THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER.

IN THIS WORK.

of lawn, of silk-a handkerchief.

"Apparel oft proclaims the man,

owner, or, rather, vice versa, by the

perfumery or sachet upon it in some

instances, by its size whether it be a

man's or a woman's, by initials in one

corner, by its quality and by the laun-

dry marks upon it, as in the case of the

notorious desperado and stage robber so

One of the cleverest pieces of detect-

ive work ever accomplished in this

When news reached his office on Nov.

the place of attack, Mr. Hume imme-

diatly telegraphed to have the things

He carefully inspected the handker-

chief, a plain hemstitched man's hand-

kerchief, and noticed a laundry mark

in one corner, F x 0 7. Upon this evi-

dry office was also a sort of lounging.

room, with a tobacco stand on one side,

and here Black Bart, known there as

Charlie Bolton, a mining man and cap-

italist, spent a great deal of his time.

to the mines a short time ago."

well remembered by Californians-

"Black Bart."

sent down to him.

"MY MA, SHE KNOWS."

My pa, he scolds me jes' becuz He says I'm gittin "tough;" He says my face is never clean, My hands are always rough; I'm not behavin like I should An goin wrong, I s'pose, But ma, she takes an pats my hand An smiles, becaz she knows!

My na hain't got no use for boys; Ho wants 'em always men. I wonder if he's clean forgot The boy he must 'a' been For ma, she says they're all alike Bout face an hands an clothes, An says I'll learn to be a man;

An ma-I guess she knows!

My pa, he says I ain't no good At doin saything; I'd ruther fool away the time An whistle, play an sing; But ma, she smiles an says I'm young, An then she up an goes An kisses me an shows me how,

For ma, you bet she knows! My pa, he says I'll never be

A business man like him, Becuz I hain't got any "drive" An "get up," "pluck" an "vim;" But ma, she says, so solemnlike, A man's a boy that grows, An boys must have their playin spell, An ma's a trump an knows!

My pa, he shakes his head an sighs An says he doesn't see Where I get all the careless ways That seem jes' born in me, An ma, she laughs an laughs an laughs, Till pa's face crimson grows, An then she says, " 'Tis very queer," But somehow ma, she knows!

My ma, she knows most everything Boint boys an what they like; She's never scoldin 'bout the muss I make with kites an bike; She says she wants me to be good An conquer all my foes, An you jes' bet I'm goin to'be, 'Cus my sweet ma, she knows! --Birch Arnold in Detroit Journal.



BE EUDYARD KIPLING.

They tell the tale even now among. the sal groves of the Berbulda hill and for corroboration point to the roofless and windowless mission house. The great god Dungara, the god of things as they are, most terrible, one eyed, bearing the red elephant tusk, did it all, and he who refuses to believe in Dungara will assuredly be smitten by the madness of Yat-the madness that fell upon the sons and the daughters of the Buria Kol when they turned aside from Dungara and put on clothes. So says Athon Daze, who is high priest of the shrine and warden of the red elephant tusk. But if you ask the assistant collector and agent in charge of the Buria Kol, he will laugh-not because he bears any malice against missions, but because he himself saw the yengeance of Dungara executed upon the spiritual children of the Rev. Justus Erenk, pastor of the Tubingen mission, and upon Lotta, his virtuous wife.

Yet if ever a man merited good treatment of the gods it was the reverend Justus, one time of Heidelberg, who, on the faith of a call, went into the wilderness and took the blond, blue eyed Lotta with him. "We will these heathen now by idolatrous practices so darkened better make," said Justus in the early days of his career. "Yes," he added, with conviction, "they shall be good and shall with their hands to work learn. For all good Christians must work " And upon a stipend more modest even than that of an English lay reader, Justus Krenk kept house beyond Kamala and the gorge of Malair, beyond the Berbulda river close to the foot cil the blue hill of Panth on whose summit stands the temple of Dungara -in the heart of the country of the Buria Kol-the naked, good tempered. timid, shameless, lazy Buria Kol. Do you know what life at a mission outpost means? Try to imagine a loneliness exceeding that of the smallest station to which government has ever sent ycu-isolation that weighs upon the waking eyelids and drives you perforce headlong into the labors of the day. There is no post, there is no one of your own color, to speak to, there are no roads. There is indeed food to keep you alive, but it is not pleasant to eat. and whatever of good or beauty or interest there is in your life must come from yourself and the grace that may be planted in you. In the morning, with a patter of soft feet, the converts, the doubtful and the open scoffers troop up to the veranda. You must be infinitely kind and patient, and, above all, clear sighted, for you deal with the simplicity of childhood, the experience of man and the subtlety of the savage. Your congregation has a hundred material wants to be considered. and it is for you, as you believe in your personal responsibility to your Maker, to pick out of the clamoring crowd any grain of spirituality that may lie therein. If to the cure of souls you add that of bodies, your task will be all the more difficult, for the sick and the maimed will profess any and every creed for the sake of healing and will laugh at you because you are simple enough to believe them. As the day wears and the impotus of the morning dies away there will come upon you an overwhelming sense of the uselessness of your toil This must be striven against, and the only spur in your side will be the belief that you are playing against the devil for the living soul. It is a great and a joyous belief, but he who can hold it unwavering for four and twenty consecutive hours must be blessed with an abundantly strong physique and equable nerve. Ask the gray heads of the Bannockburn medical crusade what manner of life their preachers lead. Speak to the Racine Gospel agency, those lean Americans whose boast is that they go where no Englishman dare follow. Get a pastor of the Tubingen mission to talk of his experiences, if you can. You will be referred to the printed reports, but these contain no mention of the men who have lost youth and health, all that a man may lose except faith in the wilds, of English maidens who have gone forth and died in the fever stricken jungle of the Panth hills, knowing from the first that death was almost a certainty. Few pastors will tell you of these things any more than they will speak of that young David of St. Bees, who, set apart for the Lord's work, broke down in the utter desolation and returned half distraught to the head mission crying, "There is no God, but I have walked with the devil!" The reports are silent here, because heroism, failure, doubt, despair and self abnegation on the part of a mere cultured white man are things of no weight as compared to the saving of one half human soul from a fantastic

viceroy." ever since. produce than pignuts only. faith in wood spirits, goblins of the

these things." He had been long in speared fish, crchids from the dim, game as he could eat. In return he gave them quinine, and with Athon Daze, the high priest, controlled their simple policies.

"When you have been some years in the country," said Gallio at the Krenks' table. "you grow to find one creed as good as another. I'll give you all the assistance in my power, of course, but don't hurt my Buria Kol. They are good people, and they trust me."

"I will them the word of the Lord teach," said Justus, his round face beaming with enthusiasm, "and I will assuredly to their prejudices no wrong hastily without thinking make. But, oh, my friend, this in the mind impartiality of creed judgment belooking is very bad."

"Heigh-ho!" said Gallio, "I have their bodies and the district to see to, but you can try what you can do for their souls. Only don't behave as you predecessor did, or I'm afraid that I can't guarantee your life." "And that?" said Lotta, sturdily,

handing him a cup of tea. "He went up to the temple of Dun-

gara-to be sure he was new to the country - and began hammering old Dungara over the head with an umbrella; so the Buria Kol turned out and hammered him rather savagely. I was in the district, and he sent a runner to me with a note saying: 'Persecuted for the Lord's sake. Send wing of regiment.' The nearest troops were 200 miles off, but I guessed what he had been doing. I rode to Panth and talked to old Athon Daze like a father, telling him that a man of his wisdom ought to have known that the sahib had sunstroke and was mad. You never saw a people more sorry in your life. Athon Daze apologized, sent wood and milk and fowls and all sorts of things, and I

gave 5 rupees to the shrine and told Macnamara that he had been injudicious. He said that I had bowed down in the house of Rimmon, but if he had only just gone over the brow of the hill and insulted Palin Deo, the idol of the Suria Krol, he would have been impaled on a charred bamboo long before I could have done anything, and then I should have had to have hanged some of the poor brutes. Be gentle with them, padri

-but I don't think you'll do much." "Not I," said Justus, "but my Master. We will with the little children begin. Many of them will be sick-that is so. After the children the mothers,

and then the men. But I would greatly that you were in internal sympathies with us prefer.' Gallio departed to risk his life in

mending the rotten bamboo bridges of his people, in killing a too persistent tiger here or there, in sleeping out in the reeking jungle or in tracking the Suria Kol raiders who had taken a few heads from their brethren of the Buria clan. A knockkneed, shambling young man was Gallio, naturally devoid of creed or reverence, with a longing for absolute power which his undesirable district gratified.

"No one wants my post," he used to

And Gallio, the assistant conector or remaining toward sustus, even the country side, "cared for none of binting at his own conversion, but to the congregation of Dungara he said the district, and the Buria Kol loved darkly ... They of the padri's flock have him and brought him offerings of put on clothes and worship a busy god. Therefore Dangara will afflict them moist heart of the forests and as much | grievousi" till they throw themselves howling into the waters of the Berbulda." At night the red elephant tusk boomed and groaned among the hills. and the faithful waked and said: "The

god of things as they are matures revenge against the backsliders. Be merciful. Dungara, to us, thy children, and give us all their crops!' Late in the cold weather the collector and his wife came into the Buria Kol-

country. "Go and look at Krenk's mission," said Gallio. "He is doing good work in his own way, and I think he'd be pleased if you opened the bamboo chapel that he has managed to run up. At any rate, you'll see a civilized Buria Kol.

Great was the stir in the mission. 'Now he and the gracious lady will that we have done good work with their own eyes see, and-yes-we will him our converts in all their new clothes by their own hands constructed exhibit. It will a great day be-for the Lord al-

ways," said Justus, and Lotta said "Amen." Justus had, in his quiet way, felt jealous of the Basel weaving mission, his own converts being unhandy, but Athon Daze had latterly induced some of them to hackle the glossy silky fibers of a plant that grew plenteously on the Panth hill. It yielded a cloth white and smooth almost as the tappa of the south seas, and that day the converts were to wear for the first time clothes made therefrom. Justus was proud of his work

"They shall in white clothes clothed to meet the collector and his well born lady come down singing 'Now thank we all our God.' Then he will the chapel open, and, yes, even Gallio to believe will begin. Stand so, my children, two by two, and-Lotta, why do they thus themselves scratch? It is not seemly to wriggle, Nala, my child. The collector will be here and be pained."

The collector, his wife and Gallio climbed the hill to the mission station. The converts were drawn up in two lines, a shining band nearly 40 strong. "Hah!" said the collector, whose acquisitive bent of mind led him to believe that he had fostered the institution from the first.

"Advancing, I see, by leaps and bounds."

Never was truer word spoken. The mission was advancing exactly as he had said-at first by little hops and shuffles of shamefaced uneasiness, but soon by the leaps of fly stung horses and the bounds of maddened kangaroos. From the hill of Panth the red elephant tusk delivered a dry and anguished blare. The ranks of the converts wav-

ered, broke and scattered with yelfs and shrieks of pain, while Justus and Lotta stood horror stricken. "It is the judgment of Dungara!"

shouted a voice. "I burn! I burn! To the river or we die!"

The mob wheeled and headed for the rocks that overhung the Berbulda, writhing, stamping, twisting and shedding its garments as it ran, pursued by

the thunder of the trumpet of Dungara.

of the Buria Kol, but neither fish nor TRACING CRIMINALS. fowl, honeycomb, salt nor young pig was brought to their doors any more. THE HANDKERCHIEF AS A FACTOR And, alas, man cannot, live by grace alone if meat be wanting!

Lotta from the stumpy poisoheu arrows

"Let us go, mine wife," said Justus. Some Prominent Cases In Which the 'There is no good here, and the Lord has willed that some other man shall the work take-in good time-in his own good time. We will go away, and pected Culprit. I will-yes-some botany bestudy.

If any one is anxious to convert the Buria Kol afresh, there lies at least the core of a mission house under the hill of Panth. But the chapel and school have long since fallen back into jungle.

Taught Him a Lesson.

In the life of Henry Bradley Plant is a story which shows that mercy may sometimes temper justice to good effect by awakening in an offender a loyalty which he has never before shown.

Mr. Plant was one day traveling in a baggage war when he saw an expressman, in handling a box marked 'Glass," turn it wrong side up. "Here!" he called to the man. "That

box is marked 'Glass' and should be kept glass side up, as indicated." "Oh, I know it's marked 'Glass,'

said the expressman, "but I never pay any attention to that." Mr. Plant said no more, but later,

state was done in this case by J. B. when the superintendent of the office Hume, special officer for Wells Fargo. was alone with the man, he asked him: "Do you know who that gentleman 3. 1883, that a stage had been held up was who spoke to you about the box and robbed near Tuttleville and that a marked 'Glass?' " handkerchief and some other articles "No, sir." had been found behind some cliffs near

"Well, that was Mr. Plant."

"Then that means my dismissal." "I think it does. I shall have to dismiss you.'

Later the superintendent said to Mr. Plant, "I shall dismiss that man, of course?"

"No," said the president, "don't discharge him. Call him into your office and impress it upon him that that is not the way the company does its business. He won't forget it."

He did not forget it. No more loyal employee was to be found in the comtraced to a laundry down on Bush street kept by a man named Ware. This launpany.

Expected Too Much.

A well known man who gives much to charity was walking along Grant street when he was accosted by a "professional macer," who said he needed "a dime to get a bed." He was given a quarter. After that the man who gave it was marked. A few days later the same "macer" met him.

"Please, sir," he said, "will you give me a nickel to get a cup of coffee ?" He was given a dime. The following week the man was stopped again. This time the beggar wanted a "dime to get somethin to eat.'

"See here, my man," said the charitable one, "don't you think you are pushing this a little too far? It is not so very long ago that I gave you a quarter and again a dime. Isn't it time to stop asking?"

"What do you expect of a man, any how ?'' indignantly asked the "macer.' "Do you think I can live on 35 cents for two weeks?"-Pittsburg News.

which had required six hours to as-

years to build up a good reputation for

him in a single act below where he be-

gan to climb 20 or 30 years ago. It is

grow careless or to cease to be watchful

against temptation .- Homiletic Re-

Right Man In the Right Place.

Manufacturers' Agent-Is the head

Accommodating Employee-No; he's

Too Democratic.

the waiters levy a tip tax equal to 50

per cent of the cost of the food con-

court. With all the impressiveness of

Chicago has found such a valuable

legacy he said, 'Give me a mild 5 cent

"Whereupon a poor committee clerk,

who had just exchanged his last quar-

Peculiar Toys.

Most mothers, if they were asked,

children for various articles to be found

about the house and certainly never

intended as toys for children. One child

cording to the nature of the child.

Now, why should not such an article

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of hat H. Flitching

"In the senate restaurant," says the

view.

change

cigar.

Telegram.

buyer up stairs?

-Chicago Tribune.

Two handkerchiefs figured in the Durrant case. One, identified as belong. So Easy to Go Down Hill. ing to Minnie Williams, was found cov-A recent traveler, in giving a description of his climbing Mount Popocate-

convict him of crime.

ered with blood behind the Emanuel and the other to the opposite.

SPLITTING BANK NOTES. The Process Is Simple Enough When You Know How.

Some years ago the commercial world was taken aghast by the announcement that a certain scientific man could ac-

tually split a bank note so exactly into Little Square of Linen Was a Silent but Effective Accuser of the Sushalves that it was impossible to distinguish the separate pieces of paper from genuine notes. Among the various exhibits in fa-The anthorities of the Bank of Eng-

mous criminal cases 'that have held the land took alarm, for it appeared that civilized world spellbound with their this invention would speedily open the frightful disclosures it is interesting to way to a new kind of fraud. The imitation of the engraved plate, however note how often an accused criminal's well performed, was always discoverlife has hung, not by a thread, but by able by experienced eyes, and he must threads, by that little square of linen, be a good forger indeed who could prepare the paper on which the plate was printed so as to imitate the peculiar water marks on the Bank of England and there are about a handkerchief certain indications that can trace it to its

notes with anything like success. But here was a discovery which set at naught the precautions of paper makers, engravers and printers. It was really a serious matter. A

long correspondence ensued between the proprietor of the secret and the officials of the bank, the former asking a large sum of money for his knowledge and the latter requiring actual proof of his

ability to perform the alleged feat. Paragraphs began to appear in the newspapers, and public attention was drawn to what seemed a very extraordinary fact-that the thin tissue paper of which a bank note is composed could really be divided into two leaves. It became necessary to test the truth of this remarkable discovery, and so it was arranged that trial should be made with an actual note of the Bank of England. Preliminaries were settled, and a note, properly marked, so that it might be afterward identified, was submitted to the inventor. In the course of two or three days back came the note to the

dence, a handkerchief with that fatal owners actually split in two. It was laundry mark, was Black Bart arrested. eagerly examined, but in a little time Mr. Hume set to work to find out the bank officials ceased to feel any where the handkerchief had been launalarm, and confidence in the commerdered, and after several days of careful cial world was quite restored. inquiry and diligent search it was

It was true the bank note was completely split, but it was also true that on only one half of it was the printed impression sufficiently plain to allow of its being circulated. Any attempt to pass the other or back 'half of the note would, it was declared, be immediately detected.

When the handkerchief was brought Still, the discovery was curious and to Ware and he was asked to whom it might lead to disagreeable consequences belonged, he said: "Why, that is Charshould any person attempt to increase lie Bolton's handkerchief. He brought his wealth by means of split bank notes. his laundry here just before he returned Another kind of ink was therefore ordered for the future to be used in the Detective Hume sent instructions for printing of the bank securities, so that the arrest of Black Bart. Black Bart. in case any one chose to try the experiafter years of depredations, during ment the one half would be left blank. which time he had rebbed 28 stages The secret, however, did not long reand had kept the stage drivers in conmain hidden from the world. Indeed, tinual fear of their lives, this clever

its very simplicity seems to have prefelon, was at last trapped by a handkervented its being discovered by the clever chief. The shrewd criminal, who had men who felt so much anxiety about it. held the sheriff as well as the Wells The method of splitting paper is just Fargo detectives at bay for so long, did this: Two pieces of calico are firmly not see that there was enough differglued to the sides of the paper, leaving ence between one handkerchief and anthe ends of the calico loose, and the other to disclose a man's identity and whole is perfectly dried. By a gentle and equable pull on each side the paper is split completely in halves, one of which adheres to the calico on cne side

VOTTON is and will con-, tinue to be the money crop of the South. The planter who gets the most cotton from a given area at the least cost, is the one who makes the most money. Good cultivation, suitable rotation, and liberal use of fertilizers con-

taining at least 3% actual

Potash

will insure the largest yield. We will send Free, upon application, pamphlets that will interest every cotton planter in the South.

GERMAN KALI WORKS. 92 Nassau St., New York.

Making a Dictionary.

Nearly every one has had the bright idea that it must be a tremendous amount of work to get up a dictionary, but few have any notion of the real size of the task. When Johnson got his famous dictionary started he calculated that with six assistants he could complete the task in three years. It took him nine years instead. He received the small recompense of \$7.500, and nad to pay his assistants out of that.

Webster worked 24 years before his dictionary made its bow to the world. Webster was very punctilious in his definitions, and so painstaking that it was a wonder he completed the work when he did.

The words which give the compiler of a dictionary the most trouble are the little one-syllable Saxon words. Their history extends back into the Saxon period, and their meaning has become twisted in many directions. Words with pedigrees are the hardest to trace.

When a new dictionary is projected one man is selected as editor-in-chief, and he appoints his sub-editors. Then appeals are sent out to literary people in general for voluntary contributions in the nature of rare and curious words. There are over 1,000 people who have offered their services in the case of a dictionary now making. They are to read standard works, ancient and modern, in the search for curious words, their origin and meaning. These words written on slips of paper, are filed in thousands of pigeonholes. Over six tons of slips have been put away. This means 6,000,000 words.

But only 1,000,000 will be printed. The amount of work necessary to

NOTICE.

NOW is the time to have

your Buggy Revarnished,

Repainted, and new Axle

Points fitted on. We have

the best Wagon Skeins on

the market. All kinds of

Fifth Wheels and Dashes.

Headquarters for Carriage,

Buggy and Wagon Repairs.

PAUL E. STEPHENS.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Anyone sending a sketch and description may ickly uscertain our opinion free whether an rention is probably patentable. Communica-ions strictly condidential. Handbook on Falents

DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &C.

say grimly, "and my collector only pokes his nose in when he's quite certain that there is no fever. I'm monarch of all I survey, and Athon Daze is my

Because Gallio prided himself on his supreme disregard of human lifethough he never extended the theory beyond his own-he naturally rode 40 miles to the mission with a tiny brown baby on his saddlebow.

"Here is something for you, padri,' said he. "The Kols leave their surplus children to die. Don't see why they shouldn't, but you may rear this one. I picked it up beyond the Berbulda fork. I've a notion that the mother has been following me through the woods

"It is the first of the fold," said Justus, and Lotta caught up the screaming morsel to her bosom and hushed it craftily, while, as a wolf hangs in the field, Matui, who had borne it and, in accordance with the law of her tribe, had exposed it to die, panted wearily and foctsore in the bamboo brake, watching the house with hungry mother eyes. What would the omnipotent assistant collector do? Would the little man in the black coat eat her daughter alive, as Athon Daze said was the cus-

tom of all men in black coats? Matui waited among the bamboos through the long night, and in the morning there came forth a fair, white woman, the like of whom Matui had never seen, and in her arms was Matui's daughter, clad in spotless raiment. Lotta knew little of the tongue of the Buria Kol, but when mother calls to mother speech is easy to understand. By the hands stretched timidly to the hem of her gown, by the passionate gutturals and the longing eyes, Lotta understood with whom she had to deal. So Matui took her child again-would be a servant, even a slave, to this wonderful white woman, for her own tribe would recognize her no more. And Lotta wept with her exhaustively after the German fashion, which includes much blowing of the nose.

"First the child, then the mother, and last the man, and to the glory of God all," said Justus the hopeful And the man came, with a bow and arrows, very angry indeed, for there was no

one to cook for him.

But the tale of the mission is a long one, and I have no space to show how Justus, forgetful of his injudicious predecessor, grievously smote Moto, the husband of Matui, for his brutality; how Moto was star Med, but, being released from the fear of instant death, took heart and became the faithful ally and first convert of Justus; how the little gathering grew, to the huge disgust of Athon Daze; how the priest of the god of things as they are argued subtilely with the priest of the god of things as they should be and was worsted; how the dues of the temple of Dungara fell away in fowls and fish and honeycomb; hew Lotta lightened the curse of Eve among the women and how Justus did his best to introduce the curse of Adam: how the Buria Kol rebelled at this, saying that their god was an idle god, and how Justus partially overcame their scruples against work and taught them that the black earth was rich in other

All these things belong to the history of many months, and throughout those months the white haired Athon Daze meditated revenge for the tribal neglect of Dungara. With savage cunning he

Justus and Lotta fled to the collector almost in tears. "I cannot understand! Yesterday, panted Justus, "they had the Ten Com-

mandments- What is this? Praise the Lord, all good spirits by land or by sea. Nala! Oh, shame!" With a bound and a scream there

alighted on the rocks above their heads Nala, once the pride of the mission, a maiden of 14 summers, good, docile and virtuous-now naked as the dawn and spitting like a wildcat.

"Was it for this!" she raved, hurling her petticoat at Justus. "Was it for this I left my people and Dungara -for the fires of your bad place? Blind ape, little earthworm, dried fish that you are, you said that I should never burn! Oh, Dungara, I burn now! I

burn now! Have mercy, God of things as they are!" She turned and flung herself into the out. But the subseller is down stairs. Berbulda, and the trumpet of Dungara

bellowed jubilantly. The last of the converts of the Tubingen mission had put a quarter of a mile of rapid river between herself and her teachers. Washington correspondent of the Chi-"Yesterday," gulped Justus, taught in the school A, B, C, D. "she cago Record, "pie costs 10 cents, and

Oh! It is the work of satan!" But Gallio was curiously regarding the maiden's petticoat where it had fallen at his feet. He felt its texture, drew

back his shirt sleeve beyond the deep tan of his hand and pressed a fold of the clotic against the flesh. A blotch of angry red rose on the white skin. "Ah!" said Gallio calmly.

'thought so." "What is it ?" said Justus.

"I should call it the shirt of Nessus, but- Where did you get the fiber of

this cloth from ?" "Athon Daze," said Justus. "He showed the boys how it should manufactured be.

"The old fox! Do you know that he has given you the Nilgiri nettle-scorpion -- Girardenia heterophylla -- to ter for two cabbagios, went away to work up. No wonder they squirmed! ponder on the democracy of American Why, it stings even when they make institutions. bridge ropes of it, unless it's soaked for six weeks. The cunning brute! It would take about half an hour to burn through their thick hides and then"could tell of the love shown by their

Gallio burst into laughter, but Lotta was weeping in the arms of the collector's wife, and Justus had covered his face with his hands.

will take a violent love for her mother's curling irons; another will pin his affec-"Girardenia heterophylla!" repeated Gallio. "Krenk, why didn't you tell tions to the metal pudding mold or the me? I could have saved you this. feather duster. As a rule, when the Woven fire! Anybody but a naked Kol child is discovered with either of these would have known it, and, if I'm a possessions, it is promptly taken away judge of their ways, you'll never get from him, and then follows either keen them back." disappointment or tears and howls, ac-

He looked across the river to where the converts were still wallowing and wailing in the shallows, and the laughter died out of his eyes, for he saw that the Tubingen mission to the Buria Kol was dead.

Never again, though they hung mournfully round the deserted school for three months, could Lotta or Justus coax back even the most promising of their flock. No; the end of conversion was the fire of the bad place-fire that ran through the limbs and gnawed into the bones. Who dare a second time tempt the anger of Dungara ? Let the little man and his wife go elsewhere. The Buria Kol would have none of them. An unofficial message to Athon Daze that if a hair of their heads were

touched Athon Daze and the priests of Dungara would be hanged by Gallio at formed gives us music at midnight. the temple shripe protected Justus and

petl, in Mexico, and visiting its crater, church, where the murders were per trated. says that he was able to return from The Botkin poisoning case will go the top of the mountain to the snow line

down as one of the strongest cases in in 15 minutes, covering a distance the criminal records of California of cend. One sees things like that often the conviction of a murderer based on circumstantial evidence. What the keyin common[#]life. A man struggles for stone is to the arch so is the 25 cent handkerchief sent in that fatal box of honesty and integrity among his fellow men, and then in an unguarded hour he poisoned candy to the chain of evidence in this famous case, a case where all takes a fatal toboggan slide that hurls the eloquence of California's most bril- Those happy individuals with bank liant lawyers could not swing the jury to the side of acquittal. those who persevere unto the end who win the crown, and no one can afford to

The important part a handkerchief played in this case was apparent when one saw how hard the attorneys for the defense worked for days on that one bit of evidence, trying in every way possible and impossible to break the testimony of the woman who sold the handkerchief to Mrs. Botkin. If that little cheap embroidered handkerchief had not been slipped into that box of chocolates Mrs. Botkin might be walking the streets of San Francisco today a free woman.

A handkerchief convicted her-a little white square of linen sent her to a cell with a blackened 'character, where she will exist sans friends, sans hope, sans name, sans everything!

sumed. Cigars are sold two for a quar-Mrs. Whitten, a famous woman crimter and upward, and it is regarded as inal in New York, was finally captured an evidence of low breeding to accept and imprisoned by the aid of a certain perfumed handkerchief. She resided in "Into this aristocratic environment a large and fashionable boarding house, came one day Associate Justice John and at frequent intervals valuable M. Harlan of the United States supreme pieces of jewelry had been stolen from the various guests. The woman, who his 6 feet 5 inches and his two hundred was afterward convicted of the crime. and odd pounds weight, he walked up to A was never suspected, as she, too, claimthe cigar counter and laid down a bright ed to be having her valuables stolen new dime. Then in that deep, full from her room. voice, which his son and namesake in

Detectives were put to work on the case, and finally they traced the culprit by means of a handkerchief, dropped in a hasty retreat from one cf the rooms. The detective to whom the handkerchief was given noticed upon it a peculiar wife began using perfume, a subtle odor used at the Mother's Friend boarding house only by Mrs. Whitten, she could hardly and to her the handkerchief was traced get around. I do and then the crime.

Persons who have committed suicide not think she by jumping off ferryboats have, in could many cases, destroyed every other get means of identification except theit along handkerchiefs. These, thoughtlessly re without tained and bearing certain initials of it now. She has marks, have led to the disclosure of the used it for two suicide's name.-San Francisco Call. months and it is

A Fit Guaranteed.

Customer (at shirt counter)-Here's her. She does a shirt I bought of you the other day. her housework It's too small for me. I tore it trying to without trouble. put it on.

Mother's Friend Salesman-That's too bad, but you've spoiled it, so we can't take it back. I'll be bought specially for him as a toy if tell you what you can do, though. Go is an external liniment for expectant the possession would give so much over to the drug department. and you mothers to use. It gives them pleasure? It would not cost more than can get a small bottle of antifat for 10 an ordinary toy and in many cases cents. - Chicago Tribune. would be more valued .- New York

- The oldest university in the world is at Peking. It is called th "School for the Sons of the Empire." Its antiquity is very great, and a granite register, consisting of stone columns, 320 in number, contains the names of 60,000 graduates.

Happy is the man or woman who or rising is impossible. Don't take medicines internally. They endanger can cat a good hearty meal without suffering afterwards. If you cannot do it, take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat, and cures all forms of Dyspepsia and Indigestion. | Evans Pharmacy.

The fact that the adhesion the paper and the cloth is greater than properly sort these is evident .- Chithat between the surfaces of the paper to each other is the cause of this phecago News. nomenon.

Having now divided the paper, the two haives may be removed by damping and so loosening the glue between the calico and the paper. What was once a great and puzzling secret is no longer in the possession of one person. notes to spare may while away a winter evening in trying this experiment. -Chicago Chronicle.

Loyal and Subtle.

In its essence the following story found in the Rev. Dr. Newman Hall's autobiography, recalls an instance of flattery in a maid of honor in France, who, being asked by the queen what o'clock it was, answered, "What your majesty pleases."

The royal librarian, Woodward, at Windsor castle was showing the princess royal the large collection of miniatures. As Crowmell turned up she cried out:

"Oh, Mr. Woodward, you cannot like that man!" He replied, "Your royal highness

must know that my admiration and loyalty to your royal highness' mother are such that I cannot but reverence the memory of the man to whose struggle for liberty we owe the unspeakable blessedness of possessing such a monarch on a constitutional throne.'

"Before my

a great help to

strength to attend to their household

breasts in condition so that swelling

the lives of both mother and child.

Mother's Friend is sold by druggists for \$1.

Send for our free illustrated book.

The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

ree. Oldest agency for securing patents. ents taken through Munn & Co. received inotice, without charge, in the Scientific American. HUSBAND nely illustrated weekly. Largest cir-f any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a r months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO. 361Broadway, New York Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C. SAYS:

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY

AUGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORT LINE

In effect January S, 1899.		
vr Augusta. Ar Greenwood. Ar Anderson. Ar Laurens. Ar Greenrille. Ar Glenn Springs. Ar Spartanburg. Ar Saluda. Ar Hendersonville. Ar Asheville.	6 08 ptr.	1 40 pm 6 10 pm 6 50 am 10 15 am 9 00 am
v Asheville V Spartanburg V Glenn Springs V Greenville V Laurens V Anderson V Greenwood Ar Augusts	11 45 am 10 00 am 12 01 am 1 37 pm 2 37 pm	4 10 pm 4 00 pm 7 30 pm 7 00 am 11 10 am
Ly Calhoun Falls Ar Raleigh Ar Norfolk Ar Petersburg Ar Richmond	4 44 pm 2 16 am 7 30 am 6 00 am	
Ly Augusta Ar Allendale Ar Fairfar Ar Yemassee Ar Beaufort Ar Port Royal Ar Savannah Ar Charleston		1 00 pm 3 00 pm 3 15 pm 4 20 pm 5 20 pm 5 35 pm 6 15 pm 6 30 pm
Ly Charleston Ly Savannah Ly Port Royal		6 13 am 5 00 am 6 45 am

duties almost to the hour of confinement. It is the one and only preparation that overcomes morning sickness and nervousness. It is the only 1 55 pm 6 55 am 3 05 pm 7 55 am 8 55 am remedy that relaxes and relieves the Ly Fairfax.... Ly Allendale. strain. It is the only remedy that 9 10 am makes labor short and delivery easy. Ar Augusta It is the only remedy that puts the

Close connection at Calhoun Falls for Athena Atlanta and all points on S. A. L.

Attanta and all points on S. A. L. Close connection at Augusta for Charleston Savannah and all points. Close connections at Greenwood for all points on S. A. L., and C. & G. Railway, and at Spartanburg with Southern Poilwar

S. A. D. and C. & G. Rahway, and at opartshoors, with Southern Railway.
For any information relative to tickets, rates, schedule, etc., address
W. J. CRAIG, Gen. Pass. Agent, August 1, Ga: E. M. North, Sol. Agent.
T. M. Emerson, Traffic Manager.



- The consciousness of duty per-