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THE MYSTERY OF GRASLOV

By Ashley Towne

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Synopsis.-Prince Neslerov wants to marry Frances Gordon, the charming He had ridden too often over the tun-daughter of an American who is build- dra to go unprepared for enemies, huing the Transsiberian railroad. Frances is interested in the fortunes of Vladimir Paulpoff, a stalwart Russian blacksmith. She asks Neslerov to use his in-fluence for Vladimir. Neslerov goes to Vladimir's hut. The blacksmith has talent and shows Neslerov a picture he has painted. It is the portrait of a wo-man of rank copied from a miniature. The prince is excited and asks for the original. Vladimir's father says it has ben lost. To Vladimer old Paulpoff confesses that he lied to Neslerov and still has the miniature. Neslerov has the Paulpoffs sent to Siberia as nihi-lists. Frances Gordon goes to the forge with books for Vladimar. At the door of the lonely hut she encounters Nesleroy. The prince presses his suit violently, and Frances stuns him with a pistol shot in the head. Gordon wishes his daughter to marry Jack Denton, an American bridge engineer. Frances demands that her father intercede with the governor for Vladimir. They start for Obi. Neslerov boards the same train, which breaks in two, and Nesle-rov has Frances alone in his power. Neslerov drags Frances before a priest and bids him to perform a marriage ceremony. Jack Denton comes to the rescue. Neslerov is beaten off.

CHAPTER VII.

A DUEL. ESLEROV recoiled, and the writhing of his face in pain and fury, together with the long red cut made by the whip, gave him the expression of a demon.

"You! You!" he gasped.

"Yes, I!" said Denton. "Fortunately. I arrived in time to foil this dastardly attempt of yours to take advantage of a defenseless girl. I have been riding along the railway from stream to stream examining the bridges. I reached this place on my horse a moment ago. A boy saw me coming and hurried to tell me what was going on. I had no idea I should find a friend in need of help. But, thank God, I was

"You will never leave this place alive!" said Neslerov. He plucked a revolver from his pock-

et and aimed at Denton. A woman standing near held out her hands and caught the form of Frances and bore it into her house. Denton, with flashing eyes, leaped forward and

closed with Neslerov. "It is a battle to the death between giants!" cried a man in the crowd.

The pistol fell from the grasp of Nesleroy, and the whip before wielded by Denton dropped to the ground.

The iron fingers of Denton would close on the throat of Neslerov, and it seemed as though the struggle would end that moment, but Neslerov would wrench himself free and leap at his enemy with a curse and growl. "It is you or I! One of us must die!

cried Neslerov. A swinging, crashing blow from the

American's right hand sent the governor to the ground, where he lay as if stunned.

"Take care of him, somebody," said

Denton in Russian. "I don't want to kill him." He turned without a look at the fall-

en man and started toward the but into which Frances had been carried. "Look out!" cried a woman. At the cry, which was echoed in the

crowd, Denton turned suddenly. The dastardly Neslerov had feigned. He had risen to his feet and was creeping



And now began a duck.

upon his enemy with a dagger drawn. "Oh, you are an assassin, eh?" said Denton as he drew his revolver. "Let me see if we can't settle you once for

While it might be that not one of the villagers sympathized with Neslerov, yet his act was not a crime to them. With their sordid understanding of women having no rights, no freedom, no liberties save what their lords and masters gave them, the men of this place looked upon the eagerness of Neslerov to be married to so beautiful a girl as natural.

One of them, realizing that the governor's safety was necessary to their own, sprang upon Denton and drove a knife through the fleshy part of his

The pistol fell to the earth near that them up and hid them.

unarmed foe, and his knife was raised through a want of consideration .to strike, but Denton, with a quicker | Christian Instructor.

GREAT MEN'S WIVES.

Miscellaneous Reading.

And the Tributes Great Men Have

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movement, drew a knife from his belt.

And now began a duel the like of

which the banks of the Irtish or its

branches will probably never see

The blood from the wound in Den-

ton's arm was flung over the face and

clothing of Neslerov, while that from

the bruises on the governor's face grew

thick and dark, making him truly hide-

With a grasp as of iron Denton seiz-

ed the hand of Neslerov that held the

dagger, but with a wrench the govern-

or got it away and cut to the bone

But the American scarcely felt the

wound. He was not fighting now for

life, nor for vengeance. He was fight-

ing for that girl who lay in the hut.

He knew that if Neslerov killed him

and was not killed himself, her life

would be made such a hell in the

power of this monster of brutality that

A year ago she had told him she did

not and never could love him. It had

been a quarrel. She didn't want to get

married, and he asked her if his rough

exterior, the result of years of hard work

in rude and dangerous places, was dis-

agreeable to her. He said there were

fine gentlemen at Paris, New York,

London and St. Petersburg. She had

answered that she knew it. She pre-

ferred their company to boors. They

parted then and had not met till now.

Denton and Neslerov kept fighting

Neslerov felt his right arm getting

weaker. Denton's knife had slashed

through the sleeve of his coat and

found the bone near the elbow. An ar-

was thrown from the end of the sleeve.

Made desperate, he gathered all his

strength for a final effort and sprang

Denton, seeing an opportunity and

knowing that nothing but a deathblow

seemed likely to end the fight, met the

plunge and drove his knife into Nesle-

With another curse, a spluttering of

blood and a groan the governor of

Tomsk sank to the ground at the foot

"Take care of him, you fellows; no

need to let him die," said Denton, ex-

amining the wound. "His lung is not

touched. Nothing fatal here, I am glad

The old priest came mumbling to-

"You know more about surgery than

the rest. Get some water, bathe these

wounds, take a few stitches in the long

"Yes, little father," said the priest,

He strode to the bank of the stream,

over which he had but a few months

to see Frances, as if nothing had hap-

TO BE CONTINUED.

Making Barrels.

no one thought of improving until with-

in recent years," said a manufacturer,

but then the inventors and expert ma-

chinists started in with such a rush

that it takes a good deal of our time

keeping abreast of the improvements

that are coming into the market every

"The work used to be done entirely

by hand, and the coopers often had to

buy their hoops from a firm that made

nothing else. The coopers were not

well enough equipped to make all the

different parts of a barrel themselves,

and often they bought everything out-

side and merely put the barrels togeth-

er. It used to take five or six men to

time would perhaps turn out ten bar-

"As the system is now, all the differ-

staves and hoops and braces by it the

pieces are run through another section

of it and come out almost immediately

a finished barrel, ready to be loaded

"On a regular average about 30 bar-

rels can be turned out in an hour. You

way. Employing six men for one hour,

as they used to do, we can get 160 bar-

rels, where by the old system they

Inconsiderate Words.

constantly inflicting upon others by

do not mean to violate the Golden Rule,

and shipped to our customers.

Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Cooperage is one of the trades that

of his adversary unconscious.

cuts and bandage him up."

trembling. "But what of you?"

"I can take care of myself."

on, the villagers too much aghast to

step between or utter a word.

bodily upon his foe.

to say. Here, you!"

rov's side.

ward him.

pened.

day.

death would be preferable.

half the length of Denton's finger.

man and otherwise.

Steel flashed on steel.

Paid to Them. place is perfect," Kingsley once wrote to his wife from the seaside, "but it seems a dream and imperfect without you. I never before felt the loneliness of being without the all morning, thinking of nothing but home; how I long for it!"

There is nothing in the history of love more attractive than the pictures of the ideally happy married lives enjoyed by some of our greatest men, or more touching than the tribute they paid to the women who filled their days with sunshine. Indeed, if one were asked to present a picture of the sublimity of married happiness it would be only necessary to recall the scene in which Charles Kingsley, within a few days of his own death, having escaped from his sick room, sat for a few blissful moments by the bedside of his wife, who was lying seriously ill in the next room. Taking one of her hands in his, he said, in a hushed voice: "Don't speak, darling. This is Heaven.'

Few men, great or small, have been happier in their married life than John Bright, and the story of his inconsolable grief when his wife, "the sunshine and solace of his days," was taken from him, forms one of the most pathetic pages of human history. seems to me," he pitifully said, "as though the world was plunged in darkness, and that no ray of light could ever reach me again this side of the tomb.

It was Cobden who shook him at last from the lethargy and despair which were paralyzing his splendid energies. There are thousands of homes in England this moment," he said, "where wives, mothers and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me and we will never rest until the corn law is repealed."

The late Dean Stanley, it is said, worshipped the very ground his wife, Lady Augusta, trod on, and many are the compliments he paid her. "If I were to epitomize my wife's qualities," he once said, "I couldn't do it no better than in the words of a cabman who drove us on our honeymoon. 'Your wife,' he said to tery must have been cut, for the blood me, 'is the best woman in England'and I quite agree with him."

"Why should you pity me?" Mr. Fawcett, the blind postmaster general, remarked to a friend who has expresse sympathy with him in his affliction. "My wife is all the eyes I want, and no man ever looked out on the world through eyes more sweet or true."

Sheridan was very happy in his wives, although one of them, before marrying him spoke, of her future hushand as "that fright, that horrid creature" In marked contrast to this unflattering description was the compliment he paid to his first wife, whom he had wooed disguised as a hackney coachman, when he spoke of her as "the connecting link between a woman and

No man ever relied more completely on his wife's guidance and counsel than John Keble, the poet of the "Christian Year." From the day when he installed his bride in Hursley Vicarage to the last sad hour, 30 years later, when he died in her arms at Bournemouth, she was, as he often declared, his "conscience, memory and common sense." Dr. Pusey's too brief married life before built a bridge, and bathed his was also crowded with happiness, and wounds. Then he went into the hut his wife's memory was his one solace during the 43 years he survived her. To his dying day the very sight and smell of the verbena plant affected him to tears, for it was a sprig of verbena

> William Cobbett was very properly proud of his wife, the brave and devoted woman who was, in his words, "the best helpmate an undeserving man ever had. Whatever mistakes I have made in my life-and they have been many and great—she has never had a word of blame for me, nothing but sweet sympathy and consolation. The price of such a wife should indeed be far above rubies."

> he offered to Miss Barber when he ask-

ed her to marry him-"the most sacred

and blissful moment" of his life.

Dr. Wadsworth, late Bishop of Linside of Eden." "Their children," a do the work properly, and an hour's friend once wrote, "can never remember never quarrelled .- Tit-Bits.

earnest exhortation to arouse people what are you doing with that calf? to an appreciation of their duty and "I am trying to stop him." "You can't from Ireland. Previous letters delivered hold them to a rigid performance of it. "Precept upon precept, precept upon man. "I know I can't," said the boy, can see what the saving is over the old | precept; line upon line; line upon line; here a little; there a little." Such was Isaiah's idea of instructing the people on their moral and religious duties. were only able to get ten."-Pittsburg The same plan holds good in the busi- Ukraine, Russia, the woman does all ness world. Patience, earnestness, kindness, sympathy will accomplish much more in field, or factory than the informs him of the state of her feelstern and heartless orders and com- ings. If he reciprocates, all is well, aware of the painful wounds they are mands of the master. It is the repeated and the formal marriage is duly arsuggestion that wins men to the perinconsiderate words. This is manifest formance of everyday duties. Some of to a better mind. by the censures which they pass upon our readers may think that too much not treat her with the least discourtesy has been said for several months in The selves are guilty. It is difficult to listen Spartan in regard to sowing small able to turn her out, as her friends in with an impartial ear to one's own grain, thereby laying the foundation the insult. His remedy, therefore, speeches. They do not impress them- for a pea crop and soil improvement. determined not selves as they do others. They are not | Some of the best farmers of the counable to place themselves in the exact ty tell us to keep up the advice and of Neslerov and two villagers picked position of others. Hence, though they suggestions. Some persons will be ben- the Zuni tribe of Indians. The woman efited by it. Some of the seed thus Like a flash Neslerov was upon his they are yet continually doing it promiscuously sown will fall on good

to get in a full wheat crop. The sooner this is done the better. Thorough preparation of the land will be good for the next crop, whether peas, or corn and peas. Pea stubble turned with a twohorse plow, or rather edged up, and pulverized with a cutaway harrow will put the land in the condition for wheat, whether put in with a drill or sown by hand and covered with a harrow or double foot plow. The wheat mills of five-month's old child in her arms, the county are now idle. Only a few beloved being whose every look and farmers have wheat to grind. There word and motion are the keynotes of will be a constant demand for flour unmy life. People talk of love ending at til next July. Let every farmer enthe altar-Fools, I lay at the window deavor to make wheat enough for all persons on his farm.-Spartanburg Spartan.

> A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE. The Best Way to Get Rid of a Debt

Is to Pay It. The appeal of the men who wish to avoid the payment of their debt to the holders of the bonds which they voted

in another column. Their unfortunate circumstances is a matter of regret to all, but repudiation, or the resort to doubtful methods, is not the way for men to discharge their obtime were warned against the act which placed the debt on their property. The men who had charge of the undertaking or the taxpayers made mistakes for

which the men who graded the road are in nowise responsible. Not so long ago, this town had an unjust and an unlawful debt saddled up-"It on it by railroad enthusiasts. That debt could have been avoided by a simple appeal to the courts. There was not the shadow of constitutional authority for assuming the debts of others, but rather than make a question whereby the credit of the town might be injured, we paid the debt, dollar for dollar.

There is something repulsive in the act of repudiating a debt, or avoiding its payment by a technicality.

If towns, townships or counties may surrender their charters to avoid the payment of their debts, the credit of the state will be injured, and the character of our people may suffer.

But this effort in sympathy for the unfortunate will bring its evil consequences upon others. Even if every man in the state should vote for the never be much nearer death, no matter repudiation of their railroad debts, the act will not avail.

for the express purpose of making un- sporting districts. In this region, the willing debtors settle their obligations. rather slow moving settlers are beginnever encourage repudiation-no matter and for an act of parliament behind

debts. It is not avoid the payment of its debts while 500 yards. other communities pay theirs. The United States courts will hardly dis-

Press and Banner. THE STATE DISPENSARY.

Sam Jones Writes of South Carolina's Gin Mill and It's Liquor.

The biggest thing in South Carolina s the dispensary. Ben Tillman and when he discovered that several bullets the devil saddled the thing on South had pierced the walls and windows of Carolina and the politicans and the his spare bedroom. devil are running it with the aid of fools and rascals who buy the liquor. came in for supplies from a large shoot-Whisky is sold from the dispensary ing party encamped beside the pond from sun up till sun down and the about half a mile away. Upon inquiry price ranges from 10 cents for half pint it turned out that as the men could bottle to \$1.00 for pint bottle, from popskull to "good lickir." Drummers and "gentlemen" buy the "good licker," and Negroes and poor whites buy the 10 cents a pint stuff. All the dispensaries of the state are furnished their liquor from the Columbia wholesale shop. The state takes its profits at headquarters before the town and county dispensaries get hold of it. Then the town His Story of a Ghost For Whom His and county divide the profits equally And the work of drunkard-making goes steadily on. I find in mingling with the people (I mean the good people,) for I go with no other sort, they are all opposed to the dispensary. They say it's better than the saloon. Just as they prefer measles to smallpox. They say it's death to morals and manhood, tiger or dispensary.

whether it's furnished by saloon, blind The dispensary is as much in politics in South Carolina as the saloons of Chicago or Atlanta are in politics Therefore both gangs know that when they go out of politics they must go coln, said that his wedded life had been out of business. And so it goes, and "as near perfection as was possible this it looks like as long as the infernal greed of whisky dealers and the infernal appetite for drink shall possess men a day or even an hour when, even in that the traffic will go on, but I am surface matters, the perfect harmony still at my old game fighting the gangs was infringed upon," and a favorite on both sides. They tell me I can't joke with the bishop was that he and stop it, but I tell them that I am like and only one man is needed to attend his wife had never been "reconciled"— the boy who grabbed the calf by the it. After the wood is fashioned into for the happy reason that they had tail and the calf took off down the road ing up with the procession, and by and Sow Wheat.-It takes constant and by a gentleman said to the boy, "Tom, stop him that way," said the gentlelanta Journal.

WHERE WOMEN PROPOSE.-In the with a man, she goes to his house and ranged. If, however, he is unwilling, she remains there, hoping to coax him such a case would feel bound to avenge leave his home and stay away as long A similar practice to that in the Ukraine, exists among does all the courting and also controls the situation after marriage. belong all the children, and descent, ground. Hence we say to the farmers including inheritance, is also on her of the Piedmont to make a special effort side.

DEADLY LONG RANGE RIFLES.

Movement In Canada to Forbid Their Use In Hunting. Not far from Mont Cref, one of the northern settlements, a little tradgedy

warning to deer hunters. A young French woman was standing at the door of her little home, her when she suddenly felt a shock of some kind, and her baby screamed, struggled violently and, in a moment or two, was dead. The father was near by, and

aroused by the screams, came in as the mother sank to the floor unconscious. Her long fainting was overcome with difficulty. Then they tried to account for the sudden death of the child. It was not until the little body was strip ped of its clothing that the matter be came clear to the investigators.

Then a stain upon the inner garment one tiny wound in the chest, and one in the back, told the tale of a bullet gone to build a narrow gauge railroad from astray, the bullet itself was found in Augusta to Greenville may be found the clothing of the mother, where it had lodged.

It had come from one of the German long range rifles, sold commonly in this country at a low price a few years ago. Whose gun dispatched it, or from what ligations. The voters of that day and distance it had come, is not known probably never will be known, as many hunters are afield in the deer country just now.

It was about 30 miles southeast of the scene of this incident that last autumn a sawmill hand, standing on a boom above the flume, suddenly dropped his pikepole, reeled and fell into the water dead, with a steel bullet in his brain. No report was heard; the force of the missile was evidently almost spent, and the man who killed his fellow was never discovered-perhaps never knew of the outcome of his long-range shooting. Indeed, he may have been a mile

away from his victim at the time. Only a few days ago, two sons of one of the country's most prominent men were crossing a lake after ducks when without warning of any kind, one of them received a shock which almost threw him out of the boat. A flying bullet had ploughed transversely in a slightly downward direction across his chest, inflicting an ugly, painful, though fortunately not dangerous, wound. As his doctor said, that lad can

what befalls him. News of somewhat similar happen The courts, as a rule, were organized ings are being reported from other The people of the United States will ning an agitation for a gun license fee, it, which shall compel the use of a gov ernment stamp upon sporting firearms let one community certifying that their range is not above

How thoughtless some men are in their use of firearms, and how accidents criminate, even if South Carolina re- often occur were forcibly demonstrated sorts to doubtful methods.-Abbeville lately. A farmer had just retired for the night, when he noticed the sound of blows upon his shingled roof.

This was followed by the noise o breaking glass in the attic chamber next to which he was lying. Fortun ately for him, he had philosophy enough to subdue his curiosity until morning,

During the day a couple of hunters not sleep that first night out they had amused themselves by firing in moonlight at a dead tree top on the other side of the water. The question of where the bullets

they heedlessly set going might stop had not occurred to them .- Hull, Cana da, Dispatch.

TOLD BY A LETTER CARRIER.

Father Had a Love Letter.

"Tell you the story? Cert. Captain Fanning of the Tenth Ohio fought through the civil war. At its close he went over to Ireland with the Fenians and was, I believe, imprisoned there for a time. However, on his return he lived in my father's district and he became intimate with him, as they were both Fenians. The captain, after a year or two, enlisted in the regular army and ply a harmless beggar. Suddenly, and was sent out to the frontier to fight Indians. Now, father missed him, but was not aware that he had enlisted. In fact, nobody in Cincinnati of the captain's acquaintances knew what became of him, as he was a proud kind of chap and did not relish the idea of having it known that he was compelled your pulse,' he said, as he grabbed my to enlist as a private soldier. He had wrist. 'I see,' he said again. 'How's on several occasions talked with father about a young lady in Ireland whom he intended making his wife. They corresponded, and of course, whenever father delivered a letter from Ireland, he joked with the captain about the fair, correspondent. Some six months after the captain had disappeared, father the breast, and heavy headache, and-I had in his morning's mail pouch a letter addressed as usual to the captain, at the house were received and forward- handed me a half-dozen small pills, ed to the captain, so my father rang with the instruction that I take one "but I'm slowing him up some."-At- the door bell and was handing the letter without looking up, to the servant, as he thought, when his hand touched protested, telling him that I had not something cold, and glancing sharply asked his assistance. He drew a large, up, there stood the captain, smiling as ugly-looking pistol from his pocket, the courting. When she falls in love he used to do whenever a letter with the Irish postmarked was delivered.

er, and even as he spoke the letter fell glad to get off so lightly in that wild on the doorstep, and in the captain's region of the world. It was a new place stood the male Negro servant, slightly scowling as he mumbled, 'You experienced a new sensation as a remust be in a big hurry dis mornin', droppin' the mail in this mannah. Father turned white, and cold chills ran down his spinal column. Recover-

to marry her, is to ing himself, he asked the Negro: "'Has Captain Fanning returned? Receiving a negative answer, he proceeded on his route, and when he sat down to dinner that day he solemnly said to my mother: 'Peggy, Captain that they are disagreeable. Fanning is dead.'

"To her inquiries as to the details or best of your surroundings.

how he got the news, he made evasive replies. The evening papers contained this dispatch from some town near where the captain was stationed:

" 'Captain Fanning of the Tenth Ohio Volunteer infantry, serving as private occurred this week which ought to be was shot to death by a corporal of his company at roll call this morning.' "When father read the dispatch he table. became so ill that he had to be put to bed, and it was over a week before he that young Ferguson is going on. Only secured an exchange of routes with a

> fellow-carrier. After a pause- "Father lived a year and a day, as he said he would, after ways had my suspicions of him, but, of this hallucination, and while I don't play one, two, three on ghosts, it has always stumped me how he could foretell so accurately the day of his death." -Washington Post.

> > AN INDIAN WITNESS.

It Was "No Sabby" With Him Till

He Thought Best to Understand. The thing which proves most conclusively that the Indian is of superior intelligence is that he understands so well how to "no sabby" at exactly the right time. If you meet him out upon the prairie and want to know how far it is sabby." If you asked him to take a drink with you there is a probability that the stupid look upon his face will

clear away at once. Just to show how unutterably stupid an Indian can be when he makes up his mind it will be worth while to tell of the one arrested Sunday night for drunkenness. His name is Tommy-"no got some other name. White man he take Indian name away. Maybe so pretty soon white man going also to take Tommy. Then Indian he got no name at all."

"But who gave you the whisky?"

"No sabby." "Did white man give it to you?" "May be so."

"Which one?" "No sabby." In the afternoon a number of Indians came in their gay colored shirts to the

police headquarters and stood ready to pay the fine of the one who was lying in his cell. Commissioner Sam Strauss, who has an intimate knowledge of Indian ways, was called in to see what might be done to induce Tommy to confess where he bought the whisky. Mr. Strauss not only tried to bring about

he would do that he would be liberated. The Indian within appeared greatly affected. He would confess now. It was right that he should. White man he meant to do right by Indian. It was somewhat to that significance that the penitent began. If it hadn't been so dark within you would almost have imagined that he was about to shed tears. He surely didn't want to deceive anybody, he was at last ready to confess And this is the way he did it: "May-

be so I buy whisky; maybe so white man sell whisky to Tommy; maybe so Tommy find whisky. Anyhow, Tommy get pretty d- drunk."-Lawton, Oklahoma, Enterprise,

AN OZARK GRAFT. A Man Held Up. Doctored and Made

to Settle at the Muzzle of a Pistol. "Out in the Ozark Mountains a few years ago, I experienced the strangest

hold-up in my whole career," said a man who had traveled around a great deal, "and I have been through a few train robberies, a stage hold-up and a few other exciting things of this sort. "One evening just about dusk, I was strolling along the mountain side, when a dilapidated man suddenly shambled out from behind a small clump of bush-

es. I paid no particular attention to him for he did not look like a very desperate man, and I really did not expect him to say anything to me unless he should beg a nickle or a dime. Really, my hurried and indifferent impression of the man was that he was simwith an unsuspected activity, he threw himself directly in front of me and momentarily blocked my passage. 'Stick out your tongue,' he said in a commanding tone of voice, and I obeyed him. 'I see,' he said, after carefully scrutinizing my tongue. 'Let me feel the appetite?' he asked, and I told him. "'Sleep uneven, eh?' he continued, and you feel tired all the time. Suffer

'I see,' he said again. with nausea, too, I suppose, and your food doesn't agree with you, and your nerves are in bad shape, and pain in see-I see,' he said after awhile. He pulled a little box out of his pocket, fumbled for a few seconds and then every three hours. 'Fifty cents,' he said, 'for diagnosis and medicine.' I and, looking me squarely in the eye, simply repeated, 'Fifty cents.' I gave "Welcome back, Cap!" said my fath- it to him, and to tell the truth, was method in the hold-up business and I sult of it all.

"Inquiry developed the fact that no such man lived permanently in that section, and I was laughed at considerably because I had been made the victim of a tramp's crooked enterprise." -New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Some people are so good-natured ## Under all circumstances make the

HOW SCANDAL GROWS.

How a Story Gains In Size, Like s

Rolling Snowball. Mr. Jones is a solemn gentleman with a pessimistic view of life in general and soldier in the - regiment of cavalry, his neighbors' actions in particular. He looks sad in a pleased sort of way as he speaks to his wife across the breakfast

Mr. Jones-It is really too bad how was able to resume his duties, when he married a few months, and his wife is such a nice girl. Poor little woman!" Mrs. Jones (with eager interest)-

What has he been doing? I have alcourse, I have said nothing.

Mr. Jones (attacking his omelet)-Why when I went down last night to the board meeting, Ferguson was on the same train and alone. He was beaming in the most undignified way, like a schoolboy out on a lark. When I came home, I passed one of the theatres just as it let out, and caught a glimpse of Ferguson sailing away with a stunningly dressed woman-most devoted, too. They were on their way to supper, for

I watched them turn into a cafe. Mrs. Jones (ecstatically)-The wretch! And I suppose poor Carla was sitting patiently at home waiting for him, or else crying her eyes out! It's disgraceare, if he doesn't know you, he will "no ful! I'll wager she wishes now she had married Mr. Raymond instead, even if he is old enough to be her father!

> SCENE 2. Sitting room of Mrs. Smith. She is almost touching heads with her caller,

Mrs. White. Mrs. Smith-What! You haven't heard? Why, that young man Ferguson is treating his wife horribly, and she is so brave about it. Poor thing; goes out just the same and never once drops her pretty smile. He is infatuated with another woman-takes her to theatres and wine suppers and is out every evening in the week. Mrs. Jones knows all about it and she says Carla bitterly regrets her mistake in not taking that nice Mr. Raymond instead. Of course, he is dull, but then he would not have neglected her. Oh, these

young men!" Mrs. White-I always did feel that he wasn't to be trusted!"

SCENE 3. Mrs. White has three uncheon.

Mrs. White-And so Carla has reached the limit of her endurance! She's Raymond-he was deperately in love the desired results but he solicited the with her before she made the mistake aid of the Indians in the outer office.

They came in and talked in a serious tone to their erring brother, telling him though I hate to see a home broken up. wonder why she delays leaving him and going back to her father. Chorus of Women-Yes, isn't it odd?

Poor child, what an unhappy experience for her-and how she keeps her troubles to herself. SCENE 4.

The home of the Fergusons. Carla and her husband are contentedly sitting by the reading lamp cutting magazines. Ferguson (suddenly)-Say, dear, you know my new fall hat-the one I went down on the train ahead of you to buy the evening we took in the theatre last week? Well, I've splashed ink on it. Can you clean it?

Carla-Yes, certainly. You look so well in that hat, Dick. I was proud of you when you came to meet me at the station. Say, what on earth do you suppose ails all the women I know? They have gazed at me with tears in their eyes the last few days and patted me on the shoulder. Today Mrs. Jones said I could always rely on her and there were plenty of others to back me up.

Ferguson (amusedly)-Search me. Why don't you ask 'em? She does, and Ferguson, coming

home next evening, is swamped with hysterical torrent of speech, in which inoffensive Mr. Raymond, "gossipy, horrid women," corruscating wrath and choking laughter are inextricably min-Ferguson (after three distinct at-

tempts to speak his mind, which end in failures)-And there's absolutely nothing we can do to convince people it's untrue! Carla, come weep on the shoulder of your villainous husband-and let's us to the theatre to celebrate!"-Chicago Daily News.

The First Strike.

The terrible plague of 1348, which continued during eight years, and of which such grewsome stories may be read in history and romance, destroyed it is believed, nearly two thirds of the human race then existing. In London 50,000 bodies were buried in one graveyard; in Lubeck, 90,000; in Spain, over half the population was destroyed; and in the countries of the East, 20,000,000 perished in one year. One result of this protracted "dance of death," far more terrible than Hans Holbein's weird conception was a scarcity of labor so great that it was feared it would not be possible to provide for the living. Such a state of affairs naturely en-

couraged the skilled craftsmen of the time to increase the price they asked for their services. Their terms became so exorbitant that it was impossible, in the improverished condition in which the ravages of the plague had left all the great cities of the world, to meet their demands, as it was equally imposible to do without their services. It was the first recorded "strike" in the history of mankind, and as on all subsequent occasions, it was met by force. Governments hurriedly enacted "labor laws." and policed the cities with whatever armed forced they could muster. It was an attenpt to take an unfair advantage of disaster, and death, and it failed, as it deserved to fail; but it proved how absolutely necessary to mankind were certain forms of labor, and sounded they keynote of the call for all subsequent strikes down to the present day.-Exchange.

13 Suspicion is a source of great unhappiness.