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## The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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### CHAPTER V.

THE bright sun of circus day shone into Harkless' window, and he awoke to find himself smiling. For a little while he lay content, drowsily wondering why he smiled, only knowing that there was something new. It was thus as a boy he had wakened on birthday mornings or on Christmas or on the Fourth of July, drifting happily out of pleasant dreams into the consciousness of long awaited delights that had come true, yet lying only half awake in a cheerful borderland, leaving happiness undefined.

The morning breeze was fluttering at his window blind, a honeysuckle vine tapped lightly on the pane. Birds were trilling, warbling, whistling, and from the street came the rumbling of wagons, merry cries of greeting and the barking of dogs. What was it made him feel so young and strong and light hearted? The breeze brought him the smell of ripe roses, fresh and sweet with dew, and then he knew why he had come smiling from his dreams. He leaped out of bed and shouted loudly: "Zen! Hello, Xenophon!"

In answer an ancient, very black, dark, his warped and wrinkled visage showing under his grizzled hair like charred paper in a fall of pine ashes, put his head in at the door and said: "Good mawn, suh. Yessuh. Hiti's done pump' full. Good mawn, suh."

A few moments later the colored man, seated on the front steps of the cottage, heard a mighty splashing within while the rafters rang with stentorian song:

"He promised to buy me a bonny blue ribbon.  
He promised to buy me a bonny blue ribbon.  
He promised to buy me a bonny blue ribbon.

To tie up my bonny brown hair.

"Oh, dear, what can the matter be? Oh, dear, what can the matter be? Oh, dear, what can the matter be? Johnnie's so long at the fair!"

The listener's jaw dropped, and his mouth opened and stayed open. "Hi!" he muttered faintly. "Singin'!"

"Well the old triangle knew the music of our trade.  
How the peaceful Seminoles would tremble in his bed!"

sang the editor.

"I dunno buccome it," exclaimed the old man, "but, bless Gawd, de young man happy!" A thought struck him suddenly, and he scratched his head.

"Maybe he goin' away," he said querulously. "What become of ole Zen?" The splashing ceased, but not the voice, which struck into a noble marching chorus.

"Oh, my Lawd," said the colored man, "I pray you listen at dat!"

"Soldiers marching up the street. They keep the time; They look sublime!"

Hear them play 'Die Wacht am Rhein.' They call it Schneider's band. Tra la la, la la la.

The length of Main street and all sides of the square resounded with the rattle of vehicles of every kind. Since earliest dawn they had been pouring in to the village, a long procession, on every country road. The air was full of exhilaration; everybody was laughing and shouting and calling greetings, for Carlow county was turning out, and from far and near the country people came—men, from over the county line; and clouds of dust arose from every thoroughfare and highway and swept into town to herald their coming.

Dibb Zane, the "sprinkling contractor," had been at work with the town

shook the coat and brushed it. Then he laid the garments upon his bed and proceeded to shave himself carefully, after which he donned the white trousers, the gray coat and, rummaging in the trunk again, found a gay pink cravat, which he fastened about his tall collar (also a resurrection from the trunk) with a pearl pin. He took a long time to arrange his hair with a pair of brushes. When at last it suited him and his dressing was complete, he sallied forth to breakfast.

Xenophon stared after him as he went out of the gate whistling heartily. The old darky lifted his hands, palms outward.

"Lan' name, who dat?" he exclaimed aloud. "Who dat in dem panjeringes? He gone jine de circus?" His hands fell upon his knees, and he got to his feet rheumatically, shaking his head with foreboding. "Honey, honey, hit bald luck, bald luck sing 'fo' breakfast! Trouble 'fo' de day be done. Trouble, honey, great trouble. Bald luck, bald luck!"

A long square the passing of the editor in his cool equipments was a progress, and wide were the eyes and deep the gasps of astonishment caused by his festive appearance. Mr. Tibbs and his sister rushed from the post-office to stare after him.

"He looks just beautiful, Solomon," said Miss Tibbs.

Harkless usually ate his breakfast alone, as he was the latest riser in the village. There were days in the winter when he did not reach the hotel until 8 o'clock. This morning he found a bunch of white roses, still wet with dew and so fragrant that the whole room was fresh and sweet with their odor, prettily arranged in a bowl on the table, and at his plate the largest of all with a pin through the stem. He looked up smilingly and nodded at the red faced, red haired waitress who was waving a long fly brush over his head.

"Thank you, Charmion," he said. "That's very pretty."

"That old Mr. Wimby was here," she answered, "and he left word for you to look out. The whole possetucky of Johnsons from the Crossroads passed his house this mornin', comin' this way, and he see Bob Skillet on the square when he got to town. He left them flowers. Mrs. Wimby sent 'em to ye. I didn't bring 'em."

"Thank you for arranging them." She turned even redder than she always was and answered nothing, vigorously darning her brush at an imaginary fly on the cloth. After several minutes she said abruptly, "You're welcome."

There was a silence, finally broken by a long, gasping sigh. Astonished, he looked at the girl. Her eyes were set unflatteringly upon his pink tie. The wand had dropped from her nerveless hand, and she stood rapt and immovable. She started violently from her trance. "Ain't ye goin' to finish yer coffee?" she asked, playing her instrument again, and bending slightly, whispered, "Say, Eph Watts is over there behind ye."

At a table in a far corner of the room a large gentleman in a brown frock coat was quietly eating his breakfast and reading the Herald. He was of an ornate presence, though entirely neat. A sumptuous expanse of linen exhibited itself between the lapels of his low cut waistcoat, and an inch of bediamonded breastpin glittered there like an ice ledge on a snowy mountain side. He had a steady blue eye and a dissipated iron gray mustache. This personage was Mr. Ephraim Watts, who, following a calling more fashionable in the eighteenth century than in the latter decades of the nineteenth, had shaken the dust of Carlow from his feet some three years previously at the strong request of the authorities. The Herald had been particularly insistent upon his deportation. In the local phrase, Harkless had "run him out o' town." Perhaps it was because the Herald's opposition, as the editor had explained at the time, had been "merely moral and impersonal," and the editor had confessed to a liking for the unprofessional qualities of Mr. Watts, that there was but a slight embarrassment when the two gentlemen met today. His breakfast finished, Harkless went over to the other and extended his hand. Cynthia, the waitress, held her breath and clutched the back of a chair. However, Mr. Watts made no motion toward his well known hip pocket. Instead he rose, flushing slightly, and accepted the hand offered him.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Watts," said the journalist cordially. "And also, if you are running with the circus and calculate on doing business here today, I'll have you fired out of town before noon. How are you? You're looking extremely well."

"Mr. Harkless," answered Watts, "I cherish no hard feelings, and I never said but what you done exactly right when I left, three years ago. No, sir; I'm not here in a professional way at all, and I don't want to be molested. I've connected myself with an oil company, and I'm down here to look over the ground. It beats poker and fantan all hollow, though there ain't as many chances in favor of the dealer, and in oil it's the farmer that gets the rakeoff. I've come back, but in an enterprising spirit this time, to open up a new field and shed light and money in Carlow. They told me never to show my face

here again, but if you say I stay I guess I can. I always was sure there was oil in the county, and I want to prove it for everybody's benefit. Is it all right?"

"My dear fellow," laughed the young man, shaking the gambler's hand again. "It is all right. I have always been sorry I had to act against you. Everything is all right. Stay and bore to Korea, if you like. Did ever you see such glorious weather?"

"I'll let you in on some shares," Watts called after him as he turned away. The other nodded in reply and was leaving the room when Cynthia detained him by a flourish of her fly brush. "Say," she said—she always called him "Say"—"you've forgot yer flower."

He came back and thanked her. "Will you pin it on for me, Charmion?" "I don't know what call you got to speak to me out of my name," she responded, looking at the door moodily. "Why?" he asked, surprised.

"I don't see why you want to make fun of me."

"I beg your pardon, Cynthia," he said gravely. "I didn't mean to do that. I haven't been considered. I didn't think you'd be displeased. I'm very sorry. Won't you pin it on my coat?"

Her face was lifted in grateful pleasure, and she began to pin the rose to his lapel. Her hands were large and red and trembled. She dropped the flower and, saying huskily, "I don't know as I could do it right," seized violently upon a pile of dishes and hurried from the room.

Harkless rescued the rose, pinned it on his coat himself, with the internal observation that the red haired waitress was the queerest creature in the village, and set forth upon his holiday.

Mr. Lige Willetts, a stalwart bachelor, the most eligible in Carlow, and a habitual devotee of Minnie Briscoe, was seated on the veranda when Harkless turned in at the gate of the brick house. "The ladies will be down right off," he said, greeting the editor's cool finery with a perceptible agitation and the editor himself with a friendly shake of the hand. "Mildy says to wait out here."

There was a faint rustling within the house, the swish of draperies on the stairs, a delicious whispering, when light feet descended, tapping, to hearts that beat an answer, the telegraphic message: "We come! We come! We are near! We are near!" Lige Willetts stared at Harkless. He had never thought the latter was good looking until he saw him step to the door to take Helen Sherwood's hand and say, in a strange, low, tense voice, "Good morning," as if he were announcing, at the least, "Every one in the world, except us two, died last night. It is a solemn thing, but I am very happy."

They walked, Minnie and Mr. Willetts, a little distance in front of the others. Harkless could not have told afterward whether they rode or walked or floated on an airship to the courthouse. All he knew distinctly was that a divinity in a pink shirt waist and a hat that was woven of gauzy cloud by mocking fairies to make him stoop hideously to see under it dwell for the time on earth and was at his side, dazzling him in the morning sunshine. Last night the moon had lent her a silvery glamour. She had something of the ethereal whiteness of night dew in that watery light. A nymph to laugh from a sparkling fountain at the moon, or, as he thought, remembering her courtesy for his pret-

ty, perhaps a little lady of King Louis' court wandering down the years from Fontainebleau and appearing to slay mortals sometimes of a summer night when the moon was in their heads.

But today she was of the daintiest color, a pretty girl whose gray eyes twinkled to his in gay companionship. He marked how the sunshine danced across the shadows of her fair hair and seemed itself to catch a luster rather than impart it, and the light of the June day drifted through the gauzy hat to her face, touching it with a delicate and tender flush that came and went like the vibrating pink of early dawn. She had the divinest straight nose, tip tilted a faint, alluring trifle, and a dimple cleft her chin, "the deadliest maelstrom in the world!" He thrilled through and through. He had been only vaguely conscious of the dimple in the night. It was not until he saw her by daylight that he really knew it was there.

The village hummed with life before them. They walked through shimmering air, sweeter to breathe than nectar is to drink. She caught a butterfly basking on a Jimson weed, and before she let it go held it out to him in her hand. It was a white butterfly. He asked which was the butterfly.

"Bravo!" she said, tossing the captive craft about their heads and watching the small sails catch the breeze. "And so you can make little flatteries in the morning too. It is another courtesy

you should be having from me if it weren't for the dustiness of it. Wait till we come to the board walk."

She had some big pink roses at her waist.

Indicating these, he answered, "In the meantime, I know very well a lad that would be blithe to accept a pretty token of any lady's high esteem."

"But you have one already, a very beautiful one." She gave him a genial up and down glance from head to foot, half quizzical and half applauding, but so quick he scarcely saw it, and he was glad he had resurrected the straw hat with the youthful ribbon and his other festive vestures. "And a very becoming flower a white rose is," she continued, "though I am a bold girl to be blarneying with a young gentleman I met no longer ago than last night."

"But why shouldn't you blarney with a gentleman when you began by saving his life?"

"Especially when the gentleman had the politeness to gallop about the county with me tucked under his arm." She stood still and laughed softly, but consummately, and her eyes closed tight with the mirth of it. She had taken one of the roses from her waist, and as she stood holding it by the long stem its cool petals lightly pressed her lips.

"You may have it—in exchange," she said. He bent down to her, and she fastened her rose in place of the white one in his coat. She did not ask him, directly or indirectly, who had put the white one there for him. She knew by the way it was pinned that he had done it himself. "Who is it that every morning brings me these lovely flowers?" she blarneyed as he bent over her.

"Mr. Wimby," he returned. "I will point him out to you. You must see him and Mr. Bodeffer, who is the oldest inhabitant and the crosser of Carlow."

"Will you present them to me?" "No; they might talk to you and take some of my time with you away from me."

Her eyes sparkled into his for the merest fraction of a second, and she laughed. Then she dropped his lapel, and they proceeded. She did not put the white rose in her belt, but carried it.

The square was heaving with a jostling, moving, good natured, happy and constantly increasing crowd that overflowed on Main street in both directions and whose good nature augmented in the ratio that its size increased. The streets were a kaleidoscope of many colors, and every window opening on Main street or the square was filled with eager faces. By 9 o'clock all the windows of the courthouse were occupied. Here most of the damsels congregated to enjoy the spectacle of the parade, and their swains attended, posted at corners of less vantage behind the ladies. Some of the faces that peeped from the windows of the dark, old, shady courthouse were pretty, and some of them were not pretty, but nearly all of them were rosy cheeked, and all were pleasant to see because of the good cheer they kept.

Here and there, along the sidewalk below, a father worked his way through the throng, a licorice bearded cherub in one arm, his coat (borne with long enough) on the other, followed by a mother, with the other children hanging to her skirts and tagging exasperatingly behind, holding red and blue toy balloons and delectable candy batons of spiral striped peppermint in tightly closed, sandy sticky fingers. A thousand cries rent the air—the strolling mountebanks and gypsying booth merchants, the peanut vendors, the boys with palm leaf fans for sale, the candy sellers, the popcorn peddlers, the Italian with the toy balloons that float like a cluster of colored bubbles above the heads of the crowd and the balloons that walk like a baby; the red lemonade man, shouting in the shrill voice that reaches everywhere and endures forever: "Lemo! Lemo! Five a glass! Ice cole lemo! Five cents, a nickel, a half a dime, the twentieth-potofodollah! Lemo! Ice cole lemo!"—all the vociferating barbers of the circus crying their wares. Timid youths in shoes covered with dust through which the morning polish but dimly shone and unalterably booked by the arm to blushing maidens bought recklessly of peanuts, of candy, of popcorn, of all known sweets, per chance, and forced their way to the lemonade stands, and there, all shyly, silently slipped the crimson stained ambrosia. Everywhere the hawkers dined, and everywhere was heard the plaintive squawk of the toy balloon.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Customs of the Country.

There was once a Newfoundland fisherman—be he named to be a Catholic or in old age came to die. He had lived in debt all his life and, no doubt, had never once given his whole catch to the dealer who supplied him, but had wrongfully slipped many a quintal over the side of a rival schooner and traded it out on the spot.

"Send for Pawther Rafferty," he said. "Send immediate!"

He wanted to confess his sins, to be forgiven and to depart in peace, but his old priest had been transferred to Trinity Bay. A young man, just back from Rome, was now the spiritual head of the parish.

"Sure, 'tis Pawther Codlin," they told him.

"Noa, noa," the old man protested. "Pawther Codlin's a fine young man—a clever young man, I doubt me not, but 'tis old Pawther Rafferty I want to hear me confession."

"An' why?" they asked.

"Sure," the dying man gasped, "he knows the customs of the country."—Norman Duncan in World's Work.

When the lady was informed that a Manchou of high rank in her party was making a handsome squeeze in hiring carts to carry the luggage, she at once caused his head to roll in the dust of the road.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### TSI-AN.

#### The Most Remarkable Old Woman Living.

A dispatch to the Sun from China says that the Dowager Empress has left Peking for Kailfeng-fu in the province of Honan. This city of over 200,000 inhabitants is the capital of Honan Province, and the railroad between Peking and Hankow will pass through it. The northern part of the road is now far advanced, and the Empress Dowager has probably utilized it, as she did the completed portion when she fled to Siam during the Boxer troubles.

Kailfeng is a large trading place and has the only distinctively Jewish colony in China.

#### JAPAN'S WAR MINISTER.

General Terauchi, who has been Japan's minister of war since 1898, was educated in Germany and Japan and



GENERAL MASATAKE TERAUCHI, was vice head of the Japanese board of strategy during the Chino-Japanese war.

ny in China. These Jews are engaged almost entirely in gold and silver working and in money lending.

The city is on the right bank of the Hoang river and has suffered terribly from the inundations of that treacherous stream. In 1641 most of the inhabitants signed their own death warrant by tearing down the embankments in the attempt to drown a rebel army that was besieging them. The rebels, however, escaped, while nearly all the people of the town were drowned.

We are not informed as to the reasons given to the Chinese public for the departure of the Empress from the capital. When she and the emperor took refuge in Siam the people were not told that they had left Peking because it was about to be occupied by the allied forces. The journey was due, it was said, to the fact that the emperor desired to travel through his

#### A RUSSIAN STATESMAN.

Count Lamsdorff, Russia's minister of foreign affairs, is a veteran diplomat



COUNT LAMSDORFF, and has been very conspicuous in the negotiations between his country and Japan.

dominions, study the condition of the people and worship in the temples. The American, Nichols, who traveled to Siam later, said that no one intruded to him that the royal party had fled from Peking. The revered rulers created the impression everywhere that it was only their good pleasure to travel to Siam; and to this day the farmers speak of the imperial wanderers as if they had conveyed a lasting honor on the old land by traveling through it.

If the Empress Dowager is making her present progress by rail there will be no opportunity for exciting incidents similar to those that marked the land journey to Siam. At that time she had made up her mind that the Boxer movement was a sad failure; and when, on the journey, a man in Boxer regalia rushed into the road, knelt beside her chair and began a eulogistic address on her efforts to exterminate the "foreign devils," she merely motioned to one of her body-guard, who quietly walked up behind the Boxer, and with one stroke of his sword cut off his oration and she degraded the man-darin who had permitted the man to make this demonstration under the mistaken impression that it would be pleasing to the empress.

When the lady was informed that a Manchou of high rank in her party was making a handsome squeeze in hiring carts to carry the luggage, she at once caused his head to roll in the dust of the road.

A considerable number of decapitations, in fact, relieved the journey of monotony; and these incidents did not tend to make the Empress Dowager less popular with her subjects. Foreigners who have spent much time among the common people in China say that they almost worship her, and that her faults and cruelties are virtues in their eyes, and the more intelligent classes have a great admiration and respect for her character and unbounded confidence in her ability.—New York Sun.

#### SAM JONES GROWS WISE.

Georgia Evangelist Learning That Dispensaries Are Worse Than Saloons.

Sam Jones writes to the Atlanta Journal from Cartersville, as follows: I have spent three days of this week in South Carolina, and I have been thinking considerably over what I saw and heard on this trip as well as on other tours through South Carolina. I spent last Monday night in Charleston. Our train on Coast Line was late. We got to Charleston about 9 o'clock. I inquired at the hotel for a decent restaurant. I was referred to one in the block of the hotel. I went in, ordered my supper. At the table next to me were four young men, not eating but drinking. They were full when I got in; they were fuller when I got out. When I got back to the hotel I remarked that there seemed to be more to drink than to eat at the restaurant they referred me to. That brought on more talk, and the dispensary, with all its characteristics, was discussed.

A gentleman standing high in the financial and political life of South Carolina proposed to me that he would show me something if I would go with him, and I accepted his invitation, and within two blocks he carried me into six full-fledged Charleston blind tigers. He said there were 300 of them there. Some of them were raided by the state and city constabulary frequently. Others were immune; they never had been raided.

There are fourteen state dispensaries in Charleston. I suppose they only do a small per cent of the business in liquor. The dispensaries must close at 6 o'clock in the evening, and open at 6 o'clock in the morning, but the blind-tigers do business after the hours of the dispensary, and they do business until the wee small hours of the morning. The names and places of these blind-tigers are as well-known in Charleston as the clothing stores of George Muse and Elsenman, or the dry goods stores of Chamberlin-Johnson and Keely in Atlanta. The dispensaries in the smaller towns do a large business, and perhaps the only liquor business of any of them worth speaking of; but they do business, selling bust-head from sixteen cents a half pint bottle to \$2 a quart. The state is the wholesale dealer and furnishes all the dispensaries, and the state's profit is made in their profits as they sell to the county and town dispensaries. For instance, each dispensary pays the state dispensary twelve cents a bottle for that pop-skull, which the town dispensary sells for fifteen cents, and it has the stamp of the state chemist on it, reading "nothing chemically impure in this liquor." I do not know why they do not stamp on the bottle, "Nothing morally impure either." The one would go as far with me as the other.

I once favored the dispensary as a choice between the saloon and the dispensary, for the following reasons: First, I thought the dispensary would put the bar-room crowd and the liquor interests out of politics, and we all know what a potent factor they make. Secondly, that the license feature, by which the coffers of the town and state are enriched would be done away with; and thirdly, because I believed less liquor would be drunk. But the South Carolina dispensaries demonstrate that liquor is in politics worse in South Carolina than any state in the Union. And secondly, that the taxpayers are getting more money out of it. And, thirdly, that there is more liquor drunk out of the dispensaries of South Carolina per capita in my candid judgment, than out of the full-fledged bar-rooms in other states. It will take South Carolina a hundred years to recover from the effects of the dispensary; for dispensary liquor not only debauches the poor devils that drink it, but the dispensary will debauch the whole state in its politics and morals. I am as much against the open saloon as I ever was. I am as much against the dispensary as I am against the saloon, and for the same reasons.

And I keep saying that if whisky is a good thing, then turn it loose, and let it flow ankle deep, and hang a dipper on the limb of every tree and give the world all the good there is in it. It is a bad thing, then down with it and out with the whole business in extenso.

Greenwood, S. C., has never had a dispensary. For first-class citizenship, intelligence, morality and decency she stands without a peer in that state. Clinton, S. C., I believe, is another of the same stripe. But whenever you find a dispensary you will find a debauched sentiment, and a growing greed on the part of the taxpayers to push its business, and to increase its profits.

The best elements of South Carolina are against the dispensary, the worst elements of South Carolina are against the dispensary, and these two classes together do not make a majority in that state. It is an anomalous state of things if the best and worst elements of society be together against anything.

I do not remember that I have met a single minister in South Carolina, or a devout Christian man who wasn't against the dispensary; and the worst feature of the dispensary system is, it has fastened itself like a leech, and has come to stay. I had rather undertake

to vote the saloons out of Macon, Atlanta or Savannah, than to undertake to vote the dispensary out of Athens or Rome. I have not only got to fight the liquor, but I have got to fight the profits of liquor that come to each taxpayer of the county, and when you touch the average fellow's pocket, you have hit a vital spot.

If any town in Georgia or other state contemplates inaugurating a dispensary, let them send a committee of three honest men to Charleston or Columbia, and take in also some of the smaller towns, and see the thing as it is. That committee will come back and report unfavorably. Keep your saloons until you can vote them out, but don't ever compromise by swapping your saloons for the dispensary.

A saloon is the smallpox, a dispensary is the measles. I, for one, had rather have the smallpox, and get well than have the measles, forever. I am frequently asked, which would you choose—saloons or dispensary or blind-tigers? I reply, why don't you ask me which I had rather have smallpox, yellow fever or measles? By the grace of God, I don't want either one of the three in mine, and am not going to have them if I can help it.

EXPENSES OF THE RAILROAD.

Lots of Drains of Which the Public Knows Nothing.

The annual expenditures of railroad companies for purposes concerning which the public takes little thought are enormous. One of the items of large expenses is the softening of water used in locomotives, experience having demonstrated that it is cheaper to install water softeners than supply these locomotives with raw water.

On the middle division of the Atchafalaya, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway system the sum of \$27,375 is expended annually for this purpose, the softener being used at twenty-nine water stations where the water has been found unsuitable for boiler purposes. The locomotives passing these stations use, on an average, about 999,000 gallons of water daily. The water from nearly all these sources contains incrusting constituents—that is, the sulphates and carbonates of lime and magnesium, and in many cases, corrosive substances, such as chloride of calcium and magnesium, are present in troublesome amounts.

The incrusting solids contained in 999,000 gallons of water used each day in the year amount to over 3,200 pounds, or, in the course of a year 590 tons. This amount of incrusting material deposited in the boiler would, in the first place, damage the boiler plates and cause an enormous increase in the consumption of coal. The removal of this scale would cost probably from 6 to 10 cents per mile of distance run.

At these twenty-nine water stations water softeners have been erected at great initial expense. The maintenance of these softeners requires the expenditure of about \$17 a day for chemicals and an additional charge of about \$58 a day for services of attendants, making a total of \$75 a day, or \$27,375 a year. The cost of construction of these water softeners was not made public, but if the cost of maintenance represents 4 per cent on the investment, the total amount expended for water softeners is nearly \$700,000.

The same experience holds true of other railroads. At ten water stations along the Union Pacific 2,790 pounds of solids are removed from the water each day, almost as much as is removed from the water of twenty-nine stations along the Santa Fe system, although at the ten Union Pacific stations they use about 50 per cent more water than at the Santa Fe stations.

The chemical survey of natural waters which is being made by the hydro-economic experts of the geological survey, is directed, in part, toward the location of available waters which may be used for boiler purposes without treatment. If discovered and their location made known, the saving of a tremendous amount of money will be effected. In the case of railroads the cost of such great losses, as above mentioned, is due largely to lack of information concerning the sources of water suitable for boilers, and they will become the greatest beneficiaries of this phase of the work of the government.—New York Sun.

A DRY LUNCH.

Impossible to Eat Twenty Crackers Without Water.

A company of sports were taking supper together the other evening in Mexico City as the guest of a somewhat notorious gambler, who is a man past middle life and is always a prominent figure on the streets because of the great length of his waistband. The repast was served in a well-known restaurant and the host, who is a fluent talker, entertained his guests with some marvelous stories of feats he had witnessed, including one about a man who had eaten ten dozen of eggs, another who had devoured a twenty-five-pound fish, another who had disposed of 10 dozen broiled quail and many more of like tenor.

The guests listened in wonder, but without protest, then he gave them a poser by repeating that he had seen a man eat eight pounds of cheese and four pounds of crackers without taking a mouthful of liquid of any kind.

The assertion caused one of the guests to wake up, and he said to the host: "I will bet you \$40 that you cannot eat forty crackers without taking something to drink while doing so."

The bet was declined, but the guest made another attempt and said: "I will bet you \$20 that you cannot eat twenty crackers without taking a drink of some kind."

The host is a man who does not care to be bluffed, and responded by putting up the money. It was done. The crackers produced and carefully counted, the guests all laid down their knives and forks and the host began to try to win the money most vigorously. He ate rapidly, but when six crackers had been disposed of his jaws showed evident signs of weariness. He struggled gamely with the seventh and got it down.

When he took up the eighth he nibbled at it for a while, put it on the table but half eaten, and in broad, rich Irish tones said: "Till ate no more." And the bet was paid.—Mexican Herald.



"Honey, hit bald luck sing 'fo' breakfast."

water cart since the morning stars were bright, but he might as well have watered the streets with his tears, which, indeed, when the farmers began to come in, bringing their cypresses of dust, he drew nigh unto after a burst of profanity as futile as his cart.

"Tief wie das Meer soll deine Liebe sein," hummed the editor in the cottage. His song had taken on a reflective tone, as that of one who contemplates a problem or musically ponders which card to play. He was kneeling before an old trunk in his bedroom. From one compartment he took a neatly folded pair of duck trousers and a light gray tweed coat, from another a straw hat with a ribbon of bright colors. He examined these musingly. They had lain in the trunk for a long time undisturbed. He



She fastened her rose in place of the white one.

speech, perhaps a little lady of King Louis' court wandering down the years from Fontainebleau and appearing to slay mortals sometimes of a summer night when the moon was in their heads.

But today she was of the daintiest color, a pretty girl whose gray eyes twinkled to his in gay companionship. He marked how the sunshine danced across the shadows of her fair hair and seemed itself to catch a luster rather than impart it, and the light of the June day drifted through the gauzy hat to her face, touching it with a delicate and tender flush that