Humorous Department.

A Bold Bad Book Agent.

One day an enterprising agent who had informed himself approached a Mr. Smith with the interested suggestion,—

"Now, Mr. Smith, I know that today is your wedding anniversary. Don't you want to give Mrs. Smith a handsome Bible as an anniversary present? I can let you have today a beautiful fifteen dollar Bible for five dollars."

After some discussion Mr. Smith took the Bible. Just here the plot thickens. The book-agent pocketed the proceeds, then promptly ran up to Mr. Smith's house, called for Mrs. Smith, and asked if she wouldn't like to make her husband a present of a fine Bible on this anniversary. He said that as he was anxious to dispose of all his books before going to Cleveland at six o'clock, he would sacrifice a beautiful fifteen dollar Bible for five dollars. After some hesitation Mrs. Smith bought the Bible.

When Mr. Smith reached home that evening and presented his wife with a large package containing an anniversary gift she went into the next room and produced its mate.

Tableau! Smith vowed vengeance with all the heat of a warm disposition. However there was a fine festal supper waiting, so he contented himself for the present with a telephonic appeal to one Lewis Johnson, a nearby friend.

"Lewis," he urged, "I want you to hurry down to the station and stop a book-agent who is going to Cleveland at six o'clock. I must see him before he leaves town. You just hold him till I can finish supper and get there." Then he gave a brief description of the man and rushed back to his supper.

The good Lewis hopped on a passing car and swept down upon the book-agent just as the train pulled in.

"See here," he explained, "Smith says that he must see you and that you are to wait over a train for him."

"Sorry; I'd like to oblige him, but it's impossible. I'm due in Cleveland at eight-thirty and have got to get there. But I know what Mr. Smith wants. He was thinking of buying a Bible of mine for his wife's anniversary present. It's really a handsome book, which I usually sell for fifteen dollars, but as it is the last one I have, I offered it to him for five dollars" (producing the Bible.) "He was to let me know if he wanted it. Couldn't you take it to him, as I can't possibly wait? He'd be disappointed not to have it, I know."

The obliging Lewis thereupon hastily produced five dollars for the agent, acquired the Bible, and with the best intentions in the world trotted back to the Smiths with the book.

Second tableau! Fortunately their sense of humor saved the situation, and with chastened spirits they display all three books of Holy Writ to the initiated.—Lippincotts.

The Close Kid.

Henry H. Rogers of the Standard Oil company was born in Fairhaven, Mass., and a Fairhaven woman said of him the other day:

"Mr. Rogers is liberal. As a boy he was the same. I never saw anyone as free with his money as this man.

"I once asked Mr. Rogers the best and quickest way to accumulate a big fortune, and he told me liberality—a willingness to part with lots of money in the hopes of getting still more back—was the secret of success, provided that industry and intelligence accompanied it.

"He said that penuriousness was fatal to the speedy acquisition of wealth, and he pointed to the case of a miser, a friend of his boyhood, who with all his scrimpings and scrapings had hardy saved $10.000 in the course of a long life.

"I remember this miser well. Even as a little child he had been mean and close. A lady, one afternoon, had found him seated on a curbstone crying and weeping as if his heart would break.

"'What is the matter, my poor child?' the lady said.

"'Oh,' sobbed the child, 'I've lost a penny what my mother give me.'

"'Poor dear,' said the lady. 'Poor little dear.'

"And she opened her pocketbook and took out another penny.

"'There,' she said. 'Take that.'

"And she walked on, well pleased with her philanthropy.

"But she had hardly got ten yards away before the youngster began to howl louder than before.

"'Now, now, child,' said the lady, 'What's the matter now?'

"'It's that cent I lost,' sobbed the boy. 'If I hadn't lost it, I'd 'a' had two cents now.'"—Buffalo Enquirer.

IN IT FOR THE RIDE.—The Rev. Dr. Rainsford, in talking the other day of the lack of interest in church and charity work shown by those who are regular attendants at church service, told a story about an Irishman lately arrived who tried to cross Broadway while a funeral procession was passing. The procession was a very long one and he finally asked the policeman on the corner whose funeral it was.

"I don't know," said the man in blue, "but whoever he was he must have been a great man to have so fine a funeral."

The Irishman next asked the street cleaner who was working at that point.

"Not a one of me knows," said the sweeper, "but it's a fine man he must have been to have a funeral like that."

Then the Irishman went into a store and asked one of the clerks whose funeral was passing. The clerk didn't know, but made the usual guess as to the prominence and virtues of the deceased. Finally the procession came to an end and as it did so there was a halt for a minute. The Irishman climbed on the step of the last carriage, stuck his head in through the window, and inquired of the solitary occupant who the great man was who had such a wonderful funeral. He found a compatriot in the carriage who replied:

"Sorra one of me knows: I'm just in it for the ride."

THIS BEATS BURBANK.—A farmer tells us that he has made a discovery that is of vast importance to the farmer during the dry season. He has found that by planting onions and potatoes in the same field in alternate rows, the onions became so strong that they brought tears to the eyes of the potatoes in such vast volumes that the roots of the vines are kept moist, and a big crop raised in spite of the drought. The same farmer has a scheme for raising custard pies by crossing the egg plant with milk weed.

Miscellaneous Reading.

IN COUNTIES ADJOINING.

News and Comment Clipped From Neighboring Exchanges.

CHEROKEE.

Gaffney Ledger, July 28: At Buford Street Methodist church Sunday will be "Parent's Day" both in the Sunday school and church services. Sunday school at 9.45 a. m. Every parent in the congregation is requested to be present. Evening services at 8.30. A cordial invitation to all strangers and visitors.....The city authorities have purchased a new well-boring outfit, and will begin at once to bore another well near the old one in the park. The new well will be the same size as the other one, and will probably be four or five hundred feet deep. Work will be begun about the middle of next week, and Gaffney will soon have plenty of water..... Mr. L. U. Campbell closed a deal Monday, with Memphis, Tenn., owners, whereby he secured for a number of years property in York county known as the old Magnolia gold mine. The deal was made for a party of English capitalists; and Mr. Campbell left Wednesday for New York to meet with representatives of the syndicate and transfer the proper titles to the property. Mr. Campbell is doing a great deal toward developing the mineral resources of this section of the country, and his last transaction will no doubt mean much to that portion of York county wherein the property is located.....Considerable excitement was created about noon Wednesday by the continued blowing of a whistle in the direction of the Gaffney cotton mill; and crowds soon turned out and began running toward the point from which the sound seemed to come. The noise drew nearer and nearer, and became louder and louder as it approached, until finally the southbound vestibule came in, when it was found that the whistle on the train had gotten out of order and was blowing for all it was worth, with no way to stop it except by removing the fire and letting the steam go down. The engine was uncoupled from the train here and placed on the sidetrack, and a freight engine was hooked on to the vestibule in its place. It was afterwards taken on towards Greenville, probably to the shops at that place. Some of the passengers on the vestibule said the whistle began blowing over about Gastonia, N. C.....Miss Rossie Foster of Asbury, very pleasantly entertained a number of her young friends last Friday evening with a lawn party at her hospitable home in lower Cherokee. Rich and dainty refreshments were served in abundance, and the young people spent an enjoyable evening in merry-making and social pleasures. The couples who attended from this city were: Mr. C. E. Fisher with Miss Lucy Wilson; Mr. Jim Smith with Miss Bessie Kelley; Dr. S. M. Gunter with Miss Daisy Pearce; Mr. Louis Wood with Miss Agnes Clark; Dr. W. K. Gunter with Miss Verna Cole.

CHESTER.

Lantern, July 28: The excursionists who went to Atlanta Monday returned early Wednesday morning, after riding all the previous night. From some reports it seems that they experienced a pretty serious disorder. In Georgia some one from the outside shot into the train and came very near injuring some of the passengers. One of Chester's good citizens says that excursions, like the dispensary, ought to be done away with....At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Knox, on Valley street, Tuesday July 25, at 5 o'clock p. m., Miss Emma Knox and Mr. M. J. Grant of Knox Station, were happily married, the Rev. J. S. Moffatt, D. D., officiating. Only a few neighbors and relatives were present to witness this happy occasion. The bride was most becomingly attired in a dress of white organdie trimmed with lace, while the groom wore a handsome black suit, each looking their best. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Grant left for the home of the groom's father, Mr. T. N. Grant, where a reception awaited them and where they expect to make their home for the present. They have the best wishes of their many friends in Chester and Chester county.....Mr. R. W. Boney received a telegram this morning announcing the death of his brother, Mr. A. C. Boney, at Stone Mountain, Ga., yesterday. Mr. Boney was formerly a resident of Rock Hill. He spent a month or two recently undergoing treatment in Chester, returning to his home about a month ago. He was 30 years old. His father, Mr. D. E. Boney, of Yorkville, was with him at the time of his death. On account of Mrs. Boney's illness, Mr. R. W. Boney could not attend the funeral, which will be at Stone Mountain. Mr. Boney was also a brother of Mrs. S. E. Colvin of Chester.....Miss Mabel Wilks of Smithville, Texas, who is in this county visiting relatives, spent Wednesday in the city with her kinsman, Mr. Haze Wilks. She is the daughter of Mr. Tom Wilks, who went to Texas from the Baton Rouge neighborhood about 30 years ago.....Prof. E. H. Hall is in Chester from Spartanburg, where he has been since the Clemson summer school closed. He is very much encouraged with his work as superintendent of the Denmark graded school. Good progress was made in every department during the year. ....Mr. J. T. Love of the Olive vicinity, was in Chester Tuesday and Wednesday. He is a good farmer and says he has a good crop this year. His young corn is fine and his cotton equally as good as it was at this time last year. On account of one of his hands having left, he has been making a field laborer himself, and has been working hard.

GASTON.

Gastonia Gazette, July 28: There was a session of court at the Loray Wednesday afternoon, Esquire W. I. Stowe presiding. The wife and daughter of Amos Montgomery on the one hand, and the wife of B. J. Isaachks on the other hand, were in the toils of the law for fighting. These colored people were neighbors and ordinarily well behaved, but it was the old story of one neighbor's chickens on another neighbor's premises. When one family tries to raise a garden and a neighbor tries to raise chickens they usually succeed in raising cain. If they don't, they are pretty sure to wear golden slippers and a starry crown in the next world. Fines and costs for both parties amounted to about $12..... Some interesting curios—as beautiful as they were curious—were shown to us this week by Mrs. Z. B. Harry. They were sent to her by Mr. Thomas J. Underwood, her brother, who is now with the 3d artillery at Fort St. Michael, Alaska. He is a barber and also has charge of the library there. Two photographs showed an Indian boy and an old Russian fort. A pair of moccasins made from moose skin and beautifully ornamented with bead embroidery showed the handiwork of the Indian girls. The Indian men show skill in carving and simple ornamentation, of which four napkin rings carved from walrus tusks are remarkably creditable specimens..... Mr. J. T. Suggs lost the thumb from his right hand yesterday afternoon. While adjusting a bolt on his brickyard engine, the wrench slipped and threw his hand into the moving machinery. His thumb was crushed and his fore-finger cut. Drs. Sloan and Wilson amputated the thumb about middle way. Mr. Suggs was suffering from the pain late last evening, but was otherwise getting along quite well....Mr. J. D. Brandon was telling us Wednesday a snake story. Near Wright's Ferry a few days ago his son Glenn, together with W. A. Brandon and Ed Joy, two neighbors, were out squirrel hunting when they fell in with a pretty stout garter snake. In the process of killing the snake they found that she contained 48 young snakes. This is about the biggest find of snakes we are able to remember anything about.....The Herald says the Cora cotton mill at King's Mountain declared last week a dividend of 6 per cent and increased the salary of the president, Capt. F. Dilling, of the secretary and treasurer, Dr. O. G. Falls, and of the superintendent, Mr. P. M. Keller. The Dilling mill declared a dividend of 3 per cent.

THE "DOG DAYS."

Strong Hold of the Superstitious on the Modern Mind.

The fiction of the "dog days" is too hoary to loose its hold easily upon a race partial to traditions of astral influence in human affairs, and some almanac makers, like those happy mortals who "rush in where angels fear to tread," announce in cheerful confidence that these "dies caniculares," as the old Romans termed them, are upon us. But what, and which, are the "dog days?" Every computer of domestic calendars is a law unto himself with respect to this particular season, for the best of reasons—the season itself is at sea.

In fact, it cannot be otherwise, for, like the "movable feasts" of the church, its astronomical setting, upon which it entirely depends, is a perpetually varying quantity.

In midwinter, conspicuous among the brilliant star groups of the southern sky, is visible the constellation of Canis Major—the Greater Dog. Its bright, particular star, Sirius, though not so brilliant as some of the planets, is the most lustrous of all the starry host, and therefore easily the emperor of the train. For ages it has been known as the "dog star." In ancient mythology Canis Major and Canis Minor— the lesser Dog—embracing the bright star Procyon ("going before the dog,") were assigned to the mighty hunter Orion to serve him in the chase. The stars of midwinter nights are the stars that beam upon us, all unnoticed, on midsummer days, and hence at this season the imperial Sirius, together with his canine associate, Procyon, shines all the day in sunny azure.

The Romans of the olden time annually sacrificed a dog to Sirius, hoping to win his favor toward their fields and flocks. The Egyptians, long before, gave the closest attention to the rising of Sirius, for in their thought it was associated with the weal or woe of their land. It augured the rising of the Nile. "Sirius," indicated the propitious time for sowing.

Unfortunately for votaries of the "signs" in planting and other astrological vagaries, the time of the rising of Sirius varies with the latitude; besides it varies in the same latitude as decades and centuries go on owing to the procession of the equinoxes. Hence it will not answer to hitch the wagon of seasonal hypothesis to a star.

So intimately did the ancients associate the heliacal rising of Sirius with events of importance to the land that they even instituted a heliacal year. Various dates have been assigned by tradition as the first dog day, and various periods as constituting the season. It has been claimed that it commenced in the remote past on August 4 and lasted forty days, until September 14. As few as thirty days are sometimes cited, and as many as fifty-four. Pliny refers the commencement of the dog days to the heliacal rising of Procyon, which seems at least appropriate as being canicular, and which occured July 19. It would seem that forty days was regarded as the period in most cases, twenty days before and twenty days after the heliacal rising of Sirius.

But whatever the variations of testimony there is generally agreement with Hippocrates, who may be styled the father of astronomy, to whom Ptolemy was greatly indebted for pioneer work in the science. He affirms that the dog days were in the very hottest part of summer. And it is known that the Egyptians were in great dread of the extreme heat and blightage who cling to venerable traditions will not be embarassed about the uncertainty of a few days, but will contentedly ascribe the sweltering weather likely to be encountered to the malign influence of the great dog Sirius.

HOW THE INDIAN WALKS.—A woodsman walks with a rolling motion, his hips swaying an inch or more to the stepping side,and his pace is correspondingly long. This hip action may be noticed to an exaggerated degree in the stride of a professional pedestrian, but the latter walks with a heel and toe step, whereas an Indian's or sailor's step is more nearly flat-footed. In the latter case the center of gravity is covered by the whole foot. The poise is as secure as that of a rope walker. The toes are pointed straight forward or even a trifle inward, so that the inside of the heel, the outside of the ball of the foot and the smaller toes, all do their share of work and assist in balancing. Walking in the woods in this manner, one is not likely, either, to trip over projecting roots, stones and other traps as he would be if the feet formed hooks by pointing outward. The advantage is obvious in snowshoeing. If the Indian were turned to stone while in the act of stepping, the statue would probably stand balanced on one foot. This gait gives the limbs great control over his movements. He is always poised. If a stick cracks under him it is because of his weight, and not by reason of the impact. He goes silently on and with great economy of force. His steady balance enables him to put his moving foot down as gently as you would lay an egg on the table.—Forest and Stream.

PEARY AND THE POLE.

Daring Enthusiast Persists In Effort to Uncover Arctic Mystery.

Commander Robert Edwin Peary began his work as an Arctic explorer in 1886, and ever since that time has devoted nearly all his time to it. He is a civil engineer in the United States Navy.

Commander Peary went to Greenland in 1886, and partially crossed that continent at that time. When he went again, in 1891, he wintered on the west coast, and in the spring went diagonally over the ice cap to a point on the northeast coast of Greenland never before visited. As he was yet on the spot on July 4, 1892, he named the great indentation of the continent which he found there "Independence Bay." Prior to this venture Jackson's own explorations were never made; he made a special study of the traits of the Eskimos around Inglefield Gulf, and established particularly friendly relations with them.

The next time he visited the Arctic, in 1893, it was to stay two years. Mrs. Peary accompanied him on this occasion, although she returned to the United States the following summer. It was only a few weeks after her arrival at the site chosen for the winter camp that first year that Mrs. Peary's only child was born. Peary made trips to the northward from Anniversary Lodge, in White Sound, in the spring seasons of both 1894 and 1895. Furious storms and inadequate supplies thwarted his effort on the first occasion. On the second, with two companions, he tramped up to Independence Bay, on the north shore of Greenland, and came back with only one dog and no food. The explorer felt that he had been baffled only by insufficient financial backing.

In 1896 and again in 1897 Peary went North and returned the same season. On the former occasion he brought down some small masses of iron, believed to be of meteoric origin, and in 1897 he brought an immense block of the same character, said to contain nearly 100 tons of metal. These meteors had been found at Cape York in the spring of 1895.

Before his next start, in 1898, Peary visited England, where he received much attention from geographical and other scientific societies. To that trip is due, perhaps, the gift of the ship Windward, then owned by Mr. Harmsworth, and recently used by Jackson for an expedition to Franz Josef Land, very fruitful, but they served two excellent purposes. The existence of his winter camp gave Nansen a refuge after the latter, with one companion, worked his way southward after his record beating achievement of 1895 (reaching latitude 86:14 on the ice,) and it influenced the fate of the returning Windward.

When Peary went north in 1898 he hoped to be able to push the Windward up the west coast of Greenland through Smith Sound and Robeson Channel, and establish a winter camp on Sherard Osborn Fjord, near the eighty-second parallel of latitude. His intention was, when early spring came, to start over the ice pack north of the continent with dogs and sledges. But the ice prevented the Windward from going more than 50 miles above Cape Sabine, and the latter stayed from August 18, 1898, to August 2, 1899. All during the autumn, winter and spring sledge parties went out in various directions. Much geographical data, for the perfection of maps, was thus secured, and a great deal of game shot.

The most important of all these ventures was a journey in sledges from the ship up to Fort Conger, on Lady Franklin Bay. This is on the west side of Robeson Channel, and though visited repeatedly since that time, December, 1898, it had then been deserted ever since Greeley's party left in 1883. While on the way Peary was overtaken by a severe storm and one of his feet was frostbitten. When he got back to his ship again it was necessary to have several toes amputated.

This experience unfitted him for any attempt to reach the pole, and none was made. The Peary Club sent the Diana up in 1899 with food and mail, and she returned two or three months later, preceded by the Windward. Etah, on the Greenland side of the channel, and not far from Littleton Island was the site of Peary's winter camp in 1899-1900. From this point he made sledge journeys to Cape Sabine, where Stein was wintering with the intention of exploring Ellsemere Land. Peary treated him very graciously and offered him practical encouragement. In March Peary quartered himself up at Fort Conger, having in the meantime made extensive deposits of food at various points along his line of retreat. This post he found almost as convenient a base of operations as that which he had hoped to establish at Sherard Osborn Fjord. It was within a few miles of being as far north.

Starting from Fort Conger with his faithful negro servant, Henson, and five Eskimos on April 15, 1900, Peary crossed Robeson Channel on the ice to Greenland. He pursued the plan of sending back his Eskimos with their sleds as fast as the provisions loaded upon the latter were exhausted, so that early in May he had with him only one strong team, one Eskimo and Henson. Skirting the north coast, Peary reached the cairn left by Lockwood in 1882—then the furthest north reached by man—on May 13, 1900. He rounded the northernmost point of Greenland, in latitude 83:39, a few days later. This by the way, is the northernmost land yet trod by human feet. Peary here pushed out upon the ice, in the hope of reaching the pole. Eleven miles further north, in latitude 83:50, he found so wide a streak of water that he could not cross. That settled his fate for 1900. Turning back to the land, he followed the coast on eastward, 160 miles beyond Lockwood's "furthest," and within a degree of Independence Bay, visited by him seven or eight years before. The survey of the north coast was thus rendered more complete than ever before. Geographical experts regard this service as exceptionally valuable. Fort Conger was reached in safety on July 10, almost three months from the departure of the explorer.

To open up communication with Peary in 1900 the Windward was dispatched northward. Mrs. Peary went with the ship. It had been planned to have the vessel return before the cold weather, but the season was not favorable. On the way up the Windward stopped first at Etah, and then pushed on to Cape Sabine, where Peary had already arrived. The ship remained there, or rather in Payor Harbor, close by, from August 15 until July 3, 1901.

Satisfied by the experience of a previous year that the ice pack north of Greenland was not solid enough to encourage fresh venture, Peary decided that his attempt in the spring of 1901 should be made from Grant Land, on the west side of Robeson Channel. He would make Fort Conger his preliminary base again, and seek to leave the land at Cape Hecla, said to be the northernmost point of land in the vast archipelago west of Greenland. Late in the winter, therefore, instead of staying down near his ship, Peary was quartered at Fort Conger. On April 5, 1901, he started with Henson, one Eskimo, two sledges and twelve dogs for the vicinity of Cape Hecla. On reaching the vicinity of Lincoln Bay, he found the conditions of the men and dogs was such that he was obliged to turn back. Late in April he started southward and arrived at Cape Sabine on his birthday, May 6. Then both the relief ships and the Windward returned to lower latitudes, Mrs. Peary coming home on her husband's own ship.

In the spring of 1902 Peary started over the frozen Arctic Ocean from Cape Hecla, on the north coast of Grant Land, in an attempt to reach the Pole. Each day's march was very arduous on account of the broken condition of the ice and the vast pressure ridges crossing his path. His general course was deflected to the west by the character of the ice. At his farthest camp, in latitude 84 degrees 17 minutes N., the polar pack became impracticable and further efforts to advance were given up. He had attained the nearest approach to the Pole in the American Arctic. Commander Peary was elected president of the American Geographical society in 1902.

REAL ESTATE BUSINESS.

It Furnishes Plenty of Opportunity For The Man Who Hustles.

While the term "land office business" no longer holds forth the significance that it did in the days when booms were of nearly daily occurrence in the smaller towns of the west, the field of the real estate agent in a small town is still a fertile one for the man with shrewdness, energy, and ability in this line. There are no longer, except in the rarest occasions, opportunities for the sudden making of big fortunes through fortunate coups, as was the case in the boom days, but there are even now plenty of chances for deals that will net the real estate man big returns for a single day's work. Besides this there is the certainty in most cases of a steady income from the insurance agency that the real estate man in a small town invariably has. These two lines, working directly together, make the business a desirable one when a good location is to be had.

As to where a man is best located in this line there is no definite saying. Obviously a new section seems best, for there the business of buying and selling property is sure to be carried on more extensively than in a community which has shaken itself into place and settled down. Farmers are coming to buy farms, workmen are coming to locate in the cities and make their homes there, and manufactories and business generally are there to look over the ground with a prospect of settlement.

The real estate agent in such a place is in his glory. He is one of the great factors in the regions's settlement, and he reaps accordingly. If he has money to invest for himself he is all the better situated, for then he is in a position to pre-empt the desirable tracts and hold them for a price that will yield him a good profit. But aside from this, a generous commission is always paid for selling land.

When a town is being built there is always inadequate water supply and fire protection, besides a constant danger of fire slightly above that of the long settled community, and for these reasons those who erect buildings want them insured as quickly as possible. The buildings usually erected in such places are seldom of a value to warrant the writing of large policies, but with the rates high, as they must be in new towns, and a whole community to be insured, it all amounts up to a fair sum for the men who supply the insurance.

However, the town or section of country that has found itself is not to be unfavorably compared to the new sections. Returns are surer there for the real estate and insurance man, although possibly along different lines. He will possibly not handle so much land, nor make so many sales as the other, but the land is so much more valuable that his commissions per sale will run high enough to make up the discrepancy in the number of sales made. His insurance business will total higher for the same reason of higher value on buildings.

This is all presupposing that he is a man of energy and of ability to get a good trade, for a good man in this line will often step in and make money in a field that another has given up in disgust. The real estate man is not in a business where he can sit down and wait for his trade to come to him unless he is so long established that he is known far and wide. Insurance business can scarcely be canvassed for, but "hustle" and "get up" on the part of the agent will expedite and make certain many a deal in property that will otherwise hang fire for years, and sometimes fall through.

There are two kinds of real estate men—the kind who sit in their offices and wait, and the kind who get into a buggy and drive around the country after business. The first of these is the kind who assert that the business is getting overcrowded; the latter say that there is still room anywhere for the man of hustle. You listen to both and take your choice. That many communities are fully supplied with men in this business is just as true as the fact that there are plenty of places where there is an opening for the right kind of man.

To start in this line does not require any great amount of capital, although the man with money is in better condition to take advantage of opportunities as they are presented to him. To start merely with a view of acting as agent, a man neede only enough to equip an office and a little saved to live on until his business has been developed. He should know thoroughly the town and surrounding country that he is going to do business in, and if he is well known there himself he will find that his road is so much smoother. The agency for a reliable fire insurance company should be obtained, and not infrequently the real estate man adds to his income by carrying a line of life insurance on the side.

What his total income per year will be to begin with he cannot hope to guess at successfully, for uncertainty is one of the drawbacks of the business. He may make $500 on the first deal that comes his way—he may make $5. If the town he is in is of sufficient size he should be able to establish a renting department to his business that will pay him well. His prosperity will be in entire accordance with that of his town.

The plums that occasionally fall in the way of a real estate agent with open eyes is shown by the record of a young man who dealt in land in northern Wisconsin. His business was bad, for the town he was located in was a "dead one." Then there came rumors of the establishment of a barrel and stave factory in the town. The young man sounded the rumors and found them based on facts. Then he looked over the land situation.

Along the river front, the proper location for the factory, was a low marsh an eighth of a mile long and extremely narrow. The real estate man bought it for the nominal price of $10 per acre. People laughed at him. But when the factory owners came to look for a location, the river front looked good to them and the real estate man, being anxious to encourage new industries to move to the town, let them have it for the price of good farm land in that section—$100 per acre. Actual stories like this might be cited without end, but they all lead up to one point, that foresight and shrewdness are the things that the real estate man who is to be successful must trade on.

Napoleon III and a Cow.

The reign of Napoleon III. was almost brought to a premature termination some four or five years prior to the Franco-Prussian war by an indignant cow, and the monarch owed his preservation on that occasion to the courage and presence of mind of his Spanish consort The incident took place in the neighborhood of Biarritz, where the emperor and empress were walking one day with their dog, Nero, an animal which figures beside the prince imperial in Carpeaux's famous statue of the latter. Nero began barking, doglike, at some cattle that were grazing in a field. A cow took exception to this, and as Nero sought refuge between the remarkably short legs of the emperor she proceeded to charge down upon the monarch with all that vim and vigor for which the cattle along the Spanish frontier are famous. On came the cow, and the emperor was hesitating whether to run or to stand his ground when the empress threw herself before him and kept the animal at bay with a long bamboo cane, which she was in the habit of carrying in those days, until the herdsmen came to the rescue. The empress is described by an eyewitness as having handled her cane with all the dexterity and rapidity of movement of a toreador of her own native land.—New York Tribune.

A BAD MAN FROM TEXAS.

Incidents In the Career of "Toothpick" Davis.

Bruce Mayor, traveling man of many and varied experiences, and a number of others were chatting the other evening, when the conversation turned on "bad men" of the west, says the Denver Republican.

"Texas has had many," remarked Bruce, "and few, I dare say, excelled Davis—Jim Davis, commonly called Toothpick Davis—and whose name is doubtless familiar to all of you.

"I recollect him first at Austin. Afterward I used to see him in Galveston, where he ran a faro game and a general gambling house—a gambling house of the kind that might justly be called of the better class. Davis was a giant of a man, over six feet in height, broad and burly as well.

"One time I went out tarpon fishing, possibly a mile or two from shore, when I noticed Toothpick and another man cruising about at a little distance from me. Suddenly Toothpick's partner, who was stepping gally about in the boat, fell into the water.

"In a wild effort to recover his friend, Toothpick fell after him. The boat, which was sailing a bit free at the time, without being steered, got her head into the wind and stood there flapping her sails.

"When Toothpick fell into the water we pointed our boat for him, but as we approached he waved his hand and yelled:

" 'Don't stop for me; save Jim. He can't swim a lick and he owes me over $1,600.'

"It was about three days later when I chanced to meet Davis in the barroom of the hotel. After extending his hand and thanking me for saving his life, he said:

"'But about Jim. You know he owed me $1,600. Well, what does the fellow do? As soon as he recovers his breath he lands on me, and says that he must be in a streak of luck because he didn't drown, and that, if I'd stake him against a faro bank, he could win $100,000. The worst of it is that he actually made me believe it. Well he lost $1,000 of my money, and now he owes me $2,600—see? It would have been better if he had drowned, so I am not so grateful as I was.'"

"I think," said the drummer for a Kentucky liquor house, "I used to see something of your friend Toothpick out in Texas, too. It was when the branch of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railway was extended from Parson, Kan., to Dennison. It went through a section practically pre-empted by the marauding halfbreeds, the rustlers and criminals who subsequently had to emigrate to No Man's Land, in the Texas Panhandle. While this road was in course of construction the bold monte men, as fine a coterie of criminals as ever went unhung, swarmed hyenalike about the tent towns to prey upon the railway laborers. Shooting was as common as swearing. The officials lived in cabooses with extra timbered sides—sort of fortress on wheels.

"Col. Edward Lynde had the contract for the road. He was a fine looking man, lithe, active, alert and a stranger to fear.

"Col. Lynde engaged Davis to bring 100 yoke of oxen to the present city of Eufala to carry supplies south. But Toothpick simply rounded a number of Texas steers, and yoking these up with difficulty started out. The second day out there was a grand stampede, in which wagons were overturned and confusion reigned supreme. Toothpick made not the least attempt to remedy matters, but rode away south.

"Lynde started after Davis with a big muleteer named Jim. A fifty mile chase brought them up with Davis, was was accompanied by a Mexican; Toothpick reached for his guns, but was covered by Big Jim. The Mexican attemped to throw a murderous knife, but dropped it with an oath when he got a bullet in his wrist. Davis was tied up with ropes like a trussed chicken, thrown into a wagon and hurried back to the end of the line, where he was made to square accounts.

"One night about a month after this, Colonel Lynde drove into the hamlet of Avoca, and jumping from the buckboard, hastened into the hotel. The bar was full of smoke and border men, and in the midst of the largest group stood Davis. Every man was accounted a man of experience,' and all heard of Toothpick's boast that he would 'fix' Lynde at the first opportunity."

"Lynde never carried a gun, but he had one thing—nerve. He walked over to Davis and pushed him aside, remarking in a loud voice he would shoot him on sight if he crossed his path again. He then proceeded upstairs to bed. Then the gang proceeded to 'liquor up,' and a man was shot in the room directly beneath him.

"Early next morning Lynde went into the office, which was a long, narrow room with a railing at one end, when suddenly there was a commotion in the street. Davis burst in the door and reeled in with a revolver in each hand, and with a deep oath, asked for Lynde. That worthy leaped over the railing and drawing his huge, old fashioned pocket knife, started for Toothpick, shouting, 'I've got you now!' Davis turned and fled as if spurred by the devil himself.

"He got killed finally. It was somewhere up in Gunnison county, I believe, over in the 'Tincup' mining district. Toothpick was playing faro bank one night, and went broke. He turned to a mild eyed little fellow who was sitting on his left and said:

" 'Stick $50 on the queen for me, pard.'

"The mild little man complied and the queen lost. Toothpick borrowed another $50 from the mild little man and lost it in the same way. Then Davis strolled out, but in half an hour returned with $20. He played and soon ran his $20 up to five or six hundred. Then the meek little man, who had loaned him money, went broke.

" 'I'm broke, Davis,' said he; 'suppose you pay me that $100.'

" 'Go away from me,' said Davis savagely. 'Don't bother me now.'

" 'But I didn't talk that when I loaned it to you,' remonstrated the little man.

" 'You keep on bothering me about that $100,' said Davis, with a dark frown, 'and I'll make you look sick.'

"Then the dealer, with his eyes snapping in an ugly way, pointed a steady finger at Davis, and said: 'You cash in what chips you have; you can't set another bet on this layout.'

"Toothpick bluffed some, but he wanted his money. So he shoved his chips over with a scowl, and the dealer cashed them up. After he had the money in his pocket Toothpick arose and left the room.

"About an hour later Toothpick suddenly entered the room at the rear door, armed with a butcher knife about as long and as big as a cavalry saber. There were a dozen men in the room, including the meek little man over whom the row had started.

"Presently Davis bent a red eye on the dealer, who was now behind the bar, and remarked generally for the benefit of the multitude:

" 'Every gent here takes a drink here except you, you horse thief!' pointing at the offending dealer.

"The moment the round of drinks was disposed of, the faro man took his turn, and mimicking Davis in tone and gesture, said:

" 'Now, then, every gent here takes a drink except you, you horse thief!' pointing scornfully at Davis.

"That was Toothpick's cue. He came at the faro sharp with a wild rush, butcher knife to the front. But he had tackled the wrong man. He had hardly started when bang! went the cardsharp's prompt pistol, a bullet crashed through his brain, and he pitched headlong to the floor. That was the end of Toothpick Davis."

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