

**JEW SCORED ON ARISTOCRAT**

Ill-Bred Remark Brought Discomfiture on Duke of Westminster and His Companion.

A friend of mine who is in Cairo just now told me a good story in a recent letter of an old Jew of that city who scored off the young duke of Westminster and his inseparable companion, Lord Ricksavage, when they were there a few weeks ago. They were buying some jewelry in the bazaar there, and the duke remarked audibly to his friend:

"The fool doesn't speak English of course." But the fool understood well enough.

"Do you spik Italian?" he asked them, to which they replied in the negative.

"Do you spik Griek?"

"No."

"Do you spik Turk?"

"No."

"Do you spik Russian?"

"No."

"Me one time fool," said the old man after a short but eloquent pause; "you five time fool!" And the duke and his friend retired discomfited.—Exchange.

**SUBTLE HUMOR.**



Cholly—What's the time, old chap? I've an invitation to dinner at seven, and my watch isn't going.

Gussie—Why, wasn't your watch invited, too, dear boy?

**TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM**  
 Take the Old Standard GARDNER'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteful form, and the most effective form. For grown people and children, 50 cents.

Love laughs at locksmiths, but it sometimes cries over spilled milk.

**FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS**  
 Your druggist will refund money if PAIN OINTMENT fails to cure any kind of Rheumatism, Neuritis, or other painful condition. 50c.

No, Alonzo, a girl isn't necessarily an angel because she is a high flyer.

Mrs. Whalow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 35c a bottle.

Some people love to tell the truth—when they think it will hurt.

Every one is liable to a bilious attack. Be forewarned with a package of Gardlet Tea.

Many a man can't afford to dress well because his wife does.

ITCH, ITCH relieved in 20 minutes by WITCH'S Sanitary Lotion. At Druggists.

A sermon is either based on a text or a pretext.

**FREE**

I want every person who is bilious, constipated or has any stomach or liver ailment to send for a free package of my Paw-Paw Pills. I want to prove that they positively cure Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Belching, Wind, Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and are an infallible cure for Constipation. To do this I am willing to give millions of free packages. I take all the risk. Sold by druggists for 25 cents a vial. For free package address, Prof. Munyon, 53rd & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

**MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS**

**Mothers, Have You Ever Used Mother's Joy?**

If not, why not? If you can get a thing that is better than the other it pays to use it. Try Mother's Joy just one time.

**MOTHER'S JOY** is a Pneumonia Cure and Never Fails

**GOOSE GREASE OINTMENT** CURES ALL ACHES AND PAINS

GEORGE GREEN, JACOB FULLER

**FOR OLD AND YOUNG**  
 Tutt's Liver Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as upon the vigorous man.

**Tutt's Pills** give tone and strength to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder.

**BAGS** Wanted, Second-hand Bags and Barrels. Write for Catalogue. BAG COMPANY, Richmond, Virginia.

**CAN CANCER BE CURED? IT CAN!**  
 The record of the Kellam Hospital is without parallel in history. Having cured to stay cured permanently, 100% of the many hundreds of sufferers from cancer, which it has treated during the past fifteen years. We are now endorsed by the Senate and Legislature of Virginia. We GUARANTEE OUR CURE. Physicians treated free.

**KELLAM HOSPITAL**  
 1017 W. Main Street, Richmond, Va.

**BURIED TREASURE BY O. HENRY**

HERE are many kinds of fools. Now, will everybody please sit still until they are called upon specifically to rise?

I had been every kind of fool except one. I had expended my patrimony pretended my matrimony, played poker, lawn-tennis, and bucket-shops—parted soon with my money in many ways. But there remained one role of the wearer of cap and bells that I had not played. That was the seeker after buried treasure. To few does the delectable furor come. But of all the would-be followers in the hoof-prints of King Midas none has found a pursuit so rich in pleasurable promise.

But, going back from my theme a while—as lame pens must do—I was a fool of the sentimental sort. I saw May Martha Mangum, and was hers. She was eighteen, the color of the white ivory keys of a new piano, beautiful, and possessed by the exquisite solemnity and pathetic witchery of an unsophisticated angel doomed to live in a small, dull, Texas prairie-town.

May Martha's father was a man hidden behind whiskers and spectacles. He lived for bugs and butterflies and all insects that fly or crawl or buzz or get down your back or in the butter. He was an entomologist, or words to that effect. He spent his life seining the air for flying fish of the June-bug order, and then sticking pins through 'em and calling 'em names.

There was another besides myself who thought May Martha Mangum one to be desired. That was Goodloe Banks, a young man just home from college. He had all the attainments to be found in books—Latin, Greek, philosophy and especially the higher branches of mathematics and logic.

If it hadn't been for his habit of pouring out this information and learning on every one that he addressed I'd have liked him pretty well. But, even as it was, he and I were, you would have thought, great pals.

But, in our talks together and in our visits and conversation with May Martha, neither Goodloe Banks nor I could find out which one of us she preferred. May Martha was a natural-born non-committal, and knew in her cradle how to keep people guessing.

Old Man Mangum certainly was absent-minded. After a long time he found out one day—a little butterfly must have told him—that two young men were trying to throw a net over the head of the young person, a daughter, or some such technical appendage, who looked after his comforts.

I never knew scientists could rise to such occasions. Old Mangum orally labeled and classified Goodloe and myself easily among the lowest orders of the vertebrates; and in English, too, without going any further into Latin than the simple references to Orgeritorix, Rex Helvetii—which is as far as I ever went myself. And he told us that if he ever caught us around his house again he would add us to his collection.

Goodloe Banks and I remained away five days, expecting the storm to subside. When we dared to call at the house again May Martha Mangum and her father were gone. Gone! The house they had rented was closed. Their little store of goods and chattels was gone also.

And not a word of farewell to either of us from May Martha—not a white, fluttering note chalked on the hawthorn-bush; not a chalk mark on the gate post nor a postcard in the postoffice to give us a clue.

For two months Goodloe Banks and I—separately—tried every scheme we could think of to track the runaways. We used our friendship and influence with the ticket agent, with every stable man, railroad conductor, and our one lone, lorn constable, but without results.

In talking things over one afternoon he said to me:

"Suppose you do find her, Ed, where would you profit? Miss Mangum has a mind. Perhaps it is yet uncultured, but she is destined for higher things than you could give her. I have talked with no one who seemed to appreciate more the enchantment of the ancient poets and writers and the modern cults that have assimilated and expanded their philosophy of life. Don't you think you are wasting your time looking for her?"

"My idea," said I, "of a happy home in an eight-room house in a grove of live oaks by the side of a charco on a Texas prairie. A piano. I went on, 'with an automatic player in the sitting room, three thousand head of cattle under fence for a starter, a buckboard and ponies always hitched at a post for the missus'—and May Martha Mangum to spend the profits of the ranch as she pleases, and to abide with me, and put my slippers and pipe away every day in places where they cannot be found of evenings. That," said I, "is what is to be—and a fig, a dried, Smyrna, dago-stand fig for your curriculums, cults and philosophy."

"She is meant for higher things," repeated Goodloe Banks.

"Whatever she is meant for," I answered, "just now she is out of pocket. And I shall find her as soon as I can without aid of the colleges."

"The game is blocked," said Goodloe, putting down a domino; and we had the beer.

Shortly after that a young farmer whom I knew came into town and brought me a folded blue paper. He said his grandfather had just died. I

concealed a tear; and he went on to say that the old man had jealously guarded this paper for 20 years. He left it to his family as part of his estate, the rest of which consisted of two mules and a hypotenuse of non-arable land.

The sheet of paper was of the old blue kind used during the Civil war. It was dated June 14, 1863; and it described the hiding place of ten burro-loads of gold and silver coin valued at \$300,000. Old Rundle—grandfather of his grandson, Sam—was given the information by a Spanish priest who was in on the treasure-burying, and who died many years before—no, afterward—in old Rundle's house. Old Rundle wrote it down from dictation.

"Why didn't your father look this up?" I asked young Rundle.

"He went blind before he could do so," he replied.

"Why didn't you hunt for it yourself?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "I've only known about the paper for ten years. First there was the spring plowin' to do, and then choppin' the weeds out of the corn; and then come takin' fodder; and mighty soon winter was on us. It seemed to run along that way year after year."

That sounded perfectly reasonable to me, so I took it up with young Lee Rundle at once.

The directions on the paper were simple. The whole burro cavalcade laden with the treasure started from an old Spanish mission in Dolores county. They traveled due south by the compass until they reached the Alamito river. They forded this, and buried the treasure on the top of a little mountain shaped like a pack-saddle standing in a row between two higher ones. A heap of stones marked the place of the buried treasure. All the party except the Spanish priest were killed by Indians a few days later. The secret was a monopoly. It looked good to me.

Lee Rundle suggested that we rig out a camping outfit, hire a surveyor to run out the line from the Spanish mission, and then spend the \$300,000 seeing the sights in Fort Worth. But without being highly educated, I knew a way to save time and expense.

We went to the state and office, and had a practical, what they call a "working" sketch made of all the surveys of land from the old mission to the Alamito river. On this map I drew a line due southward to the river. The length of lines of each survey and section of land was accurately given on the sketch. By these we found the point on the river and had a "connection" made with it, and an important, well-identified corner of the Los Animos five-league survey—a grant made by King Philip of Spain.

By doing this we did not need to have the line run out by a surveyor. It was a great saving of expense and time.

So, Lee Rundle and I fitted out a two-horse wagon team with all the accessories, and drove a hundred and forty-nine miles to Chico, the nearest town to the point we wished to reach. There we picked up a deputy county surveyor. He found the corner of the Los Animos survey for us, ran out the five thousand seven hundred and twenty varas west that our sketch called for, laid a stone on the spot, had coffee and bacon, and caught the mail-stage back to Chico.

I was pretty sure we would get that \$300,000. Lee Rundle's was to be only one-third because I was paying all the expenses. With that \$200,000 I knew I could find May Martha Mangum if she was on earth. And with it I could flutter the butterflies in old man Mangum's dove-coat, too. If I could find that treasure!

But Lee and I established camp. Across the river were a dozen little mountains densely covered by cedar-brakes, but not one shaped like a pack-saddle. That did not deter us. Appearance is deceptive. A pack-saddle, like beauty, may exist only in the eye of the beholder.

I and the grandson of the treasure examined those cedar-covered hills with the care of a lady hunting for a wicked fee. We explored every side, top, circumference, mean elevation, angle, slope and concavity of every one, for two miles up and down the river. We spent four days doing so. Then we hitched up the roan and the dun, and hauled the remains of the coffee and bacon the 149 miles back to Concho City.

As shortly as could be after our empty return Goodloe Banks and I were gathered in the back room of Snyder's saloon to play dominoes and fish for information. I told Goodloe about my expedition after the buried treasure.

"If I could have found that three hundred thousand dollars," I said to him, "I could have scoured and sifted the face of the earth to find May Martha Mangum."

"She is meant for higher things," said Goodloe. "I shall find her myself. But, tell me how you went about discovering the spot where this unearthed increment was imprudently buried."

I told him in the smallest detail. I showed it in the draftsman's sketch with the distances marked plainly upon it.

"I've often told you you were a fool," he said. "You have let yourself be imposed upon by a clodhopper. And you have imposed upon me."

I rose and pointed a large pewter spoon at him, fresh from the dish waiter.

"Goodloe Banks," I said, "I care not one parballed navy bean for your education. I always barely tolerated it in any one, and I despised it in you. What has your learning done for you? It is a curse to yourself and a bore to your friends. Away," I said, "away with your water marks and variations! They are nothing to me. They shall not deflect me from my quest."

Goodloe Banks figured rapidly on the back of an envelope.

"The distance, from north to south, of the line run from the Spanish mission," said he, "is exactly 22 miles. It was run by a pocket compass, according to your story. Allowing for the variation, the point on the Alamito river where you should have searched for your treasure is exactly six miles and nine hundred and forty-five varas farther west than the place you hit upon. Oh, what a fool you are, Jim!"

He smiled in his superior way; and then I saw come out in his face the singular, eager, consuming cupidity of the seeker after buried treasure.

"Sometimes," he said with the air of the oracle, "these old traditions of hidden money are not without foundation. Suppose you let me look over that paper describing the location. Perhaps together we might—"

The result was that Goodloe Banks and I, rivals in love, became companions in adventure. We went to Chico by stage from Hutersburg, the nearest railroad town. In Chico we hired a team drawing a covered spring wagon and camping paraphernalia. We had the same surveyor run out our distance as revised by Goodloe and his variations, and then dismissed him and sent him on his homeward road.

It was night when we arrived. I fed the horses and made a fire near the bank of the river and cooked supper. Goodloe would have helped; but his education had not fitted him for practical things.

But, while I worked he cheered me with the expression of great thoughts handed down from the dead ones of old. He quoted some translations from the Greek at much length.

The next morning was a bright June one. We were up early and had breakfast. Goodloe was charmed. He recited—Keats, I think it was, and Kelly or Shelley, while I broiled the bacon. Goodloe was looking at old Rundle's document when he ripped out a most uncollegiate swear-word.

"Come here," he said, holding the paper up against the sunlight. "Look at that," he said, laying his finger against it.

On the blue paper—a thing I had never noticed before—I saw stand out in white letters the words and figures: Malvern, 1898."

"What about it?" I asked.

"It's the water mark," said Goodloe. "The paper was manufactured in 1898. The writing on the paper is dated 1863. This is a palpable fraud."

"Oh, I don't know," said I. "The Rundles are pretty reliable, plain, uneducated country people. Maybe the paper manufacturers tried to perpetrate a swindle."

And then Goodloe Banks went as wild as his education permitted. He dropped the glasses off his nose and glared at me.

"I've often told you you were a



"Away," I said, "away with your water marks and variations!"

After glancing over it in a masterly way, he leaned back in his chair and bestowed upon me an explosion of sardonic, superior, collegiate laughter.

"Well, you are a fool, Jim," he said, when he could speak.

"Why am I a fool?" I asked. "Buried treasure has been found before in many places."

"Because," said he, "in calculating the point on the river where your line would strike, you neglected to allow for the variation. The variation there would be nine degrees west. Let me have your pencil."

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**Deep Thinker.**  
 The new teacher was somewhat uncertain as to the nationality of her latest charges. She was not kept long in doubt, however. "Yoke," she wrote on the board, then asked in her most musical tones, as she looked graciously round the class. "Can any little boy or girl tell me the meaning of that word?"

A small blond boy raised his hand. "A yoke," he said hoarsely. "It—It means when you say something funny."—Woman's Home Companion.

**Historic Titles Scarce.**  
 When electing their designations, new peers have to remember that, once a title has been held by a member of the royal family it will never subsequently be bestowed upon a subject not of royal blood. This rule bars the adoption for titles the name of every English county. No wonder new peers are beginning to fall back on names of rivers and streets and that Lord Selby struck out in a new line by choosing his wife's surname.—London Chronicle.

**Sick Women**

When shown positive and reliable proof that a certain remedy had cured many cases of female ills, wouldn't any sensible woman conclude that the same remedy would also benefit her if suffering with the same trouble?

Here are five letters from southern women which prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

**LETTER FROM VIRGINIA.**  
 Elliston, Va.—"I feel it my duty to express my thanks to you and your great medicine. I was a sufferer from female troubles and had been confined in bed over one third of my time for ten months. I could not do my housework and had fainting spells so that my husband could not leave me alone for five minutes at a time.

"Now I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. Whenever I see a suffering woman I want to tell her what these medicines have done for me and I will always speak a good word for them."—Mrs. ROBERT BLANKENSHIP, Elliston, Montgomery Co., Va.

**LETTER FROM LOUISIANA.**  
 New Orleans, La.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was troubled with hot flashes, weak and dizzy feelings, backache and irregularities. I would get up in the morning feeling tired out and not fit to do anything.

"Since I have been taking your Compound and Blood Purifier I feel all right. Your medicines are worth their weight in gold."—Mrs. GASTON BLONDEAU, 1541 Polymnia St., New Orleans, La.

**LETTER FROM FLORIDA.**  
 Wauchula, Fla.—"Some time ago I wrote to you giving you my symptoms, headache, backache, bearing-down, and discomfort in walking, caused by female troubles.

"I got two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of Sanative Wash and that was all I used to make me a well woman. I am satisfied that if I had done like a good many women, and had not taken your remedies, I would have been a great sufferer. But I started in time with the right medicine and got well. It did not cost very much either. I feel that you are a friend to all women and I would rather use your remedies than have a doctor."—Mrs. MATTIE HUDSON, Box 406, Wauchula, Florida.

**LETTER FROM WEST VIRGINIA.**  
 Martinsburg, W. Va.—"I am glad to say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done wonders for my mother, daughter and myself.

"I have told dozens of people about it and my daughter says that when she hears a girl complaining with cramps, she tells her to take your Compound."—Mrs. MARY A. HOCKENBERRY, 712 N. 3rd St., Martinsburg, W. Va.

**ANOTHER LETTER FROM VIRGINIA.**  
 Newport News, Va.—"About five years ago I was troubled with such pains and bloating every month that I would have to go to bed.

"A friend told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I soon found relief. The medicine strengthened me in every way and my doctor approved of my taking it.

"I will be glad if my testimony will help some one who is suffering from female weakness."—Mrs. W. J. BLAYTON, 1039 Hampton Ave., Newport News, Va.

Why don't you try this reliable remedy?

**"For Every Little Family Ailment" Vaseline**

"Vaseline" is the purest, simplest, safest home remedy known. Physicians everywhere recommend it for its softening and healing qualities.

Nothing so good as "Vaseline" for all affections of the skin, scratches, sores, etc., especially, relieves colds and coughs. For sale every where in attractive glass bottles.

Accept no substitute for "Vaseline"

Our free "Vaseline" Booklet tells you many ways in which "Vaseline" may be useful to you. Write for your copy today.

**Chesebrough Manufacturing Company**  
 17 State Street (Consolidated) New York.



**HAD THE HABIT.**

He (nervously)—What will your father say when I tell him we're engaged?

She—He'll be delighted, dear. He always is.

Its Nature.

"Does anybody ever win at a tea fight?"

"Of course not. It is a drawn battle."

A long life and a merry one may be expected by those who use Gardlet Tea, the natural herb regulator. For sale at all drug stores.

A Diplomat.

"Don't ask a girl for a kiss unless—"

"Unless you want one?"

"No, unless you don't."

**ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE."**  
 That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Some men give a dollar with one hand and grab two with the other.

**A Drop of Blood**

Or a little water from the human system when thoroughly tested by the chief chemist at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., tells the story of impoverished blood—nervous exhaustion or some kidney trouble. Such examinations are made without cost and is only a small part of the work of the staff of physicians and surgeons under the direction of Dr. R. V. Pierce giving the best medical advice possible without cost to those who wish to write and make a full statement of symptoms. An imitation of nature's method of restoring waste of tissue and impoverishment of the blood and nervous force is used when you take an alterative and glyceric extract of roots, without the use of alcohol, such as

**Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery**

Which makes the stomach strong, promotes the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and restorative nerve tonic. It makes men strong in body, active in mind and cool in judgment. Get what you ask for!

**Special Offer to Printers**

This paper is printed from ink made in Savannah, Ga. by the SOUTHERN OIL & INK CO., Savannah, Ga. Price 6 cents per pound, F. O. B. Savannah. Your patronage solicited.

**MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT**

For Cows' Caked Udder.

Mrs. Julia Lester, Columbus, Ga., writes: "I tried your Mustang Liniment on a cow that was suffering from Caked Udder and in a few days she was in good shape again. It's a good liniment."

25c. 50c. \$1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores

**DR. M. G. KREITZER'S 10c SALVE 25c**

has been in use over 50 years. Should always be kept in the house ready for any emergency. Its soothing and healing qualities make it excel in the treatment of SWELLINGS, FRESH WOUNDS, BOILS, BURNS, CARBUNCLES, FLEMONS, SCALDS, TUMORS, ULCERS, CORNS, BUNIONS, SORES, ETC. For sale by druggists or mailed direct on receipt of price. For 2 cents we will mail, you a sample box. W. C. POWER & CO., 1536 N. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**XANTHINE FOR THE HAIR**

Restores Gray Hair to Natural Color

Invigorates and prevents the hair from falling off

For Sale by Druggists, or Sent Direct by XANTHINE CO., Richmond, Virginia

Price 25c per Bottle, Sample Bottle 5c. Sent for 25c.

**KODAKS DEVELOPING**

Eastman and Anaco films, mailed post-paid. Mail orders given prompt attention. Any size roll film developed for 10 cents. FARNSWORTH OPTICAL CO., 244 King Street, Charleston, S. C.

2,000 A. RICE LAND IN BETTIE CO., N. C.; near Windsor; 450 a. cult.; 12,000,000 ft. lumber, saw mill, stock, ginney; 7 r. dwelling, 14 houses, 2 warehouses, wharf, etc. Will sell all or timber only. SPURILL, Box 319, Chicago.