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

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1904.

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER XII.

Indiana town may lie asleep a long while, but it always one. And the song Wilkerson was wakes up some time, and singing is the one song every northern Plattville woke up in August. born American knows and can sing. when the Herald became a daily. It was then that history began to be made. The Herald printed news, I had made a connection with the Asse ciated Press, and it was sold ever morning at stands in every town t'at section of the state. Its circul. tica to celebrate me; the band was not

playing to do me honor. Why should I ride in the midst of a procession that knows me not? Why should I enthrone me in an open barouche, with four white horses to draw it and draped with silken flags? Since these things were not for me, I flew to your side to dissemble my spleen under the licensed prattle of a cousin.'

"Then who is with him?"

"The population of this portion of In-

"Oh, it's all right," said the judge, leaning back to speak to Helen. "Keating and Smith and your father are to ride in the carriage with him. You needn't be afraid of any of them letting him know that H. Fisbee is a lady. Everybody understands about that. Of course they know it's to be left to you to break it to him how a girl has run his paper.'

The old gentleman chuckled and looked out of the corner of his eye at his daughter, whose expression was inscrutable.

"I!" cried Helen. "I tell him! No one must tell him. He need never know

Briscoe reached back and patted her cheek. "How long do you suppose he will be here in Plattville without its

leaking out?" "But when they kept watch over him for months nobody told him." "Ah," said Briscoe, "but this is dif-

ferent." "No, no, no!" she exclaimed. must be kept from him somehow." "He'll know it by tomorrow; so you better tell him this evening."

"This evening?"

"Yes; you'll have a good chance."

"He's coming to supper with us-he and your father, of course, and Keating and Bence and Boswell and Smith and Tom Martin and Lige. We're going to have a big time, with you and Minnie to do the honors, and we're all coming into town afterward for th and I'll let him drive you in the phae-You'll have plenty of chances to talk it over with him and tell him all

about it." Helen gave a little gasp. "Never!" she cried. "Never!"

The buckboard stopped on the Herald corner, and here and along Main street the line of vehicles which had followed it from the station took positions to await the parade. The square was almost a solid mass of bunting, and the north entrance of the courthouse had been decorated with streamers and flags so as to make a sort of stand. Hither the crowd was already streaming and hither the procession made its way. At intervals the gun boomed from the station, and Schofields' Henry was winnowing the air with his bell. Nobody had a better time that day than Schofields' Henry, except old Wilkerson, who was with the procession.

In advance came the boys, whooping and somersaulting, and behind them rode a band of mounted men, sitting their horses like cavalrymen, led by the sheriff and his deputy and Jim Bardlock. Then followed the Harkless club of Amo, led by Boswell, with the magnanimous Halloway himself marching in the ranks, and at sight of this the people shouted like madmen. But when Helen's eye fell upon Halloway's fat, rather unhappy face she felt a pang of pity and unreasoning remorse, which warned her that he who looks upon politics when it is red must steel his eyes to see many a man with the heartburn. After the men of Amo came the Harkless club of Gainesville, Mr. Bence in the van with the step of a grenadier. There followed next Mr. Ephraim Watts, bearing a light wand in his hand and leading a detachment of workers from the oil field in their stained blue overalls and blouses, and after them came Mr. Martin and Mr. Landis at the head of an organization recognized in the "order of procession" printed in the Herald as "the business men of Plattville." The band played in for a moment he laid his thin hand such magnificent time that every high stepping foot in all the line came down pain. with the same jubilant plunk and lifted again with a unanimity as complete as that of the last vote the convention had taken that day. The leaders of the procession set a brisk pace, and who could have set any other kind of a pace when on parade to the strains of such a band playing such a tune as "A New Coon In Town" with all its might and

But as the line swung into the square there came a moment when the tune was ended and the musicians paused for breath and there fell comparative quiet. Among the ranks of the "business men" ambled Mr. Wilkerson, singing at the top of his voice, and now he could be heard distinctly enough for those near him to distinguish the melody with which it was his intention to favor the public:

"Glory, glory, hallelulah! As we go marching on.'

The words, the air, that husky voice, recalled to the men of Carlow another day and another procession not like this The leader of the band caught the sound, signaled to his men, twenty instruments rose as one to twenty mouths, the snare drum rattled, the big drum crashed, the leader threw his

> burst from twenty brazen throats: "Glory, glory, hallelulah!" Instantaneously the whole procession

baton high over his head, and music

began to sing the refrain, and the people in the street and those in the wagons and carriages and those leaning from the windows joined with one accord. The ringing bells caught the time of the song, and the upper air reverberated in the rhythm.

The Harkless club of Carlow wheeled into Main street, 200 strong. with their banners and transparencies Lige Willetts rode at their head, and behind him strode William Todd and Parker and Ross Schofield and Newt than a week before the convention, and"- He broke off, seeing the yellow envelope in Meredith's hand. "Is that a telegram for me?" His companion gave it to him. He tore it open and read the contents. They were brief

Can't you do something? Can't you come down? It begins to look the other way. K. H.

and unhappy.

"Tom, give me that pad and pencil," said the sick man. He rapidly dashed off a note to H. Fisbee.

H. Fishee, Editor Carlow Herald: H. Fisbee, Editor Carlow Herald:
Dear Sir-You have not acknowledged
my letter of the 2d of September by a note
(which should have reached me the following morning) or by the alteration in
the tenor of my columns which I requested, or by the publication of the McCune papers which I directed. In this I
held you grossly at fault If you have a hold you grossly at fault. If you have a conscientious reason for refusing to carry out my request it should have been communicated to me at once, as should the fact—if such be the case—that you are a personal (or impersonal, if you like) friend of Mr. Rodney McCune. Whatever the motive which prevents you from operating my paper as I direct, I should have been in-formed of it. This is a matter vital to the interests of our community, and you have hitherto shown yourself too alert in accepting my slightest suggestion for me to construe this failure as negligence.

You will receive this letter by 7 this evening by special delivery. You will

unearned profits from the transaction is oil, and it is to you I owe the Herald's extraordinary present circulation, growth of power and influence. That power is still under my direction and is an added responsibility which shall not be misap-

Are you sorry for McCune? I warned him long ago that the papers you hold would be published if he ever tried to return to political life, and he is deliberately counting on my physical weakness and absence. Let him rely upon it—I am not so weak as he thinks. I am sorry for him so weak as he thinks. I am sorry to him from the bottom of my heart, but the Herald is not. You need not reply by letter. Tomor-row's issue answers for you. Until I have received a copy I withhold my judgment. JOHN HARKLESS.

JOHN HARKLESS.

Tomorrow's issue-that fateful print on which depended John Harkless' opinion of H. Fisbee's integrity-contained an editorial addressed to the delegates of the convention, warning them to act for the vital interest of the community and declaring that the opportunity to be given them in the present convention was a rare one, a singular piece of good fortune indeed. They were to have a chance to vote for a man who had won the love and respect of every person in the districtone who had suffered for his championship of righteousness; one whom even his few political enemies confessed they held in personal affection and esteem; one who had been the inspiration of a new era; one whose life had been helpfulness, whose hand had reached out to every struggler and unfortunate; a man who had met and faced danger for the sake of others; one who lived under a threat for years, and who had been almost overborne in the fulfillment of that threat, but who would live to see the sun shine on his triumph, the tribute the convention would bring him as a gift from a community that loved him. His name needed not to be told. It was on every lip that morning and

in every heart. Tom was eagerly watching his companion as he read. Harkless fell back on the pillows with a drawn face, and over his eyes in a gesture of intense

"What is it?" Meredith said quickly. "Give me the pad, please."

"What is it, boy?"

The other's teeth snapped together. "What is it?" he cried. "What is it? It's treachery, and the worst I ever knew. Not a word of the accusation ! demanded-lying praises instead! Read that editorial-there, there!" He struck the page with the back of his hand and threw the paper to Meredith. "Read that miserable lie! 'One who has won the love and respect of every person in the district!" 'One who has suffered for his championship of righteousness!

"What does it mean?" "Mean! It means McCune, Rod Mc-Cune, 'who has lived under a threat for years'-my threat. I swore I would print him out of Indiana if he ever raised his head again, and he knew I

Righteousness! Save the mark!"



"What is it?" he cried.

fillment of that threat'-almost! It's a black scheme, and I see it now. This man came to Plattville and went on the Herald for nothing in the world but this. It's McCune's hand all along. He daren't name him even now, the coward! The trick lies between McCune and young Fisbee-the old man is innocent. Give me the pad. Not almost overborne. There are three good days to work in, and if Rod McCune sees congress it will be in his next incarna-

He rapidly scribbled a few lines on the pad and threw the sheets to Merelith. "Get those telegrams to the Western Union office in a rush, please. Read them first."

With wide eyes Tom read them. One was to Warren Smith:

Take possession Herald. This is your authority. Publish McCune papers, so labeled, which H. Fisbee will hand you. Beat McCune. JOHN HARKLESS. The second was addressed to H. Fis-

You are relieved from the cares of ed-You are releved from the cares of the titorship. You will turn over the management of the Herald to Warren Smith. You will give him the McCune papers. If you'do not or if you destroy them you cannot hide where I shall not find you.

JOHN HARKLESS.

CHAPTER XIII. ERY early in the morning a messenger boy stumbled up the front steps of Mere dith's house and handed the colored servant four yellow envelopes, night messages. The man carried them upstairs, left three with his master's guest, then knocked on Meredith's door till a response assured him that the occupant was awake and slid the fourth envelope under the door. Meredith lay quite without motion for several minutes, sleepily watching the yellow rhomboid in the crevice. It was a hateful looking thing to mix itself in with a pleasant

twice before it penetrated. Suppress all newspapers today. vention meets at 11. delegation will come to Rouen this after They will come.

Tom rubbed his sticky eyelids and shook his head violently in a Spartan effort to rouse himself, but what more effectively performed the task for him were certain sounds that issued from Harkless' room across the hall. For some minutes Meredith had been dully conscious of a rustle and stir in the invalid's chamber, and he began to realize that no mere tossing upon a bed would account for a noise that reached him across a wide hall and through two closed doors of thick walnut. Suddenly he heard a quick, heavy tread, shod, in Harkless' room, and a resounding bang as some heavy object struck the floor. The doctor was not to come till evening. The servant had gone downstairs. Who in the sick man's room wore shoes? He rushed across the hall in his pajamas and threw open the unlocked door.

The bed was disarranged and vaeant. Harkless, fully dressed, was standing in the middle of the floor hurling garments at a small trunk. The borrified Meredith stood for a second bleached and speechless; then he rushed upon his friend and seized him with both hands.

"Mad, by heaven! Mad!"

"Let go of me, Tom!" "Lunatic! Lunatic!"

"Don't stop me one instant!" Meredith tried to force him toward the bed. "No; get back to bed. You're delirious, boy!"

"Delirious nothing! I'm a man." "Go to bed! Go to bed!" Harkless set him out of the way

with one arm. "To bed!" he cried. "I'm going to Plattville!" Meredith wrung his hands.

doctor"-"Doctor be hanged!"

"what in the name of all that's ter-

rible is the matter, John?" His companion slung a light overcoat, unfolded, on the overflowing, misshapen bundle of clothes that lay in the trunk, then he jumped on the lid with both feet and kicked the hasp into the lock, while a very elegantly laundered cuff and shirt sleeve dangled out from under the fastened lid. "I haven't one second to talk, Tom; I have eighteen minutes to catch the express. It's more than a mile to the station, and the train leaves here at 9:02. I get

squared, and in spite of his thinness they looked massy. Lethargy or malaria, or both-whatever his ailmentit was gone. He was six feet of hot wrath and cold resolution.

Tom said, "You are going?" "Yes," he answered quietly, "I am

"Then I will go with you." "Thank you, Tom," said Harkless

simply. Meredith ran into his room, pressed an electric button and began to dive into his clothes with a panting rapidity As a matter of fact, the "yellow pa- licity, so he hanged himself to an inastonishingly foreign to his desire. The

colored man appeared in the doorway. "The cart, Jim!" shouted his master. "We want it like lightning. Tell the cook to give Mr. Harkless his breakfast in a hurry. Set a cup of coffee on the table by the front door for me. Run! We've got to catch a train. That will to Harkless. "We'll break the ordidown there.'

Ten minutes later the cart swept away from the house at a gait that pained the respectable neighborhood. The big horse plunged through the air, his ears laid flat toward his tail. The they pirouetted around curves on one wheel. To him it seemed they skirted the corners and death simultaneously. and the speed of their going made a strong wind in their faces. Harkless leaned forward. "Can you

pake it a little faster, Tom?" he said. They dashed up to the station amid for safety. The two gentlemen leaped from the cart, bore down upon the ticket office, stormed at the agent and their passports. The official on duty eyed them wearily. "Been gone two minutes," he remarked with a peace-

Harkless stamped his foot on the cement flags; then he stood stock still, gazing at the empty tracks, but Meredith turned to him, smiling. "Won't it keep?" he asked.

"Yes, it will keep," John answered "Part of it may have to keep till election day, but some of it I will settle before night. And that," he cried between his teeth, "and that is the part

of it in regard to young Fisbee!" "Oh, it's about H. Fisbee, is it?"

"Yes, it's H. Fisbee." "Well, we might as well go up and see what the doctor thinks of you; there's no train." "I don't want to see a doctor again

ever—as long as I live. I'm as well as Tom burst out laughing and clapped his companion lightly on the shoulder, his eyes dancing with pleasure. "Upon my soul," he cried, "I believe you are.

A miracle wrought by the witch wand of indignation! That's rather against tradition, isn't it? Well, let's take a "Meredith," said the other, turning to



Harkless, fully dressed, was standing in the middle of the floor.

and every minute lessens our chances to beat McCune, and I have to begin by wasting time on a tussle with a traitor There's another train at 11:55; I don't take any chances on missing that one." "Well, well," laughed his friend, pushing him good humoredly toward a door by a red and white striped pillar, we'll wait bere if you like. But at least go in there and get a shave; it's a clean shop. You want to look your best

if you are going down to fight H. Fisbee. "Take these, then, and you will understand," said Harkless, and he thrust his three telegrams of the morning into Tom's hand and disappeared into the barber shop. When he was gone Meredith went to the telegraph office in the station and sent a line over the wires to Helen: "Keep your delegation at home. He's coming on the 11:55." Then he read the three telegrams Harkless had given him. They were all from Plattville.

Sorry cannot oblige. Present incumbent tenacious. Delicate matter. No hope for K. H. But don't worry. Everything all right.

Harkless, if you have the strength to walk, come down before the convention. Get here by 10:47. Looks bad. Come if it kills you. You intrusted me with sole responsibility for all matters pertaining to Herald.

Declared yourself mere spectator. Does this permit your interfering with my pol-icy for the paper? Decline to consider

could. Almost overborne in the ful- quick breaths. His shoulders were age for the regular military service.

Miscellaneous Beading.

FAMOUS LONDON FORGERS.

They Operated For Years and Secured Many Millions.

in the history of the world," and all door. He was said to have secured by that sort of thing.

be quicker than any cab," he explained man" would have declined to soil his died with him. fingers with small notes like those that nance against 'fast driving getting Schmidt forged, and Fauntleroy and fate created such a sensation eighty money in home enterprises. a bungler.

fice, and advertise for a clerk. The detection. first work the innocent clerk was set to clerk to the bank, and if there was the the arch forger warning.

his fraudulent business. His uncon- an explanation. The banker listened scious accomplices were arrested, but to him quietly, and then, with notable the police were never able to lay hands on the master mind at the back of all instructions to sell out her stock, too. the crimes. It is estimated that Sa- Here is the money," and he opened the ward made many thousands a year- drawer and took out £13,000 in exall of which he spent in gambling and chequer bills. The agent naturally debauchery. His final detection came thought that the good Mr. Fauntleroy about in this way: One of his confederates was working on his own ac- client's protests that she had given count at Yarmouth, and made a lit- Fauntleroy no orders to sell out her tle slip in connection with some bank stock, he thought that the whole matfraud. He did not think the bank of- ter was caused by the unbusiness-like ficials suspected him, but wrote to Sa- habits of women. On another occaward asking him how to get out of the sion, while a gentleman was talking to difficulty. Unhappily for them both, him in his office, Fauntleroy actually the bank did suspect something, and forged the man's name to a deed, the confederate was arrested. In his and, taking it out to his clerks with pocket was found an elaborate letter the ink still wet on it, observed that of advice from Saward dealing with "Mr. - has just signed this." the law on the subject, and telling his

friend what to do. On the strength of this the police mands upon him, and the whole super-You will receive this letter by 7 this the evening by special delivery. You will print the facts concerning McCune in toprint the facts concerning McCune in tomorrow morning's paper.

I am well aware of the obligations under which your extreme efficiency and your thoughtfulness in many matters have placed me. It is to you I owe my tweetened are its too you I owe my tweetened are its from the transaction in this to mix itself in with a pleasant dream and insist on being read, but after a while he climbed groaningly out of bim gravely, "you may think me a fool if you will, and it's likely I am, but I don't leave this station except by train. I've only two days to work in the great "Jim the Penman" was, for the strength of this december of his forgeries fell to the suddenly arrested Saward, and found in suddenly arrested Saward, and found in the structure of his forgeries fell to the suddenly arrested Saward, and found in the structure of his forged checks upon him. One or two of his accomplices turned Queen's evidence and at the age of fifty-eight the great "Jim the Penman" was, for the first time, convicted. He was sensuddenly arrested Saward, and found structure of his forgeries fell to the the first time, convicted. He was sen- virtuous Mr. Fauntleroy had been as tenced to transportation for life. As two-faced in his private life as in his one of his biographers observes, "At business life. He had not been averse all events, he had a long run for his to the pleasures of the world, and had

"Old Patch," as one Charles Price ed hands. In addition, he used to disand to do so with due caution he had three establishments. In one he was the respectable married Mr. Price, in another abode he lived with a mistress as Mr. Powell, and from his third lodging, which constantly changed, he fect artist as regards disguise, and one be a feeble old man, with a green patch over one eye-hence his popular name of "Old Patch." In this disguise he passed six forged £50 notes on a grocer, and then humorously, in his caduced his victim to bring an action against the Bank of England to recov-

er the value of the notes. ed that he possessed a keen sense of who had ordered them would be willfun. In disguise he called on a Lon- ing to waive claims, seeing that others don merchant and made some business proposals. Afterward in his proper person he called on the merchant and warned him that the man who had called previously was a dangerous swindler. Next time the supposed swindler called the merchant threatened to give him into custody. The the work, but we cannot perform mirswindler pretended to be dreadfully frightened, and offered to pay the merchant £500 if he were allowed to go. The merchant jumped at the offer, and the rascal produced a £1,000 note, and firm vouches for: When Gen. Kitchasked for change. Instead of instantly raising his price to £1,000, as a practical business man should have done, the merchant, with incredible fatuity, changed the note. Next day he found it to be a forged one.

However, most of "Old Patch's" business was done with lottery offices. He pretended to be an Indian nabob, and hired a boy in livery to wait on him. The boy was sent to all the lottery offices with large notes to buy tickets. "Old Patch" saw the boy off, followed him in another disguise, and if there was no trouble at the office slipped back to his lodgings to wait for the

that for some days after his arrest it was never suspected that Powell and Price were identical. On Mr. Price's A person were found a large number of notes and a considerable quantity of white tissue paper. When he was asked if he used the tissue paper to print his notes on, with a flash of humor the Schmidt, the man recently arrested great forger replied that he purchased ficacy. Here they are: in London for a series of clever for- it to make air-balloons for his chilgeries upon the Bank of England, is a dren. Unfortunately, Mr. Price never the upbuilding of your town. This will German-American, and has a police came to trial. He was naturally a prove an encouragement to those who pers" of the East have boomed him genious arrangement of hat hooks and considerably as the "greatest forger gimlets he had attached to his cell

his forgeries upwards of £200,000 (\$1,-But though Schmidt is admittedly a 000,000), but no trace of his gain could marvelously clever scamp, he is not to be found at his death. It was believed be compared to some of his great that he had buried his treasure, and criminal predecessors. "Jim the Pen- that the secret of his hiding place had ure, and contribute to that end by Henry Fauntleroy, the banker, whose

"Old Patch" would 'ave deemed him years ago, was a different type of criminal. He was a son of a highly res-James Saward, better known as "Jim pected London banker, and at an early act like a sore-headed bear, and yield the Penman," was a curious instance age succeeded to his father's business of warped mind. He came of good In his first few years of business the family, distinguished himself at Ox- banking establishment was unfortu- of the committeemen and sends them cart careened sickeningly, and the face ford, and finally became a barrister. nate. They lost £170,000 through some of the servant clutching at the rail in Those who knew him best said his great bankruptcles in the building of love. the rear was smeared with pallor as knowledge of law and his forensic abil- trade. Then Fauntieroy's partner died, ity would have carried him to the and £100,000 had to be paid to his woolsack. But Saward was a criminal heirs for their share in the business. by instinct, and naturally sought the To make up for this deficiency in caplowest associates. He became a re- ital Fauntieroy began a huge system They will carry away a delightful ceiver of stolen goods-not a vulgar of forgery. He forged powers of atmelter down of stolen watches. Sa- torneys to sell stock he held in trust ward bought nothing but paper. If a for clients. Gradually his dishonest burglar stole a check book from a safe, proceedings grew till at last he had the cries of people flying to the walls or a pickpocket found checks in a sold £170,000 of clients' securities, and purse, they would find a ready mar- was paying £16,000 a year interest on to high treason, no matter whether you ket with "Jim the Penman." Then the principal which had no existence. blank checks would be filled up, and During the ten years he carried on his This will prove a keen incentive to the ran madly at the gates, flourishing "Jim the Penman" would take an of- frauds he was often on the verge of

> One lady, who had £13,000 in Fauntdo was to cash the forged checks at leroy's hands, wrote to her London the banks. Confederates followed the agent to sell out her stock. He turned to the list of stockholders at the slightest difficulty hurried back to give Bank of England, and to his surprise found that her name was not among For twenty years Saward carried on them. He hurried to Fauntieroy for presence of mind, said: "She gave me was in the right, and in spite of his

> The time came, however, when Fauntleroy could not meet the debeen in the habit of entertaining luxuriously a circle of boon companions was called, started his criminal career Thereby hangs a tale. One of these as a bank note forger, and might have choice spirits accompanied Fauntierov served as an admirable illustration to to the scaffold, and at the last moa book on "Self Help." He made his ment, when the noose was actually adown paper, engraved his own plates; justed round his friend's neck, appealmanufactured his own ink, and printed ed to him to tell where he had prohis own notes-all with his own unaid- cured some choice curacoa from. But the banker preferred to take his impose of his home-made notes himself, portant secret with him.—Kansas City Independent.

Locomotives While You Wait. a British master mechanic who was bold. She is merely bolder than the sent over to buy some American locodid his actual business. He was a per- motives, because the home shop could not get them out in time. He was of his favorite roles was to pretend to courteously received at Baldwin's, where locomotives had been built for the lion chooses to hunt his prey. nearly every railway in the world, except those in England. The Briton was in haste. Time was to be an element of any contract: the quicker the pacity as the respectable Mr. Price, in- better and a big premium for haste. drink. Catlike, he leaps upon his The partners reflected that there were some locomotives under way, which the visitor had already seen and wish-Another little fraud of Price's show- ed duplicated, and that the Americans could be completed for them on time. The Briton became impatient for a lefinite statement as to the time when delivery aboard ship would commence Finally one of the partners remarked: "We are very anxious to oblige you in every way possible and will hasten acles. The best we can do is to begin deliveries one week from tomorrow.' The Briton fell in a dead faint. The following equally good story the

ener was fighting his way southward, inch by inch, into the Soudan, his chief problem was that of transportation. To solve this he constructed the famous strategic railway. All the material was promptly available in Great Britain except the locomotives and bridges. To construct these English builders wanted so much time that It ould have disturbed his whole plan of campaign. Philadelphians built the Atbara bridge as if by magic, and to Philadelphia he sent for locomoti The Baldwins undertook to do work in twelve weeks, a considerably less number than the months required by British bidders and were offered a handsome bonus for any gain in time The war department cabled that an inme, please, or tell me the number. I don't want to stop to hunt it up."

Meredith looked him in the eyes. In the pupils of Harkless flared a fierce light. His cheeks were reddened with an angry, healthy glow, and his teeth were clinched till the line of his jaw stood out like that of an embattled athlete. His brow was dark, his cheeks were than an angry, and he took deep, quick breaths. His shoulders were age for the regular military service.

May proposition to relieve me of my ducted and proposition to relieve me of my ducted with the with the change. The war department cabled that an inhoy's return with the change. The variety of the war department cabled that an inhoy's return with the change. The drogged notes in circulation becames a special reward for the detection of time. Forced to disregard all suggestions as to policy, which, by your own instructions, is entirely my affair and instructions the construction. The reply was sent of the detection of the detection of the detection of the detection of the gang of forgers.

Finally a forged note was traced to powel (Price in his second disguises) and as the Bow street runners could not find him they arrested Price on the superintend of the construction. The reply was sent on think trep with the change. The war department cabled that an in-hoty's return with the change. The war department cabled that an in-hoty's return with the change. The war department cabled that an in-hoty's return with the change. The war department cabled that an in-hoty's return with the change. The war department cabled that an in-hoty's return with the change. The war department cabled tha

NO. 29. TO MAKE A TOWN GROW. Set of Rules Whose Efficacy In Guaranteed. Fishburn, secretary of the

Commercial club of Dallas, Texas, has prepared a set of rules for making s own grow. He guarantees their ef-1. Join no organizations looking to

record of great length in this country. modest man, with an aversion to pub- give their time and money to sustain such organizations. 2. Impugn the motives of those who join and charge them with a desire to advertise themselves. This inspires

> patriotic men to work all the harder for the public good. 3. Pour cold water on every new home enterprise, predict its early failpatronizing its rivals in other towns.

This will encourage others to put their 4. When a committee calls on you for a contribution to any good cause, up what you do give as begrudgingly as possible. This lightens the burdens on their way rejoicing in their work

5. When strangers visit your town let them wander around alone and enlighten themselves by reading the signs and pumping the professional loafer remembrance of their visit and adver-

tise the town wherever they go. 6. "Cuss out" your public officials (to their backs, of course) and accuse them of everything from petty larceny can substantiate your charges or not. complete fulfillment of their official ob-

ligations. 7. Whenever your town paper differs in the slightest with your ideas of public policy, declare that it has been bought up and promptly cut off your patronage. The editor will turn the other cheek and redouble his efforts in behalf of the town and "good people."

8. Oppose any enterprise which is not in exact accordance with your own ideas. This will be conducive to that spirit of concession and unity which is necessary to progress.

9. Give sparingly, if at all, to movements for the general good of the town, even if you are the largest property owner in it. This will spur on to greater exertions the public spirited citizens your town now has and induce the coming of others.

10. Observe these rules closely and there can be no doubt about the growth of your town. It will grow and continue to grow-up in weedsit shall ultimately become a fit habitation alone for bats and owls.

We believe that some of our people already understand and employ the principles here formulated but they are not enough to make the system completely effective. A wider employment of the rules will accomplish something definite. Now is the time to organize.—Charleston Evening Post.

"AS BOLD AS A LION."

Rather Say Bold as a Partridge If

You Would be Exact. The only explanation of the adage "As bold as a lion," is that the lion's magnificent, muscular body, his noble head, great mane, the fact that he is a wild beast and-still more probubly-his deep throated roar that sounds so extraordinarily bold, have made him feared for generations. But the lion belongs to the family of cats and is not bold. To those who know best he is not brave even in the hour of danger. The lioness, who is smaller, less terrible to look upon and is without a mane, is brave in defense There is a very good story told of of her young, but she, too, is not lion. In comparison with any animal that can face danger and fight "fair" the lion is a coward. To prove it let us see for a moment how it is that

> The lion does not hunt. In the reeds and grasses near some pool in the jungle he lies hidden where he knows that other animals will go to victim, striking it with his powerful paws. Then his great paws break the neck of the unfortunate creature he has taken by surprise, and the lion boldly carries off the carcass to devour it where he will. The folk who live on the outskirts of jungles in the lion's country sometimes lose their sheep and goats when a hungry lion can muster courage to go near a human habitation in his search for food. He goes at night and stealthily. Who knows but that his heart goes pit-apat and his big limbs tremble at every sudden noise? The natives of India and of Africa know, however, that they can frighten away a thieving lion by fire and torches. If cornered and forced to fight he will do battle savagely, but he doesn't seek an open fight, and any traveler will tell you that as a rule the "king of beasts" bolts on sighting a man.

To be as bold as a partridge-as brave, unselfish, daring, heroic, as a partridge-is something one might be proud to boast. No lion defends its young with the courage of a partridge. The lioness at bay will turn in defense of her cubs, will fight the enemy, will spring at him furiously; the part-ridge will leave its little ones quite unprotected in the nest, or wherever they may be in hiding, and will offer herself to spare them. It is not the herself to spare them. It is not the unthinking heroism of excitement. The bird knows what she is doing and the danger. She schemes to attract attention to herself, but she manages to lead the dogs on, and she escapes. We at least have never heard anything in the life history of the partridge so sad as that the mother bird has been taken at that supreme moment. Un-