

Miss Susan Galton Brown.

How She Hunted, and the Kind of Game She Bagged.

BY W. R. ROSE.

It was a very pretty prospect that confronted Miss Susan Galton Brown. The scattering white homes among the trees in the valley, the blue hills beyond with their fringes of pine trees, the clear sky that was such a novelty to the girl from the great manufacturing town—it was all bright and fresh and so delightfully clean.

She certainly was an unusual figure for that quiet neighborhood. Attired in a close fitting suit of gray, with a short walking skirt and a wide brimmed walk felt hat that concealed her beautiful hair, she might at a distance, save for the skirt, have been taken for an extremely handsome boy. Her gait would have carried out the impression—there was such an unconscious swing to it—but her high boots were not a boy's boots, and her hands were neatly gloved. Miss Susan Galton Brown carried something under her arm. It was a light magazine rifle, the gift of an adoring father; for she could shoot and fish and swim and run and do it all in a way that met that adoring father's critical approval, and there wasn't a better authority on these manly attributes in all the country round.

In short, Miss Susan Galton Brown, so her father declared, should have been born a boy, but as that couldn't be she certainly was, as far as the shooting and fishing went, an admirable substitute. Naturally Susan was an only child. She never would have benefited by all these advantages if she had not been. She had minor talents, of course—an education rounded off in a finishing school, a pleasing smattering of music, a taste for art that was only second to her taste for nature. But all these were quite dwarfed, in her daddy's opinion, by those manly attributes that he so assiduously cultivated. She was his companion on long hunting and fishing trips and an ideal companion at that. "By Jove," he would say, "Sue couldn't be improved upon! She never grumbles at her luck and never growls at me for dragging her to places where game never runs and fish never bite. She is one girl in ten thousand."

It is needless to say that quiet Elmwood looked upon this accomplished young woman with a very doubtful expression. She was a little too advanced—that was the term they used—for Elmwood's old fashioned ideas of maidenly modesty. The mothers of Elmwood held her up as an example of the beneficent coming woman, and the girls of Elmwood thought her dreadfully bold and secretly envied her. As for the men—well, there were but few of them in Elmwood whose opinion was worth recording, and of these a mere handful dared to express an honest opinion in the face of the universal feminine condemnation. Of these independent souls it must be admitted that Mr. John Cortwright stood first and foremost.

If Miss Susan Galton Brown knew of the unfavorable light in which her short skirt and her Teddy hat had placed her, and there is no doubt she did, the matter failed to worry her in the least. She had come down to Elmwood to stay a month with her maiden aunt—her dead mother's only sister—who lived in the big white mansion on Main street, just beyond the Baptist meeting house. It was this fond aunt who had invited Jack Cortwright to call, and although this was a particular youth, with high ideals of womanhood, he called again and again and again. What was strange about it, too, was that Jack hailed from the east and from Puritan surroundings at that. Yet with all this discreet bringing-up he certainly was fascinated with the wild western hoiden.

They all said that Jack Cortwright was a rising young man. Boston capitalists had sent him, fresh from college, to the western town to look after their interests in certain undeveloped coal mining property that lay a few miles north of Elmwood, and Jack had taken off his coat metaphorically and gone to work to develop it. There was plenty of capital behind him, and he had built a railway branch to the mine and started a bank in Elmwood, of which he was temporary cashier, and stirred the little town into making certain improvements that had long been discussed. In short, Jack Cortwright was recognized even by those who didn't approve of his revolutionary tactics to be the liveliest factor of progress the sleepy little hamlet had ever known.

Miss Susan Galton Brown had poor success that bright October afternoon. She didn't rouse a solitary rabbit. But, after all, it was the tramp who after rather than the game. Still she must have a shot at something. So she pinned a brilliant leaf to a tree trunk and at 20 paces split it at the first trial. Miss Susan Galton Brown smiled with satisfaction and gathered up

the target. She would send it to daddy that evening with a long letter she meant to write. It would be particularly long because she intended to tell him about Jack. And here she blushed a little—a feminine failing that she hadn't quite eradicated.

The sun was still high above the hills when she started to return to her aunt's. As she went down the old state road a sudden clattering caused her to turn her head. Three men mounted on powerful horses came trotting down the slope. Susan stepped aside to let them pass, and one of the horses, catching sight of her, suddenly sprang aside and almost unseated his rider. Susan looked up anxiously and saw, to her astonishment, that the man's heavy beard was twisted very much to one side. But he quickly regained his seat, with an oath, and striking the horse, clattered after his companions. Susan wondered why the man was disguised and dimly fancied that the three rough looking strangers were up to some mischief. But she was thinking of Jack the next moment, and the strange incident was shelved.

A few moments of brisk walking brought her to the brow of the hill where the road turned sharply and ran at an oblique along the side of the steep descent. Susan seated herself on a log and looked down into the village, which lay, as it were, at her very feet. She traced the one long street of the hamlet, which was but a continuation of the highway, and followed its dusty line past her aunt's trim home, and the little park, with its soldiers' monument, and the town hall and then along to the bank—Jack's bank—and there her gaze rested.

Miss Susan's eyes were good ones, and the air was very clear. She saw a horseman sitting in his saddle at the bank door. He was holding the bridles of two riderless horses. Even as she noted this the two riders rushed from the building and leaped into their saddles. There were puffs of white smoke and sharp detonations. Susan could see people running in wild confusion. Then the three riders started at a sharp canter up the road. Every dozen yards or so one would turn in his saddle and fire down the roadway.

Susan knew that this strange scene meant. It was a daylight bank robbery—one of a series that had terrorized all the countryside during the past summer. The three robbers were retreating with their plunder. What had happened in the bank? Why was Jack not pursuing them? She suddenly turned sick and cold.

Then an indescribable impulse seized her. She let herself over the edge of the bank and began a mad scramble down the steep declivity. She meant to intercept the ruffians. She slid, she stumbled, once she fell, but she never let go her hold on her precious rifle. And then, as the earth suddenly seemed falling away from her, she reached the level ground in a confused heap. But she was up on her feet in a moment. The highway was directly before her. The robbers were cantering by. The man in the rear was the man with the beard, and he had a coarse bag flung across the saddle before him. He was directly opposite Susan, as she plunged down to the edge of the roadway. He must have taken her for an enemy, for his glittering revolver flew up, and he fired in her direction quite at random. Susan felt a sudden twitch at her broad brimmed hat and quickly dropped behind some bushes that lined the roadway. The barrel of her rifle rose. The robber was rapidly increasing the distance between them. Could she shoot this man in cold blood? She had him covered. A moment more and it might be too late. She thought of Jack and fired.

The horse of the fleeing man suddenly leaped to one side and flung his rider heavily to the earth. As he went down he dragged the bag of plunder with him. The riderless horse galloped after his companions. Then Susan Galton Brown sprang into the roadway and fired five shots in rapid succession after the two horsemen. She did not aim to hit them, but rather to frighten them away. They hesitated a moment and then dashed madly ahead, the riderless horse galloping in the rear. Susan ran forward to the prostrate man. He was unconscious. She stooped over him for a moment and then drew away the coarse bag. As she suspected, it was half filled with currency. She shuddered as she looked at the livid face of the ruffian and then at the blood that was slowly saturating his coat sleeve. She began to feel a little faint.

She was aroused by the sound of wheels and the shouting of a man. A light phaeton was coming toward her. In a moment she recognized the driver as the local livery stable proprietor. He leaped out beside her. "Nailed him, didn't you?" he shouted in a paroxysm of excitement. "I was just ready to drive out of my stable when they pelted by. As I got into the roadway I saw you blazin' away. Kill him?" "No," said Susan; "he is stunned by the fall from his horse. I only aimed to break his shoulder." She was astonished at the steadiness of her voice.

"You done it all right!" cried the liveryman. "By George," he shrieked, "it's Jim Bascom himself!" Susan felt her head going round. "Mr. Tompkins," she said, "will you kindly drive me to the bank as quickly as you can?" "Yes, ma'am, I will," he replied,

with great heartiness. "I've got the stuff there, have you? Jump in."

And a moment later they were speeding toward the bank. They had not gone 20 yards when they met the first group of hastily armed men who were on the trail of the robbers. "You'll find Jim Bascom lynin up there," shouted the liveryman. "She shot him, an we've got the bank stuff all here!" And he touched up his horse again. And the next group heard the same story and the next and the next, and they all turned and stared after blushing Susan Brown.

And then they were at the bank. There was a little crowd about the door, but they quickly made way for Susan and the liveryman and the precious bag.

And there was Jack sitting up in a big chair, and somebody was bathing his head, and he was blinking queerly, like a man slowly waking up, but he suddenly seemed to regain his faculties when Susan Brown, forgetful of all eyes about her, suddenly dropped on her knees beside him and put up her loving arms and cried, "Oh, Jack!"

"Why, Susan, dear!" murmured Jack. "There, there, don't worry. I'm just a little dazed. One of those crows hit me over the head with something from behind and stunned me. I'm almost all right again."

"Oh, Jack," moaned Susan Brown. "I thought they might have killed you, and—and I shot the man and—and got the money back—oh, oh, oh!" And here poor Susan quite broke down and, putting her face against Jack's rough coat, sobbed convulsively. And Mr. Tompkins told what he knew, and then the astonished and delighted Jack turned the recovered treasure over to his assistant, who had been temporarily absent at the time of the attack, and, borrowing the happy Mr. Tompkins' phaeton, drove Susan to her aunt's.

"Oh, Jack," she murmured on the way, "it was so unwomanly and so cold blooded!" "I'm afraid it was, my dear," said Jack in a painfully solemn voice. "But as it saved the bank in which I am intimately interested \$37,000 in cold cash and at the same time appears to have broken up the most desperate gang of thieves the state has ever known I fear I must condone the fault. But you will promise not to do it again, won't you, dear?"

And Miss Susan Galton Brown promised.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Rules of Life.

The vault in the dilapidated little grave-yard opposite New Orleans where the body of John McDonogh, known to American history as an eccentric philanthropist, was first laid was kept in order for years after the removal of McDonogh's remains, writes Randolph Nelson in the Ledger Monthly. A faithful negro who had been one of McDonogh's slaves for years attended to this. Chiseled in the stone of the vault are the following rules which McDonogh formulated when he was but 24 years of age for the guidance of his life:

"Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of our existence.

"Time is gold; throw not one minute of it away, but place each one to account.

"Do unto all men as you would be done by.

"Never bid another do what you can do yourself.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

"Never think any matter so trivial as not to deserve notice.

"Never covet what is not your own.

"Never give out that which does not first come in.

"Never spend but to produce.

"Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life.

"Study in the course of your life to do the greatest possible amount of good.

"Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity and frugality.

"Labor, then, to the last moment of your existence.

"Pursue strictly the above rules and divine blessing and riches of every kind will flow upon you to your heart's content; but, first of all, remember that the first and great study of your life should be to tend by all the means in your power to the honor and glory of the Divine Creator.

"The conclusion at which I have arrived is that without temperance there is no health, without virtue no order, without religion no happiness, and the sum of our being is to live wisely, soberly and righteously."

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—Probably the smallest monarch in the world reigns over the Hindoo vassal state of Bhopal, and governs a people of more than a million souls. This dwarf is a woman, Djihan Begum by name, but although she is about fifty years old, she does not appear larger than a child of ten.

How to Get Rich.

The New York World says: General Joseph Wheeler, who made a notable "hit" with the people of this country by his gallantry in the Spanish war, made another "hit" almost as notable with the citizens of the Bowery last night. He spoke under the auspices of the Church Temperance Society at Squirrel Inn, No. 131 Bowery, and the representative audience that packed the assembly room cheered him to the echo.

General Wheeler's speech was appropriate for the place inasmuch as in telling his hearers "How to Succeed in Life" he vigorously condemned the use of liquor and tobacco. He used two prominent men as models of success—J. P. Morgan and Charles M. Schwab. Incidentally he said that no race could equal Irishmen in fighting.

"During all my life," said General Wheeler, "I have had requests from young men for letters which would help them to get situations. I always say to them: 'Go to the place of business where you want to get work and tell the proprietor that you have come to make your fortune and are willing to work hard for it, and that if he will give you a trial you will come without pay for a month.'

"After you have got a place be always ready to work. To do that you must not go to the theater. You must go to bed early and get up early, so as to be at your place of business five minutes before you have to. Then when you are told to do something, do it and come back so quickly that they won't know you've been gone. In a year you will be dictating salaries, and not they."

"In the last few years business conditions have undergone a great change. These big combinations have been created, and while some people believe they have done a great deal of harm, my advice to young men is to adapt themselves to conditions as they find them, and not try to change them, because they can't do it.

"I meet every night a man who 19 years ago had no better chance than any man in this hall. He had a place at \$9 a week in the Homestead Iron works. There he did his duty to the best of his power, and every time a man was wanted for a place a little better than the one he held, he seemed to be the man selected. In that 19 years he has climbed up, till now he controls a corporation with a capital of \$1,100,000, an amount as great as our country spent in the first 40 years of its existence.

"I learned from this man, Mr. Schawb, that he had never used any tobacco or liquor in his life. The

other night I said to him, 'I've been told that these corporations, all other things being equal, that make is preferred for promotion who never drinks nor smokes.' 'That is my invariable rule with the two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand men I employ,' said he. 'I find that when two men are equal otherwise, the one who doesn't smoke or drink is the most valuable.'

"There never was an instance on earth of a man working himself to death. It's the most harmless dissipation a man can go into."

General Wheeler went on to say that many a man killed himself by whiskey and tobacco whose death was assigned by the doctors to overwork. "No man can succeed," he earnestly declared, "in following frivolity instead of duty."

General Wheeler then went on to eulogize J. P. Morgan, and told of a recent conversation between some "heavy financiers," who said that Mr. Morgan got \$15,000,000 in commissions for organizing the United States Steel corporation, and who laid his success to his record for always strictly keeping his word.

—Only in seventeen States can a married woman dispose of her separate and independent estate by will. In the remaining twenty-eight States she must have the consent of her husband before she can will her own property as she may wish.

Southern Railway—Reduced Rates.

CINCINNATI, O., and return, account International Christian Endeavor Convention, July 16th, 1901. Rate of one first class fare for the round trip from all points on lines of Southern Railway. Tickets to be sold July 6th, 8th and 9th, with final limit July 16th, 1901. By depositing tickets (in person) with Joint Agent at Cincinnati on or before July 10th, and on payment of a fee of fifty cents an extension of final limit will be permitted to September 1st, 1901.

DETROIT, MICH., and return, account National Educational Association Meeting, July 12th, 1901. Rate of one first class fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00 membership fee from all points on Southern Railway. Tickets to be sold July 6th, 8th and 9th, with final limit July 16th, 1901. By depositing tickets (in person) with Joint Agent at Detroit on or before July 12th, and on payment of a fee of fifty cents at time of deposit an extension of final limit until September 1st, 1901 will be permitted.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., and return, account General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in U. S., May 15th—20th, 1901. Rate of one first class fare for the round trip from all points on the lines of Southern Railway. Tickets to be sold May 14th, 15th and 16th, with final limit June 1st, 1901.

WEST POINT, MISS., and return, account General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church May 16th—24th, 1901. Rate of one first class fare for the round trip from all points on lines of Southern Railway. Tickets to be sold May 14th to 1st inclusive. Final limit May 23rd.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., and return, account General Association Meeting, May 29th—31st, 1901. Rate of one first class fare for the round trip from all points on lines of Southern Railway. Tickets to be sold May 28th, 29th and 30th, with final limit June 1st, 1901. By depositing tickets with Joint Agent (in person) at New Orleans on or before May 28th, 1901, and payment of a fee of one cent an extension of the final limit will be permitted to June 8th, 1901.

MEMPHIS, TENN., and return, account Annual Convention National Travelers' Protective Association of America, June 22nd—26th, 1901. Rate of one first class fare for the round trip from all points on lines of Southern Railway. Tickets to be sold June 1st, 2nd and 3rd, with final limit eight days from date of sale.

For detailed information as to rates, schedules, connections or addresses of the Southern Railway or connections, apply to W. H. TAYLOR, General Agent, G. P. O., Atlanta, Ga.

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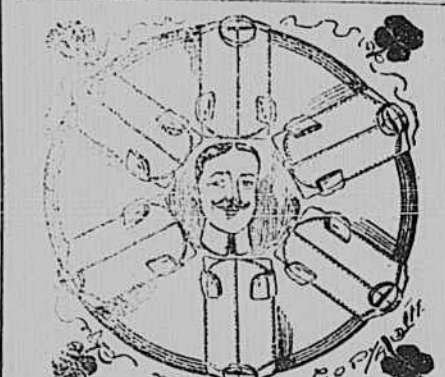
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REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

THE undersigned have formed a Real Estate Agency under the name of Tribble & Edwards, for the purpose of negotiating sales or purchases of Real Estate, both in the City and County, and also attending to the renting; a collecting of rents of such property. Several desirable Houses and Lots for sale now.

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THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON, COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

F. C. Crayton, Plaintiff, against Mrs. Talulah B. Kay, Defendant.—Summons for Relief—Complaint Served.

To the Defendant Mrs. Talulah B. Kay: YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action of which a copy is filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court for said County this day, and to serve a copy of your answer to said Complaint on the undersigned at their office, Anderson, S. C., within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Anderson, S. C., April 18th, 1901.

FILED April 18th, 1901.

[Seal of the Court]

To the above Defendant Mrs. Talulah B. Kay: You will take notice that the Complaint in this action was this day filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court for said County.

H. J. MERTIN, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SHERRARD & GRICE, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

8th April, 1901

NOTICE.

THE Supervisor gives notice that from this date he can be found in the office each Monday and Saturday, and will be out of the country or all other days as business requires.

J. N. VANDIVER, Co. Supervisor A. C.

Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Mrs. E. T. Miller, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 16th day of May, 1901, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and discharge from his office as Administrator.

A. H. REED, Adm'r.

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