

Don't Fail to Read this Charming Story

Commencing in this Weeks' Issue.

YOU WILL BE HIGHLY PLEASED.

taken root in the ordinarily cautious mind of the crude speculator.

Abner Daniel laughed out harshly all at once and then was silent. "What's the matter?" asked his sister in despair.

"I was just a wonderin'," replied her brother.

"You are?" said Bishop angrily. "It seems to me you don't do much else."

"Folks 'at wonders a lot ain't so apt to believe ever'thing they hear," retorted Abner. "I was just a wonderin' why that little, spindly shanked Peter Mosely has been lookin' his head so high the last week or so. I'll bet I could make a damn good guess now."

"What under the sun's Peter Mosely got to do with my business?" burst from Bishop's impatient lips.

"He's got a sorter roundabout connection with it, I reckon," smiled Abner grimly. "I happen to know that Abe Tompkins sold 'im 2,000 acres of timber land on Huckleberry ridge just after yore Atlanta man spent the day lookin' round in these parts."

Bishop was no fool, and he grasped Abner's meaning even before it was quite clear to the others.

"Looky heer," he said sharply, "what do you take me fer?"

"I ain't tuck you fer nothin'," said Abner, with a grin. "Len'twise, I ain't tuck you fer \$5,000 worth o' cot-

ton mill stock. To make a long story short the Atlanta jack leg lawyer is as family some hat to a ginger ever owned a r an' that he's an' folks on the the' land, so lar they've al-

ly got to go. Peter Mosely is a for rail soft

skillet to Darley, leges at Buzzard Hoost an

ates fer hash at Dog Trot Springs. Then, somehow or other, by hook or crook—mostly crook—Abe Tompkins wasn't dolefin' anybody about that time. Peter Mosely could 'a' run agin 'im with his eyes shut on a dark night.

"I was at Neil Fillmore's store when the two met, an' of a trade was ever made quicker betwixt two folks it was done by telegraph an' the paper was signed by lightning. Abe said he had the land an' wouldn't part with it at any price of he hadn't been had in need o' money, fer he believed it was chock full o' iron ore, soapstone, black marble an' water power, to say nothin' o' timber; but he'd been troubled so much about cash, he said, that he'd made up his mind to let 'er slide an' the devil take the contents. I never seed two parties to a deal better satisfied. They both left the store with a strut. Mosely's strut was the biggest, fer he wasn't afeerd o' nothin'." Tompkins looked like he was afeerd Mosely 'ud call 'im back an' want to rue."

"You mean to say"—But old Bishop seemed unable to put his growing fear into words.

"Oh, I don't know nothin' fer certain," said Abner Daniel sympathetically, "but of I was you I'd go down to Atlanta an' see Perkins. You kin tell by the way he acts whether there's anything in his railroad story or not. But, by gum, you ort to know whar you stand. You've loaded yore-self from hind to fore quarters, an' of you don't plant yore feet on some'n you'll go down."

"Well, so jest seemed e, but ll you

He descended the steps and crossed the yard to the barn. They saw him lean over the rail fence for a moment as if in troubled thought.

"Poor father," said Alan to his uncle as his mother retired slowly into the house. "He seems troubled, and it may mean our ruin—absolute ruin."

"It ain't no triflin' matter," admitted Daniel. "There's no tellin' how many thousand acres he may have bought. He's keppl'n somethin' to hisself. I re-

but I seed that gal in town yesterday an' talked to 'er."

"Did you, Uncle Ab?" The face of the young man brightened. His tone was eager and expectant.

"Yes, I'd hitched in the wagon yard an' run into Hazen's drugstore to get a box o' axle grease an' was conin' out with the darn stuff under my arm when I ran upon 'er afeelin' in a baggy waitin' to get a clerk to fetch 'er out a glass o' sody water. She recog-

ized me, an' fer no other earthly reason than that I'm yore uncle she spoke to me as pleasin' as a basket o' cods. What was I to do? I never was in such a duffer in my life. I'd been an' loaded 'er meat at Bartow's storehouse an' was kivered from head to foot with salt and grease. I didn't have no coat, an' the seat o' my pants was no coat—I don't think there was any eat about 'em, to tell the truth. But I knowed it wouldn't be the part of a gentleman to let 'er set that stretchin' 'er neck out o' socket to call a clerk when I was handy, so I wheeled about, hupin' an' prayin' of she did look at me she'd take a fancy to the back of my head, an' went by the store an' told 'em to get a hustle on the'y selves. When I come out, she hailed me up to ax some questions about when camp meetin' was goin' to set in this year an' when Adele was comin' home. I let my box o' axle grease drop, an' I rolled like a wagon wheel off duty an' me after it, bendin'—bendin' of all positions—beer an' yan in the most ridiculous way. I tell you, I'd never play croquet ur lempfrog in them pants. All the way home I thought how I'd disgraced you."

"Oh, you are all right, Uncle Ab," laughed Alan. "She's told me several times that she likes you very much. She says you are genuine—genuine through and through, and she's right."

"I'd rather have her say it than any other gal I know," said Abner. "She's purty as red shoes, an' of I'm any judge she's genuine too. I've got another idee about 'er, but I ain't a-givin' it away jest now."

"You mean that she?"

"No," and the old man smiled mischievously. "I didn't mean nothin' o' the sort. I wonder how on earth you could 'a' got such a notion in yore head. I'm goin' to see how that black scamp has left my cotton land. I'll bet he ain't scratched it any deeper 'n a old hen would 'a' done lookin' fer worms."

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning at breakfast Alfred Bishop announced his intention of going to Atlanta to talk to Perkins and incidentally to call on his brother William, who was a successful wholesale merchant in that city.

"I believe I would," said Mrs. Bishop. "Maybe William will tell you what to do."

"I'd see Perkins fast," advised Abner Daniel. "Ef I felt shore Perkins had bunked me, I'd steer clear o' William. I'd hate to hear 'im let out on that subject. He's made his pile by keepin' a sharp lookout."

"I ain't had no reason to think I have been led to," said Bishop doggedly as he poured his coffee into his cup and shook it about to cool. "A

Bishop drew himself up in his chair and inhaled a deep breath. It was as if he took into himself in that way the

to go into such matters."

"When I heard that, Perkins, it was natural fer me to wonder why you, you see—why you didn't tell them about the railroad?"

The sallow features of the lawyer seemed to stiffen. He drew himself up coldly and a wicked expression flashed in his eyes.

"Take my advice, old man," he snarled as he threw down his pen and stared doggedly into Bishop's face. "Stick to your farming and don't waste your time asking a professional lawyer questions which have no bearing on your business whatever. Now, really, do I have to explain to you my personal reasons for not favoring the Tompkins people with a—I may say—a piece of information?"

Bishop was now as white as death. His worst suspicions were confirmed—he was a ruined man; there was no further doubt about that. Suddenly he felt unable to breathe the contemptuous fury that raged within him.

"I think I know why you didn't tell 'em," was what he hurled at the lawyer.

"You think you do?"

"Yes; it was because you knowed no road was goin' to be built. You told Pete Mosely the same tale you did me, an' Abe Tompkins unloaded on 'im. That's a way you have o' lovin' business."

Perkins stood up. He took his silk hat from the top of his desk and put it on. "Oh, yes, old man," he sneered; "I'm a terribly dishonest fellow, but I've got company in this world. Now, really, the only thing that has worried me has been your un-Christian act in buyin' all that land from the Tompkins heirs at such a low figure when the railroad will advance its value so greatly. Mr. Bishop, I thought you were a good Methodist."

"Oh, you kin laugh an' feer all you

in confidence, and then what would you gain? I doubt if the court would force me to explain a private matter like this where the interests of my clients are concerned, and if the court did I could simply show the letters I have regarding the possible construction of a railroad in your section. If you remember rightly, I did not say the thing was an absolute certainty. On top of all this you'd be obliged to prove collusion between me and the Tompkins heirs over a sale made by their attorney, Mr. Trabue. There is one thing certain, Mr. Bishop, and that is that you have forfeited your right to any further confidence in this matter. If the road is built, you'll find out about it with the rest of your people. You think you acted wisely in attacking me this way, but you have simply cut off your nose to spite your face. Now, I have a long car ride before me, and it's growing late."

Bishop stood up. He was quivering and rang like that of a madman.

"You are a scoundrel, Perkins," he said—"a dirty blacksnake in the grass! I want to tell you that!"

"Well, I hope you won't make any charge for it."

"No; it's free." Bishop turned to the door. There was a droop upon his whole body. He dragged his feet as he moved out into the unlighted corridor, where he passed irresolutely. So great was his agony that he almost obeyed an impulse to go back and fall at the feet of Perkins and implore his aid to rescue him and his family from impending ruin. The lawyer was moving about the room, closing his desk and drawing down the window shade.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

"They are doin' as well as can be expected," he made answer. But he didn't approve of even that platitude, for he was plain and outspoken and hadn't come all that distance for a mere exchange of courtesies. Still, he lacked the faculty to approach easily the subject which had grown so heavy within the last twenty-four hours and of which he now almost stood in terror.

"Well, that's good," returned Perkins. He was a swarthy man of fifty-five or sixty, rather tall and slender, with a bald head that shined blackly, and a pair of keen black eyes shone and shined. "Come down to see your daughter," he said; "good thing fer her that you have a brother in town. By the way, he's a fine type of a man. He's making headway too."

"You are a scoundrel, Perkins," he said—"a dirty blacksnake in the grass! I want to tell you that!"

"Well, I hope you won't make any charge for it."

"No; it's free." Bishop turned to the door. There was a droop upon his whole body. He dragged his feet as he moved out into the unlighted corridor, where he passed irresolutely. So great was his agony that he almost obeyed an impulse to go back and fall at the feet of Perkins and implore his aid to rescue him and his family from impending ruin. The lawyer was moving about the room, closing his desk and drawing down the window shade.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

But with a groan that was half a prayer he went on down the steps and out into the lighted streets. At the first corner he saw a car which would take him to his brother's, and he hastened to catch it.

"It's no use," sighed Bishop as he made his way downstairs. "I'm ruined! Abner an' Adele ain't a cent to their names, an' that devil"—Bishop paused on the first landing like an animal at bay. He heard the steady step of Perkins on the floor above, and for a moment his fingers tingled with the thought of waiting there in the darkness and choking the life out of the subtle scoundrel who had taken advantage of his credulity.

FOR SALE!

235 acres of land known as the R. M. Foster place, on Saluda river, adjoining lands of J. S. Williams, G. T. Hendricks and others. About 140 acres in cultivation, 35 acres fine river bottom, balance in fine original forest, well timbered, watered, good houses and pasture and convenient to church and school. Price is cheap and terms to suit purchaser. Titles good.

Also to rent one good two-story dwelling, store house, fine stand for country store, outbuildings, pasture etc., and twenty-five acres good land. For terms and further particulars apply to

C. E. ROBINSON, Atty., Pickens, S. C.

RYDALES TONIC

A New Scientific Discovery for the

BLOOD and NERVES.

It purifies the blood by eliminating the waste matter and other impurities and by destroying the germs or microbes that infect the blood. It builds up the blood by reconstructing and multiplying the red corpuscles, making the blood rich and red. It restores and stimulates the nerves, causing a full free flow of nerve force throughout the entire nerve system. It speedily cures unstrung nerves, nervousness, nervous prostration, and all other diseases of the nervous system.

RYDALES TONIC is sold under a positive guarantee.

Trial size 50 cents. Family size \$1.00

MANUFACTURED BY The Radical Remedy Company, WICKORY, N. C.

For Sale by Pickens Drug Co.

WE WANT ALL INTERESTED IN MACHINERY

TO HAVE OUR NAME BEFORE THEM DURING 1903

Write us stating what kind of MACHINERY you use or will install, and we will mail you

FREE OF ALL COST A HANDSOME AND USEFUL

POCKET DIARY AND ATLAS OR A LARGE

COMMERCIAL CALENDAR

Gibbes Machinery Company, COLUMBIA, S. C.

A STOCK OF HORSE POWER MAY PRESSURE TO BE CLOSED OUT AT SPECIAL PRICES

CASTO

For Infants and The Kind You Have Always Used

Every child in the country is invited to see the old santa claus has left with us

AND OFTEN

THE SCHUMER-JOURNAL

VOTING CONTEST

The managers of this paper, in order to increase circulation among the best element of our people, will furnish the best material money can buy and paint in a workmanly manner, some Church or Parsonage Building somewhere in range of its influence

FREE OF COST TO THE WINNER

Any church may enter its building in this contest by forwarding two 6-month subscriptions, and should the winning house not need painting, the estimated cost will be donated by The Sentinel Journal to any other improvement committee from the winner may select.

What Church or Parsonage shall receive the benefit of this offer will be decided by the subscribers themselves. The one receiving the largest number of votes of the subscribers will win.

SCHOLARSHIP PRIZE

In addition to the above, we will give, absolutely free, a paid in full scholarship of the leading Commercial Colleges of the country, to the young lady or gentleman who receives the highest number of votes.

The young lady or gentleman to benefit by this offer shall be decided by the subscribers. The one receiving the largest number of votes before May 1, 1903.

A COUPON ENTITLES THE HOLDER TO VOTES ON BOTH PROPOSITIONS

Every new or renewed subscriber to The Sentinel Journal for one year will receive a Coupon which entitles the holder to 15 votes in this contest. No Coupons will be given for a month. All present subscribers whose time expires prior to January 1, will be considered as "new" subscribers.

In addition to this "Subscribers' Coupon," there will be published in each issue of the paper another coupon which entitles the holder to one vote. No coupons will be counted which reach this office after midnight.

The standing of each entry in this contest will be published weekly, and the ballots will then be kept—no to be opened by a disinterested committee after close of contest. The award of this committee

Every new or renewed subscriber to The Sentinel Journal for one year will receive a Coupon which entitles the holder to 15 votes in this contest. No Coupons will be given for a month. All present subscribers whose time expires prior to January 1, will be considered as "new" subscribers.

In addition to this "Subscribers' Coupon," there will be published in each issue of the paper another coupon which entitles the holder to one vote. No coupons will be counted which reach this office after midnight.

The standing of each entry in this contest will be published weekly, and the ballots will then be kept—no to be opened by a disinterested committee after close of contest. The award of this committee

Every new or renewed subscriber to The Sentinel Journal for one year will receive a Coupon which entitles the holder to 15 votes in this contest. No Coupons will be given for a month. All present subscribers whose time expires prior to January 1, will be considered as "new" subscribers.

In addition to this "Subscribers' Coupon," there will be published in each issue of the paper another coupon which entitles the holder to one vote. No coupons will be counted which reach this office after midnight.

The standing of each entry in this contest will be published weekly, and the ballots will then be kept—no to be opened by a disinterested committee after close of contest. The award of this committee

Every new or renewed subscriber to The Sentinel Journal for one year will receive a Coupon which entitles the holder to 15 votes in this contest. No Coupons will be given for a month. All present subscribers whose time expires prior to January 1, will be considered as "new" subscribers.

In addition to this "Subscribers' Coupon," there will be published in each issue of the paper another coupon which entitles the holder to one vote. No coupons will be counted which reach this office after midnight.

The standing of each entry in this contest will be published weekly, and the ballots will then be kept—no to be opened by a disinterested committee after close of contest. The award of this committee

Every new or renewed subscriber to The Sentinel Journal for one year will receive a Coupon which entitles the holder to 15 votes in this contest. No Coupons will be given for a month. All present subscribers whose time expires prior to January 1, will be considered as "new" subscribers.

In addition to this "Subscribers' Coupon," there will be published in each issue of the paper another coupon which entitles the holder to one vote. No coupons will be counted which reach this office after midnight.

The standing of each entry in this contest will be published weekly, and the ballots will then be kept—no to be opened by a disinterested committee after close of contest. The award of this committee

Every new or renewed subscriber to The Sentinel Journal for one year will receive a Coupon which entitles the holder to 15 votes in this contest. No Coupons will be given for a month. All present subscribers whose time expires prior to January 1, will be considered as "new" subscribers.