Pays Interest

on Deposits.

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JOHN DOYLE—MATCHMAKER.

ces of Delancer & Gridin architects, in the humble capacity of copyist, the soul of her father rose in angry rebellion. Two years previous John Doyle had retired from the grocery business with a tidy income, a substantial brick residence and chronic rheumatism. Whenever the malady loosened its grip, Doyle wandered back to the coenes of his commercial achievements. His successor always gave him cordial welcome, and a comfortable chair back of the cashier's booth was at his disposal. When too lame to walk as far as the store, he consoled himself by playing

rear of Simpson's tigar store, just across the street. It was from a disastrous defeat at pinochle that he came home to hear that Louise was "going to business."

The moment was inauspicious. "I never heard tell of such tomfoolishness. My girl going to chase downtown six days in the week, like the daughters of that no-account Tom Saunders? People'll be questioning my credit next. And she won't make enough to pay for the new feathers and fixing she'll want, to say nothing of the shoe leather she'll wear cut traipsing back and forth in all kinds

Mrs. Doyle, who in spite of the fact that she never joined a Mothers' club nor studied household economics, had succeeded in making John Doyle comfortable and content, calmly set a gusset in her husband's new shirt as

she replied: "I don't know about that, John. I think that if more girls knew how hard it is to earn money, and to make a success in business, we'd have fower shiftless and grumbling wives."

Mr. Doyle groaned at his wife's desertion to the enemy.

"And as for her wasting her money, I don't believe Louise'll do anything of the sort. She's got too much of her father's blood in her. Besides, she's going to pay her board—says it's only right, seeing that she won't be home to help me with the work."

Mr. Doyle fairly gasped in his fury. "Pay her board! Minerva Doyle, have you gone daft? Or are you turning miser, like your Uncle Sam? My daughter shan't pay her board, so long as I'm here to revent it.

But Louise had her wdy. Every Saturday night she paid her board, and every Monday Morning Mr. Doyle carried the money straight to the savings bank and deposited it to the credit of

Three years rolled round and Louise failed to fulfill any of the dire predicnot take pneumonia from facing keen northwesters. She did not catch ox from riding in ill-ventilated

cars. And she refused to elope with the junior partner. But she had risen steadily in the estimation of her employers, until, when George Shaw came to the city, she was confidential sccretary to the senior partner of Delancey & Griffin.

In his secret heart, John Doyle was wonderfully proud of this self-possessed, capable young woman, and when young Shaw from up-State, vigorous, well set-up and well-p ased, appeared on the scene, Mr. Doyle groaned afresh.

"If Louise hadn't that business bein her bonnet, there's the man I'd pick out for her husband. Why on earth any sensible girl would rather take dictation from a snarling, bald-headed old crank downtown than to make a nice home for a fellow like George Shaw, I don't sec." But as a maiter of fact Mr. Delancey

was neither bald nor ill-tempered, and George. Shaw had come to the city with but one well defined ambitionto gain a business foothold. John Doyle's successor in the grocery trade being second cousin to George Shaw's inother, he had taken the first thing at hand, a position as clerk in the store where Doyle had once ruled with an iron hand. Perhaps the happiness of Louise was

not the only thing at stake, in Doyle's mind. He might have cherished a secret longing to maintain even a distant family connection with the scene of his commercial success. At any rate, Mr. Shaw was in due time invited to call, and Mr. Doyle fairly hugged himself when he saw the admiration in the young man's eyes on meeting Louise. But for six months matters progress-

ed no further. Mr. Shaw called at irregular intervals, and was courteously received by Louise-in the presence of her parents. From his point of vantage behind the cashier's booth Mr. Doyle studied the

young man whom he coveted as a sonin-law, and decided that an occasional cigar could be offered his idol with impunity. In the meantime George Shaw was studying the uncertainties of customers and markets, to the profound satisfaction of his mother's second cou-

When Mr. Shaw invited Louise to accompany him to the theatre, John Doyle went into the seventh heaven of delight. The calmness of Louise irritated her exuberant father.

The theatre-going became an established weekly event, and Mr. Doyle beamed, even when defeated at pinochle. Each day he spent less time in the rear room of Simpson's cigar store, and longer visits were made to the grocery store. He bought a better brand of cigars, too, and proffered them at more frequent intervals. But when Louise imperturbably an-

nounced that Mr. Shaw had invited her to see Bernhardt in "L'Aiglon," and miserable for the inhabitants. followed up the information with the prosaic observation that her raily- to attack either person or anima day skirt needed a new binding, the terfering with them .- Topeka C vials of Mr. Doyle's wrath were again. uncorked. As the door closed on her retreating form, he turned to his wife: "Well, that boats me! I'll bet George

paid every cent of \$25 for those two seats, and she takes it as cool as if she was used to such treats every night in the week. I do believe she's more interested in Delancey's contract for that Newport palace than in getting a

husband.' "Like as not," responded Mrs. Doyle, gathering the butter scraps for the cooking jar. "An architect's contract IMPROVED VEGETABLES.

ORDER BY CARDENERS.

Seedless Tomatoes, Climbing Cucumbers, Squatting Lima Beans and Other Marvels-Whopping Big Strawberries-The Humble Onion Made Proud.

Never in the history of market gardening have such fine fruits and vegetables been seen in the local markets as now, and all because the man with the hoe-at least he who helps to supply the big cities with their daily supply of fresh garden truck-is more wide-awake to the demands of the hour than his city brother gives him credit for being, says the New York Mail and Express.

If one were to compare the flavor, substance, appearance and general good qualities of the vegetables sold here 10 years ago with what are offered in the markets today, the difference would be striking, even to those who know little of such matters:

Probably no more striking example of the progress made in the time mentioned can be found than is furnished by the tomato. Here is an humble product of the garden, beloved by all men who have a proper fondness for good things, that has been so changed and improved of late as hardly to know itself. And it is strange, yet true, that the improvement in the tomato has been due largely to the discovery of that popular ailment, appendicitis.

When the surgeons first established the fact that appendicitis and colic were not one and the same thing; and began to operate for the relief and cure of appendicitis, there was much discussion as to the cause of the then dread affliction. The conviction soon became general that it was due to the presence of foreign bodies in the appendix, such as fruit and vegetable seeds, and, thereupon, the doom of the tomato was sounded because of the many seeds contained in it. There were large and small and highly-colpred tomatoes in the market, but all were full of seeds. Here then, was serious situation confronting the big tomato growers, as well as gardeners

There were then and there are still men who make a specialty of tomato growing, and who originate all the new varieties that are offered to the growers. These did not despair, but said if the public wouldn't eat a tomato with seeds in it they'd grow a tomato without seeds. And they did. Not entirely without seeds, to be sure, but with so few seeds in them as to justify the assertion of the originators that they had produced a seedless tomato; whereupon the tomato was re-

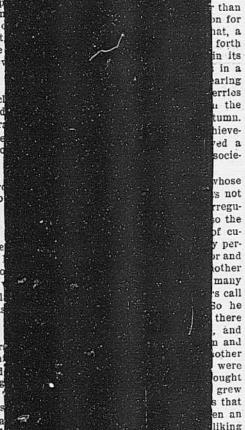
stored to popular favor. But that was not the only change nade in the tomato. Without the found to be far sweeter in flavor. This flavor was retained while the size and solidity were increased, until today there are tomatoes running up to six inches in diameter, from two to four pounds each in weight; that are as solid as a piece of meat, defy all sorts of weather, that last from the first picking until the coming of frost and of which as high as 20 tons have been taken from a single acre. The tomato specialists are just-

ly proud of their accomplishment. But improvement in other directions has been just as great and often without such good reason. Many gardeners objected to the old way of growing Lima beans. They didn't want to go to the expense of cutting poles and sticking them in the ground for the beans a long while to mature, anyway; so they turned out a bush Lima beau, which grows only two feet high, needs no support and upon which the beans mature quickly and in great quantities. While they were at it they origin nated a new lot of string beans which were ready for the market all of two which were really stringless and so That was enother big carefully. Then the men who know more about

strawberries than most folks could dream of thought they'd see what they size of the berries until they had one's fist, with whole fields averaging

big

et as



ig on world a climbing variety that grows on poles and which, like the Frenchman's strawberries, bears continually until

killed by frost. The struggle for supremacy in the various lines continued, and slowly, during the day following the slip a like the tortoise, the humble onion further portion of the cliff crumbled pressed forward for recognition. Spain produced a large onion that was fine tween the tower and its edges. A grained, of mild flavor, and almost white. The native onion growers thought it was fine and that they could turn out something just as good, if | far and wide.

and during the proper season the fine, big white onions on sale in all MARVELOUS CROWTHS MADE TO the fancy fruit stores, which the dealers call Spanish onlons, are the result of that effort. They are Spanish onions only to the uninitiated buyer;

where they are grown:

What has been told here simply furnishes an idea of the great progress made in this humble line of industry. Every vegetable on the market has been improved so greatly that the consumers would make a great fuss were they compelled to go back to what they thought was so fine 10 years ago. It is clear that the "brother of the ox" is doing his part, even if he does it quietly.

CAUSE OF DUST RAINS

Sand Driven by Wind to Europe from

throughout Europe. Few sections of as a matter for selentific rather than which is appended a map showing the geographical distribution of the dust, in terms of grammes per square kilo-

It appears that the cause and origin the air by the wind and is then rush

beans to run upon, and it took the | ier conditions. Altogether, Dr. Hapke's

weeks earlier than the usual kinds, North Yorkshire, is claimed to be the tender they snapped when not picked dates back to 900 years. Some of the

It is claimed that the largest chains ever made in the United States for securing ship's anchors were made in four sections, or "shots," each comprising 900 feet, so that the total length of the combined chains is nearly 4000 feet. Each link averages not less than 165 pounds weight, an average of about 100 pounds to the running foot, making the total weight of each anchor section nearly 50 tons. When the chains were tested, the testing machines broke at a strain of 500,000 pounds, but none of the links were

When the inhabitants of Sidestrand, a few weeks ago they were surprised to find that a large portion of a cliff on the seashore had sunk into the sea. fallen and with it the wall and a tower itself is now in jeopardy, for away, leaving only a few feet beunearthing of many long buried coffins

not better. They tried and succeeded, | taken over by the cultivator of much The Mushroom Caves of Paris.

By Edouard Charles,

ITH most cities life begins | and reached the bottom the photogat the ground floor (cellars, rapher followed him. When the primsewers and electric inlies al- litive ladder oscillated no longer bethe top story, but in Paris, while business is being profitably conducted in three inches of mud. the bright sunshine of the loftiest etage, it is also being as profitably pursued in the darkness of the depths fine. Down here 't was cold, damp, below, far beneath even the sewers and the famous Metropolitan Railway of which the Parisians are so proud. For Paris is honeycombed with subterranean vaults and passages. It is literally built upon columns and walls. and if one fine morning the world awoke to learn that the bottom had fallen out of the Gay Capital and It had crumpled up like a house of cards it would be no surprising thing to those familiar with the underground world of Paris. It would seem as though the former inhabitants had devoted their efforts to hewing out a place wherein they might seek refuge in case of dire necessity, for, though few are aware of the fact, the entire population of Paris could hide itself beneath the city.

to-day past generations delved and dug beneath it for the coveted stone. What then were quarries have now become caves, portions of which have been converted into catacombs and contain the bones of the dead, while others are used for the very mundane purpose of growing mushrooms-those sweet, tasty little champignons without which no ragout is complete and which one never falls to find on French menu. The mushroom is a comestible particularly favored by the French. Wagon-loads from near and far find their way into the central markets of the city every day in the year, and the annual consumption by the Parisians of this vegetable represents a value of over a quarter of a inillion sterling. Both beneath the city itself and outside it these strange mushroom-caves extend for miles in all directions; and in them hundreds of mer, who often never see daylight



cultivating the champignon.

"under-boulevards" of the great city well worthy of a visit, and in a weak permission for myself and a photographer to descend into the bowels of the earth and learn something of the art of underground mushroom-grow-

We departed one fine morning, the photographer and I, for Malakoff, on prepared to walk on forever. the outskirts of Paris. We found the mushroom-farmer on his farm awaiting us-a well-built, bluff, hearty specimen of French fermier, M. Burvingt by name. I looked around for signs of cares; but failed to find them; nor did I see any hills in the neighborhood under which they might be. In anthey were just fifteen metres under

"This shaft leads right into them," said the farmer, indicating a covered

the caves which are now used for this purpose, not only in the neighborhood of the capital, but throughout France. But all are not of the genre I have just described. The famous caves of Issy-les-Moulineaux, owned by cham

pignonniste Sauvageot, are in decider

easily admitted a carriage and pair

mushroom caves go it was certainly a

handsome one, but just as cold and

damp as any other, with a switchback

sort of road leading from the entrance

to the bottom of the caves. Here there

was space for six lines of mushroom-

beds to wend their irregular ways side

by side, as will be seen in our photo-

In no cave of such dimensions are

all the mushroom-beds in the same

stage of advancement at once. While

some thousands of metres are in full

bloom, others are not so far advanced,

The building of the beds is a peculiar

and laborious process. Sitting astride

the portion of the bed he has first

to an even height in front of him. Thus

he is always provided with a seat. Ere

the beds must have reached about

twelve degrees to fourteen degrees

covered with sand, and then every two

or three days the beds must be liberally

watered. At the end of three months

the "buttons" poke their heads through,

then gradually the beds become cov-

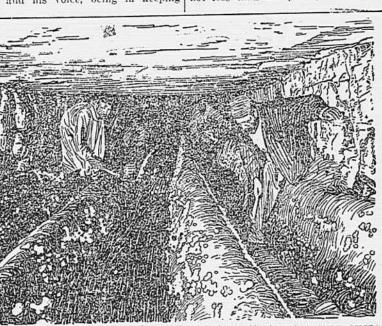
and in some passages the beds are

useless beds is being carried on.

quires.

It had been 120 degrees in the sun above, for the day was particularly whence had been quarried thousands dark and uninviting; so cold that I makes acquaintance with the tips of shivered in my shirt-sleeves, for I had billiard eyes. The main tunnel, cutting left my coat above. Our guide shout- clean into the hill for a distance of ed, and his voice, being in keeping not less than 250 rands, would have

contrast to those previously visited; as large as the others were small-thirty ways excepted) and ends at neath his weight I went slowly and feet in height at least. And there was silently down. landing safely in about | no ladder to descend; one walked traight into the tunnel from the day light, for it pierced a hill, a chalk hill of tons of chalk of the quality that



THE ROUND WHITE DISCS ARE YOUNG MUSHROOMS-THE CEIL-ING HERE IS ABOUT THREE FEET FROM THE FLOOR.

with his stature, filled the blackness, rumbling away down the many arteries carrying another vehicle on top. As leading from where we were standing and coming back again from a dozen different directions. In answer to his call there presently danced in the dark void ahead of us a couple of lights. They heralded the approach of couple of champignonnistes, who, emerging from their habitual gloom,

disclosed themselves as short, dark individuals, of none too prepossessing appearance, attired, with but scant regard for the temperature, in blue cotton trousers, blouses and wooden

Provided with light- ... all round colza-oil lamps fixed on the ends of sticks-and encumbered with the photographic materials, we moved forward, and then the real torture of the

experience began. We formed a weird and ghostly procession as we moved forward through the inky blackness; the silence broken only by our footsteps as we splashed along through the puddles, the solemn drip, drip of water from the walls and the vegetable world. roof, an exclamation now and then from myself as I nearly tripped over one of the mushroom-beds, and strange until three months have passed the mutterings from the man who was to

work the camera. The famous mushroom-beds were at our feet. We were, in fact, walking in the narrow space between them-a path perhaps a foot in width. They ran along the caves in rows, two taking from three to six weeks. When against the sides and a pair down the centre. They seemed to be banks of shoveled down a shaft as öccasion resand some two feet in height, and inclining up from a two-foot base to a moment of curiosity I accepted the rounded top. The soil was clammy offer of an influential friend to obtain and crumbling to the touch, and inlaid with round white discs, varying in made the worker gathers armfulls of circumference from the dimensions of manure and presses the material down a shilling to a small-sized saucer-the precious champignons.

the snawn is sown the temperature of "Is there much of this?" I asked of the farmer leading us, who seemed Fah. The spawn sown, the manure is

"Seven or eight kilometres," he answered, unconcernedly. We had arrived at a bend. How long

I had been creeping onwards, bumping now my head and now an arm, stumbling, sprawling and saying things, I know not; but my back ached frightfully, and I appreciated more swer to a question I was informed that | than ever before the comforts of being a short man. It seemed we had walked for ages.

"We will take a photograph here," I said, which brought the party to a circular hole in the ground I had not halt. A blue, blinding glare went up. hitherto noticed. He pulled the boards illumining the space around with such away and I looked down, shuddering, a light as it had never seen before, and showing up plainly the trio of champignonnistes crouched down as they worked, and scaring a million paratus was going to fare worried the flies and spiders and goodness alone knows what other insects and vermin. mensely relieved to learn that this The light died down and went out, shaft was not the entrance, but only and again the lamps sprang into life the place where they pitched the and shed their flickering, welcome After securing some pictures we

scending a shaft-a gentle slope or gladly sought the upper world again. something of that sort was what I I had no ambition to explore the caves wanted-and I felt convinced that this in their entirety, but only to get my would be the case when our guide said | cramped spine once more into its norwe had rather a long walk before us. mal position, to sit down and gather It proved a good three-quarters of an mushroom knowledge from the lips of hour's journey, over fields and down the grower himself. Fifty years becountry lanes, ere he stopped suddenly fore, he told me, these caves had been before a small square fence and told open to the broad light of day. They



taining the required size are collected for market. Unless, however, a metre high rope stretched across the court, yields four kilos of mushrooms at the least the proprietor of the cave has to pull on the head of the goose as little occasion to be chcerful, for its they raced underneath it. creation and care account for an outlay of three francs, while the harvest only fetches a franc per kilo. Winter is the best season for the

champignonniste. Then, M. Sauvageot told me, he sends to market no fewer than one hundred baskets a day, which means 1100 kilos, while during the other seasons of the year forty baskets or 440 kilos is the daily output. In the production of this perennial harvest thousands of workmen find employment round Paris alone-men who pass their days in damp and darkness, with only spiders and flies to keep them company, and yet seem to experience no evil effects as the result of their strange surroundings.-The Wide World Magazine.

Should the Pope live till 1903 he will celebrate his diamond jubilee as a Bishop, his golden jubilee as a Cardinal and his silver jubilee as a Pope.

The Territorial Board of Health of Hawaii is to begin a series of experiSTONY POINT PISTORY,

Shoten of Gen. Wayne's Exploit Which

The surprise and capture of Stony Point by "Mad" Anthony Wayne on the night of July 15-16, 1779, was described by Gen. Charles Lee in & letter to General Wayne as "not only the most brilliant, in my opinion, throughout the whole course of the war on either side, but that it is the most brilliant I am acquainted with in history. The assault of Schweidnitz by Marshal Laudun I think inferior to

When the British were driven out of Boston on March 17, 1776, it became apparent that they would turn their attention to the conquest of New York. but General Washington antisipated this by sending Ave regiments and some artillery to Manhattan Island and going there himself afterward. inspection of the approaches to New York demonstrated the advisability of possessing Stony Point, but such a movement was not at ones undertaken.

On June 21, 1779, General Washington gave General Wayne command of the light infantry posted near Fort Montgomery, and wrote him a letter in which he arged the possession of Verplanck's and Stony Points. General Wayne reconnoitred Stony Point on July 2, afterward telling General Washington that while siege or storm would be impracticable a surprise might succeed. General Washington then went in person to inspect the desired position, and in a long letter advised the plan of surprise, suggesting a very dark or rainy night as

most propitious for the strategy. Without acquainting his troops with the work he had in store for them, General Wayns held a review of his force at noon on July 15 at Sandy Beach, 14 miles north of Stony Point. They were freshly shaved, well powdered and fully equipped and rationed. Instead of dismissing them at the close of inspection, General Wayne started them marching southward. They halted about 8 o'clock in the evening at SpringSteel's farm, a mile and a half west of Stony Point, and there the order of battle, the first intimation they had of a contemplated assault, was read to them. Pieces ci white paper were fixed on their hats to distinguish them from the enemy in the confusion of conflict, and in two columns aggregating 1150 men the troops started for the assault. While the Americans advanced the British

garrison, numbering 700 men, slept

with 15 pieces of artillery about them. only just being laid down, while in The American troops had considerothers the work of clearing out old and able difficulty in gaining the peninsula, having to Wade marshes and toil up Scrupulous cleanliness is an absolute the slopes. Only one detachment, the sine qua non ere a new bed can be one in the centre, was permitted to laid down. The cave must be cleared load its guns, and this, as soon as the of the old bed entirely; not a particle of it must be left, for with all the British discovered the approach, bemushroom's aptitude for lightning gan a noisy demonstration to make prowth it is semething of a dandy in the British think that this was the main attacking force. The right and New beds are laid down every five or the left columns advanced cautiously, six months; and as they do not bear and soon the British were amazed to find them at the threshold of the works. They poured down a terrific are upon harvest need be a rich one, for the the Americans, but Wayne's men were average cost of a bed ere it shows not to be deterred. They pressed on, signs of produce is two and a half tere their way through the lines of francs per metre. First the manure abattis, gained the breastworks, and has to be secured, and then, ere it can after mounting the parapet entered be used, it has to be prepared, the work the fort at the bayonet's point, shouting: "The fort's our own!" the preready it is carried into the cave or

airanged watchword. The left column entered at once from the other side, and one triumph was complete. During the assault, Wayne was wounded in the head, but struggling to his knees, cried out: "March on. Carry me into the fort. Let me die at the head of my column."

Wayne's wound, however, proved to be a slight one.

The total loss of the Americans was 15 killed and 83 wounded. The British placed their losses at 20 killed and 132 wounded and missing. however, reported that he had killed 63, wounded 61 and captured 575 prisoners. Only one of the British garrison escaped.

Upon securing possession of the fort, the Americans turned the guns on Verplanck's Point, but without effect. The British ships slipped their cables and dropped down stream.

Old-Time Games. Many of the games which diverted

our forefathers have fallen not only into desuetude, but into a state of oblivion. People have vague ideas about bull-baiting and cock-fighting, but they know little of the many other sports which entertained their ancestors, and which by reason of their inhumanity are not now countenanced A writer in "Bainley's Magazine" re-

vives the memory of some of these games. He quotes an advertisement which appeared in 1682, announcing that, "at the King's bear garden at I o'clock in the afternoon, will be a horse baited to death of a most vast strength and bigness, being between 18 and 19 hands high." Then we are told of "goose riding," a sport in which a live goose was tied by the feet to a where men rode at a gallop striving

Pig hunting consisted in turning loose a pig with tail cut short and well soaped, and then giving chase, the winner being that man who could lay firm hold of the difficult tail and keep the pig prisoner. Cock throwing was a game where the unfortunate rooster, tethered by one leg to the ground, was made the target for broomsticks thrown from a distance or twenty-two yards. The article gives other instances, and it should be read by humanitarians as a pleasant testimony to the steady civilization of our popular English pastimes.-London

Formosa Cuts the l'igini'. The people of Formesa are begin-

ning to cut their hair. That sounds like an idle aunouncement, but it means a great deal. It means final abandonment of the life of an outlaw. From many districts news of the removal of the pigtail is that the change has been brought about by the extersive operations undertaken against the been wearing the pigtail for 300 years.

rebels. The people of Formosa have

Correspondence con constitution of the contract of the contrac When House Davie entered the offi- | tain and it's got to stand for most of us. I don't see that there's such a rush about her settling down. She's doing well. Besides how do you know that Mr. Shaw wants her?" 'Want her!" roared Mr. Doyle. Who wouldn't want her? Ain't she pretty? Ain't she bright and up to the mark every time? Ain't I got money to leave? And ain't she as cool as a

cucumber, too, the independent minx?" A week after the Bernhardt episode John Doyle came home fairly brimming over with excitement. innumerable games of pinochle, in the

"What do you think? George has bought an interest in the store. Had a tidy bit of money laid by when he came down here, and seeing this was a good opening, bought in. Everybody around the store is tickled to death. Say, I invited him round to dinner

Sunday, to celebrate the occasion." Mrs. Doyle smiled.

Louise likewise smiled placidlyand passed her plate for another chop. John Doyle boiled inwardly. "Don't care a rap. Tais comes of letting her work among a lot of counteriumpers and upstart young brokers.

She don't know a real man when she The next night Louise dined with two young women who lived in true Bohemian fashion, in two rooms with

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, as she folded her new veil with thrifty care. "It's the dearest little den. The parlor couches are their beds at night, and inside there's a place for their gowns. And such a cute dinner-with a fern in the middle of the table, and everything so easy to get-canned soup, fried chicken and salad and things from the delicatessen store, and rolls heated in the gas oven, and charlotte russe, with the queerest black coffee and preserved sweets from India to finish off. No two

dishes alike and each one with a his-Mrs. Doyle patted the two slender hands that stole round her neck. "We had a good dinner, too, dearie,

roly-poly pudding with strawberry "Not strawberry jam." sighed Louise, 'Naughty mother, not to wait till a night when I was home. I've been thinking that when Mr. Shaw came Sunday we might have something out of the ordinary, just to celebrate the

occasion." This with a sly look at her "To be sure," responded Mrs. Doyle heartily. "The poor fellow has boarded ever since he came to town. No doubt he'll enjoy some good home cooking. both-kinds of potatoes, celery and

vegetables, and I'll make some extra thick mince pies." Louise tapped the table thoughtfully. "I know, mother dear, you're the best cook in the world, but-don't you think it would be nice to have some little extras like-well-like the girls

"Bless my soul;" remailed Mrs.

had tonigh ?"

Doyle, Wiping her glasses anxiously, when Louise left the room. "Whatever does she want, I'm sure-" "Never mind what she wants, she's going to have it," growled Mr. Doyle, in unconcealed triumph. "That's the first ray of sense she's shown since George's been coming here. Let her

buy what she wants for Sunday." In fulfilment of this injunction, he pressed a ten-dollar bill into his daughter's hand, bidding her spend it for anything she liked for the momentous occasion. An when the two young people had retired to the parlor, after dinner on Sunday, and he was ex-

uberantly wiping the dishes for his wife, he remarked: "Well, Minerva, that dinner'll do one of two things for George Shaw. It'll either kill him or make him pro-

"I declare, John Doyle, I believe you've gone daft on the subject of marrying off Louise. But I must say that I do feel a bit squeamish myself after these iced oysters." The next morning after breakfast

Louise lingered over the task of tying

her veil and rebuttoned her gloves ner-

vously. Finally she crossed abruptly to her mother's side and rested one hand caressingly on the gray hairs "Mother, I guess you'll have to me how to roast beef your way. G -" Mr. Dovle started and his t fell to his knee. "George never--mentioned the salad, nor the lotte russe, nor anything I bought he sain your beef and pies made think of his mother-and-and we go to housekeeping we're to

roast beef every Sunday." Mrs. Doyle wheeled round to c at empty air. Louise had vanished the front door swung to with a cr "Well John Dovle, I hope you're isfied!' she exclaimeu, a suggestion

tears in her voice. "Satisfied ain't no name for it, erva. If I'd had him made to ord couldn't have got a son-in-law to me beuter."-New York Sun.

Ants in Kansas. A plague of ants has appeare the northern central counties of sas, and the insects are 'destro the alfafa and wheat crops. All tation within a radius of several of their hills is killed. The ants a larger variety than has ever seen in the state before. They tiply very rapidly, and the farmer using every means to extermi them. The insects have invaded cities and towns and are making are very vicious and do not hes spondence Chicago Record-Herald

The Superintendent-Now, children. why do we love to go to the beautiful parks? What do we find there that is aiways fresher and purer than it is in Truthful Tommy, (with cheerful

Plain Dealer.

The butterfly invariable goes to sleep head-downward on a stem of

promptness)-Popcorn, sir!-Cleveland

is easily filled, but marriage is uncer- grass, with its wings tightly folded.

for they have been no nearer Spain than Long Island or New Jersey; Despite the fact that these onions are often 15 inches around, and grow

se freely that close to 2000 bushels of them have been taken from a single acre, they are so mild and tender that any one can eat them without ill-effect. Physicians regard them with much favor, because they induce a natural sleep, and patients who could by no means cat the ordinary, strong onion can partake of them freely. As it is, the home-grown product today excels all the onions brought from abroad, not excepting the far-famed onions of Bermuda.

Atrican Deserts. About a year ago there was a kind of plague, or visitation, of dust rains the continent were spared. From the cities of Sicily to the islands of the Baltic red mud drizzled down upon the earth, and the men who watched the phenomenon were stirred, according to their training and disposition, either to awe or to curiosity. Among those who were curious rather than awestruck and who regarded what they had seen religious research was Dr. Hapke. Now Dr. Hapke is a German. Accordingly he went to work analyzing samples of the dust that had fallen of different places, noticing color, amount, specific gravity, taste, and all other particulars. The results of his investigations have finally appeared in a memoir, to

of the dust rains are now once for all determined. The predominance of rand and the presence of magnetic iron in all the dust that could be found prove conclusively that the desert region south of Tripoli and Tunis is responsible for the whole trouble. The ground of that part of the world is not firm enough. It is carried up into across the Mediterranean to encounter European clouds and to fall upon European soil, no longer sand, but mud. Wherever it falls, town and country are colored a bright red.

The spectacular effect can be imagined and the superstitious reverence the peasants have for the "blood rains" can easily be understood. Superstition will vanish, however, before th implacable injustry of the Teutonic herr professor. One of the by-products of Dr. Hapke's works will be that it will be easier now to study the movements of the glaciers. Dr. Hapke has marked the points at which glaciers have been discolored by the dust rains, and by observing those points, scientists will be able for the future to study more accurately the laws that govern glacmemoir illustrates pretty well the character of scientific study in Germany at the present time.-Chicago

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The village church at Upleatham, smallest in England. The church tombstones in the graveyard are dated

If all the land planted in corn in the United States this year were massed, could do. First they increased the the area would exceed the British Isles, Holland and Belgium combined, shown specimens almost as big as or four-fifths of the area of France or

The authorities of Lisbon recently took a strange step to relieve the Portuguese capital of loafers and beggars. These children of leisure were gathered together, dumped into a steamer and deported to the Portuguese colonies in Africa.

The mayor of Steubenville, Ohio, has adopted a unique method of settling what he calls "petty clothesline" quarrels between women. He has established a "fighting room," in which he locks the women who quarrel over back yard fences. After an hour's abuse of each other they run down. Then they invariably become recon-

near Cromer, Eng., awoke one morning Thirty thousand tons of earth had portion of the graveyard of old St. Michael's church. The ancient church grewsome feature of the slide was the

To build the city we know so well

THE FARMER DESCENDS TO THE "LOWER

REGIONS. from morn till eve, pass their lives in

I was told that I should find these

for I looked only into fathomless darkness. How we were to get down puzzled me; how the photographic apphotographer, and we were both immanure down. I still had hopes of gleams around. gaining entrance other than by de-

A BEND IN THE GALLERY SHOWING "CHAMPIGNONNISTES" AT

us we had reached our destination. | were the scene of great activity, re And we had been following the line sounding continually with the explo of one of the underground passages sions of gunpowder, for there men all the time! Opening a gate, the were quarrying the stone that helped and the scattering of human remains | farmer revealed a shaft. After our to build Paris. Later on they had been ments to determine the value of X-rays

wide had disappeared over the ledge abandoned and covered in, to be finally in the treatment of leprosy.