seemed empty. He had never felt just so before. Off across the grassy distance he could see faintly his own small house standing out cold and cheerless. A dog bayed far away and he knew it was his hound.

Thinking that the girl would return he waited half an hour, but as she did not come he finally took his leave of Nolan and the old man's wife and walked around the house and across the front yard of thin blue grass sod toward the road. The barbed wire fence had been out and a cheap, unpainted gate set in. Upon this leaned a woman's figure with her back to him. Johnson saw that it was Nolan's daughter, stopped abruptly and then went on. The girl heard him, turned and gazed at him silently. Johnson took off his hat sheepishly and began running the brim wheel-like between the fingers of his two hands.

"Did you cook supper?" he asked finally.

"Yes," she said simply, smiling at him.

He moved nearer and leaned an elbow on the gate post.

"It was fine," he said. Then they were both silent, though the girl was smiling to herself.

"I want you to cook for me all our lives," he said suddenly.

She smiled up at him again and he reached over and awkwardly put his arms about her and kissed her twice. They went in then to tell old man Nolan and his wife.

All being sensible people, they decided that the sooner it was over the better for all concerned. The next Sunday, four days later, was set for the event. Mrs. Nolan said that this would give her husband herself abundant time to invite all the neighbors and the relatives. Johnson said that he could get the house fixed up a little by that time. And the girl said that it would suffice for her to make a new dress and for Johnson to go to town and buy a new suit of clothes.

This remark of the girl gave Corny Johnson much food for reflection. On his he could not have raised ten dollars in ready cash, and saw little prospect before the next fall. Yet, she would expect him to wear that new suit. In fact she had mentioned

it, and under the circumstances of his courtship he felt as if he scarcely knew her well enough to set things before her as they really were.

Responsibility suddenly and unexpectedly pushed upon one brings forth latent powers, produces nerve, makes a man. Lying on his bed wide awake that night, while the soft wind blew ceaselessly through the open windows, and far away on the hills across the river a coyote yelped its troubles away, Corny Johnson thought the thing out, and the next morning drove into Saline Ford to get his suit of clothes.

"A suit of clothes? Yes, sir. Sack or cutaway?" said the storekeeper.

"Well, I dunno," said Corny Johnson. "I want something nice, something to be married in."

"Not for yourself!"

"Sure. It ain't nobody else."

"The devil and all the angels! How does this happen?" said the storekeeper in the free and easy way of the newly settled country. "Who'll hitch up with you?"

"Old Denny Nolan's girl. Now, what I want is a good suit of clothes, something dark and that will wear. The wedding isn't going to come off just yet, but I want to take the suit out for her to see it."

"Oh, a clay-worsted is just the thing. Wear like cast-iron boiler metal that's double lined and triple riveted."

"After 20 or 25 minutes a suit was selected.

"Throw in suspenders, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I guess so," replied the storekeeper, "since you're going to get married! With the compliments of the firm."

The package was done up and passed across the counter. Corny stood still for a moment irresolute.

"Well, it seems to me that you ought to give a fellow a cigar too, at a time like this," he finally suggested.

"All right," answered the storekeeper promptly. "Here's a 'Stockman's Delight.' Just the thing for you Platte Bottom fellows."

"Thanks," replied Johnson, biting off the end of the cigar and putting the weed in his mouth. "Now, I'll just take this suit off today and show it to her. If she thinks it'll do I'll come in and pay you. If it won't, I'll be in early next week and change it. And, say, seems to me, since there's somebody else interested in this deal just as much as myself, the firm ought to stand something for the girl, kind of by way of remembrance—say, a sack of horehound candy."

The storekeeper handed out the fist brown sticks of the popular country confection, and Johnson walked haltingly out to his wagon and drove slowly northward to his home.

On Tuesday of the next week he brought back the clothes.

"Won't quite do," he said. "Black don't seem to be just the thing for me. I'm in a darned big hurry just now. Got to meet a fellow down by the mill. I'm coming in again the latter part of the week—in a few days, perhaps—and I'll look over your stock again."

"Say, Corny," said the young man who worked in the store, looking up from sorting out raisins, "when is it that you're going to get married? I want to tell the boys, and we'll all come out and shiver you. When's the wedding coming off?"

"I'll let you know when it's time to come," said Johnson evasively.

The following Friday the storekeeper sat in his office chair reading the Weekly Saline Ford Times.

A man and his wife entered the door. Dropping the newspaper into a chair he rose and greeted his customers.

"Good morning, Mr. Masters. How are you, Mrs. Masters? And what can I do for you today?"

"I want to get a suit of clothes."

The storekeeper led the way to the rear of the room where he kept his small line of clothing, followed by the farmer and his wife.

The storekeeper pulled out several suits of clothes and threw them across some piles of overalls.

"I hear that Mrs. McGinniss has a way to make a suit of clothes, and she's a good hand at it," said the merchant. "Not expected to live, some body told me—pneumonia or something of that kind."

"Yes, the doctor's given her up. Says there ain't no hopes. A funeral and a wedding in one week is a good deal for us on Platte Bottom to go through."

"How would you like this brown check suit, Mr. Masters?" asked the storekeeper. "It's just the thing for a man of middle age like yourself. We've been selling a lot of them this spring. What was that you said—a funeral and a wedding? That's a good deal for one week. I suppose you refer to Corny Johnson's match!"

"Corny Johnson and Bess Nolan's. They were let's see one of those black suits in that pile over yonder."

Mrs. Masters brushed back her stringy hair and poked her bony finger at a thin pile of coats.

"Oh, a clay worsted. Here's just the thing. Mr. Masters would look well in it, too—stylish yet genteel and modest. It'll wear like iron, too."

"Corny Johnson got one like it didn't he?" asked Masters.