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THE FARM IN THE HILLS

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

Copyright, 1899, by Florence Warden. CHAPTER XIV.

THE HIDDEN PIT. He was startled by seeing the girl open her eyes suddenly and fix upon him an expression of eager curiosity and interest. "Tell. me, sir," said she abruptly,

"something about yourself and your brother. Or is that too painful?" "It will be painful for you to hear, I am afraid."

"No, no!" said she quickly. "I don't care if it is painful, if you do not mind. I want to hear about something interesting, very interesting, so that I can forget-other things."

And again a spasm of pain and dis tress crossed her face.

Although the doctor would rather have left the girl to quiet repose, he thought it better to obey her than to let her remain a prey to the distressing thoughts which were evidently disturbing her mind. He sat down therefore in a chair at a little distance from her, from which he could see the snow falling outside and watch her face at the same time, and he talked to her in a quiet voice, telling her such anecdotes of his own boyhood and his brother's as he thought might interest and divert her and marveling the while at the strange series of adventures which had brought him to this singular situation.

The girl listened until his voice and the soft crooning of the rising wind sent her to sleep.

Then Masson rose from his seat and went quietly out of the room and down the stairs. In the kitchen he found the old woman, who vouchsafed no salutation in answer to his, but went on with her work of scrubbing down the table with the mechanical ease given by long practice.

He wondered whether he was in the way, but was unable to make the suggestion. Not even a look or a smile did she accord him, but went on with her occupation as if he had been part of the furniture.

When she had finished the scrubbing of the table, she took up her pail and retreated into the washhouse at the back without the least acknowledgment of Masson's courtesy in opening the door for her. The doctor hovered between the belief that she was half witted and the fancy that she was the incarnate spirit of evil.

Left thus to himself, without even a book to occupy his time, for the whole of relief. library of the household, marshaled on the top of a cupboard in a corner, consisted of a Bible in Welsh, an old illustrated family Bible with the Apocrypha, a Moody and Sankey hymnbook, two more hymnbooks, the "Pilgrim's Progress," Baxter's "Saints' GWYN EXACTS A PROMISE. Everlasting Rest" and an odd volume What he suspected Masson scarcely of somebody's sermons. Masson, who knew. But it was not only the shock became more uneasy and anxious of having found himself in a position to get away with each succeeding hour. of unexpected danger which caused tried the front door, but without suchim to be seized with a sensation of cess. He managed to open it indeed; sickness and giddiness as he staggered but, finding himself brought face to to one of the kitchen armchairs and face with a wall of snow which he sat down in it, trembling all over. could not even look over, he had to What was the nature of the work on close it again immediately. which Tom had been engaged? Why One of the windows was completely had he been so much disturbed by Masblocked up, and the other was only son's appearance? Was there some partially clear. He went into the big. ghastly connection between the hidden bare outhouse at the side, where he heard the footsteps of some one mov- pit or well in the outhouse, the digging of the lime and the doctor himing about. It proved to be Tom, who self? started forward with a scared face on The suspicion, although it seemed being disturbed. to him absurd even while it crossed "Hello!" said Masson, holding the his mind, took hold of him in spite of door open as he looked in, for the place himself, and at the same time he bewas lighted only by a skylight which gan to entertain for the first time an was now blocked with the snow. "You idea which appeared to offer a solulook as if 1 startled you. Can you tion to some of the perplexing probgive me a spade and let me help you? lems presented by the singular house-I'm dying for something to do." hold at the farmhouse. Instead of answering the rough lad Was there some sort of secret and passed his right hand across his brow, evil league between the old woman and and Masson saw, with s. prise, that he her grandson Tom? was shaking like a leaf, while the They were the only two persons sweat stood out in glistening beads on his face. sympathetic to Masson, and he ac-"Why," pursued the doctor, "you knowledged to himself that this fact look warm, I declare! It's a sensation probably prejudiced him. But, all the I should be very glad of, I can tell you! Let me have your spade and tell his mind, grew stronger every mome what to do. I can handle one, I asment. sure you." It was from the outhouse into which

he had been discovered at his digging | house? He was about to put a quesin the darkness of the outhouse. As these thoughts passed quickly through his mind Masson saw the old woman after a little delay come in from the outhouse, closing the door behind her. She cast at him one glance, in which

malevolence and suspicion were easy to read, and went through the kitchen as silently as ever. Masson heard her go up stairs, and a few minutes later Tom came down with rapid, heavy footsteps and burst into the kitchen with scared face.

"Doctor, you're wanted! Gwyn wants you!" stammered he. "She's took As soon as he recovered his footing ill again-very ill! Be quick, be quick, he stcoped down and found that the or I'm afeared something will happen mysterious work in the outhouse! to her!"

Masson hurried up stairs. The door of the sickroom was wide open, and the old woman, with her arms folded. was standing, passive, enigmatical as ever, in the middle of the floor. The sick girl was lying on her side.

which

ingly.

through.'

your digging."

you like."

mined.

might be."

fever, that's what I want of you."

from time to time as well."

panting and gasping for breath. At the sight of the doctor she uttered a cry and beckoned him toward her.

concern, "you shouldn't go walking "Doctor," she said, not in the feeble about this crazy old place by yourself. voice he might have expected, but sir! There's pitfalls and traps for care clearly and firmly, "I'm ill again, I think. Tell me, if you can, what's the matter with me." But this was not easy. He felt her

pulse; he looked at her; he asked her some questions. How did she feel? show it to you some time, sir. It's a bit of a curiosity, is that." In pain? In discomfort? Her answers puzzled him. She said

she thought she was going to "have her illness again." She felt uncom-fortable, restless. She had a worse pain at her chest than ever. And her hands and head were so hot. She was feverish again, she was sure.

So he took her temperature and found it normal.

"It is all nothing but fancy," said he at last, smiling at her fears. "You are going on as well as you possibly can. You have nothing to do but to keep quiet, and you will be quite well in no time. If you go on as you are doing, you might get up for a little while the day after tomorrow."

But she shook her head. "I am not so well as you think," said she obstinately. "Do you think I can't out. tell whether I'm getting better or not? I tell you I feel dreadfully iil, as if I

were going to die!" Again she lay back and closed her eyes. Masson was rendered rather nervous and uncomfortable by the then and perhaps be light headed like it did come"presence of the old grandmother, who and wandering in my mind. So I want never once changed her position during you, sir, to go and rest now while this scene, but stood on the same spot, like a malevolent witch, watching them you will be fresh to watch me at with her beadlike eyes. In the circum- night."

stances it was difficult to speak as cheerily to the patient as he would have liked to do. "Oh. no. no. you are not going to

die!" said he promptly. "I never saw any one who looked less like dying to rest yourself."

Masson turned colder than he was than you do. You have been worbefore it and, springing past her into ried perhaps, or you have had a drew a long breath By the spasm which contracted her stubbornly. "My grandmother goes off features as he made this suggestion he There was another ugly moment to saw that he had probably hit upon the be laid in his record of his time at the farmhouse. Wet and cold from head truth. He glanced at the old woman to foot, he fell into a chair. with a frown. "Is it your grandmother or your CHAPTER XV. brother who has been frightening you?" asked he abruptly.

Miscellancons Reading. tion to the farmer concerning that adventure of his, when Tregaron said "She wants to see you again, sir, 1 HAD A KICK TO MAKE. And then he took up his hat and dis-AND HE MADE IT RIGHT TO THE HEAD

OF THE FIRM.

clearing away the snow between this The Kicker Went About Landing His Protest In a Rather Unconventional Manner, but the Chances Are He Got What He Was After.

enjoy.

"Yes." said the tall. loose jointed man at the telephone. "that's the number I want-229."

"Double two nine?" queried the voice at the central office.

"Well, I don't know that double two "Tom!" repeated Masson quickly. nine is any better than the plain, or-'He was at work indoors just now by dinary two, two, nine, but if you insist the side of an old well or something of the kind. I stepped upon the boards on that style suppose we say double two single nine and get it'exactly right cover it and nearly fell Hello! Is that Spotcash & Co.'s?"

"Yes." responded the voice at the The farmer shook his head warn other end of the wire. "Dear, dear," he said, with much

"Is Mr. Spotcash in ?" "Is it something important? He is much occupied."

"So am I. Yes; it's a matter of some importance, and I want to talk to Mr. less feet all over the place. That was Spotcash personally Yes: I'll hold the wire—that is. I'll hold the phone'' not a well, sir, but a way by which they used to haul up provisions and "Hello!" snapped somebody at this such like in the old monks' days. I'll

juncture. "Hello! Is that Mr. Spotcash ?"

"Indeed, I should like to see it. And "Yes. Who is it?" "You are the head of the firm of in the meantime I hope you will accept

me as a volunteer to help you with Spotcash & Co., are you not?" "Yes." was the impatient answer. What do you want? Who are you?" "No, no, sir! That's no work for you "Gwilliams, 1195 Pumpernickel If you'll take care of my daughter and

treet. I want to enter a complaint." save her from fretting herself into a "What about?" "But I could do both. I could take a "I bought an icebox at your store a

few days ago. and"hand with a spade and go and see her "Call up the household goods depart-

ment. confound you! I have no time to "All right, sir. You may do that if spare to look after such things.'

"You've got as much time. perhaps, With this arrangement concluded as I have. I haven't any complaint to Masson left the farmer and, returning once more to the sickroom, informmake to the household goods departed the girl of the plan he had formed ment. The head of the firm is the man with her father. To his surprise she I want to talk to. I bought an icebox energetically forbade him to carry it at your store a few days ago for \$16.75. I might have got it cheaper somewhere "I'm much worse than you think, else, but that isn't the point. Having any of you," said she, "and I want to bought it and paid for it. I had a right live for the sake of-my father. I'm to expect it to be delivered within a

afraid of the night, of the night. I'm reasonable time and in fair condition afraid I shall get restless and feverish It didn't come for four days. and when "Say. you. I employ men to hear

complaints of this kind"-

they're all out there digging, and then "I have no use for them. You're the responsible man of the house. The system is yours. If it doesn't work smoothly, it is your fault. When that icebox "But I assure you, Miss Tregaron, you no more need watching at night came four days after purchase, one of now than I do myself. If your grandthe castors was missing, the varnish was scraped off the outside surface in mother sleeps in the room with you, more than a dozen places, and it looked surely you will feel safe and be able as if it had gone through a hard season But the girl was obstinate, deter- at a cheap boarding house"-

"If there's anything wrong with it." "I know better than you," she said "send it back! 1 roared Mr. Spotcash.

but fortunately for the future of man-PRIMARY LESSONS IN COMMERCE. kind, the world possesses "others" who for the Especial Instruction of South Carolina "Metropolitan" Daily Newspapers. Written for the Yorkville Enquirer.

make a study of government and foreign policies, and who have access to atlasses and reference books. Were Throughout the Southern portion of this not true, the passing away of Ed-

the United States live some thirty mil- itor Gonzales would leave this world lions of people in the enjoyment of of ours in darkness. There is no law life, liberty and happiness. These peo- or reason why the editor of a daily ple entertain the kindest feelings to- paper should be possessed of more ward each other, any are so far from learning than his brother of a weekly, having malice against any other peo- and the discussion now going on beple of the world that their constant tween The State and THE ENQUIRER, prayer is that all other pations may shows clearly that Editor Grist, of enjoy the same blessings that they THE ENQUIRER, has produced a strong argument on the Eastern question,

NO. 97.

For years and years most of the and one which will put its readers to time and attention of the thirty mil- wondering why it is that the metro-, lions of people referred to, have been politan dailies in this state are keepdevoted to the pursuit of raising cot- ing out of their columns all matter ton. So industrious have they been tending to throw light upon the Eastthat they have made cotton clothes for ern question.

all the people that know enough to We read the correspondence bewear cotton clothes. In fact they tween the Spartanburg mill men and have made too many cotton clothes Senators McLaurin and Tillman, and for the number of people there are regretted the shortsightedness displaywho know enough to wear them, and ed by our dailies in not giving it to their as the result their cotton is growing readers. It looked as if there was a so cheap that they will either have to hidden purpose in keeping this corquit raising cotton or find more people respondence from the people. The people heard of these things, and it o wear it.

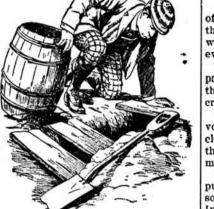
Out in an island of the Pacific, there was not long before a demand came are a host of savages, who know not from them for county newspapers to God, who regard not man, and who publish this correspondence-a corresfor want of better employment, speud pondence which attracted all the leadmost of their time at war with each ing newspapers of the United States, other, killing and slaying men and and although it was "warmed over making slaves of the women and chil- news," the weeklies complied with dren which they do not see fit to kill the demand, and the people were givalso. Except sometimes rude cover- en a chance to get a glimpse at the ings for their loins, these men are other side of a question which the generally naked ; but notwithstanding dailies so persistently witheld from the general brutality of there nature, them.

the rings of metal that they wear in It will not do for The State, or any their noses and ears, and the fantastic other paper, to assume superiority. ornaments which they make of feath- It must win superiority by making its ers, shells, bones and other material, case clear and indisputable. To say, proves that the quality of vanity is as "You are not in our class," is a sign deeply seated in them as it is in other of weakness, and gives an adversary men. As it is on this island, so also is the advantage. It tends to confirm it on ten thousand other islands, as the feeling that the daily newspapers well as on many portions of the main- in this state are not in close touch with the people; and that instead of land.

Now the people of which we have fulfilling the functions of news purveyjust spoken may have never heard of ors, they seek to direct sentiment and that great surplus of cotton which the to force the people to accept the dicta

people of the south have developed. of their editors. We have no idea that they have heard One of the most brilliant editors of it, or that they want it very badly. South Carolina ever bad was the la-Savages seldom want things about mented Dawson. His influence was which they know nothing. But we most powerful. He could, at a breath are sure that if a trader would go to from The News and Courier, make or this island with a yard of cotton sheet- unmake men; but his was in another ing, he would find some savage who day. Times have changed, and with would be willing to give him for it a them fresh blood has been infused into whole barrel of cocoanuts. If the the veins of the editorial tripod, and trader had thought to have the sheet- there is stronger brain on both dailies ing dyed red, or, better still, colored and weeklies. Gonzales was trained unlike Joseph's coat, the chief of the sav- der Dawson, and in many respects he age tribe would give in exchange for it is just as able a man; but with all his the skins of six goats, or maybe an ability he cannot successfully play oxen, or perhaps a herd, or maybe a Dawson's role-times have changed. lump of native gold that he or some of Dawson, if he were here today, would . his tribesmen may have found years find himself without an occupation were he to attempt his "puff and crush" before.

Well, there is no telling how badly methods and to withold matters that these savages might want this Joseph's should go to the public is nothing more coat cotton. It is possible that when nor less than a scheme to crush out they realized that the only way to get those who are independent in thought such things is not by killing other sav- and action. ages; but by having something to give The weekly press is no longer conin exchange, they may even go to fined to the limits of matters of purely work plowing and digging and tending local concern. Its readers have caught cattle. It is possible also that when a the progressive spirit, and they want chief realizes that he has given for one to keep abreast of the times; hence it yard of cloth a piece of gold or a price is necessary for the editors to devote that ought to have purchased a thous- their spare moments to study and and yards, he may have his son taught seeking information upon all subjects, to read and write so as to be better and we believe that there are a numable to keep up with the market. But mer of men in this state editing weekly papers, who can compare very fathat, of course, is a long time off. Well, so long as the savages are vorably with the learned Gonzales. willing to give pearls, gold, oxen or Among those we have in mind is Grist, even sheepskins for yards of red cotton of THE ENQUIRER. His editorials in cloth, there will be numerous traders the controversy with The State evince who will take big stocks of cotton a wonderful amount of research. They cloth to trade with the savages. That are logical, finely put, and would there are plenty of savages, no one win praises for the editor of a meneed fear. Against about 900,000,000 tropolitan daily. It sounds very cheap people who wear clothes of any kind, to talk about not being in the "same there are now in the world about class." That does very well for a Jef-600,000,000, who habitually go naked, feries to say of a McCoy; but it will not so much from choice, probably as not do for a Gonzales to say of a from the fact that they do not know Grist. any better. And if our traders are Come to the scratch, friend State, given full rein among these for a while, and if our mutual friend, THE ENinstead of producing a surplus as they QUIRER, opens your eyes on the Eastnow do, our southern cotton raisers ern question, and lets into your brain will be pretty hard pushed to supply a light that has never been there before, acknowledge it, and we assure you the demand. And cotton cloth, of course, is not that "us little fellows" who are forced the only thing that these savages will to live on "greens and taters, kase get. In the natural order of things, dad's not driv up the cows yit," will they will also begin to learn to read, not chuckle; but we will go right on and after a while they will begin to shucking our corn and sing, "While realize what they were brought into the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest the world for. They will learn some- sinner may return."



The boards upon which he had stepped

had been laid across a hole. boards upon which he had stepped had been laid across a hole in the floor about four feet across, the mouth, so he supposed, of a well. But it was too dark for very close investigation.

By the side of this covered hole there was a little mound of some white substance, chalk or lime, as he sup-

posed, and in a corner of the outhouse there was another and much larger white heap. Tom had apparently been engaged in carrying the white substance from the heap in the corner to

the heap by the hole in the floor. This was the result of Masson's investigatious, when he found the light from the doorway blocked out by a human figure and, turning, found that the old woman was looking in at him.

Now, although he was in such deep shadow that to an ordinary eye he would have been unseen, Masson either knew or fancied that the old woman could see him as well as if he had been in the broad light of the sun.

She stood for a few seconds without uttering a word, and when he advanced toward her, impatient of that ugly, crooked figure silhouetted against the dim light, with the unblinking black eyes fixed, as he felt, upon him,

she gave forth the first sound he had ever heard from her lips, a harsh, faint, croaking chuckle, which was a very mockery of laughter.

simply: think.'

appeared into the washhouse. But Masson ran after him. "You are hard at work, aren't you,

and the cowhouse?" "I believe you. Merrick and me and Tom have got our work cut out. We've

got to get to the sheep if we can and save 'em if we can. As hard work as ever we've had in our lives." All the more singular, surely, that fom should have been spared for that

But the lad drew back, trembling and shaking his head.

Tom had disappeared on the first evening of the doctor's arrival that the foot-"No. no!" said he hoarsely, stepping steps had come of the person or perback quickly and waving the other away with his spade. "No. no! It's not work for you, mister. Get you tried to drag some one into Gwyn's back in there and shut the door. Get room when the doctor was supposed to you back, I say!" be fast asleep in the corner. Was that

He seemed to be terror stricken, ununseen person the lad Tom? And had able to go on with his work. Masson, their object been robbery-and somecurious and anxious to have some conthing worse? versation with this, the only member The more he thought about this the

of the household with whom he had more likely did his hypothesis seem to hardly come in contact, put a brick against the kitchen door to keep it professedly antagonistic to Masson, an open and advanced across the rough open and even a manly foe. The farmfloor of the outhouse.

Whereupon Tom, without a moment's delay, flung down his spade, gave each of his shoes a sharp kick against the wall, ran across the floor past Masson and, traversing the kitchen with rapid steps, disappeared into the washhouse, banging the Goor behind him.

and peaceful slumber until morning, There was not much light in the outhouse, and Masson stumbled as he evidently undisturbed by plots, secret plans or coward's fears. made his way across the rough, in-Besides, Masson, who, like most othcumbered ground. By the time the had had begun to run Masson had all er people, believed himself to be somebut reached him and had to step aside thing of a physiognomist, had from

In order that the spade should not fall the first been predisposed against the lad Tom ou account of his hangdog on his toes. looks, his sullen manner and the re-In doing so he stepped upon a loose

board, which shifted under his feet pellent, lowering shyness which causand caused him to stumble and fall. His right hand slipped between the board which had moved and one which lav alongside.

He regained his feet quickly, with a shudder and a shout, for his hand his son, on the other hand, had never had grasped nothing but empty air.

But the girl did not answer. "I shall have to speak to your father." he said, with decision. At these words Gwyn suddenly open

ed her eyes again. "Yes," said she. "We will speak to

my father. I will speak to him." She addressed a few words querulously in Welsh to her grandmother, who, without making any reply, went out of the room. Then she lay with closed eyes until a few minutes later her father came into the room, looking anxious and distressed.

"What's this, Gwyn, my girl? What's this I hear? That you're ill again?" He came close up to the bedside, tak-

ing one of the girl's hands in his and looking into her face with eyes full of tender, yearning affection.

"Yes, father, I'm not so well today,' said Gwyn, drawing a breath which position to his own experience of the seemed to be labored. old lady, astonished Masson. The girl The farmer glanced suspiciously a went on:

"And I feel certain I shan't be able Masson. "Doctor, what's this?" he asked o sleep at all tonight." sharply. "She doesn't look so ill nor yet

"Oh, yes, you will! If you find yourtalk as weak as she did. What's this self uneasy toward night, I can give vou a sleeping draft"that's come to her? Can't you exabout the place who were entirely un- plain it? What does it mean, sir?" nergetic protest.

"She has been worried, alarmed, by some one," said Masson. The farmer frowned, and Gwyn

same, the suspicion, once formed in glanced from him to the doctor. "I want." said she in a voice which now began to tremble a little, "to refuse to take either food or medicine."

speak to my father." Masson proceeded to withdraw, but reluctantly. The girl was evidently

sons who had searched his pockets. prudent. He gave a warning glance And it was the old woman who had at Tregaron. "Don't let her talk much." said he.

'And don't let her excite herself." It was only too evident, however, that the interview between father and daughter would be of a harassing nature, for the farmer had begun to shake and quiver as he looked with

curiosity and suspicion first at Gwyn grow. Coch Tal was at least, though and then at the doctor. Masson left them together.

About 20 minutes later Tregaron came down stairs into the kitchen, er himself had behaved straightforwardly throughout. He had treated looking sullen and gloomy. Masson met his eyes with a questioning glance. his guest with consideration and grati-"She's full of fancies," said the farmtude, and on the night they had passer shortly; "mad fancies as ever came ed in the same room, during which into a lass' head. You'll have to give Masson had watched him with steady, her a quieting dose, sir, or we shall sleepless eyes, he had slept a sound have her ill again, sure enough. And Tom mustn't go near her, he must understand that. He bounces into the

room, like the great gawk he is, and he had never seen, died and left him a makes her jump like so she thinks all large sum of money. Without delay he sorts of w things, all sorts of wild things."

about the fortune that had been left And as he repeated these words Tregaron fixed upon his guest eyes which him. He met with a point blank rewere full of conjecture and doubt and fusal.

"Two days later the girl heard of ed him to avert his eyes the moment eager scrutiny. Masson wondered what the commuhis unexpected windfall and wrote him the stranger looked in his direction. nication was which his daughter hall a note saying, 'I have changed my While Tregaron himself snowed his

made to him. Was it some hint of an mind." heart on his sleeve, was angry at one "His answer was just as short. It ugly plot which Tom in a panic had

moment, impulsively grateful the next, communicated to his sister? Was it said:

"'So have I.' "-Detroit Free Press. changed his sulky look except when something about the well in the out-

for him.

can't take up my time"-"Stand a little farther away from

the phone. Mr. Spotcash. Your voice sounds as if you had your mouth full

of mashed potatoes"-"Who the devil are you ?"

"I think I gave you my name and address-Gwilliams, 1195 Pumpernickel street, next door to Lazarus J. Spillhorn. You don't know me from a stuffed alligator. but you may have heard of Spillhorn. Don't you allow yourself to get hot. Mr. Spotcash. over an icebox. The incongruity of such a thing ought to be apparent even to the head of an overgrown junkshop"-"If you were here, sir. I should kick

you out of my office"-

"You would probably need some help. If that icebox had simply been defaced a little, I shouldn't have made any fuss about it, but the stupid ass you sent to deliver it"-

"Haven't you sense enough. you in-"Doctor, what's this?" he asked sharply. fernal idiot, to know that I don't look into such a sound sleep that there personally after the little details of a would be no waking her, however ill business amounting to millions of dollars a year ?" This statement, being in direct op-

"If you don't grasp every detail of that business, you Cheap John notion peddler in a gilt binding. you are not fit to be the boss of it! Don't try to crawl out of the responsibility by throwing the blame on some boy. If that icebox had simply been defaced a little, I repeat, I shouldn't have made any fuss about it, but the fellow you sent to deliver it didn't have any more sense than to tumble it on the side-

"Look here. Spotcash. that won't do. thing of religion, and gradually something of arts and sciences. Some day you know. You are not allowed to talk they will, no doubt, begin to read the newspapers, and in the final settlement it will be found that while they have contributed immensely to the increased wealth of the south, all this contribution has been nothing as comand toy vendor. is to send me a new icebox and take the damaged one pared with the benefits they themselves have derived.

"You blank fool. do you think you can tell me''-

"Again let me tell you. Spotcash. heard from." said Smith, pointing to a not to use such language over the teleyoung man who was going down the phone. Some remote ancestor of yours street. "He has managed to keep his may possibly have been a gentleman. head in love and financial matters, and Try to emulate him. Spotcash. In the meantime please accept the assurances "Two months ago he was a young of my distinguished consideration, and man with all the world before him and with no prospects ahead of him except the icebox will remain in my dwelling subject to your order If it is replaced a determination to fight life's battles. properly and within a reasonable time, "He was in love with a young lady living in this city, but his financial conyou will not hear from me again. If it isn't, I shall call you up. Spotcash, perdition prevented him from declaring sonally a dozen times a day through all his passion; besides he was not sure the public telephones in town. I have that the young lady in question cared not the patience to call at your store to "But by one of those curious turns of make the complaint. Your system of making exchanges is too complicated. the wheel of fortune an old aunt, that and I believe in going to headquarters with all kicks anyhow Never allow yourself to think. Spotcash, that you called upon the young lady and asked are too big a man to listen to a comher to marry him, saying nothing plaint from your meanest customer. I think that's all. Good morning, Spotcash!"-Chicago Tribune.

> "Twenty-five cents was the foundation of my fortune."

couldn't."-Chicago Record.

Fiddle Butt Stealers.

There is a reason why the Adirondack forest tires should become more destructive each succeeding year. Most of the timber there is spruce. While spruce is used for various purposes it it valued chiefly as material for the manufacture of sounding boards for all kinds of musical instruments.

That part of the spruce tree which is free from branches, extending to from 20 to 30 feet above the ground, is known as a fiddle butt. As there are no branches in that part of the trunk there are no knots, and when the lumber is sawed it presents a smooth sur-

sounding boards.

The stealing of fiddle butts is carried editorial learning. The editors of on as a regular industry by hundreds these two papers must keep their at- of men who own small farms on the lases and encyclopedias at their sides outer edges of the forests. These men all the time, so as to be able to treat go into the woods in winter and cut the questions arising from the nation- down thousands of great spruce trees. al administration's foreign policy. The They take from each tree only the State is disposed to treat THE EN base log, which they sell at the nearest QUIRER with a degree of haughtiness sawmill, allowing the remainder of the and superiority. It perches high up tree to lie where it falls. The branchand looks down upon its weekly con-temporary to inform it "that it is not in when a fire is started by a careless its class ;" but THE ENQUIRER comes hunter or woodsman they furnish an back at the The State with such an abundance of fuel for the spread of

array of magnificently written edi-torials, showing itself a close student Many efforts have been made to punand well versed in foreign affairs, that ish the fiddle butt stealers, but it is a the public is becoming interested and fact that no jury has ever been got tois watching the contest between these gether that would bring in a verdict of guilty. It is claimed, with much evi-

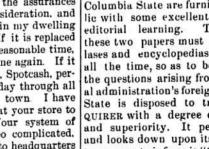
editorial giants. There is no doubt about it, Gonzales dence of truth, that a jury has never is a fine writer, and when it comes to been selected in that section that did "Nobody. I tried to borrow it and treating European questions he does not have a fiddle butt stealer among so in a learned and attractive manner; its members .- Philadelphia Record.

Editor Appelt Levels His Spyglass at the Rider of The State's High Horse. Janning Times, November 27.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF IT.

W. D. G.

THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER and the face, an essential in the making of Columbia State are furnishing the pub lic with some excellent specimens of



Good Lesson Early Learned.

"Who gave it to you?"

in that style over the telephone. Exercise a little common sense. Spotcash. You know it isn't my place to bring that icebox back. The proper thing to do, you thirty-third degree haberdasher

back"-

But she raised both her hands in "No, no!" said she. "I will not have walk"it. You must promise me. sir. that whatever happens you will not give me

"Bring it back. blank you"one. Promise, promise, or if not I will

Decidedly this was the most obstinate patient he had ever had, so the young doctor thought, as he found himexciting herself much more than was self compelled to give the required promise.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Change All Around.

they are the two great tests.

"There goes a party that will be