TERMS----\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1903.

By WILL N. HARBEN, Author of "Westerfelt."

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field road giving directions to black hair that fell below his coat cola robust negro who was plow- lar, rose and extended his hand. ing the corn, which in parallel rows stretched on to the main road a quarter of a mile distant.

had dropped a dim veil over the nearby mountain. Even the two storied he'll scoop in enough money to set you farmhouse, with its veranda and white an' your sister up for life! Folks tell columns, to which the field road led up | me he owns mighty near every stick a gradual slope, showed only its outlines. However, Alan Bishop, as he an' what he has he got at the bottom stendied his gaze upon the house, saw figure." the figure of an elderly woman come out of the gate and with a quick step hurry down to him. It was his mother. She was tall and angular and had high cheek bones and small blue eyes. She had rather thin gray hair, which was wound into a knot behind her head, and over it she wore only a small red breakfast shawl, which she held in place by one of her long hands.

"Alan," she said, panting from her brisk walk, "I want you to come to the house right off. Mr. Trabue has come to see yore pa again, an' I can't do a thing with 'im."

"Well, what does he want with him?" on the plowman and his horse. They had turned the far end of the corn row and were coming back, only the nodding head of the animal being visible beyond a little rise.

"He's come to draw up the papers fer another land trade yore pa's makin'. He's the lawyer fer the Tompkins



"Listen to nothin'," thundered Bishop. estate. Yore pa tried to buy the land a yeer ago, but it wasn't in shape to dispose of. Oh, Alan, don't you see he's goin' to ruin us with his fool notions? Folks all about are a-laughin' at him fer buyin' so much useless mountain land. I'm powerful afeerd his mind is wrong."

"Well, mother, what could I do?" Alan Bishop asked impatiently. "You know he won't listen to me."

"I reckon you can't stop 'im," sighed the woman, "but I wish you'd come on to the house. I knowed he was up to some'n'. Ever' Jay fer the last week he's been ridin' up the valley an' rollin' an' tumblin' at night an' chawin' ten times as much tobacco as he ort. Oh, he's goin' to ruin us! Brother Abner says he is buyin' beca'se he thinks it's goin' to advance in value, but sech property hain't advanced a speck sense I kin remember an' is bein' sold ever' yeer fer tax money."

"No, it's very foolish of him," said the young man as the two turned toward the house. "Father keeps talking about the fine timber on such property, but it is entirely too far from a railroad ever to be worth anything. I asked Rayburn Miller about it, and he told me to do all I could to stop father from investing, and you know he's as sharp a speculator as ever lived; but it's his money."

There was a paling fence around the house, and the inclosure was alive with chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks and peafowls. In the sunshine on the veranda two pointers lay sleeping, but at the sound of the opening gate they rose, stretched themselves lazily and gaped.

"They are in the parlor," said Mrs. Bishop, as she whisked off her breakfast shawl. "Go right in; I'll come in a minute. I want to see how Linda is makin' out with the churnin'. La! I feel like it's a waste o' time to do a he said to the lawyer. "Heer she's lick o' work with him in thar actin' b're a child. Ef we both go in together, it'il look like we've concocked somethin', but we must stop 'im ef we kin."

Alan went into the parlor on the left had white plastered walls, but the ceilpainted sky blue. In one corner stood n very old piano with pointed, octagonal legs and a stool with haircloth tovering. The fireplace was wide and uidn't you?" asked Bishop defiantly high and had a screen made of a decorated window shade tightly pasted on a wooden frame. Old man Bishop sat near a window and through his steel framed nose glasses was carefully reading a long document written on legal cap paper. He paid no attention to the | youd their reach.

entrance of his son, but the lawyer, a HE young man stood in the short, fat man of sixty-five with thick

"How's Alan?" he asked pleasantly. "I saw you down in the field as I come along, but I couldn't catch your eye. It was a beautiful day. The sun was | You see, I'm out after some o' your shining brightly, but the atmosphere dad's cash. He's buying hisse'f rich. My Lord, if it ever does turn his way of timber land in the Cohutta valley,

"If it ever turns his way," said Alan. "But do you see any prospect of its ever doing so, Mr. Trabue?"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "I never bet on another man's trick, my boy, and I never throw cold water on the plans of a speculator. I used to when I was about your age, but I saw so many of 'em get rich by paying no attention to me that I quit right off. A man ought to be allowed to use his own judgment."

Old Bishop was evidently not hearing a word of this conversation, being wholly absorbed in studying the details of the deed before him. "I reckon asked the young man. His glance was | it's all right," be finally said. "You say the Tompkins children are all of

"Yes. Effle was the youngest," an swered Trabue, "and she stepped over the line last Tuesday. There's her signature in black and white. The deed's all right. I don't draw up any other sort."

Alan went to his father and leaned over him. "Father," he said softly and yet with firmness, "I wish you'd not act hastily in this deal. You ought to consider mother's wishes, and she is nearly distracted over it."

Bishop was angry. His massive, clean shaven face was red. "I'd like to know what I'd consult her fer," he said. "In a matter o' this kind a woman's about as responsible as a suckin' baby."

Trabue laughed heartily. "Well, I didn't hear that or she'd show you whether she was responsible or not. I couldn't have got the first word of that off my tongue before my wife would 'a' knocked me clean through that wall."

Alfred Bishop seemed not to care for levity during business hours, for he greeted this remark only with a frown. He scanned the paper again and said, 'Well, ef thar's any flaw in this I reckon you'll make it right."

"Oh, yes, I'll make any mistake of mine good," returned Trabue. "The paper's all right." "You see." said Alan to the lawyer

mother and I think father has already more of this sort of property than he can carry, and"-

"I wish you and yore mother 'd let my business alone," broke in Bishop, firing up again. "Trabue heer knows I've been worryin' 'im fer the last two months to get the property in salable shape. Do you reckon after he gets it that away I want to listen to yore two tongues a-waggin' in open opposition to it?"

Trabue rubbed his hands together. "It really don't make a bit of difference to me, Alan, one way or the other." he said pacifically. "I'm only acting as attorney for the Tompkins estate and get my fee whether there's a transfer or not. That's where I stand in the matter."

"But it's not whar I stand in it, Mr. Trabue," said a firm voice in the doorway. It was Mrs. Bishop, her blue eyes flashing, her face pale and rigid. trade. A woman 'at's stayed by a man's side fer thirty odd yeer an' dren has got a right to raise a rumpus when her husband goes crooked like Alfred has an' starts in to bankrupt

'em all jest fer a blind notion o' his'n." "Oh, thar you are!" said Bishop, lifting his eyes from the paper and glaring at her over his glasses. "I knowed I'd have to have a knockdown an' drag out fight with you 'fore I signed my name, so sail in an' git it over. Trabue's got to ride back to town."

"But whar in the name o' common sense is the money to come from?" the woman hurled at her husband as she rested one of her bony hands on the edge of the table and glared at him. "As I understand it, thar's about 5,000 acres in this piece alone, an' yo're a-payin' a dollar a acre. Whar's it a-comin' from, I'd like to know? Whar's It to come from?"

Bishop sniffed and ran a steady hand over his short, gray hair. "You see how little she knows o' my business." raisin' the devil an' Tom Walker about the trade, an' she don't so much a know whar the money's to come fro,:..

"How was I to know?" retorted the woman, "when you've been tellin" i:. of the wide, uncarpeted hall. The room | fer the last six months that the wasn't enough in the bank to give the ing was of boards planed by hand and house a coat o' fresh paint an' patch

the barn roof." "You knowed I had \$5,000 wuth o' stock in the Shoal River cotton mills. and yet with the manner of a man a natural stoop that they got by livin'

would fall lightly. burning hungrily for infermation be- blazed up like the woods afire in a you can help."

lieve have it, an' as I'm itchin' to re- stanch." lieve them of the'r land it didn't take us long to come together."

If he had struck the woman squarely in the face, she could not have shown more surprise. She became white to the lips and with a low cry turned to her son. "Oh, Alan, don't-don't let 'im do it. It's all we have left that we can depend on! It will ruin us!"

"Why, father, surely," protested Alan as he put his arm around his mother, "surely you can't mean to let go your mill investment which is paying 15 per cent to put the money into lands that may never advance in value and always be a dead weight on your hands! Think of the loss of interest and the taxes to be kept up. Father, you must listen to"-

"Listen to nothin'," thundered Bishop, half rising from his chair. "Nobody axed you two to put in. It's my business, an' I'm a-goin' to attend to it. I believe I'm doin' the right thing. an' that settles it."

"The right thing," moaned the old woman as she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands. "Mr. Trabue," she went on flercely, "when that factory stock leaves our hands we that will bring in a cent of income. You kin see how bad it is on a woman who has worked as hard to do fer her children as I have. Mr. Bishop always said Adele, who is visitin' her uncle's family in Atlanta, should have that stock for a weddin' gift ef she ever married, an' Alan was to have the lower half of this farm. Now, what would we have to give the girl-nothin' but thousands o' acres o' hills, mountains an' gulches full o' bear, wildcats an' catamounts-land that it ud break any young couple to hold on to, much less put to any use. Oh, I feel perfectly sick over it!"

There was a heavy, dragging step in the hall, and a long, lank man of sixty or sixty-five years of age paused in a tuft of gray hair on his chin, and his steer. an' he's already played smash teeth, being few and far between, gave to his cheeks a hollow appearance. He was Abner Daniel, Mrs. Bishop's bachelor brother, who lived in the family.

quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other. "Plottin' agin the whites? Ef you are, I'll decamp, as the feller said small o' the back. How are you, Mr. judgment. He never has acted this Trabue? Have they run you out o'

town fer some o' yore legal rascality?" "I reckon your sister thinks it's rascality that's brought me out today," laughed the lawyer. "We are on a little land deal."

"Oh, well, I'll move on," said Abner Daniel. "I jest wanted to tell Alan that Rigg's hogs got into his young corn in the bottom jest now an' rooted up about as many acres as Pole Baker's plowed all day. Ef they'd a-rooted in straight rows an' not gone too nigh the stalks, they mought 'a' done the crap more good than harm, but the'r aim or intention, one or t'other, was bad. Folks is that away. Mighty few of 'em root-when they root at all-fer anybody but the'rse'ves. Well, I'll git along to my room."

"Don't go, Brother Ab," pleaded his sister. "I want you to he'p me stand up fer my rights. Alfred is about to swap our cotton mill stock fer some more wild mountain land."

In spite of his natural tendency to turn everything into a jest-even the serious things of life-the sallow face of the tall man lengthened. He stared into the faces around him for a moment: then a slow twinkle dawned in

"I've never been knowed to take sides in any connubial tussle yet," he said to Trabue in a dry tone. "Alf may not know what he's about right now, but he's Solomon hisse'f compared to a feller that will undertake to settle a dispute betwixt a man an' his wifemore especially the wife. Geewhilikins! I never shall forget the time old Jane Hardeway come heer to spend a week "I think I've got a right-and a big an' Alf thar an' Betsy split over buyin' one-to have a say so in this kind of a a hatrack fer the hall. Betsy had seed one over at Mason's at the campground an' determined she'd have one. Maybe raked an' scraped to he'p save a little you noticed that fancy contraption in handful o' property fer her two chil- the hall as you come in. Well, Alf seed a nigger unloadin' it from a wagon at the door one mornin', an' when Betsy, in feer an' tremblin', told 'im what it was fer he mighty nigh had a fit. He said his folks never had been above hangin' the'r coats an' hats on good, umbrella pans to ketch the drip, he said they was fancy spitboxes, an' to do the'r chawin' an' smokin' in that was to have sech a purty trick as that mossbacks from heer clean to Gilmer on the hill it had to stay in the best 'll be trapsin' in to dispose o' land at so room in the house, so he put it heer in much a front foot." the parlor by the piano. But Betsy took it back two or three times, an' he | he do with it all?" larnt that he was a-doin' a sight o' work fer nothin' an' finally quit totin'

"But that ain't what I started in to his taxes mighty nigh floored 'im, an' tell. As I was a-sayin', old Jane the expenses on this county he's jest Hardeway thought she'd sorter put a annexed will push 'im like rips, fer word in the dispute to pay fer her now, you know, he'll have to do withboard an' keep, an' she told Betsy that out the income on his factory stock. it was all owin' to the way the Bishops But he thinks he's got the right sow was raised that Alf couldn't stand to by the yeer. Before long he may yell have things nice about 'im. She said out to us to come he'p 'im turn 'er all the Bishops she'd ever knowed had loose, but he's waltzin' with 'er now." throwing a missile which he hoped in cabins with low roofs. She wasn't out of the dining room wiping her eyes spreadin' 'er butter as thick as she "Yes, I knowed that, but"- The thought she was-ur maybe it was the high wind. It didn't take old Jane "Your pa's gettin' old an' childish."

"Well, it nappens that Shoal stock is long to diskiver that thar was several | whimpered Mrs. Bishop. "He's heerd | ner grimly. "I happen to know that Abe jest the same on the market as ready breeds o' Bishops out o' jail, an' she somebody say timber land up in the raction of a cent on the dollar, an' so said the name sounded like the start benefit of it. He's goin' to bankrupt the Tompkins heirs say they'd jest as of 'em had been religious and sub- us."

"Brother Abner," whined Mrs. Bishop, "I wisht you'd hush all that fool- "H'll be my money that's lost-money ishness an' help me 'n the children out | that I made by hard work." o' this awful fix. Alfred always would I

listen to you." "Well," and the old man smiled and winked at the lawyer, "I'll give you I'd not had so much to think about in both all the advice I kin. Now, the thar jest now, I'd 'a' shut you up soon-Shoal River stock is a good thing right | er. Dry up now-not another word. now, but ef the mill was to ketch on I'm doin' the best I kin accordin' to fire an' burn down thar'd be a loss. my lights to provide fer my children, Then as fer timber land, it ain't easy an' I won't be interfered with." to sell, but it mought take a start before another flood. I say it mought. an' then agin it moughtn't. The mill her brother knew she would in her mought burn, an' then agin it own time. moughtn't. Now, ef you uns kin be helped by this advice you are welcome to it free o' charge. Not changin' the subject, did you uns know Mrs. Rich- fumed. ardson's heffer's got a calf? I reckon she won't borrow so much milk after hers gits good."

Trabue smiled broadly as the gaunt man withdrew, but his amusement was short lived, for Mrs. Bishop began to cry, and she soon rose in despair and left the room. Alan stood for a moment looking at the unmoved face of his father, who had found somewon't have a single thing to our names | thing in the last clause of the document which needed explanation; then he, too, went out;

CHAPTER II.

LAN found his uncle on the back porch washing his face and hands in a basin on the water shelf. The young man leaned against one of the wooden posts which supported the low roof of the porch and waited for him to conclude the puffing, sputtering operation, which he finally did by enveloping his head in a long towel hanging from a wooden roller on the weatherboarding.

"Well," he laughed, "yore uncle Ab didn't better matters in thar overly much, but what could a feller do? Yore pa's as bullheaded as a young anyway. Yore ma's wastin' breath; but a woman seems to have plenty of it to spare. A woman's tongue's like a windmill-it takes breath to keep it "Hello!" he exclaimed, shifting a big a-goin', an' a dead clam 'ud kill her

"It's no laughing matter, Uncle Ab." said Alan despondently. "Something must have gone wrong with father's way before."

The old man dropped the tower thrust his long, almost jointless fingers into his vest pocket for a horn comb which folded up like a jackknife. "I was jest a-wonderin'," as he began to rake his shaggy hair straight down to his eyes..."I was jest a-wonderin' ef he could 'a' bent his skull in a little that time his mule th'owed 'im ag'in the sweet gum. They say that often changes a body powerful. Folks do



"It's no laughing matter, Uncle Ab."

think he's off his cazip on the land question, an' now that he's traded his best nest egg fer another swipe o' the earth's surface I reckon they'll talk harder. But yore pa ain't no fool. No plumb idiot could 'a' managed yore stout nails an' pegs, an' as fer them | ma as well as he has. You see, I know what he's accomplished, fer I've been with 'im ever since they was yoked wanted to know ef she expected a body | together. When they was married, she was as wild as a buck an' certainly windy hall. He said it jest should not | made our daddy walk a chalk line, but stand thar with all them prongs an' Alfred has tapered 'er down beautiful. arms to attack unwary folks in the She didn't want this thing done one dark, an' he toted it out to the buggy bit, an' yet it is settled by this time"shed. That got Betsy's dander up, an' the old man looked through the hall to she put it back agin the wall an' said | the front gate-"yes, Trabue's unhitchit 'ud stay thar ef she had to stand in'. He's got them stock certificates in behind it an' hold it in place. Aif his pocket, an' yore pa has the deeds wasn't done yet. He 'lowed ef they in his note case. When this gits out,

"But what under high heaven

"Hold on to it," grinned Abner; "that is, of he kin rake an' scrape enough together to pay the taxes. Why, last yeer At this juncture Mrs. Bishop came

on her apron. "Mother," said Alan tenderly, "try woman's eyes were two small fires sort she was spreadin'-fer Betsy not to worry over this any more than

money, up a little today an' down to- spent most o' the rest o' her visit brag- mountains will some day advance, an' land on Huckleberry ridge jest atter morrow, but never varyin' more'n a gin' on some she'd read about. She he forgets that he's too old to get the yore Atlanta man spent the day lookin'

"Ef I do," the man accused thundered from the hall as he strode out,

He stood before them, glaring over his eyeglasses at his wife. "I've had enough of yore tongue, my lady. Ef No one spoke for a moment. How-

ever, Mrs. Bishop finally retorted, as "I don't call buyin' thousands o'

acres o' unsalable land providin' fer anything except the porehouse," she

"That's beca'se you don't happen to know as much about the business as I do," said Bishop, with a satisfied chuckle, which to the observing Danlel sounded very much like exultation. "When you all know what I know, you'll be laughin' on t'other sides o' yore mouths. I reckon I'll jest have to let you all know about this or I won't have a speck o' peace from now on. I didn't tell you at fust beca'se nobody kin keep a secret as well as the man it belongs to, an' I was afeered it ud leak out an' damage my interests, but this last 5,000 acres jest about sweeps all the best timber in the whole Cohutta section, an' I mought as well let up. I reckon you all know that ef-I say ef-my land was nigh a railroad it ud be low at five times what I paid fer it, don't you? Well, then, the long an' short of it is that I happen to be on the inside an' know that a railroad is goin' to be run from Blue Lick Junction to Darley. It'll be started inside of the next yeer an' 'll run smack dab through my property. Thar now! You know more'n you

thought you did, don't you?" The little group stared into his glowing face incredulously. "A railroad is to be built, father?"

"That's what I said." Mrs. Bishop's eyes flashed with sudden hope, and then, as if remembering her husband's limitations, her face fell. "Alfred," she asked skeptically, "how does it happen that you know about the railroad before other folks

exclaimed Alan.

"How do I? That's it now-how do I?" and the old man laughed freely. T've had my fun out o' this thing listenin' to what every crank said about me bein' cracked an' so on, but I was jest a-lyin' low waitin' fer my time."
"Well, I'll be switched!" ejaculated

Abner Daniel, half seriously, half sarcastically. "Geewhilikins! A railroad! I've always said one would pay like rips an' open up a dern good, God fersaken country. I'm glad you are a-goin' to start one, Alfred."

Alan's face was filled with an expression of blended doubt and pity for his father's credulity. "Father," he said gently, "are you sure you got your information straight?"

"I got it from headquarters." The old man raised himself on his toes and knocked his heels together, a habit he had not indulged in for many a year. "It was told to me confidentially by a man who knows all about the whole thing, a man who is in the employ o' the company that's goin' to build it." "Huh!" The exclamation was Ab-

ner Daniel's. "Do you mean that Atlanta lawyer, Perkins?" Bishop stared, his mouth lost some of its pleased firmness, and he ceased

the motion of his feet. "What made you mention his name?" he asked curiously.

"Oh, I dunno. Somehow I jest he mought be buildin' a railroad ur two."

"Well, that's the man I mean," said Bishop, more uneasily. Somehow the others were all looking at Abner Daniel, who grunted sudden-

ly and almost angrily. "I wouldn't trust that skunk no furder 'n I could fling a bull by the tail." "You say you wouldn't?" Bishop tried to smile, but the effort was a fa-

cial failure. "I wouldn't trust 'im nuther, Brother Ab," chimed in Mrs. Bishop. "As soon as I laid eyes on 'im I knowed he wouldn't do. He's too mealy mouthed an' fawnin'. Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. He bragged on ever'thing we had while he was heer. Now, Alfred, what we must git at is, what was

his object in tellin' you that tale." "Object!" thundered her husband, losing his temper in the face of the awful possibility that her words hinted at. "Are you all a pack an' passle o' fools? If you must dive an' probe, then I'll tell you he owns a slice o' timber land above Holley creek, j'inin' some o' mine, an' so he let me into the secret out o' puore good will. Oh, you all cayn't skeer me. I ain't one o' the skeerin' kind."

But notwithstanding this outburst, t was plain that doubt had actually taken root in the ordinarily cautious mind of the crude speculator.

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

spair. "I was jest a-wonderin'," replied her "You are?" said Bishop angrily.

seems to me you don't do much else." "Folks 'at wonders a lot ain't so apt to believe ever'thing they heer," retorted Abner. "I was just a-wonderin' why that little, spindle shanked Peter Mosely has been holdin' his head so high the last week or so. I'll bet I could make a durn good guess now."

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

"He's got a sorter roundabout connection with it, I reckon." smiled Ab. lown the things they can borrow.

Tompkins sold 'im 2,000 acres o' timber round in these parts."

Bishop was no fool, and he grasped Abner's meaning even before it was of Bethesda township, was born near quite clear to the others. "Looky heer," he said sharply, "what

do you take me fer?" Abner, with a grin. "Leastwise, I 'ain't tuck you fer \$5,000 wuth o' cot-



"You mean to say"ton mill stock. To make a long story short, the Atlanta jack leg lawyer is akin to the Tompkins family some way. I'd bet a new hat to a ginger in Captain T. J. Lowry's company, and cake that Perkins never owned a as orderly sergeant in McGill's home spoonful o' land up heer an' that he's guards. jest he'pin' the Tompkins folks on the sly to unload some o' the'r land, so est, up-right citizen, who always stood they kin move west, whar they've al- ready to perform whatever duty ways wanted to go. Peter Mosely is a became incumbent upon him. He was man on the watch out fer rail soft known far and wide as a kind-hearted, snaps, an' when Perkins whispered the hospitable citizen who loved to enterbig secret in his yeer, like, he did to tain his friends and who would never you, he started out on a still hunt fer turn a stranger from his door. Durtimbered land on the line of the pro- ing several years past he has been in posed trunk line due west vy-ah Lick- indifferent health but still retains a skillet to Darley, with stop over privi- lively interest in the welfare of his leges at Buzzard Roost an' fifteen min- neighbors and in the progress of utes fer hash at Dog Trot Springs, events. For many years he has been Then, somehow or other, by hook or crook-mostly crook-Abe Tompkins wasn't dodgin' anybody about that time. Peter Mosely could 'a' run agin 'im with his eyes shut on a dark night. "I was at Neil Filmore's store when the two met, an' ef a trade was ever made quicker betwixt two folks it was done by telegraph an' the paper was signed by lightnin'. Abe said he had the land an' wouldn't part with it at any price of he hadn't been bad in need

o' money, fer he believed it was chuck full o' iron ore, soapstone, black marble an' water power, to say nothin' o' timber: but he'd been troubled so much about cash, he said, that he'd made up his mind to let 'er slide an' the devil take the contents. I never seed two parties to a deal better satisfied. They both left the store with a strut. Mosely's strut was the biggest, fer he wasn't afeerd o' nothin'. Tompkins looked like he was afeerd Mosely 'ud call 'im back' an' want to rue."

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

"Oh. I don't know nothin' fer certain," said Abner Daniel sympathetically, "but ef I was you I'd go down to Atlanta an' see Perkins. You kin tell by the way he acts whether thought o' him. He looks to me like thar's anything in his railroad story or not. But, by gum, you ort to know whar you stand. You've loaded yorese'f from hind to fore quarters, an' ef you don't plant yore feet on some'n vou'll go down."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Fable. A man who had stolen a half million dollars once went to a lawyer for advice.

"Where is the swag?" asked the law

"Alas," said the thief, "I undertook to corner the onion market and it proved too strong for me. The dough is gone. I have just \$1.83 in my garments. I squandered the money as fast as I stole it, though my wife may have saved a couple of simoleons."

"You are crazy, or else a fool," said the lawyer. "Or may be a lunatic. Perhaps all three. You certainly are not sane. But you have no money to hire experts, so you had better plead guilty and beg for mercy. You will get off with a sentence of perhaps eighteen years in prison. Next time have sense enough to save what you steal."

The next day another thief visited the lawyer. "I have grabbed off \$800,-000," he remarked cheerfully.

"Where is it?" asked the attorney. "Buried," said the thief. "Buried deep. But not so deep that it cannot be dug up."

"How much of it?" "All, and more, too. I invested it so well that it has grown. Not a cent

"You are a genius," said the lawyer, You certainly have the keenest intellect I ever encountered. Let me shake the coals after the Spanish war. They your hand. We will hire experts, prove that you are crazy, that you always were non-compositive that your hand. We will hire experts, prove ham and bacon won't keep. The packers will be obliged to find some way were non-compos, that every one knew out of the difficulty, or they will have it, and in a few months you will be out of legal troubles." Moral: It sometimes takes money to

prove a palpable fact .- New York Sun.

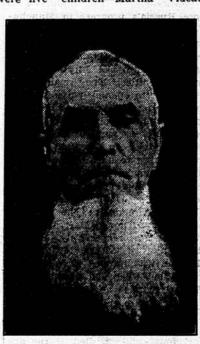
Mork's Octogenarians.

NO. 58.

JOHN W. MOORE.

Mr. John W. Moore, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed citizens McConnellsville, on August 16, 1817. and is now living with his son, Mr. P. M. Moore, about five miles south of "I 'ain't tuck you fer nothin'," said | Yorkville. He is today aged 85 years

11 months and 6 days. Mr. Moore was born on a farm, and has been a farmer during all of his active life. In May, 1843, he was maried to Miss Margaret Nixon McCalla, and as the result of this marriage there were five children-Martha Videau,



who died at the age of 17, Mr. W. Frank Moore of Blacksburg, Mr. P. Mortimer Moore of the Delphos neighborhood, Miss Minnie Moore and Mary McCalla, who died in infancy.

Mr. Moore went to the war as a lieutenant in Black's company, and served later in the reserves as a lieutenant

His career has been that of an honruling elder in Bethesda church.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

Styles and Methods in the Days When

It Was New. It is not so very long ago when a daguerreotype was the only photograph. Yet today, when in the fraction of a second is made the negative from which hundreds of pictures may be printed, we seem very far removed from the days when a separate sitting

was required for each picture. Abraham Bogardus, one of the first Americans to use Daguerre's process, once favored us with some reminiscences that throw an interesting light

on those "old times." "In the early days of the daguerreotype the frock coat was seldom seen. A man was well dressed when he wore a blue cloth coat with black velvet collar and plain brass buttons, his waistcoat being either white or light yellow and double breasted. The only time I ever saw Daniel Webster he wore such a coat and a yellow waistcoat.

"I often made pictures of old men in full ruffled shirt bosom and wristbands as well and with hair in a cue. Some men still wore straps at the bottom of their pantaloons. Most of them, instead of twisting their mustaches, employed their hands to roll their hair over their ears.

"Indeed, a mustache was seldom seen, and it required considerable courage to appear with one. Young women would laugh, and street urchins were ready to ridicule the wearer.

"It was common for women to have their hair shaved at the parting to make the forehead high. The higher and broader the expanse the better the woman was pleased and the greater was the number of her admirers, the high broad forehead being supposed to betoken intellect.

"The pictures we made at that period were pretty severe. Every line and wrinkle would show. We had not learned the art of retouching, and the likeness was sure to be there-horribly

correct it sometimes seemed. "As for the retouching process, it is right to soften strong lines and remove frowns, but it is not right to remove a line when by so doing one destroy the contour of the face. I have had persons seventy years old ask if I could take their picture so the wrinkles would not show. My answer invariably was, "yes, but where will the likeness be?" A photograph that is not a likeness seems to me not only a misleading but a senseless thing."-Youth's Companion.

WHY THE HAM IS TOO SALTY .- "We are having many complaints about the unusual saltiness of ham, bacon and canned goods this summer," said a local butcher who does a large family trade. "I suppose it is the same everyhas been wasted. I lived on my salary where else. Standard goods that we and no one suspected I was becoming wealthy." houses tell us that it is because they are no longer permitted to use the preservatives that got such a raking over to go out of business altogether. In he trade we are noticing the falling off in orders from hotels and restaurants. No man wants a rasher of baon or a slice of ham for breakfast if it is going to send him round with a raging thirst all day."—Philadelphia