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WHEN A MAN MARRIES

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CHAPTER XV. Suspicion and Discard.

Every one was nasty the next morning. Aunt Selma declared that her feet were frost-bitten and kept begging for hot water all morning. And Jim was impossible. He refused to speak to any of us and he watched Bella furtively, as if he suspected her of trying to get him out of the house.

Mrs. Robinson May Take Stump For Her Husband.



If Theodore Douglas Robinson does not secure the nomination for congress from the Twenty-seventh district of New York state it will be the fault of his wife and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, his uncle. Mrs. Robinson has been urging her husband to enter active political life for the past two years and has been ably seconded by Colonel Roosevelt.

Miscellaneous Reading.

SOLDIER'S TALK TO SOLDIERS.

What Col. Means Said on Taking Command the 7th Regiment.

Mr. W. H. Mitchell of Rock Hill, who was a sergeant in company F, Seventeenth S. C. V., was in Yorkville last Saturday, on a visit to his son, Mr. Haddon Mitchell, who is a clerk in the office of County Treasurer Nell, and while here paid a pleasant visit to the office of The Enquirer. He had in his pocket a newspaper clipping of a copy of an address that was delivered by Governor J. H. Means at Camp Lee, in Columbia, on the occasion of his taking command as colonel of that famous regiment in December, 1861.

BROKERS EXCHANGE BLOWS.

Fistic Passage Between Hayne and Fleming.

When the sun went down yesterday afternoon the dove of peace was roosting high in Beaver street. There had been no further outbreak following the fight between Frank B. Hayne, the New Orleans bull cotton leader and Lamar Fleming, manager of the cotton department of Hayden, Stone & Co., in downtown Delmonico's, in which Mr. Hayne's right eye was blackened, but the air in the vicinity of the cotton exchange was surcharged with a feeling that something was apt to occur almost at any moment. Hence the caution of the dove.

Bishops Doane and Greer For Unity of Churches.



(Bishop Doane and Bishop Greer.)

The Christian Unity foundation has been incorporated by twenty-four men, all members of the Protestant Episcopal church, twelve lay and twelve clerical, with the avowed intention of welding all Christian denominations into one organic religious body. The second paragraph of the articles of incorporation of the foundation says: "The purpose for which this corporation is formed is to promote Christian unity at home and throughout the world; to this end to gather and disseminate accurate information relative to the faith and works of all Christian bodies; to set forth the great danger of our unhappily divided and the waste of spiritual energy due thereto; to devise and suggest practical methods of co-operation, substituting civility for rivalry in the same field, and this in the belief that full knowledge of one another will emphasize our actual membership in the one body of Christ and our common agreement in the essentials of faith; that, finally, by the operation of the spirit of God, the various Christian bodies may be knit together in more evident unity in the essentials of faith and practice and in one organic life."

SLEEPING OUT OF DOORS.

How the Traveler Passes the Night in the Arizona Desert.

"People drop into a loose habit of speaking about the right and the wrong way of doing a thing," remarked the experienced camper, according to the New York Times. "As a matter of fact there may be a dozen good ways and as many bad. Take sleeping in the open, for instance. My little trips have not been confined to the Adirondacks and the Berkshires. I've knocked over a fair number of families, and even ministers of the Gospel. I've picked up some mighty good wrinkles that were never heard of within a 250-mile radius of New York City. Down in the Arizona desert last year I was a member of a party traveling between Tucson and the Mexican frontier. The first night out found us in the middle of a flat expanse of sand. There was not even a hillock or a rock behind which one could find shelter. But the westerners in the party knew a trick or two. I was surprised to see them grubbing out little hollows in the sand corresponding to the shape of the human body. They made a deep depression for the hips and a shallow one for the shoulders, with sand banked up in the middle to support the small of the back. At one end they piled up a ridge of sand as a footrest, and pounded and stamped on it until it was compact enough not to break down under pressure. Then we wrapped ourselves in our blankets Arizona fashion. We placed one corner of the blanket on the left side, just below the heart, and turned around until the body was covered five or six folds deep. This left plenty to spare at both ends, which was disposed of by giving the blanket a turn around our feet and knotting it, and folding down the upper end around the head as a sort of cap. We lay down in the hollows we had prepared—'graves,' the westerners called them—and found that we were amply protected from the wind. The latter blew the fine sand over us, and in time our blankets were hidden from sight. There was no danger of our being choked, however, as we used the sand as pillows, which kept our heads at a sufficient elevation from the surface of the desert. When we opened our eyes at dawn the ground was covered with a heavy frost. It must have been very cold during the night, but we had not felt it. We jumped to our feet, shook ourselves free of the sand that had sifted into our clothes, and lit a fire. The desert was very desolate and white. Two hours later it seemed like a different world. The sun had dissipated the frost like magic and the sand was blazing hot. That is the most singular thing about the Arizona desert at high elevations. One passes from winter to summer overnight. While my bones ached for a few days from sleeping in those artificial sand hollows, I soon grew accustomed to it, and I passed out like a soldier in campers who may find themselves obliged to spend the night on an unprotected plain."

MAN, STUDY YOUR HAIR!

Then Before You Comb It, Study the Architecture of Your Face.

Just as surely as hair is woman's crowning glory it is man's glorious glory—that is, to those that have it. Those whose heads have pushed up through their hair usually use a huckaback towel for the delicate process of parting the hair, but unless one has the peculiar requirements it is not worth while to cultivate them. Men with low, squaring foreheads should not pull their hair down over their brows, and men whose foreheads are beginning to work back should invite their locks down. If your hair has quietly slipped down toward your ears on each side, leave it there. If you bring it up in strings and wisps it will merely look like climbing vines and will never really have the free and easy homelike appearance that ought to be the part of all natural hair. Do not part your hair any earlier than you can help. Hair is in a hurry these days, anyway. Usually it doesn't stay more than long enough to make sure that the baby is going to be a boy before it hastes off. It will part of itself soon enough the best you can do. Before combing your hair you should get acquainted with the architecture of your face. If your face is of the harvest moon variety do not lay your hair flat. Put it up as much as possible. It's better to look like a feather duster on a Monday morning than a scratched billiard ball on a Saturday night. But if your face is of a long, gallowing ensemble do not encourage your hair to fluff. Instead keep it down close to headquarters. If your head inclines to run up to a come do not spread your hair around in imitation of a palm tree. If you are a broad person will begin to talk about spring radish tops.—Homer Croly in Deliberator.

Notwithstanding the duty of forty per cent a barrel large quantities of apples from Oregon, Washington and other states are consumed in western Canada.

Some Act That Way.

The religion of some people is too lenient.

Bishop Heslin in a recent address in Natchez. "Some people suggest to me, in their view of religion, a little girl whose teacher said to her: 'Mary, what must we do first before we can expect forgiveness for our sins?' 'We must sin first,' the little girl answered.'—Nashville Banner.

The older you gets the better your slippers will feel.

(To be Concluded.)