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## ABNER DANIEI

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

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CHAPTER XVI-CONTINUED.

Wilson laughed again as he fished the desired article from his pocket and gave it and a match to Pole. Then he leaned against the heavy railing of the banisters. "I may as well tell you." he said. "I'm a dealer in lumber myself, and I'd like to know what kind of timber you have out there."

Pole pulled at the cigar, thrust it well into the corner of his mouth, with the fire end smoking very near his left eye, and looked thoughtful. "To tell you the truth, my friend," he said, "I railly believe you'd be wastin' time to. go over thar."

"Oh, you think so!" It was a vocal start on the part of Wilson.

"Yes, sir; the truth is old man Bishop has simply raked into his dern clutch ever' acre o' fine timber out that away. Now, ef you went east, over t'other side o' the mountains, you mought pick out some good timber; but, as I said, old man Bishop's got it all in a bag out our way. Sawmill?"

"No, I don't run a sawmill," said Wilson, with an avaricious sparkle in his eye. "I sometimes buy timbered lands for a speculation; that's all." Pole laughed. "I didn't see how you

could be a sawmill man an' smoke cigars like this an' wear them clothes. I never knowed a sawmill man to make any money."

"I suppose this Mr. Bishop is buying to sell again," said Wilson tentatively. "People generally have some such idea when they put money into such property."

Pole looked wise and thoughtful. "I don't know whether he is or not," he said, "but my opinion is that he'll hold on to it till he's in the ground. He evidently thinks a good time's a-comin'! Thar was a feller out thar t'other day with money to throw at cats. He's been tryin' to honeyfuggle the old man into a trade, but I don't think he made a deal with 'im."

"Where was the man from?" Wilson spoke uneasily.

"I don't railly know, but he ain't a-goin' to give up. He told Neil Filmore at his store that he was goin' home to see his company an' write the old man a proposition that ud fetch 'im ef thar was any trade in 'im." Wilson pulled out his watch.

"Do you happen to know where Mr. Rayburn Miller's law office is?" he

"Yes: it's right round the corner. know whar all the white men in this town do business, an' he's as white as they make 'em an' as straight as s

shingle." "He's an acquaintance of mine." said

Wilson. "I thought I'd run in and see him before I leave." "It's right round the corner an' down the fust side street toward the court-

house. I 'ain't got nothin' to do; I'll p'int it out." "Thank you," said Wilson, and they

went out of the house and down the street together, Pole puffing vigorously at his cigar in the brisk breeze. "Thar you are," said Pole, pointing

to Miller's sign. "Good day, sir; much head in the air Pole walked past the office without looking in. "Good morning," exclaimed Miller as

Wilson entered. "You are not an early riser like we are here in the country.' He introduced Wilson all round and then gave him a chair near his desk and facing him rather than the others. "This is the gentleman who owns the property, I believe," said Wilson suave-

ly as he indicated Bishop. Miller nodded, and a look of cunning

dawned in his clear eye. "Yes. I have just been explaining to Mr. and Mrs. Bishop that the mere signing of a paper such as will be necessary to secure the loan will not bind them at all in the handling of their property. You know how cautious older people are nowadays in regard to son, understands the matter thoroughly, and his mind is not at all disturbed." Wilson fell into the preliminary trap. "Oh, no; it's not a binding thing at all," he said. "The payment of the

of course," Wilson recovered himself. "if we make the loan." Several hearts in the room sank, but Miller's face did not alter in the slight-

est. "Oh, of course, if the loan is made." he said. Wilson put his silk hat ca the top of from his cigar into a cuspidor. Then "let it stand at that."

he looked at Mrs. Bishop suddenly-"Does the lady object to smoking?" "Not at all," said the old lady; "not at all."

There was a pause as Wilson re lighted his cigar and pulled at it in silence. A step sounded on the sidewalk and Trabue put his head in at the door. Miller could have sworn at him, but he smiled. "Good morning, squire," he said.

"I see you are busy," said the intruder hastily.

"Just a little, squire. I'll see you in a few minutes.'

"Oh, all right." The old lawyer moved on down the sidewalk, his hands in his pockets.

Miller brought up the subject again with easy adroitness. "I mentioned your proposition to my clients-the proposition that they allow you the refusal of the land at one hundred thousand, and they have finally come round to it. As I told them, they could | ing one of the solidest men in his counnot possibly market a thing like that | ty." as easily and for as good a price as a company regularly in the business. I Wilson, and Miller drew a blank sheet "I believe yo're right," said Abner



"Thar you are," said Pole. may have been wrong in giving such

advice, but it was the way I felt about it." Without realizing it, Wilson tripped

in another hole dug by Miller's inventive mind.

"They couldn't do half as well with it," the Boston man said. "In fact, no one could, as I told you, pay as much for the property as we can, considering the railroad we have to move somewhere and our gigantic facilities for handling lumber in America and abroad. Still I think, and our directors think, a hundred thousand is a big

Miller laughed as if amused. "That's five dollars an acre, you know, but I'm not here to boom Mr. Bishop's timber land. In fact, all this has grown out of my going down to Atlanta to borrow twenty-five thousand dollars on the property. I think I would have saved time if I hadn't run on you down there, Mr. Wilson."

Wilson frowned and looked at his

"We are willing," said he, "to make the loan at 5 per cent per annum on two conditions."

"Well, out with them," laughed Miller. "What are they?" "First," said Wilson slowly and methodically, "we want the refusal of

the property at one hundred thousand Miller's indifference was surprising. "For what length of time do you want the refusal of the property at that figure?" he asked, almost in a tone of

contempt. Wilson hung fire, his brow wrinkled thoughtfully.

"Till it is decided positively," he got out finally, "whether we can get a obleeged fer this smoke," and with his | charter and a right of way to the property."

"That's entirely too indefinite to suit my clients," said the lawyer. "Do you suppose, Mr. Wilson, that they want to hang their property up on a hook like that? Why, if you didn't attend to pushing your road through-well, they would simply be in your hands, the Lord only knows how long."

"But we intend to do all we can to shove it through," said Wilson, with a

flush. "You know that is not a businesslike proposition, Mr. Wilson," said Miller. with a bland smile. "Why, it amounts to an option without any limit at all." "Oh, I don't know," said Wilson lamely. "Mr. Bishop will be interested just as we are in getting a right of way through. In fact, it would insure legal matters. Now, Alan here, their us of his help. We can't buy a right of way; we can't afford it. The citizens through whose property the road runs must be persuaded to contribute the land for the purpose, and Mr. Bishop, of course, has influence up here

with his neighbors." money back to us releases you-that is, "Still he would be very imprudent," said Miller, "to option his property without any limit. Now here's what we are willing to do. As long as you hold Mr. Bishop's note for \$25,000 unpaid you shall have the refusal of the land at \$100,000. Now, take my ad-Miller's desk and flicked the ashes vice"-Miller was smiling broadly-

Wilson reflected for a moment, and then he said: "All right. Let that go. The other condition is this-and it need be only a verbal promise-that nothing be said about my company's making this loan nor our securing the

refusal of the property."

"That will suit us," said Miller. "Mr. Bishop doesn't care to have the public know his business. Of course the mortgage will have to be recorded at the courthouse, but that need not attract attention. I don't blame Mr. Bishop," went on Miller in a half confidential tone. "These people are the worst gossips you ever saw. If you meet any of them, they will tell you that Mr. Bishop has bu'sted himself wide open by buying so much timber land, but this loan will make him as solid as the Bank of England. The people don't understand his dealings, and they are trying to take it out on him by blasting his reputation for be-

"Well, that's all, I believe," said

of legal cap paper to him and began to write. Half an hour later the papers were signed, and Miller carelessly handed Wilson's crisp pink check on a New York bank to Mr. Bishop.

"There you are, Mr. Bishop," he said, with a smile. "You didn't want any one else to have a finger in that big pie of yours over there, but you needed money, and I'll tell you as a friend that a hundred thousand cash down will be about as well as you can do with that land. It takes money, and lots of it, to make money, and Mr. Wilson's company can move the thing faster than you can."

"That's a fact," said Wilson in a tone that betrayed self gratification. "Now we must all pull together for the railroad." He rose and turned to Miller. "Will you come with me to

record the paper?" "Certainly," said Miller, and they

both left together. The Bishop family were left alone and, the strain being lifted, they found themselves almost wholly exhausted. "Is it all over?" gasped the old wo-

man, standing up and grasping her son's arm. "We've got his money," Alan told her, with a glad smile, "and a fair

chance for more." The pink check was fluttering in old Bishop's hand. Already the old self willed look that brooked no interference with his personal affairs was returning to his wrinkled face.

"I'll go over to Craig's bank an' deposit it," he said to Alan. "It 'll take a day or two to collect it, but he'd let me check on it right now fer any reasonable amount."

"I believe I'd ask him not to mention the deposit," suggested Alan. "Huh! I reckon I've got sense enough

to do that." "I thought you intended to pay off the mortgage on our farm the fust thing," ventured Mrs. Bishop.

"We can't do it till the note's due next January," said Bishop shortly. "I agreed to keep the money a yeer, an' Martin Doe 'll make me hold to it. But what do you reckon I care as long as I've got some'n' to meet it with?" Mrs. Bishop's face fell. "I'd feel better about it if it was cleer," she faltered.

thankful to come out as we have. If it hadn't been fer Alan - Mr. Miller said that Alan"-"Ef you all hadn't made sech a eternal row," broke in Bishop testily, "I'd 'a' had more timber land than this.

"But the Lord knows we ort to feel

Colouel Barclay has as fine a strip as any I got, an' he's bantered me for a trade time an' agin." Abner Daniel seldom sneered at anybody, no matter what the pr

was, but it seemed impossible for him to refrain from it now. "You've been lookin' fer the last three months like a man that needed more land," he said. "Jest no furder back 'an last night you 'lowed ef you could git enough fer yore folly to raise the debt off'n yore farm you'd die happy, an' now yo're a-frettin' beca'se you didn't buy up the sides o' the earth an' give nobody else a foothold. Le' me tell you the truth, even ef it does hurt a little. Ef Alan hadn't thought o'

the biggest human pancake that ever lay flat in its own grease." "I hain't said nothin' to the contrary," admitted Bishop, who really took

this heer railroad idea, you'd 'a' been

the reproof well. "Alan knows what I think about it."

Then Bishop and his wife went to Craig's bank, and a moment later Miller returned, rubbing his hands with

satisfaction. "We got through, and he's gone to catch his train," he said.

"It worked as smooth as goose grease. I wonder what Pole Baker said to him, or if he saw him. I have an idea he did, from the way Wilson danced to our

music." "Heer's Pole now," said Abner from the door. "Come in heer, you triffin' loafer, an' give an account o' yorese'f."

"I seed 'im makin' fer the train,' laughed Pole, "an' so I sneaked in to see what you uns done. He walked like he owned the town."

"It went through like lightnin', without a hitch or a bobble," Abner told him.

"You did noble," said Miller, while Pole and Alan were silently clasping hands. "Now I told you we wouldn't forget you. Go down to Wimbley's and tell him to give you the best suit of clothes he's got and to charge them to me and Alan."

Pole drew himself up to his full height and stared at the lawyer with flashing eyes.

"Blast yore soul!" he said. "Don't you say a thing like that to me agin. I'll have you know I've got feelin's as well as you or anybody else. I'd cut off this right arm an' never wince to do Alan Bishop a favor, but I'll be danged ef anybody kin look me over after I've done a little one an' pay me for it in store clothes. I don't like that one bit, an' I ain't afeerd to say so."

"I didn't mean any offense, Pole, apologized Miller most humbly. "Well, you wouldn't 'a' said it to

some men," growled Pole, "I know that. When I want pay fer a thing like that, I'll jest go to that corner o' the street an' look down at that rock pile whar Alan found me one day an' paid me out jest to keep me from bein' the laughin' stock o' this town." Alan put his arm over his shoulder.

"Rayburn didn't mean any harm," he said gently. "You are both my friends, and we've had a big victory today. Let's not have hard feelings." Pole hung his head stubbornly and

Miller extended his hand. Abner Daniel was an attentive listener, a half smile on his face.

"Say, Pole," he said, with a little laugh, "you run down to Wimbley's an' tell 'im not to wrop up that suit. I'm a-owin' him a bill, an' he kin jest credit the value of it on my account." Pole laughed heartily and thrust his big hand into Miller's.

"Uncle Ab," he said, "you'd make a dog laugh."

significantly, and then they all roared

at Pole's expense. The next day Alan received the following letter from Dolly Barclay:

Dear Alan-Rayburn Miller told me in terday, and I simply cried with joy. I knew—I felt that you would win, and this is, as he says, a glorious beginning. I am so proud of you, and I am so full of hope today. All our troubles will come out right some day, and now that I know you love me I can wait. Rayburn would not have confided so much to me, but he said while he would not let me tell father anything about the prospective railroad, he wanted me to prevent him from selling his tract of land near yours. You know my father consults me about all his business, and he will not dispose of that property without my knowing of it. Oh, wouldn't it be a fine joke on him to have him profit by your good judgment.

Alan was at the little postoffice in Filmore's store when he received the letter, and he folded it and restored it to its envelope with a heart filled with love and tenderness. As he walked home through the woods it seemed to him that everything in nature was ministering to his boundless happiness. He felt as light as air as he strode along. "God bless her dear, dear little soul!" he said fervently.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## BOUND AS WAS ULYSSES.

Homecoming Sailor Passed the City Sirens and Bought a Farm.

Of the temptations which beset the homecoming jack; of his weakness in high rank has this story to tell:

cruise took him to the Asiatic station find. and kept him there for more than would be paid over to him as soon as of a perfect stand. The average loss the ship reached New York.

One evening just before the home could get an audience at any time. "We'll soon be home, Cap'n," he be-

last."

"Maybe I am and maybe I ain'tthere's my sister Sally." "Well, won't you be glad to see her?"

"Maybe I will and maybe I won'tthere's the \$800 coming to me." "The more welcome you should be Sammy."

"Ya-as; and Sally wants me to buy farm and stay home." "Splendid idea, Sammy. I'm sure you'll end as a bloated landholder." "Ya-as, but there's New York 'tween

Sally and the money." "And what of it?" "Well, you know, New York is a pretty fine city and—and I've been gone a durned long time, and—if I get through New York with any money left

that'll be the first time in my experi-The captain understood. "How far away does Sally live?" he

asked. "Thirty-five miles, Cap'n." "Can't you get there without passing

New York?" "Can't be done, Cap'n, and that's just the rub."

"It's the worst blankety-blank thing ever heard of," remarked the captain reproachfully, "that an old, seasoned, sensible chap like you must be so weak."

"It's a ship's length beyond all excuses," the old man admitted in a mournful tone. "But I can't help it, Cap'n. I suppose it's in the land air." The captain was thinking hard.

"How would it be for me to send an officer with you through the city?" "That's terribly kind of you, Cap'n but there ain't no man strong enough in the navy to hold me when I feel the smell of the grogshops."

"I shall go with you myself," the antain declared. Sam shifted from one foot to the other and looked indescribably unhap-

"I'm afeared-" he began. "I'll take you in a carriage-a closed

"God bless you, Cap'n; but I'll be blamed if I don't think I might jump

"Then I'll be danged if I know what to do for you," the captain concluded in despair.

"There might be just one way what I've been thinking of-but, of course, that's really too much-" "Sing out and don't be afraid." "S'posing you went with me in

carriage-and that the carriage was closed"—the old man was twisting about as if in pain-"and-and my hands and feet were tied up, and you didn't let me loose till we got outside the town-I don't know, Cap'n, but I guess I might get through with the money." The old man's play was carried out

seas as poor as ever.-Chicago Inter-

and swore while the carriage was pass- price being \$1,000 an acre," said the ing through the streets of New York, bank teller. but, like Ulysses tied to the mast, he was helpless, and the captain remain- the company offered payment, which ed as deaf to the old fellow's entreaties and outbursts of profanity as if his The man could not legally demand it, and fired at her head. Stunned with for she certainly isn't very fair today, ears had been filled with wax, like but the company, wishing to avoid a the shock and suffocated with the laughed the little mother, though none those of the Ulyssean crew. Once beyond the city, Sam calmed

down. At Sally's door, but not until the money had passed into her hands, the captain left his charge. That's how the farm came to be bought. But to this day Sam vows that but for the ropes that held him during which looked like a bag of feathers. those moments of supreme temptation The president of the company, togeth-

Miscellaneous Reading.

EASY WEALTH FOR FARMERS.

Prof. Holden's New Idea About How to Plant Corn. "Let every farmer in the seven great

corn states give a few winter evenings and 480,000,000 bushels will be added to the annual crop of the corn belt." In these words Prof. P. G. Holden of the Ames Agricultural college summarizes the results to be expected of the campaign instituted by himself and the Iowa Corn Growers' associa-

It isn't increased acreage that Prof.

Holden wants; it is better results from the present acreage. It is not by any artificial culture that he would bring about these results. He promises that they shall be realized if the farmer does the simple thing of putting a hundred live kernels of corn in every thirty hills. Entirely new in agriculture is the

tion.

experimental work of Prof. Holden, and throughout Iowa he has convinced meetings of farmers that for once a professor in an agricultural college has a reform that is thoroughly practical. gether from its terrifying depths. This In a word, his plan requires only the sorting by hand of seed corn and the filing of plates in corn planters in such a way as to drop the required number of grains of corn in each hill.

To find how much the farmers of the face of them, and of the Ulyssean Iowa are losing each year by not propmeasures which one old salt, made erly planting corn, Prof. Holden last wise by many sad experiences, em- year sent 1,000 letters to all parts of ployed to secure himself against the Iowa asking the number of stalks in song of the Sirens, a naval officer of each hill in corn fields. He found that the stand was but 75 per cent of what There was an old boatswain named he has demonstrated will produce the Sam on board the last ship which this largest yield, and last year's corn crop officer commanded before going on was considered a good stand. The shoreduty. Sam had served his coun- other day he himself inspected twentytry some thirty years when his last four of the best corn fields he could

"I found," he reported to a meeting three years. At the end of that time of the Iowa Corn Growers' association he had some \$800 to his credit, which in Sioux City, "from 39 to 86.2 per cent. was 27.7 per cent.

"I do not mean by this that the field shore was sighted, the captain was on that has five stalks in each hill is betthe quarter-deck when Sam approach- ter than one with four and that hills of ed him, tugging his old-fashioned fore- six stalks are better than hills of five. pursuit. It was known that, having much confidence in physicians where lock and scraping with his foot as he I have found that the best results are bowed. He was an old favorite, and obtained from an average of about trap, she made one track shorter than rience about this when you have the three and a third stalks to a hill.

"I have found one stalk in a hill will produce but one-third as much corn as a proper number of stalks, two stalks this pernicious animal. Having fol- fession, if applied to medicine, would pose you'll be happy to get a rest at three-fourths of a yield and five stalks lowed her to the Connecticut river, and result in the discovery of a small three-fourths of a yield. In making found that she had turned back in a amount of science as compared with my tables I counted either three or direct course toward Pomfret, they the large amount of empiricism."four stalks a 100 per cent stand.

> corn in Iowa has been approximately 35 bushels. A yield of thirty-five bushels with a 70 per cent stand, which is house of Mr. Putnam. the average found in a number of years, would become fifty bushels with a 100 per cent stand."

bushels of corn in 1902 was: Illinois. 9.623.680: Iowa, 9.302,688; Nebraska, 7,-817,962; Kansas, 7,451,693; Missouri, The combined acreage was about 48,- her to quit the retirement.

000,000. A gain of ten bushels an acre, or a 90 per cent stand, which Prof.

bushels. On the big Funk farm at Bloomington, Ill., Prof. Holden's theory was the hazardous service. carried out last year. Several thousand acres were planted with seed sor-

average was seventy-two bushels. Of known fissure of the rock. the gain, Prof. Holden estimates 80 per cent. was due to the stand and 20 ted against the perilous enterprise; great palace—and only a little better per cent to the excellent germinating but he, knowing that wild animals power of the seed. In the experimental were intimidated by fire, and having four legal wives and a fine string of fields under Prof. Holden's control the provided several strips of birch bark, ponies. yield has never been less than 60 bush- the only combustible material which

els since 1896. ground at Oldebolt, Ia., this spring prepared for his descent. bought six corn planters and put them to work hurriedly. He has examined self of his coat and waistcoat, and These are the musical instruments of his field and found a stand of 132 stalks having a long rope fastened around his to each hill. He estimates his loss at legs, by which he might be pulled back \$20,000. He has told that hereafter he at a concerted signal, he entered, head

"Aw, that isn't practical," objected a farmer in one of Prof. Holden's meetof corn by hand. I have something

"All right," answered Prof. . Holden. We will say that you have the work done by a man to whom you pay \$2 a day. He will sort at least a bushel of

shelled corn every day. "That bushel will plant seven acres of ground. The fact that it has been tremity of the cavern. Startled at the sorted will add at least ten bushels to sight of fire she gnashed her teeth and the acre yield. At an average price of 30 cents a bushel that would mean a return of \$21 for the \$2 you invested as a signal for pulling him out. in having the corn sorted.

"But you can do it as well on winter evenings when it will have cost you nothing."-Sioux City, Iowa, Letter.

A BANK TELLER'S TALE.-The Bismarck Quarry company had an option on three acres of land belonging to to the letter. He begged and prayed Sam Dunselth, good for one year, the "Before the expiration of the time

> Dunseith refused. He wanted more. lawsuit, asked my opinion in the mat- smoke he immediately found himself the less pleased at her boy's compli ter. I suggested payment in one-dollar bills. "I obtained a large coin sack, and third time.

counted out the 3,000 ones. Sorting them separately and crumpling them sive, he applied the torch to her ness, proceeded to the house of Dun- Conn., Courant.

seith and again proffered payment, which was again refused. Walking over to the large table in the center of What Legal Methods Applied to Medithe room, the president cut the string and dumped the contents of the sack in a huge pile on the table.

"'Here is your three thousand dollars! Will you take it?" "The farmer was amazed at the pile of money, more than he had ever seen cian in New York for years as he sat before. He stammered out:

"'I guess I'll take it.' "In less than three minutes his signature was on the deed, witnessed by the lawyer's clerk."-New York Times.

PUTNAM AND THE WOLF.

Descended Thrice Into Den and Killed Pernicious Beast.

Of the great number of summer residents in Pomfret, Hampton, and others of the beautiful Windham county towns, it is doubtful if many ever heard the complete story of Gen. Israel or more than we did presiding over our Putnam's adventure with a wolf, and actions and, worse than that, had anhis descent into the "darksome den," in which the monster had taken refuge, not ours, watching and criticising us his dispatching of the beast, and the at every step and blazoning every ercurious manner in which both Gen. ror that we made. Dear me, such a Putnam and the wolf were brought to- prospect as that would frighten the "den" is a well-known object of interest in Pomfret to this day and to that condition is just what you men of those who never heard the story, this the law have to face in every case account of the exploit, taken from the that you try. American Preceptor, a famous old Hartford imprint of the date of 1810, yer cut floundering around in court by Caleb Bingham, author of "The Co- without any knowledge" of his case? lumbian Orator, Child's Companion," etc., will be found interesting:

Pomfret, in Connecticut, in the year 1739, the country was new, and much no tales.' infested with wolves. Great havoc was made among the sheep by a she wolf, which, with her annual whelps, clan can look wise, put something into had for several years continued in that vicinity. The young ones were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of follow, return the next day, hoping to the hunters; but the old one was too find that nature is working the cure sagacious to be ensnared by them.

an intolerable nuisance that Mr. Put- of the credit that comes his way. nam entered into a combination with five of his neighbors to hunt alternate- are taught is to observe the utmost sely until they could destroy her. Two, crecy about doctor's blunders. If they by rotation, were to be constantly in told what they know there wouldn't be lost the toes from one foot by a steel they are heard. Ask a nurse of expethe other

3. By this vestige, the pursuers recognized in a light snow the route of and chance for criticism in your proimmediately returned, and by 10 New York Herald. "For ten years the average yield of o'clock the next morning the bloodhounds had driven her into a den about three miles distant from the

4. The people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur to attack the common enemy. With this The acreage planted in corn in the apparatus, several unsuccessful efforts seven states growing over 100,000,000 were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect. Nor did 6.775.198; Indiana, 4,520,937; Ohio, 3,- the fumes of burned brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel

5. Wearied with such fruitless attempts, (which had brought the time Holden thinks is easily attainable, to 10 o'clock at night), Mr. Putnam would mean an increase in the annual tried once more to make his dog enter, yield of these states of 480,000,000 but in vain; he proposed to his Negro

ted by hand, through planters adjusted claring that he was ashamed of having in the sultan's domain is Haji Butu, to drop the proper number of kernels. a coward in his family, resolved him- the prime minister. Previously, the best yield was fifty- self to destroy the ferocious beast, lest eight bushels an acre. Last year the she should escape through some un-7. His neighbors strongly remonstra-

he could obtain which would afford ponies and race them against the army The owner of 4,000 acres of corn light in this deep and darksome cave, 8. Having accordingly divested him-

will plant according to the Holden foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand. 9. Having groped his passage till he came to a horizontal part of the den, ings. "The idea of my sorting grains the most terrifying darkness ap-

> horror. 10. He cautiously proceeded onward, came to an ascent, which he slowly important part of a Sulu's outfit is a mounted on his hands and knees until betel nut box, borne by a slave. The the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of fire she gnashed her teeth and Kansas City Start gave a sudden growl.
> 11. As soon as he had made the ne

> cessary discovery he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The of the hottest days in July. Luncheon people at the mouth of the den, who had been announced and the little had listened with painful anxiety, mother took her seat at the table to hearing the growling of the wolf and attend to the wants of her two stalsupposing their friend to be in the wart sons.
> most imminent danger, drew him forth Her head ached and the heat made most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity that he was stripped of his clothes and severely bruised 12. After he had adjusted his clothes particular pains to make herself as atand loaded his gun with nine buckshot, holding a torch in one hand and the musket in the other, he descended a second time. When he drew nearer mother noted with gratification. than before, the wolf assuming a still more flerce and terrible appearance, Bobby?" she asked of the younger. howling, rolling her eyes, snaping her teeth, and dropping her head between I can look into the face of such a fair her legs, was evidently in the attitude and lovely mamma," gallantly replied and on the point of springing at him. Bobby.

> 13. At this critical instant he leveled drawn out of the cave. But having ment. himself and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he was down the the elder son, "but nevertheless a fair

14. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who, appearing very pas-sive, he applied the torch to her nose, happy little woman. "They are more them separately and crumpling them sive, he applied the torch to her nose, happy little atoman. "They all up, I thrust them into the sack, and perceiving her head, he took hold delightful than ocean breezes." of her ears and then kicking the rope (still tied around his legs) the people above, with no small exultation, draghe would still be cruising on the high er with a lawyer and a clerk as wit- ged them both out together.—Hartford the day was hot and depressing.

DOCTORS' BLUNDERS.

cal Practice Would Uncover. "Now that I am through with medicine I can speak of the profession in a fashion that I would not if I was still in the practice," said a gentleman who has been known as a successful physi-

at luncheon in the Lawyers' club. "Of course I don't care to have my name mentioned, for I have lots of good friends in the profession, but the fact is that the profession of medicine would be nearly ruined if it had to be conducted as you gentlemen of the

bar practice your calling. "We have a great advantage over you, for you in your cases are subjected to the extremest publicity, while we in our cases have the utmost concealment. Just suppose that in our cases we had a judge who knew as much as other physician, whose interests were best physician who ever lived the moment he entered a sick room, and yet

"What sort of a figure would a law-But a physician can flounder mentally in a sick room without a second per-1. When Gen. Putnam first moved to son being the wiser, though the patient may suffer; but, then, 'dead men tell "Under such circumstances of doubt,

which is usually ignorance, the physithe patient's stomach, go to his office, decide what line of experiment he will that he doesn't know how to effect, 2. This wolf at length became such and being ready and willing to take all "Why, the very first thing that nurses

"Yes, sir, I repeat that the publicity

SULTAN OF SULU A SPORT. He Likes to Race His Ponies Against

Those of Our Officers. After three years of service as a surgeon of the United States army in the Philippines, Dr. E. R. Tenney of Kansas City, has returned to his home in that city.

The sultan of Sulu, as described by Dr. Tenney, is hardly the sort of potentate pictured in comic opera. He is a very ordinary individual, who lives in a very ordinary way and does about as all the rest of the Sulus do.

"The sultan of Sulu assumes control over all the Moros." Dr. Tenney said, "but in reality he has no control over any but those who choose to follow. man to go down into the cavern and I met the sultan on several occasions shoot the wolf. The Negro declined and was treated very cordially by him. He is not a man of great strength of 6. Then it was that their master, character or intelligence, but possesses angry at the disappointment and de- craft and cunning. The greatest man

> Maibon, directly across the island of Sulu from the town of Jolo. It is a very ordinary house-nothing like a than the average native home. He has "His chief sport is to bring down his

officers' ponies, with such side attrac-

tions as spear dances, accompanied by

gongs, tomtoms and native drums.

"I visited the sultan in his home at

the Sulus, for the Sulus are not a musical people like the Filipinos. "The sultan sometimes wears European clothes, and while he entertains his guests very nicely after his own fashion, he seldom gives a feast. The datos, or feudal lords, however, sometimes prepare feasts for their guests peared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but lent as the house of death. None but chocolate as a beverage. The Sulus chocolate as an and they have no of sugars, fried banannas, rice cakes monsters of the desert had ever be-fore explored this solitary mansion of horror.

10. He cautiously proceeded onward. and takes the place of tobacco, and an

THE ELIXER OF LOVE.-It was one

appetite a thing out of the question, and so, possibly, she had not taken tractive as she might. Both boys fell to with a keen enjoyment of their noonday meal. This the

"Does your luncheon taste

"It couldn't help tasting good, when "Say, rather, such a wilted mamma,

"A little wilted, perhaps," chimed in and lovely mamma.. "Gentlemen, I thank you for your

"The "wilted" look had died away.