ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1907.

## DAUCHTERS OF

By ETTA W. PIERCE

unhappy.

and apologize humbly for all your sin

Never dreaming of the hawk eves

that watched him behind the heavy

"Oh, you are distrait and gloomy

man only has the right to be a creat-

ure of moods. There are wrinkles over

chievous eyes, gave her a charming

"Perhaps it is this dark, dreary

ly homesick for my dear friend, Mig-

non Vye, and all the delightful people

"Don't be absurd, Maud!" he mut

"You address the future partner of

your life in a passionately fond way,

dear! Don't be absurd! No, I will

First of all, are you in secret trouble?"

"Are you angry with me, Guy?"

He did so mechanically

"A direct reply, if you please!"

"No evasion, sir-yes or no."

"Yes," he answered whimsically, but

It was that movement which saved

Nemesis, child of Nox and goddes

When the startled servants came

rushing upon the scene, they found

Maud Loftus swooning in the nearest

ed revolver, which had once been the

property of the light keeper at Porgy

also made good her escape from Tam-

CHAPTER XIX

A New Arrival.

Aunt Deb shook the scanty soil

Porgy Island from her feet, and, leav-

settling herself in this new home was

to plod up to the inn and ask for Es

ther. The girl was not there. She had

"Whither?" the old woman asked,

Aunt Deb meandered back to he

"More than likely she's killed

out no one could tell her.

A window facing the garden

"No," he answered sharply; "certain-

"I fear that your mysteriously ab-

Anne villa."

"No-no."

world?"

a cloud.

Fleetwood.

her shawl.

motionless."

arack Hall.

inn folks said.

"Maud"-

back from him.

"Maud! Maud!"

of omission and commission."

"I kiss your hand, cousin."

CHAPTER XVIII. Vengeance.

An old-fashioned, imposing Canadian house, with roomy out-buildings, and a tall iron gateway, on the further side curtain, he bent and lightly touched of which ran the post-road to Quebec, with a telegraph wire following its stretched to the fire. He looked very long and lonely track. In the silent grave and pale, but not particularly garden a tame doe was feeding on the short, sweet turf. Not far away ran a broad river, full of foaming rapids, with the clustered roofs of mills upon its bank. An avenue of tamarack trees, dripping now in a dreary drizzle of giveness for all my sins. In what have tinued. "I did the best I could for handsome, imposing - sunburned of rain, led up to the porch. The shutters I particularly offended?" were closed along the front of the house, and a funeral gloom and stillness reigned about it-indeed, the mis- you will not indulge in such freaks of What I did for the girl was for her tress of the mansion had but just been carried forth to her long home, and the detest a husband of that sort. A woshadow of death seemed yet to linger about her late earthly habitation.

Tamarack Hall. She was dressed in not know what to make of you." black and closely veiled; but her handstrength, and two luminous eyes, sitely fair, and her blonde hair, ruffled self. like moons, shone through the tissue into little, damp curls about her misthat covered her face. "This is the place," she said to her- childish expression. Fleetwood stood

self, then went boldly up the wet on the hearth, looking down at her avenue under the tamaracks, stepped with a sombre, unsmiling face. into a porch and raised the brass knocker, A middle-aged servant appeared house that affects you so unpleasantly, in answer to the call. "I wish to see Guy," she went on. ,"I feel its uncan-Mr. Fleetwood," said the visitor, in a ny influence myself-indeed, I am sadlow, firm voice. "He is gone to ride with Miss Loftus,

ma'am." said the woman. The lady in black gave a slight start.

"Beg pardon," she murmured, behind cient barrack and build a nice Queer her veil. "I did not hear the name." "Miss Loftus," repeated the domestic, raising her voice a little. "Mr. Fleetwood's cousin-the young lady that hearth petulantly with her little foot.

he's going to marry soon." She stood like a graven image. The tame doe lifted a gentle head and looked at her with wondering eyes. From not; but I will be honest and bold the tail tamaracks the rain dripped enough to ask you a few questions.

like tears. "Ah, yes-I understand," said the veiled lady. "I have come a long way ly not!" to see Mr. Fleetwood. My business

with him is of great importance. Permit me to wait here till he returns. The low, sweet voice won its way to sorbed sojourn at Cinderville was not the servant's heart.

wood will soon be back. He's gone Cousin Guy that I knew six months down to the mills on the river. Come ago. If you are not angry with me, in. The library is the cheerfulest just take me in your arms." now, ma'am," beckoning the stranger to a door on one side of the hall. "There was a funeral here last week, and it take your solemn oath that I am dearseems as though the house was full of er to you than all the rest of the it still."

"Then Mrs. Fleetwood is dead? murmured the veiled visitor. "Yes, ma'am, dead and buried. Of

course you're some friend of the family. Mr. Fleetwood's aunt is in her room above-stairs. Would you like to at the same time pushed her straight have me call her?" "No," answered the other, quickly:

"I do not know the family-I do not her life. Both heard a slight sound at wish to see any one but Mr. Fleet- the other end of the room-both turnwood." The servant looked vaguely surpris-

ed, but she conducted the visitor into and the figure of a woman bursting Guy Fleetwood's library, and there left out of ambush there, like a comet from

It was a handsome room, furnished in oak. Heavy curtains draped the of vengeance, whose statue Phidias long windows. Family portraits and carved, could not have worn a grandoaken shelves crowded with books er aspect! Her tragic face was like covered the warm-tinted walls. On gray stone, her eyes were coats of fire. burning away the dampness of the at- eyes! ly vacated. On a low easy chair-a with their accusing gaze. Surely the woman's chair-lay a piece of Ken- spirit of her flerce robber father was something ready for you." sington needle-work, and on the floor there! Here was the true daughter of below was a handkerchief of cobweb that western outlaw who had never texture, dropped plainly from some felt pity or mercy.

fair hand. Esther Fleetwood, the forsaken bride, flung back her veil and stood for a moment gazing around the apartment. She was deadly pale, and her black eves shone like some wild hawk's. This was her husband's home-this room was his private library-then, to whom could these feminine trifles belong? With feverish haste she snatched up the handkerchief, faintly scented with heliotrope. In one corner a name was embroidered-"Maud."

Her rival-the cousin to whom Guy Fleetwood, according to the statement chair. On the floor lay a silver-mountof his own servant, was about to marry. Great Heaven! Then was she, Esther Hart, his lawful wife, or only the former how dared he talk, or even was nowhere to be seen. Black Dave's

She sank into a chair-this forsaken girl who had crept by stealth into the home of her husband. A black gulf of doubt and despair opened at he feet. Over the mantel hung a portrait of Fleetwood himself. Oh, the handsome blonde face, with the bold eyes and the smiling lips, how it mocked ing the lighthouse tower and the cot- obscure quarter of Quebec. I pretendher now, as it looked down from the tage to strangers, moved across the ed that I was a nursery governess high wall! Maud, the cousin, held his faithless heart, and she, Esther, was her abode in a little cottage that stood watched scorned, betrayed, deserted. Ah, would in a straggling by-way of that fishy strange to say, found no mention of she tamely submit to this great hamlet. The first thing she did after wrong?

The fire snapped cheerily on the hearth. Now and then a step went by such patience as she could command, and presently her strained ears caught the sound of approaching wheels. Yes a carriage, drawn by a pair of handsome Canadian horses, had just turned through the iron gateway-it was new quarters and sat down in loneli- that he loved her. Do you wonder that moving up the avenue of tamaracks. ness to wait. Day after day passed, I killed him? Quick as lightning Esther Hart darted but Esther came not. The old woman, to the nearest window, and slipped be- who had grown more scraggy and dohind the heavy curtain.

in the hall-one too familiar, alas- niece. and the library door flew back, and in swept Maud Loftus, fat and fair, her blonde comeliness set off to the best lighthouse," moaned Aunt Deb. "Mis- Esther Hart?" advantage by decorous mourning. At fortunes never come singly, they pour her heels followed Guy Fleetwood.

advancing to the fire with hands out- what sort of an account am I to give stretched to the warmth; "either by of her to Jim Hart, her father?" the weather or your moods, Guy. Do you know that you are quite dreadful away. It was a threatening night in today? You ought to kiss my hand early autumn. The wind swept in wild cobble-stone walk. A loud rap fell on 300 tons.

raced wrathfully up and down the ed to push it open. Concordia Tempest sat in her Cinderville cottage, sewing by the light Deb, in abject terror, "be quick! of a kerosene lamp. She had put on a There's an oak press in my bedroon black dress in memory of the old let me lock you into it. They'll hang light keeper, and her fox-colored hair you if they catch you!" was screwed into a shrewish knot at the top of her head.

"Such a sputtering and muttering as is in that fire tonight!" soliloquized Aunt Deb, with a frightened look at her little stove, wherein a modest blaze flickered, for at this season the Cinderville climate was decidedly chilly; such a racketing and bellowing as that wind makes out on the sea! Seems as if 'twas footsteps hurrying this way; or, maybe, Esther's dead, and her speerit has come back to

She turned up the kerosene lamp his lips to the pretty, plump hand outhurriedly, and cast a trembling glance imorous by nature, but tonight old memories had got possession of her, swered, in the light, drawling tone and some sharp pangs of conscience made her wince. which the concealed watcher remem-

haunt her poor old aunt."

"Oh, gracious goodness!" she conbered only too well, "and I crave forand altogether horrid, Guy! I hope "no more than another, as I know. shop. temper after we are married. I should good. Oh, Lord! that is her ghost, sure!" as a great gust of wind tore A woman stood at the iron gate and your classic nose—you seem to be lost same moment came a sound of hurrylooked over at the sombre entrance of in gloomy perplexities. Really, I do ing feet on the path of cobblestones She tossed off her hat and wraps. some figure betrayed youth and Her black dress made her look exqui- spirit-like indeed, stood Esther her-

> Aunt Deb in mortal terror, dropped her sewing and fell on her knees. "Lord have mercy!" she screamed. Father Joe. He planned the whole thing from first to last. I only helped him carry it out. I hope to goodness h'ain't got to answer for his sins! Didn't we treat you well? Didn't you have your own way always, and a anything familiar?" headstrong one it was. 'Hark from the that I left at Rookwood. When we are tombs a doleful sound'-'All flesh is married you must tear down this an- grass,' and 'dust we are, unto dust

really you, or only your ghost?" The apparition on the threshold entered, biting his lip. She tapped the tered quickly, and closed the door af- own father, from Leadville minest

we'- Now, look here, Esther, is it

"It is I, myself," she answered. Have you gone crazy, Aunt Deb?" Aunt Deb arose in some confusion. "For pity's sake, where do you come rom. Esther Hart?" she cried.

ast fortnight?" "Hiding."

what?"

"The officers of the law." The girl good for you. I find you greatly looked around the cottage, but with no me away-oh, take me away where I sign of alarm. "I think I am pursued. can never, never be found There was a strange man in the Bar- body that I have ever known will see ton stage tonight. He followed me me more!" over the beach. I stopped at the inn to ask about you-he stopped, also. I "Now, do you love me, sir? Can you left him there, but he will come herehe is pursuing me-I feel it."

Aunt Deb forced her niece down into a chair, and took off her hat and shawl. A startling change had come to the girl. In dress, she looked disordered, neglected. There were hol- tle of the champion pugilist of the lows under her queenly eyes, and her world was disputed by Mr. Robert lovely, tragic face was wasted and Fitzsimmons. Dan Stuart, a persua-

colorless. All the old symptoms of life had faded out of it. "Esther Hart, what has happened to you?" cried Aunt Deb, aghast, "Much-oh, so much!" answered the

returned wanderer, wearily. "First of ed simultaneously, and saw the heavy curtain flung back from the window, all, he is dead, and I am a widow." "I don't know as I'm sorry to hear that," said Aunt Deb. "How did he die?" "I killed him!"

The old woman recoiled with

that, Essie-your mind is wandering. the tiled hearth a jovial wood fire was Oh, the fury and the reproach in those You look sick enough to be in bed this Would Guy Fleetwood ever very minute. I'll warrant," soothingly, mosphere. The place had been recent- forget them, as they transfixed him "that you haven't had a bite of supper, poor child. Wait a minute, and I'll get

She ran to her cupboard for a pot of tea, set forth bread and meat and other eatables upon the table and forc-"Esther! My God!" cried out Guy ed Esther to partake. The girl did are going to do? Do you intend to as she was urged, but in a listless, un-She tore something from beneath conscious way.

"When I came to think over "Traitor!" she answered. Then ther was a flash, a report, one awful shrick sorry I give you that pistol of gran'ther's, Essie! Sich weapons are dan- to the rowdy state of Texas and pull to well-informed naval officers if the from Maud Loftus, and Guy Fleetwood gerous for women to carry. You might staggered, and with the blood stream have shot yourself with it." ing down his face fell forward, prone "I shot him instead," said Esther. upon his own hearth, and lay there

> I went to Canada to do it-to his own There was something frightful in her dull, unmoved voice.

Aunt Deb jumped nervously. "Don't talk like that, Essie," pleaded the frightened old woman, "I don't believe it-I won't believe it! You're the victim of a gross deceit? And if stood wide open, but the murderess clean demented. And if anybody comes a-looking for you here, they ain't athink, of marriage with another wo- daughter had avenged her wrongs, and going to find you-not if I know my-

Esther's limp hands fell drearily to

"What do I care?" she answered, "life is over-happiness is hoarsely: over. At first I was afraid. I assumed a false name; I hid myself in a miserable lodging house in the most hungry sea to Cinderville, and took up seeking employment. For days I the daily newspapers, but, the murder in them. Then, of a sudden, all fear left me. I determined to return to you boldly. I have had my vengeance. Should I live a century, in the hall outside. She waited with left the place-gone off alone in the there could be nothing more for me in Barton stage several days before, the life. I am ready to give myself up wish they would come and take me

now. He was false, Aunt Deb-he was going to marry his cousin. I saw her with him; I heard him tell her "Oh," cried Aunt Deb, in distraction, "It's just what I expected! One lorous than ever, stood in her cottage foot on the land and one on the sea,

A sound of feet in the porch, voices door and watched in vain for her lost the deceiver, to one thing constant never. Hark! there's somebody coming up the path, as sure as you're born! self with that pistol I gave her at the Now, where be I going to conceal you, She ran and drew the bolt of the

in galloping torrents. Wherever am I cottage door, but the girl by the table "I am quite chilled," she exclaimed to look for that unhappy child, and did not stir or change countenance. "You will not conceal me anywhere Aunt Deb." she answered, listlessly One week and then another passed "I shall not move from this room." A heavy

gusts over the sea, and the salt waves the cottage door, then a hand attempt-Miscellaneous Reading.

"For the Lord's sake," implored Aunt Esther smiled drearily.

"A life for a life! That is Bible law Aunt Deb-that is as it should be." The knocks on the door redoubled "Open, inside there!" cried a man's voice; "open, Concordia Tempest." "Somebody is calling me by name said Aunt Deb, in amazement. Esther started up from her chair

and, sweeping to the door, threw it back before Aunt Deb could put out "Enter!" she cried, in a voice like bugle! "enter, whoever you may be-I

am here!

From the windy darkness a mar around the room. Aunt Deb was not stepped promptly into the room-the very person that Esther had seen in the Barton stage—the very person that United States would be able to build had followed her over the beach that night to the Cinderville inn.

He was in the prime of life, tall, Esther always. We've all sinned and face, but as faultless in dress as though fallen short-I," bracing up suddenly, he had just emerged from a tailor

"By my soul!" said the stranger looking hard at Esther Hart, "I have seen this face once before tonight! round the cottage, and died away in a Thanks for your welcome! I am very his country place in Cambria county, plaintive wall upon the beach. At the glad you are here, my dear. How d'ye Pa., after having completed a trip to do, Concordia?" advancing suddenly outside the house. The door flew open, out his hand; "you haven't changed on the threshold white course outside the threshold white course out his hand; but haven't changed on the threshold white course outside the course outside the house. The door flew open, out his hand; "you haven't changed on the threshold white course outside the course outside the house. The door flew open, out his hand; "you haven't changed on the threshold white course outside the house. and on the threshold, white, awful, much in eighteen years—no more has Cinderville. Come, don't you know

Something in the ring of that voice stirred the chords of memory in her breast. She snatched the kerosene works, which is controlled by the "It wasn't I that did it, Esther-'twas lamp from the table, and lifted it up Bethlehem Steel corporation. o his sunburned face. "Can I believe my eyes?" she said,

slowly.

"Yes, I do," she replied; "I see Jim. Hart come back to us after long years -come back at the minute when we needed him most. Esther! " raising her voice to a shrill scream, "it's no officer of the law, but your She stood for a moment like a stat-

e-she had never known the love or care of parent in her life. In this fearful crisis, this hour of peril and With a cry, she cast herself at his feet, "Hiding!" gasped Aunt Deb; "from and clasped him wildly about the knees. "Father, father!" she sobbed; "take

To Be Continued.

CORBETT-FITZSIMMONS.

Culberson, Stuart and the Texas Leg islature.

It happened in the year 1895 that Mr. James J. Corbett's right to the tisive and opulent promoter of fistic encounters, a Texan with many friends throughout the state, determined that the contest should be brought off here. Governor Culberson declared that he would prevent it. "But you can't prevent it," came

roaring chorus of thousands of figh connoisseurs. "You can't prevent it There is no law in the Texas statutes against boxing.' Thereupon Governor Culberson sa

ong over his law books and found You don't mean that what the followers of the genial Dan Stuart said was only too true. But that served only as a bugle call to action. The governor walked down Main street and stood on a box on the busiest corner. A crowd gathered instantly. They guessed what was coming, and there were many grins, "Men of Texas," said the governor

have you thought well of what yo allow a prizefight to be held in our Suspicion That Order to Pacific Has state? Are you content to let these men from California and New York matter," quavered Aunt Deb, "I was say that the law won't let them fight at home, but that they can come down off a ring battle? Do you want to Atlantic fleet were not to undertake and much more in his most eloquent picion is growing that the administraed from the crowd. "But, look here, governor," a man

it. They say they're not breaking any neuver in Atlantic waters, as usual, law, because there's no law here this winter. against fighting. There ain't any law is there?' "No, there isn't," said Governor

off the box; "there isn't; but there soon will be.

No more was heard from the governewspapers of Texas and all the of glowing predictions concerning the would start on its long journey. greatest battle in the history of the definite day was set for the fleet to public sentiment of the state was open for further vague announce largely in favor of allowing the fight ments regarding the departure. to go on. All of which was duly noted by the governor and served only to would be a disgrace to the state.

existed against fighting in the ring,

capital forthwith and enact a proper sity for the expedition. statute. To fall in this would involve the state and themselves in deepest obloquy. They read. They came. They en-

And the prizefighting industry has never been heard of in Texas since. Harper's Weekly. # The weight of an ordinary train,

acted.

in the future."

CAN BUILD MOST WARSHIPS. Charles M. Schwab Says United States

Has Greatest Facilities. Charles M. Schwab, says the York American, voiced his belief yesterday that there will be no war beween the United States and Japan, despite the proposed sending of an American fleet of nineteen battleships into Pacific waters. As president of the great Bethlehem shipbuilding plant and maker of armor plate and great guns, his declaration is of the utmost importance in the controversy now raging over the prospective display of Mr. Schwab further made the posi

tive statement that the United States can build five battleships to Japan's one, and that, in the event of war between this country and Japan the and equip war vessels of all descriptions in faster time than any other nation in the world, England and Germany not excepted.

The autocrat of the Bethlehem Steel ompany freely discussed the seeming war scare with an American representative in his fine offices in the Trinity building yesterday. He had just returned from Loretto,

San Francisco. While there he was

His personal business in San Fran cisco had to do with the arrangements for the permanent shut-down of the

"I am convinced that there will be no war between the United States and Japan," said Mr. Schwab, in his most "Look again, Concordia. Do you see tive will never be taken by Japan. I make this assertion from the stand builder of war vessels and armored equipment. Japan can not afford to war with us.

"The United States is easily able to build and equip five battleships while Japan is finishing one. That percentown flesh and blood—go to him, I say!" age might even be increased in the when the urgency of necessity arises. "I am confident that Japan is fully alive to the consciousness of her inplate and guns of large calibre from English, Dutch and German firms. That is where the United States would be at a tremendous advantage as the necessity required.

manner as a menace to Japan. This mighty fleet will serve merely to empeace is best assured in the heaviest

"Should the United States ever again lishers. ly confident in declaring that American built battleships, fitted out with Co., in Cornhill, and there it remained American armor plate and American guns and manned by American tars, of the publishers read it and recomcan hold their own with any navy in the world." Mr. Schwab was asked if it was not

true that there was a feeling of deepseated bitterness in California against he Japanese.

"There unquestionably is an anti-Japanese sentiment in California, and especially in San Francisco," he replied, "but I can never believe that this animosity will result in any serious complications between Japan and the United States.

"The United States is not going to seek war and Japan has no desire to est. enter into another costly struggle with a great power. Personally, I can see no signs of anything more than a midsummer war scare to relieve the te dium of the news."

MAY AWAIT CRISIS.

Been Effective. A Washington dispatch Brooklyn Eagle says:

"It would occasion no great surprishave our great state disgraced before the spectacular trip around the Horn the whole civilized world?" All this and into the Pacific after all. A susstyle, of which these lines give but tion had accomplished the purpose it the palest shadow. The grins vanish- had in mind in stating that the expedition would sail, and that unless a crisis should develop in our relations replied. "There's no disgrace about with Japan the fleet will probably ma-

It was the original intention of the general board, which planned the entire maneuver, to have the fleet sail Culberson, as he turned to step down late in August, or as soon as all the war ships had been put in good condition at the navy yards. The latest official announcement on the subject nor for several days, and meantime was that the usual target practice would be held in the late summer, and rest of the country contained columns then the armada, under Admiral Evans ring. There could be no doubt that move. This leaves the whole thing "The administration has paved th

way for dispatching the fleet to the paper.' make him more determined than ever Pacific at any time in the future withto prevent that which he believed out furnishing an excuse for a sensation," said a high naval officer. "If On the third day every member of the present differences between the the state and house of representatives United States and Japan should be of the state of Texas received from smoothed out and the jingo talk die the governor a call to attend a special away, it is doubtful whether the fleet session of the legislature. And such a will be sent on the long and expensive fine! Ancient shop, great-grandfather, call! Men's hair curled as they read journey to the Pacific. The trip was grandfather, father and self, make this The governor remarked that planned because of the ugly Japanese ink; fine and hard, very hard; picked least a sorely bruised and battered and the world would be both happier through some inadvertence no statute situation, which had many elements of danger in it. That is the absolute sell very good ink, prime cost is very. and that it was the duty of every leg- fact, all talk to the contrary notwith- This ink is heavy; so is gold. The eye islator with a decent regard for the standing. With the removal of these of the dragon glitters and dazzles, so opinion of mankind to hasten to the danger signs there will be no neces-"On the other hand, should the diplomatic relations continue strained and

a crisis approach, the department could issue orders for the transfer of the fleet to the Pacific and then say that the act was in line with the policy announced on July 4. I think the policy of the administration has been exceedingly wise in spite of the public criticism. The announced intention to ncluding the engine, is from 150 to send the fleet around the Horn may  $\begin{bmatrix} T \\ is \end{bmatrix}$ 

In connection with the threat to send Admiral Evans's fleet to the Pacific it is recalled that the navy department once before had occasion to make a big bluff of this kind to avert for the martial life, I wouldn't do my er, and the prisoner must have underan attack from a hostile fleet. It was during the war with Spain, shortly America," observed Milton Blumen- a swell chance to fall down in that after Admiral Dewey had captured Manila, and was in more or less of a ticklish position, because of being so far from the main portion of the American fleet.

Spain had one or two battleships near completion and hurried them into necessary for him to face the enemy command of the little squadron, with orders to proceed at once to Manila and attack Dewey. As Dewey had no battleships much concern was manifested when the Spanish vessels got under way and started for the Phil-One day Admiral Crowninshield,

navigation of the navy department, ment on the department bulletin: "If Admiral Camera's fleet passes through time, I should add. the Suez canal en route to the Philippines, a fleet of American vessels will at once sail for Spain and attack the Spanish coast." The department was in position to spare ships for an expedition of this kind, because Admiral Cervera had not yet been accounted for. But the bluff worked perfectly Camera's fleet was stopped at the mouth of the Suez, and after loafing

CHOSEN AFTER REJECTION.

nteresting Adventures of Some Famous Books.

There used to be an old superstition hat a flash of lightning would turn milk sour. This is the sort of effect produced upon a young author by the rejection of a manuscript by a publisher. As the author becomes older, more successful, and more experienced, such rejections do not discourpoint of a practical business man and age him, and if he sighs at all on these occasions the sigh is one of commiseration for the publisher who cannot appreciate a really good thing when

more celebrated works of literature eventuality of war. The resources of have been summarily returned to their this country are practically limitless authors by unappreciative publishers. States have yielded to their publishers and authors larger returns than "Ben "And what have you been doing this father looking upon her—the hand of father outstretched to claim her. I understand contracts for all armor by nearly every first-class publisher in this country before it finally was was submitted for the second time. "Rejected Addresses" by Horace and

James Smith, was offered to Mr. Murthat the ray for twenty pounds, but refused. sending of the nineteen battleships to publisher, however, purchased it, and, the Pacific can be construed in any after sixteen editions, Mr. Murray gave £131 for the right to issue a new edi-The total amount received by phasize the well-worn axiom that the authors was more than £1,000. "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte

was, it is said, rejected by several pub-This, however, is rather become involved in war, I feel perfect- doubtful. We believe the manuscript was sent to Messrs. Smith, Elder & for a long time, till a daughter of one mended her father to publish it. The esult is well known. It brought the author fame and money

"Eothen," by Mr. Kinglake, was offered to twenty different houses. All refused it. He then, in a fit of desperation, gave the manuscript to an obscure bookseller and found the ex-This penses of publication himself. also proved a success.

"Vanity Fair." that very clever work f Thackeray's, was written for Colburn's Magazine, but it was refused by the publishers as having no inter-

"The history of Ferdinand and Isa-

bella," by Mr. Prescott, was rejected by two of the first publishers in London, and it ultimately appeared under the auspices of Mr. Bentley, who stated that it had more success than any book he had ever published. The author of "The Diary of a Late

Physician" for a long time sought a publisher, and unsuccessfully. At last he gave the manuscript to Blackwood's Magazine, where it first appeared and was very successful The first volume of Hans Andersen's

Fairy Tales" was rejected by every cartridges, meant for their officers or publisher in Copenhagen. Andersen had then neither name nor popularity. and published this exquisite book at his ered them up with the dirt of the field own expense, a proceeding which soon brought him into notoriety. Miss Jane Austen's novels, models o

vriting at this day, at first met with no success. One of them, "Northanger bbey," was purchased by a publisher n Bath for ten pounds, who, after paying this sum, was afraid to risk any further money in its publication, and it remained many years in his possession before he ventured upon the speculation, which, to his surprise, turned out very profitable.

taken of it. The poet Shelley had always to pay for the publication of his poems. The "Ode on the Death of Sir John Moore at Corunna" was written by nances of the little barefoot soldiers

When the poet Gray's "Ode on Eton

Rev. Charles Wolf. 'It was rejected so when, after they had cached their cornfully by a leading periodical that bullets all so handily in the field an- what reverence for old age is; the the author gave it to an obscure Irish nounced as the scene of the sham bat- Spartans show that reverence." MODEST CHINESE.-The following is

good example of the "puff direct:" "At the shop Tae-shing (prosper n the extreme)-very good ink, fine others who make ink make it for the sake of accumulating base coin and "Plenty of A-Kwan-tsaes (gentle men) know my ink—my family nev-er cheated—they have always borne a good name. I make ink for the 'Son

"As the roar of the tiger extends to every place, so does the fame of the dragon's jewel' (meaning his ink.) dragon's Come, all A-Kwan-tsaes (gentlemen), come to my shop and see the sign Tae-shing at the side of the door. It send the fleet around the Horn may is Seaon-shwuy street (small water never be carried out, but it is on rec-street), outside the south gate."

Every Man For Himself In the Coun

tries to the South. "Taking it all in all, I believe that work in a gravel pit. It was the senif I possessed any sort of hankering try's first guard-whack at the prisonsoldiering either in Central or South stood very well that he was standing berg, official reporter of the senate, gravel pit and not get up any more. who has spent a number of summers passage over the big divide.

"I'm not naming any countries, for I have occasional little business trans- try wise to it. The sentry followed actions in quite a number of them. his former rival into the gravel pit. But while in one of the main garrison who was then chief of the bureau of engaging story of a little incident that weighing about four tons down on had happened there a few days before tacked up the following announce- my arrival. One of this republic's bimonthly revolutions was on at the

"A recruit serving in one of the government regiments at the garrison crushed and purely fragmentary senskinned his whole outfit at cards one try. The note stated, in essence, that pay day. There was no knowledge on the writer, becoming aware of the dethe part of the skinned ones that the ceased sentry's design on the prisoner recruit hadn't been perfectly square had beat him to it. Then the pair of with his game but, nevertheless, he devoted brothers took to the mounwas regarded as being a whole lot too tains and they were briganding it at monte-wise for a recruit, and, any- a great rate and getting away with it how, he had corralled all the money in when I quit the country. the layout, which was bad enough without any crookedness.

"Being a recruit, this young soldier person didn't know enough to underwas his cue to disappear. So he stayed along.

"The better to thwart the plans of the revolutionary army, the government troops were stationed on a plat eau overlooking the town. There was a lull in the hostilities while the insurgents were reorganizing themselves and so to keep the government sol diers busy and tuned up they pulled off a sham battle.

"The recruit who had displayed all and place him on a stretcher, the poor C., at \$1 each. Few books published in the United cuss was so heavy with the lead that least one pellet.

who has a bit of a grudge against Rapulled off, especially those soldiers plugging from the rear. The mere announcement of an approaching sham battle starts an epidemic of scientific malingering in one of the garrisons. And when the desperate ones can't make the sick list they jump their outfits in squads, platoons and battalions.

"Oh, yes, after the blanks are serv ed out for a sham battle the cartridge boxes of the soldiers are of cours carefully inspected. There was a time when disliked officers used to attend to this inspecting part of it in a perfunctory manner, but they get real busy at it now, I understand. The disliked officers grew exceedingly careful in their inspections of the cartridge boxes when a whole lot of them became the victims of 'mistakes' on the part of their men. They not only peeked into the cartridge boxes, but they pawed around in the clothing of each man to spring any thoughtlessly hidden ball cartridges.

When they first began to do this they made a lot of hauls, and the fellows with the secreted bullets were incontinently stood up before the walls with bandages before their eyes and made sieves of. Then the forgetful men in the ranks learned wisdom. They no longer tried to hide the ball enemies in the ranks, in their clothing, but salted them away and cov on which the sham encounter was booked to take place. They made veritable lead mines of these fields, and each man remembered just where he had planted his little lead cache. Then, in the middle of the sham ac tion, all they had to do was to give the ground a kick where they had made their plants, stoop and pick up the ball cartridges, and then calmly push their bosom friends or the hated officers over the rim of the next world.

"Of course the officers learned about this one, too, and they met the College" appeared but little notice was scheme by changing the location of place to the aged man. the sham battle at the last moment myself saw this done once. It was really touching to observe the expres sions of acute chagrin on the countetle, the word ran around that another spot for the mock encounter had been upon them.

"A military prisoner, too, in a Latinof luck when he is put under the ness, a little greater regard for the guard of an enemy. Often as not he's sensitive nature of those in advanced just as good as a dead man, or, at life, a little kindly effort in their behalf, I one, when that thing happens. It and better.-Catholic Sentinel. costs as much to keep and feed a military prisoner as it does a soldier in uniform, and so when these little ness as other men, says Edward A.

things occur the investigation is mere- Ayers in the Century. The writer has ly perfunctory. The sentry kills his tested the color sense of a large numprisoner, with bayonet or ball, if he ber of them-colorists, engravers, ilhas it in for that prisoner, and when lustrators—and found an average of he reports that he put it on the man because he was trying to make his as because he was trying to make his escape, it's all right-the sentry's word place a brown skein of worsted with f Heaven' and all the mandarins in for it is taken, and nothing further the green as readily as a layman. The is done. I was not far away a couple possession of an of summers ago, from a garrison in which something of this sort, but comes from close observation and use turned around in a way, too, came,

"A sentry took his enemy, a prison-|cultivation

ord as an insurance against trouble THE SOLDIER LIFE STRENUOUS, er, who, before his arrest for some minor infraction of discipline, had shared the favors of the girl with whom the sentry was in love, out to

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"But the prisoner's brother, also a in the Latin-American countries. "Too soldier at the garrison, perceived the many peculiar things are liable to possibilities of this situation, too. So happen to the Central or South Amer- he chased himself over to the gravel ican buck soldier. It isn't in the least pit and placed himself behind a rock. "When the sentry got to the gravel service, Admiral Camera was given in order to gain his free and sudden pit with the prisoner the brother was able to make his presence known to the prisoner without putting the sen-

> "He was just about to get busy with towns of one of the Latin-American his bayonet on the frame of the helpcountries a couple of summers ago I less prisoner when the latter's brothheard from the American consul an er, from above, pushed a boulder

"That fixed things all right. The devoted brother scrawled a note, in Spanish, which he pinned to what was

"Taking it altogether, as I say, I believe I wouldn't care to be a soldier in one of these frijole and chile-concarne armies where there's always a stand that, having got by with the 15 to 1 bigger chance of your getting big cleanup of his comrade's silver, it plugged by your own bosom swaddles than by the fowling pieces of the enemy."-Washington Star.

THE REAL FIRST FAMILIES.

They Are Made Known by Publication of the Census of 1790.

Genealogists will be interested in e announcement from the director of lists of the names of all heads of famof the money-getting monte wisdom, illes in the states of Vermont, New went down with the first rattle of the Hampshire and Maryland at the date guns of his company. I was told that of the first census, 1790. These pamis in good company, for many of the it took some six and several men to phlets, of about 150 pages for each pick up the punctured, not to say state, are sold separately by the disleved, rookie up from the ground rector of the census, Washington, D.

These lists have never been publishhad been poked into his system by his ed before. A summary of the census brothers-in-arms. Every man in his was published in 1791 in a volume of outfit had, apparently, handed him at fifty-six pages. The original schedules were preserved in Washington "Hearing this story led me to make until the burning of the Capitol by the some inquiries, and I found out that British soldiers. In that fire the reaccepted by the Harpers, to whom it the soldiers of the Latin-American turns of Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, armies like a whole number of things New Jersey, Tennessee and Virginia better than they do these sham bat- were destroyed. On account of the tles. It is so easy, you see, for Jose, numerous requests for information adto slip a ball cartridge instead of a for the first time. The appropriation blank into his gun! I was told that for the printing of the census bureau the soldiers down that way will do a for the year 1907 was not large enough lot of things to get their names on the to permit the publication of more than hospital report or sick list when they three states lists. It is hoped, says the hear that a sham battle is going to be Chicago Tribune, that the next congress will appropriate money enough to perwho have good reason to apprehend mit the lists of heads of families in that they're scheduled to stand for a Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut New York. Pennsylvania and the Carolinas to be published. The first census report filled 65 pages.

> large as several pages of the first report. In 1790 Philadelphia was the capital of the United States and had 28,522 inhabitants. New York was the largest city, with 33,131 inhabitants. The "Federal City" was planned in part, but not yet built and not yet named. Chicago did not exist. There were in the United States about 540,000 heads of families. The records of 140. 000 of these names have been destroy ed. The lists about to be published contain about one-third of the rest. In 1790, the first four states in population were, in the order named. Virginia. Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, North Carolina. Male whites outnumbered female whites in every state except Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. Maine, Massachusetts and Vermont alone, had no slaves, although by a printer's blunder Vermont was credited with sixteen. The entire cost of the first census was \$44,377.

the twelfth fills 10,400 pages, each as

these lists will give moral support to the demand for the publication of the remaining lists. These are the official rolls of the real first families of the republic.

Reverence For Age.

There is an old story which illustrates the reverence which the ancients felt for old age. Into one of the greatest amphitheatres of Greece, filled to the gates with a throng assembled to witness the athletic games so popular in those days, an aged man went one day. Every seat was taken. One hundred Athenian boys sat on one side; as many Spartan youths sat on the other side. Seeing the old man, the Athenian boys, true to their instruction, rose and uncovered their heads, but not one went so far as to offer his

He turned toward the Spartan side. All rose and, bowing low, each proffered his seat, whereupon the Athenian lads broke out in prolonged applause The old man paused, smiled, and bowing, said: "The Athenian knows Is it not true that many of us are

a little slow in extending that respect chosen. They looked as if a mean to old age which we know belongs to literal translation of a Chinese ink and underhand trick had been played it? It is so easy, it may be, to pass the aged by without a word of greeting, but how much such a word means American army, is generally badly out to them! A little more thoughtful-

> Artists are subject to color blindshades, but a green nent" hears no other relation to the of color. If an artist's eyes at birth do not possess all color-seeing cones in his retina he cannot develop them by

keeness of one's