Blanche Bates and the Stage-Struck Girl



hard of Missouri mules instead of instructing an intelligent company of men and women.

There is a certain man in New York, producer of a number of great stage the head of an obture leading man because he mispronounced a word, white head of an obture leading man because he mispronounced a word, white head of a mispronounced a word, white word, white head of a mispronounced a word, white who have the head adage that you may drive a mispronounced a word white who had a dage that you may drive a missroot white head of the state of your watch? as a missroot well-known stage director size proverbad action gainst our the state of the state of your watch? as a state of your watch? a

Gossip of Some Current Books

Consup of Some Current Books

**Time and the first part of the state of the sta

THE SEA-WOLLY By Jack feet antithesis, physically and morally,

D'URING a recent visit to Cameron.

Mo., former Senator E. W. Major of Pike county, Mo., told the true story of Joe Bowers and the immertal ballad.

According to Major, the traveler from I'll tell you why I left there. My name it is Joe Bowers,
I've got a brother like:
I came from old Missourt,
Yes, all the way from Pike.
I'll tell you why I left there,
And how I came to roam,
And leave my poor old mamm
So far away from home.

The Real Joe Bowers

Her name was Sally Black.
I saked her for to marry me She said it was a whack.
She says to me "Jée Bowers, Before we hitch for life You ought to have a little he To keep your little wre."

Says 1. "My dearest Sally, O. Sally, for your sake,
I'll go to Californy
And try to raise a stake."
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers,
You are the chap to win."
Gave me a kiss to seal the barg
And throwed a dozen in.

I'll never forget my feelings
When I bid adieu to all.
Sal just cotched me around the neck
And I began to bawl.
When I sot in they all commenced,
You never heard the like.
How they all took on and cried
The day I left old Pike.

When I got to this here country.
I hadn't nary red.
I had such worffin feelings.
I wished myself most dead.
At length I went to mining.
Put is my biggest licks.
Came down upon the bowlders.
Just like a thousand bricks.

I worked both late and early.
In rain and sun and enow.
But it was working for my Sally,
So twas all the same to Joe.
I made a very lucky strike.
As the gold itself did tell,
For I was working for my Sally.
The gai I loved so well.

But one day I got a letter
From my dear brother Ike.
It came from old Missourt,
Yes, all the way from Pike.
It told me the goldarndest news
That ever you did hear.
My heart it is a bustin',
So pray excuse this tear.

Joe Bowers never returned to Phrounty. He died penalises and amos strangers in the gold fields, and his reling place is unknown.