

THE WANTS OF MAN

By John Quincy Adams



DURING his long and active career as orator, diplomat and statesman John Quincy Adams, sixth president of the United States, found time to write a number of poems. The one given below is the best known, but many others were published. The full record of the life of "The Old Man Eloquent" is too long for publication here and is familiar to all readers of American history. He was the son of John Adams, second president of the United States, was born on July 11, 1767, and died Feb. 23, 1848. He filled various public offices until 1824, when he was elected president. Mr. Adams served one term, being defeated for re-election by Andrew Jackson. From 1831 until his death he represented his district in congress.

"MAN wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with me exactly so;
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many and, if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread—
And canvasbacks—and wine—
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me, when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell;
With four choice cooks from France
Beside,
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at princely cost,
Is elegant attire:
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire,
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck—
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want?) a wife—
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share.
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind—
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score,
I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair,
The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour;
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power—
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command;
Charged by the People's unbought grace
To rule my native land.
Nor crown nor scepter would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind.
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

These are the Wants of mortal Man—
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss—a song.
My last great Want—absorbing all—
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
The Mercy of my God.



MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Mrs. Varina Howell Davis, widow of the late president of the Southern Confederacy, is seventy-seven years of age. She married Mr. Davis when she was a mere girl of eighteen. She has but one living child, Mrs. I. A. Hayes of Colorado Springs, and lives much of the time in New York city.

Abner Daniel

By...
Will N.
Harben.

Author of
"Westerfelt"

"Poor Mrs. Bishop," he said, his eyes on the house. "How very much she resembles Adele just now, and she is bearing it just like the little girl would. I reckon they'll write her the bad news. I wish I was there to—soften the blow. It will wring her heart."

That evening after supper the family remained till bedtime in the big, bare looking dining room, the clean, polished floors of which gleamed in the light of a little fire in the big chimney. Bishop's chair was tilted back against the wall in a dark corner, and Mrs. Bishop sat knitting mechanically. Abner was reading—or trying to read—a weekly paper at the end of the dining table, aided by a dimly burning glass lamp. Aunt Maria had removed the dishes and with no little splash and chatter was washing them in the adjoining kitchen.

Suddenly Abner laid down his paper and began to try to console them for their loss. Mrs. Bishop listened patiently, but Bishop sat in the very corner of despair, unconscious of what was going on around him.

"What's the use of talkin' about it?" he said impatiently. "What's the use of anything?"

He rose and moved toward the door leading to his room.

"Alfred," Mrs. Bishop called to him, "are you goin' to bed without holdin' prayer?"

"I'm goin' to omit it tonight," he said. "I don't feel well one bit. Besides, I reckon each pussan kin pray private according to the way they

feel."

Abner stood up, and, removing the lamp chimney, he lighted a candle by the flame.

"I tried to put a moral lesson in what I said just now," he smiled mechanically, "but I missed fire. Alf's sufferin' is just unselfishness pure an' undefiled. He wants to set his children up in the world. This green globe is a sight better 'n some folks think it is. You kin find a little speck of goods in 'nighly nigh ever' chestnut."

"That's so, Brother Abner," said his sister, "but we are ruined now—ruined, ruined!"

"If you will look at it that way," admitted Abner, reaching for his candle, "but that's a place ahead whar there never was a bank or a dollar or a railroad, an' it ain't fur ahead nuther. Some folks say it begins heer in this life."

CHAPTER XX.

AS Abner Daniel leaned over the rail fence in front of Pole Baker's log cabin one balmy day two weeks later he saw evidence of the ex-moonshiner's thriftlessness combined with an inordinate love for his children. A little express wagon, painted red, such as city children receive from their well-to-do parents on Christmas, was going to ruin under a cherry tree which had been bent to the ground by a rope swing fastened to one of its flexible boughs. The body of a mechanical speaking

doll lay near by and the remains of a toy air rifle. After a protracted spree Pole usually came home laden down with such peace offerings to his family and conscience. His wife might go without a needed gown and he a coat, but his children never without toys. Seeing Abner at the fence, Mrs. Baker came to the low door and stood bending her head to look out.

"I heard at home," said Abner, "that Pole was over thar axin' fer me. I've been away to my peach orchard on the hill."

"Yes; he's been over thar twice," said the woman. "He's back of the house some'r's settin' a trap for the children to catch some birds in. I'll blow the horn. When I blow twice, he knows he's wanted right off."

She took down a cow's horn from a nail on the wall, and, going to the door on the opposite side of the house, she gave two long, ringing blasts, which set half a dozen dogs near by and some far off to barking mellowly. In a few minutes Pole appeared around the corner of the cabin.

"Hello, Uncle Ab," he said. "Won't you come in?"

"No; hain't time," smiled the old man. "I jest come over to see how much money you wanted to borrow."

"I don't want any o' yo'n," said Pole, leaning over the fence, his unbuttoned shirt sleeves allowing his brawny, bare arms to rest on the top rail. "I wanted to talk to you about Alan an' that bank bu'st up."

"You've been to town, I hear," said Abner, deeply interested.

"Yes, an' I've been with Alan an' Miller for the last week tryin' to do some'n," but we couldn't. They've been sendin' telegrams by the basketful, an' Jeff Dukes has trotted his legs off back an' forth, but nothin' hain't been done."

"You say the hain't?" Abner's voice quivered and fell.

"No. They both kept up their spirits purty well for about ten days be'n'se that dang Atlanta chief of police kept wirin' he was on a scent o' Winship, but day before yesterday they give in. We was a-settin' in Miller's office when the last message come from Atlanta. They said they'd been after the wrong man an' that they'd give up. You ort 'a seed Alan's face. Miller tried to cheer 'im up, but it wasn't no go. Then who do you think come? Alan's sweet heart. She axed to see 'im, an' they talked awhile in the front room. Then Miller come back an' said she'd axed to be introduced to me. Jest think of it! I went in an' seed she'd been a-cryin'."

She got up, by jinks, an' ketched my hand an' said she wanted to thank me be'cause I'd been such a friend to Alan! Uncle Ab, I felt as mean as a egg suckin' dog, be'cause thar was Alan flat o' his back, as the feller said, an' I hadn't turned a hand to help 'im. An' thar she was, the gal he loves an' wants, an' 'is poverty stand'n betwixt 'em. I couldn't say nothin', an' I reckon I looked more kinds of a darn fool than she ever seed on two legs."

"Well, what did you do?" asked Abner, too much moved by Pole's graphic picture to speak with his usual lightness.

"What did I do? I made my bow an' slid. I made a beeline fer Murray's bar an' put two down as fast as they could shovle 'em out. Then I tuck another, an' quit countin'. I begun to think I owned the shebang an' broke several billiard cues an' throwed the chalk around. Then Dukes come an' said he'd give me a chance to escape trial fer misconduct if I'd straddle my hoss an' make fer home. I agreed, but thar was one thing I had to do first. I had promised Alan not to drink any more, an' so I didn't want to sneak away to hide it. I went to Miller's house, whar he's stayin', an' called 'im out. I told 'im I'd jest come fer no other reason 'an to let 'im see me at my worst. I felt like it was the only manly way, after I'd broke faith with a friend as true as he is."

"Too bad!" sighed Abner. "I'll bet it hurt Alan to see you in that fix."

"Well, he didn't complain," said Pole. "But he put his arm around me an' come as high cryin' as I ever seed a strong man. 'It's my fault, Pole,' he said. 'I can see that.' Then him an' Miller both tried to git me to go upstairs in that fine house an' go to bed an' sleep it off, but I wouldn't. I come on home an' got mad at Sally fer talkin' to me an' come high as peas hittin' 'er in the jaw. But that's over, Uncle Ab. What I'm in fer now is work. I ain't no fool. I'm on a still hunt, an' I jest want yore private opinion. I don't want you to commit yoreself unless you want to, but I'd go more on yore judgment than any man's in this county. I want to know of you think old Craig is a honest man at heart. Now don't say you don't know an' keep yore mouth shut, fer what I want to know, an' all I want to know, is how you feel about that one thing."

Abner hung his head down. His long thumb trembled as its nail went under a splinter on the rail and pried it off.

"I see what you are a-drivin' at," he said. "You jest want to feel shore o' yore ground." Abner began to chew the splinter and spit out the broken bits. He was silent, under Pole's anxious gaze, for a minute, and then he laughed dryly. "I reckon me 'n you has about the same suspicions," he said. "That pint's been worryin' me fer several days, an' I didn't let it end thar nuther."

"Ah, you didn't?" exclaimed Baker. "You say you didn't, Uncle Ab?"

"No; I got so I couldn't lie down at night without the idea poppin' into my head that maybe Craig had made a tool of Winship fer some minor crime, so he could gobble up what was in the bank an' pose as a injured man in the community."

"Same heer, pine blank!" said Pole eagerly. "What did you do, Uncle Ab?"

"Jest satisfied myself that Alan's

money—or some of it—wasn't out o' creation, that's all."

"I have my reasons fer believin' like you do," said Pole.

"You say you have."

Pole glanced furtively over his shoulder at his cabin to see that no one was within hearing, then said:

"You know Winship is old Fred Parson's nephew. Well, old Fred Parson's been a staunch friend to me. We moonshined it together two year, though he never knowed my chief hidin' place. In fact, nobody knows about that spot, Uncle Ab, even now. Well, I had a talk with 'im an' axed his opinion about his nephew. He talks as straight as a shingle, an' he ain't no idiot. He says it's all bosh about Winship tabin' away all that boodle."

"He does, does he?" Abner nodded.

"Yes, an' he don't claim Winship ain't guilty, nuther. He jest holds



"I wouldn't do nothin' foolhardy," he said.

that he was too small a dabbler in devilment. He thinks, as I do, that Craig run 'im off with threats of arrest an' picked that chance to bu'st. He thinks Winship's in a safe place an' never will be fetched back."

Abner drew himself up straight.

"Have you talked to Alan an' Miller on that line?"

"Tried to," granted Pole in high disgust, "but Miller says it's no good to think of accusin' Craig. He says we can't prove a thing on 'im unless we ketch Winship. He says that sort of a steal is the easiest thing on earth an' that it's done every day. But that's be'cause he was fetched up in the law."

Pole finished. "We uns out heer in the mountains kin fish up other ways o' fetchin' a scamp to time without standin' 'im up before a thick headed jury or lettin' 'im out on bond till he dies o' old age. You've got sense enough to know that, Uncle Ab."

The slanting rays of the setting sun struck the old man in the face. There was a tinkle of cow bells in the pasture below the cabin. The outlaw in Pole Baker was a thing Abner Daniel deplored, and yet today it was a straw bobbing about on the troubled waters of the old man's soul toward which, if he did not extend his hand, he looked interestedly. A grim expression stole into his face, drawing the merry lines down toward his chin.

"I wouldn't do nothin' foolhardy," Pole. Abner looked into the fellow's face, drew a long, trembling breath and finished, "I wouldn't, but I'll be darned if I know what I'd do!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE following morning Pole rose before daylight and rode to Danley. As he reached the place the first rays of the sun were touching the slate covered spire of the largest church in town. He went to a public wagon yard and hitched his horse to one of the long racks. A mountain family he knew slightly had camped in the yard, sleeping in their canvas covered wagon, and were making coffee over a little fire. Pole wanted a cup of the beverage, but he passed on into a grocery store across the street and bought a dime's worth of cheese and hardtack crackers. This was his breakfast. He washed it down with a dipper of water from the street well and sat around the store chatting with the clerk, who was sprinkling the floor and sweeping and dusting the long room. The clerk was a redheaded young man with a short, bristling moustache, and a pair of clothes that was too large for him.

"Don't Mr. Craig stay around Fincher's warehouse a good deal?" Pole asked as the clerk rested for a moment on his broom near him.

"Mighty nigh all day long," was the reply. "Him an' Fincher's some kin, I think."

"On his wife's side," said Pole. "I want to see Mr. Craig. I wonder of he'll be down thar this mornin'."

"Perty apt," said the clerk. "Fincher's his best friend since his bu'st up, an' they are mighty thick. I reckon he gits the cold shoulder at a lots o' places."

"You don't say?"

"An' of course he wants somethar to go besides home. In passin' I've seed 'im a-burkin' several times o' Fincher's desk. They say he's got some notion o' workin' fer Fincher as his bookkeeper."

"Well, he'll have to make a livin' some way," said Pole.

The clerk laughed significantly.

"Ef it ain't already made," said he with a smile.

Pole stood up. "I don't think thar's

right," he said coldly. "Me nor you nor nobody hain't got no right to hint at what we don't know nothin' about. Mr. Craig may 'a' lost ever' cent he had."

"In a pig's valise!" sneered the red-headed man. "I'd bet my hat he's got money—an' plenty of it, huh?"

"Well, I don't know nothin' about it," said Pole, still coldly. "An' what's more, Dunn, I ain't a-goin' about smirchin' any helpless man's character nuther. Ef I knowed he had made by the bu'st, I'd talk different, but I don't know it."

"Oh, I see which side you are on, Baker," laughed the clerk. "Folks are about equally divided. Half is fer 'im, an' half agin. But mark my words, Craig will slide out o' this town some day an' he'll be heard of after awhile agitin' started agin some'r's else. That racket has been worked to death all over the country."

Pole carried the discussion no further. Half an hour passed. Customers were coming in from the wagon yard and examining the wares on the counters and making slow purchases. The proprietor came in and let the clerk go to breakfast. Pole stood in the doorway looking up the street in the direction of Craig's residence. Presently he saw the ex-banker coming from the postoffice reading his mail. Pole stepped back into the store and let him go by; then he went to the door again and saw Craig go into Fincher's warehouse at the end of the next block of straggling, wooden buildings. Pole sauntered down the sidewalk in that direction, passing the front door of the warehouse without looking in. The door at the side of the house had a long platform before it, and on it Fincher, the proprietor, was weighing bales of hay which were being unloaded from several wagons by the countrymen who were disposing of it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Cabinet.

Secretary of State—John Hay, Illinois. Term expires with that of the President or by death or resignation. Secretary of Treasury—Leslie M. Shaw, Iowa. Term expires with that of President or by resignation or death. Secretary of War—Elihu Root, New York. Term expires with that of President or by resignation or death. Attorney General—P. C. Knox, New York. Term expires with that of President or by resignation or death. Postmaster General—H. C. Payne, Wisconsin. Term expires with that of President or by resignation or death. Secretary of Navy—Wm. H. Moody, Massachusetts. Term expires with that of President or by resignation or death. Secretary of Interior—E. A. Hitchcock, Missouri. Term expires with that of President or by resignation or death. Secretary of Agriculture—James Wilson, Iowa. Term expires with that of President or by resignation or death. Secretary of Commerce and Labor—Geo. B. Cortelyou, New York. Term expires with that of President or by resignation or death. Number of cabinet officers, nine.

Supreme Court U. S.

Chief Justice—M. W. Fuller, age 70. Tenure of office, life. John M. Harlan, age 70. David J. Brewer, age 66. Henry B. Brown, age 67. George Shiras, age 71. Ed. D. White, age 58. Rufus W. Peckham, age 65. J. M. McKenna, age 60. Oliver W. Holmes, age 62. Term of office, life. Number of judges composing the Court, nine. Judge of Ninth Judicial Circuit embracing California, Oregon, Nevada, Montana, Washington, Idaho, Alaska, Arizona and Hawaii, Justice McKenna. Circuit Judge for Oregon—Wm. B. Gillett, for life. Judge U. S. District Court C. B. Beltinger, for life.

State Officials—Oregon.

Governor, Geo. E. Chamberlain. Secretary of State—F. I. Dunbar. Treasurer—Chas. S. Moore. Superintendent of Public Instruction—J. H. Ackerman. Attorney General—A. M. Crawford. State Printer—Jos. Whitney. Term expires January, 1907.

Supreme Court, Oregon.

Chief Justice—R. S. Peam. Term expires, Sept. 1908. Associate Justices—F. A. Moore. Term expires, 1904. Chas. E. Wolverton. Term expires, 1906. Judge Fifth District—Thos. A. McBride. Term expires, 1904. District Attorney—Harrison Allen. Term expires, 1904. Deputy Attorney—E. B. Tongue. Term expires, 1904. State Senator—W. H. Wehrung. Term expires, 1904. Joint Senator—Alex. Sweet. Term expires, 1904. Representatives—Dr. Chas. Hines, B. F. Purdy and D. M. C. Gault. Terms expire, 1904.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge—L. A. Root. Term expires, 1906. Clerk—George A. Morgan, 1904. Recorder—E. I. Kuratli, 1904. Commissioners—E. J. Ward, 1904. W. J. Butner, 1906. Sheriff—J. W. Sewell, 1904. Treasurer—W. M. Jackson, 1904. Assessor—G. H. Wilcox, 1906. Surveyor—A. A. Morrill, 1904. Supt. Schools—H. A. Ball, 1904. Coroner—Dr. C. L. Large, 1904. Justice of Peace—N. Hillboro, H. T. Bagley, 1901. S. Hillboro, Benton Bowman, 1904. Constable—N. Hillboro, E. B. Sappington, special. S. Hillboro, S. T. Bower, 1904. City of Hillsboro. Mayor—W. N. Barrett, 1904. Councilmen—Max Granblad, 1903. E. C. Brown, 1903. Ed. Schumacher, 1903. J. W. Morgan, 1904. C. E. Beckwith, 1904. L. A. Root, 1904. Marshal—Wm. Atkinson, 1903. Attorney—Benton Bowman, 1903.

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