THE MAN EATER

"The man eater is mad!" I looked at the tall Texan appre-

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"I know it. I had my suspicions yesterday, and now there is no doubt of it." "Are you certain?" I asked.

This was serious. The man eater was the largest and most ferocious bloodhound in Texas. It was hard enough to control him at any time, but mad! I shuddered at the thought.

My week's visit at the Bolton ranch had satisfied me that my host really cared for only two things in the world—his daughters and the

"Where is Miss Sallie?" I in-

quired anxiously. "Oh, that's all right," replied Bolon carelessly. "Sallie took her ton carelessly.

pony and went for a ride an hour ago, and the hound is safe wough. I took him by the collar just now and locked him up where he won't get at anybody. But it breaks me up, old fellow. I wouldn't lose him for anything.'

My interest began to weaken. Miss Sallie was safe, and the dog was locked up. What was a blood-hound to me? If the savage monster died, so much the better. I walked off to the stable. ride over the prairie was not to be

missed on such a morning, and there would be a chance of riding back with Sallie. But I was doomed to disappointment. My horse was lame. It did

not take long to convince me that somebody had been riding him the night before.

Just then Pedro came in sight. The ugly little Mexican gave a start when he saw me and looked away. "You yellow rascal!" I shouted.

"You had my horse last night!" "No, senor." "You are lying!"

"No, by all the saints, senor." "Then where were you at midnight?" "I was attending to my business,"

He looked so viciously mean and so impudent that I gave him a light cut with my whip and told him to get out of my sight. He muttered something and slunk off. There was other animal that I cared to ride, and I made up my mind to walk.

snapped Pedro.

I had left the ranch several hundred yards behind me when I turned and looked back. Even at that distance I could plainly recognize Pedro. He was walking around a lit-tle cabin back of the kitchen and was apparently peeping through the cracks.

"Looking at the man eater," I said to myself. "It is a good thing the beast is locked up.'

The bracing morning air and the level prairie stretching out before me for miles tempted me to take a long walk. A long way off I could see a hill, the only one in all that flat country. Why not climb it and see what was on the other side? Perhaps Sallie was over there. So I walked on with swinging

strides for a couple of miles. Suddenly I came to a dead halt. "That sounds like the man eater's

bark!" I exclaimed. Again I heard it and stopped a moment. For an instant my muscles were paralyzed. I was absolutely unable

A thousand horrible thoughts rushed into my mind.

If this mad bloodhound was on

my track my case was hopeless. I could not get back to the ranch.

There was not a tree in sight, and the hill was still miles away. What was to be done? I summoned all my strength and

made a run at the top of my speed.

I kept on as long as I could and then paused to rest and listen. The man eater was coming my way, but not much faster than I

I resumed my flight. Would a mad dog have his usual keen instinct about him? Would he pur-

sue the trail or become confused and give it up? These thoughts inspired me with a faint hope. If the dog's slow progress enabled me to reach the hill, where there was timber, I could alime.

climb a tree, or possibly he would be missed, and his master would ride in pursuit. From one point where there was a

gentle rise in the prairie I could see in the distance a moving speck.
It was the man eater steadily following my trail!

My surmise turned out to be partly correct. The animal seemed to be at fault. He would stop and run back a few yards and branch off aimlessly in every direction.

But this did not last long. After a series of eccentric movements the hound would get on my track again and rush forward.

He was gaining, and my chances of reaching the hill began to look gloomy.

For the next fifteen minutes I did some good running, but when I turned to cast a backward glance I could see the dog more plainly than

One thing encouraged me; he did not appear to see me, but blundered on in a clumsy, dazed sort of way.

There were no streams to cross, nothing that would throw him off the scent. I had no weapon, only a small pocketknife, and a fight with a mad dog was out of the question.

My strength was giving out, and I felt that the end was not far off.

When I again tooked back, the dog was not more than 300 yards away, and the base of the hill was still a mile off.

A spasm of terror seized me, but to my surprise the great brute sud-denly sat down on his haunches and howled plaintively.

It was a minute or two before he found the trail again. If his malady had dimmed his sight and confused him, there was still a chance forme, but it was a slim one. With a tremendous effort I broke

forward on my last run. This time I would reach the hill or turn at the last moment and die making a vain effort to choke the monster. The blood rushed to my head, and

I could hardly see anything as I darted on at the top of my speed. The hound was rapidly making headway and at last seemed to have

me in view. A glance over my shoulder showed him not a hundred yards Everything was in a whirl. Some-

body was riding out from behind the hill and coming my way. The hat, the riding habit—I could not be mistaken—it was Sallie Bolton.

But my race was nearly run. Even with help in sight I could bear up no longer. The girl was riding like the wind, and I could see that she had a lasso in one hand. I knew that this cattle queen, as

the cowboys called her, could do anything almost with a lasso, but would she get there in time?

The man eater came bounding on, and Sallie rode straight at him like a little thunderbolt. She whirled the lasso over and over around her head, and-but it was too late. I could hear the dog panting behind

A wave of darkness rolled over me as I fell to the ground just as I heard something swish through the

But I was up in a minute-just in time to see my rescuer give a pull that tightened the lasso around the, dog's neck. A few convulsions, and the dog was strangled-dead within six feet of me. My thanks were cut wagon driven by one of Bolton's neighbors, who offered to take me back to the ranch, an invitation not to be declined under the circum-

Sallie Bolton rode on ahead, and when I reached the house her father was waiting to congratulate me upon my escape. "It was Pedro's work," he said. "He unlocked the door and set the dog on your trail—at least I think so. He had a key, and he has disappeared."

Undoubtedly it was Pesso. He had been trying to pay me back. I have never seen the Boltons since my adventure with the man eater, but I am not likely to forget the little cattle queen while I live.

He Meant the Bird.

Some time ago a man got a curi ous present from a sea captain. It was a fine specimen of the bird which the sailors call the "laughing jackass," and he was not a little proud of it. As he was carrying it home he met a brawny Irish who stopped him and asked: "Phwat kind of burrd is that,"

"That's a laughing jackass," explained the owner genially.

The Irishman, thinking he was being made fun of, was equal to the occasion and responded with a twinkle of the eve:

"It's not yersilf; it's the burrd Oi mane, sorr!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Patron of the Realistic School.

as they sat down in a corner of the of his congregation. magnificent library of the new

long as we can afford it. Of course s'pose that them chromos are better beats yours for that, sir."—London than nothing for the poor things, Tit-Bits. but I just told Josiah when we commenced building this place that there wouldn't be anything except real paintings in it if I could have my way, and every picture here is realism."—Chicago Record-Herald.

New York who have popular eating houses all over the city likes to interpolate little literary morsels on his advertisement cards.

Here are three appropriate ones which he printed recently: "Coffee, which makes the politician wise," Pope. "Dispatch is the soul of business," Chesterfield. "Let good digestion wait on appetite," Shakespeare.—New York Tribune.

"Come out of that, you big coward! Come out of that!"—Chums.

A Careless Boy.

Keep your vital organs in good condition if you would have health duing the malarial season. Prickly Ash Bitters cleanses and strengthens the stomach, liver and bowels and self to death to support my family

- Some men are so lucky that when they get up in the night and go down to the dining room to get a drink of water they will walk on the fly paper with their bare feet if it is stuck to the ceiling.

- It is but natural that the boarding school girl would rather board than keep house after she is married.

-The man who says he never makes a mistake probably doesn't know one when he sees it.

- If you start out in the morning with a smile on your face you will be people you meet.

PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHING. Optimism a Supreme Sedative—Worry is Bad For the Health.

Again a word about the philosophy of laughter. When the system is nerved and is making conscious or unconscious effort, the nerves that tighten the walls of the blood vessels are hard at work, and pressure in the arteries is great; but a hearty laugh, as Brucke's interesting experiments show, tends to bring the blood over into the veins where there is no pressure, relieves the arteries and brings the exquisite sensations of relaxation of rest. This is favored even by the attitude of a hearty laugh. To draw in a full breath, throw back the head, open

the mouth and let the expiration "gurgle forth with sonorous intermittence," to quote a phrase from the "Philosophy of Laughter," and to do it again and again slowly throws off the chains of the world's great taskmaster and brings us back, back toward the primeval paradise, where there was nothing but joy,

and sin and sorrow were unknown. Once more, optimism is one of the supreme sedatives. There are men who worry because the sun will sometimes go out and the earth grow dead and cold like the moon, or the coal measures be exhausted, or the fertile areas of the world dry up because of the denudation of forests, but the philosophy of health is that the best things have not hap-pened; that man's history has only just begun; that, on the whole, there has been steady progress; that in virtue, comfort, knowledge, arts, religion and nearly if not quite all the essentials of the further development of man, faith in human nature and belief in a future better than the present is the conclusion of every philosophy of development and evolution. It is our good fortune to live in a day of the evolution of evolution, and this is giving a new meaning to the very word progress and makes us feel that the world is rational and beneficent to the core and that where conscious purpose short by the appearance of a light and effort fail we sink back into everlasting arms. This is a sanifying point of view authorized now by both science and religion and is a good psychic state to sleep on or in which to enter the great rest.—Ains-

lee's Magazine. Too Much Fault Finding. Henry Crabb Robinson, the kindly and philosophic barrister, once gave an effectual rebuke to the hab-

it of fault finding. It was, as we read in his diary, during a visit to He had spent the day in sightsee-ing with a London acquaintance, who said to him at parting, "I will

call for you tomorrow." "I will thank you not to call," replied Robinson. "I would rather not see anything else with you, and I will tell you frankly why. I came to Paris to enjoy myself, and that enjoyment needs the accompaniment of sympathy with others. Now, you dislike everything and find fault with everything. You see nothing which you do not find inferior to what you have seen before. This may be all very true, but it makes me uncomfortable. So I shall be glad to see you in London, but no more in Paris."

A Judge of Sermons.

A clergyman in Scotland invited Bishop Selwyn to preach in his church. As usual his lordship gave an impressive and beautiful sermon, which at the same time was perfectly plain and simple. The rector was delighted and said as much on meet-"Do you prefer realism or the delighted and said as much on meetideal in art?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle ing one of the most regular members

"Well, sir, I don't think so much neighbors. of it," rejoined the man. "It was "Oh," said her hostess, "I would so simple any child could have unnot have anything but realism as derstood it. For my part, I like a sermon which confuses your head if people ain't got much money I for a week. I don't know any which

A Safe Refuge.

A certain wild beast tamer had been on bad terms for some time with one of his neighbors, and the other day, as the result of a violent quarrel, the latter, with a friend, attacked the former just before he One of the restaurant men of was timed to give his performance.

The tamer, unwilling to make a scene, took refuge in the lion's den. Judge of the amusement of the spectators when they beheld the two men standing in front of the cage and shouting through the bars at

regular intervals:

Mrs. Boggs-Little Johnny has lost his knife, and I was thinking-Mr. Boggs — What? Has that boy lost another knife? It's outrageous! Here I am slaving myhelps the system to resist disease and everything going to rack and kerms. Evans Pharmacy. ruin. That was a good knife, and

Mrs. Boggs-I was thinking, my dear, that as I have found six or eight knives that you have lost you might give him one of them.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. 25c.

- Many a man makes a fool of himage to do otherwise.

- According to the small boy's ver-

sion a thin slice of cake is better than

MAXIMS OF A WITTY ABBE.

A Notable Eighteenth Century Figure in French Society. Some of the maxims and anecdotes of Nicholas de Chamfort, the witty abbe, who during the latter half of the eighteenth century was such a notable figure in French society, have been translated by Mr. W. G. Hutchison and published by a London from Human and published by a London from Human and the second seco don firm. Here are some samples of the abbe's wit as rendered by the

translator: "Living is a disease from the pains of which sleep easea us every sixteen hours. Sleep is but a palliative; death alone is the cure."

The worst wasted of all days is that in which one has not laughed." "Tis not generally known how much wit a man requires to avoid being ridiculous."

"The best philosophical attitude to adopt toward the world is a union of the sarcasm of gayety with the indulgence of contempt

"Society would be a charming af-fair if we were only interested in one another." "There is no history worthy of attention save that of free nations. The history of nations under the

sway of despotism is no more than a collection of anecdotes." Some of his anecdotes are good. Mme. de Talmont, seeing M. de Richelieu neglecting her to pay at-tentions to Lime. de Brionne, a very beautiful woman, but said to be rather stupid, remarked to him, "You are not blind, marshal, but I cannot help thinking you a little

'Mlle. Duthe having lost a lover and the affair causing some talk, a man who called to see her found her playing the harp and said with surprise: "Good heavens! I was expecting to find you desolated with grief." "Ah," she exclaimed in a pathetic tone, "you ought to have seen me yesterday!"

A woman was at a performance of the tragedy of "Merope" and did not weep. Surprise was expressed. "I could cry my eyes out," she said, "but I have to go out to supper tonight."

What Causes Fogs.

Fogs are, generally speaking, caused by the precipitation of the moisture of the atmosphere. They are formed when a warm stratum of atmosphere comes in contact with a cold stratum or with a portion of the earth's surface, as a hill, by which it is cooled so that it can no longer hold as much moisture in solution as before. This causes the frequent fogs in mountain regions. When a cold stratum of air come over a moist, warm part of the earth's surface, a fog is also formed. This is the cause of the mists that appear over lakes, rivers and marshes in the evening, since the water is then warmer than the atmosphere above it. The blackness and density of London fogs are caused by the simple fact that the mist formed in the upper air mingles with the ascending clouds of smoke from hundreds of thousands of chimneys and, descending, brings the smoke with it and settles like a pall above the buildings and in the streets of the

A Boy Who Did His Duty.

A gentleman went into a fancy shop one day to buy something. It was early, and the shopkeeper's little boy and he were alone in the house. The shopkeeper had to go upstairs to get his cash box in order to procure some change, but before doing so he went into the little room next to the shop and whispered to the boy:

"Watch the gentleman that he doesn't steal anything," and, bringing him out, sat him on the coun-

As soon as the shopkeerer re-turned the child sang out: "Pa, he didn't steal anything. I watched him."-London Tit-Bits.

A Simple Change.

The little daughter of the house watched the minister who was making a visit very closely and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate.

"What are you doing?" asked the clergyman.
"I'm making your picture," said

the child. The minister sat very still, and the child worked away earnestly. Then she stopped and compared her work with the original and shook

her head. "I don't like it much," she said. "'Tain't a great deal like you. I think I'll put a tail to it and call it

A Somewhat Clever Rat.

The Pioneer tells a story of a rat which on one occasion was caught alive on a ship and thrown over-board. A sea gull was floating by the side of the ship. Immediately there ensued a battle royal, and the rat strangled the sea gull to death. He then sat upon the carcass of the sea gull, unfurled its left wing to catch the wind and, working the right wing as an oar, set sail for the shore! comparing Cæsar with Napoleon. "But, after all, Cæsar was a gentleman."

- Time works wondrous chauges. Diogenes hunted for an honest man years ago, but now detectives are hunting for dishonest men.

- If a girl has two proposals, one from a man she understands and the other from a man she doesn't, it's ten to one the mysterious man will win

- The poor girl thinks it's posisurprised at the number of pleasant self because he hasn't the moral courtively wicked for a man to marry for ____ If there is anything ridiculous

FATIGUE SENSE.

The Feeling That Notifies Man When It is Time to Rest.

"I hardly know who are most to be pitied, the rich or idle and lazy who underwork or the very poor who must overwork to live," says a writer in Ainslee's. "The former grow flabby or tense, according to their heredity, in both muscle and mind, become fastidious, finicky and sentimental, are especially prone to yield to temptations of drink and excesses, must aimlessly change their interests, location and pursuits from sheer ennui, are easily bored and finally lose the power of being strenuous about anything. The effects of an inactive life upon the offspring are sometimes sadly and markedly degenerate.

"The overworked, especially if young, are prone to many forms of arrest. Children are undergrown in both height and weight. They are robbed of the paradise of leisure, which is the literal translation of the Greek word school. The high ideals and ambitions normal to adolescence fade into a dull state of apathy and discouragement and at worst of smoldering revolt against the existing order of things. To be always tired is miserable, and individual or social misery is a powder magazine liable to explode at any

"Man is endowed with a fatigue sense that tells him when he is tired. It seems to be a specific feeling, due perhaps to accumulated products of decomposition in the muscles. This pain tire is a warning to stop or let up. It is, however, possible to press on in defiance of it, and if we persist in so doing there comes a point when this fatigue sense is itself fatigued and tired out and ceases to act. This is when runners get their second breath; when those beginning night work have fought through the period of sleepiness that comes when they have been wont to go to bed and feel very wide awake and alert, as if they could go on forever. But the day of reckoning comes. They are now living on their capital, which is being rapidly overdrawn."

What a Dozen Is. The child is taught at school that dozen means twelve every time, but when the child grows into a man he finds that a dozen is a very elastic term. A baker's dozen is thirteen, and so is a publisher's or a news agent's in many parts of the world. In some sections a dozen of fish means twenty-six, and there are other anomalies of this kind. But to find a dozen indicating anything from two to fifty it is necessary to go to the earthenware trade.

Here the size and weight of articles decide how many make a dozen, and in jugs, bowls, plates and so on there are two, four, six, eight or more to the dozen. A dozen composed of twelve articles is a very unusual thing in the wholesale pottery trade, and as a result there are few clerkships more difficult to hold neighbor is probably wondering like than in this line. I tried the work once and failed ignominiously. To have to find the cost of 500 articles at so much a dozen when that dozen may mean anything is a very difficult task until a man gets thoroughly used to it .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Superstitions About Crows.

There are perhaps few who have not heard of crows that "one is lucky, two is unlucky, three is health, four is wealth, five sickness and six death." The unluckiness of one living crow is of ancient date, since the Greeks believed that if such a bird appeared at a wedding breakfast there would be a divorce, to avert which all roared out, "Maiden, scare away the crow!" But of far greater antiquity was the belief that if the one crow were dead the evil portent also perished, since, according to Horus Apollo, it signified extreme old age or a very long life. According to what Hesiod tells us, the crow lives nine times as long as a man.

Origin of the Word "Money." In tracing out the origin or derivation of the word "money" you find it is from the Roman word "Moneta," because the first regular coins of the Romans were "struck" in the temple of Juno Moneta. The word "coin" is no doubt from the Latin "cuneus," meaning a die or stamp. Many coins are so called from their original weight, as the English "pound," the French "livre" and the Italian "lira."

Talleyrand's Clever Retort.

Napoleon described Talleyrand as one whose face would preserve a smile while he was being kicked from behind. Talleyrand had his revenge. "It is a pity," he said,
"that so great a man should have
such bad manners." And the mot will cling to Napoleon forever. Macaulay has said the same thing in

The best physic—Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Easy to take. Pleasant in effect. For sale by Orr-Gray & Co.

about a wig it is the head it covers.

- Fortunate is the young man who possesses a full set of good habits. - Most men would rather borrow than be caught begging or stealing.

- One active cause of a shrinkage in values is the assessor's visit.

WAYS OF THE SHAD.

Their Migrations and How They Live at Spawning Time.

Shad fishing is hard and precarious work. The fisherman must count on having his clothes always soaked with icy April water. Often, too, the nets come in empty, and then there is nothing to do but to make another cast and hope for better luck.

A remarkable fact noticed by fishermen is that the identical shad apparently frequent the same streams year after year. To prove this they point out that those taken in Florida waters are smaller than shad caught in the north, while in different streams the fish differ in form,

thickness and shape.
After entering the rivers the shad take little if any food previous to spawning, but afterward they will bite at flies or any shining object floating in the water. They have even been known to snap at artificial bait. The toothless mouth of the adult is unfit for feeding upon anything except minute animal matter found in the water. Food is rarely found in their stomachs, the only substance commonly seen there be ing something closely resembling black mud. From this it is supposed that the shad swim with mouths extended, swallowing the animal life that swarms in the water and on this growing plump and sweet .- Outing.

Character In Umbrellas.

One's character is said to be revealed with infallible accuracy by the way he holds and carries an umbrella. One enthusiast, who has made a study of the public's umbrella manners, has announced that he would want no better guide in choosing his wife than to watch her furl and carry her umbrella.

The man who pokes you in the ribs with his umbrella, for instance, does not alone announce by such an act that he is rude or careless. To the experienced eye he actually lays bare the innermost secrets of his character.

The man or woman who carries an umbrella with the point back ward and downward is unassertive. On the other hand, persons who in walking carry their umbrellas by the handles, with the points continually extended or pointing forward, will be found self assertive and energetic. The pedestrian who grabs an umbrella in the middle and goes

- In the game of life the onearmed man plays a lone hand.

- A man never knows whether a woman's hat is on straight or crooked. - The average wife imagines her husband would have remained a bach-

elor if he had not been fortunate enough to meet her. - A man is always wondering what his neighbor thinks of him-and his

- Most women would despise themselves if they were as innocent as they pretend to be. - Any pretty woman's jaw is a thing of beauty-when it isn't working.

- It is one thing to do a good act

and it is another to say nothing about - A man must have self-confidence to enable him to ignore his own mis-

- Few women make successful lawyers; they are unable to break themselves of the habit of giving free ad-

- Social training enables one to appear interested when he isn't. - Some men like to fish because it's the next thing to doing nothing.

- A hobby is an idea that goes around with a crank. - About the only perfect people in the world are the perfect fools.



The Thief... ...of Beauty Is Captured by Bradfield's Regulator.

Thousands of young women are awaking to the fact that inherited comliness has been stoler Inousands of young women are awaking to the fact that inherited comliness has been stolen away and instead of glowing cheeks, bright eyes and smooth brows, the tell-tale wrinkles of pain have taken the place of these former charms.

These are the warning feelings! Weak, tired and exhausted in the morning, no life, no ambition to enter upon their former pleasures, irritable, cross, discouraged, dull hendaches, general dispirited feeling, sleepless nights, cold feet, poor circulation, "bearing down" pains. All these symptoms indicate deranged and weakened or crown in the control of the

Bradfield's Female Regulator

The most strengthening, invigorating, menstrual regulator in the world.

It relieves nainful menstruation, profuse menstruation, obstructed menstruation, inflammation of the vagina, displacement, membranol catarrh, nervousness, headaches, it cetera, Beauty of face and symmetry of form are the result of the use of these health drops.

Of druggists \$1.00. Our book, Perfect Health for Women, mailed free. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.

Is Yellow Poison

In your blood? Physicians call it malarial germ. It can be seen changing red blood yellow under a microcope. It works day and night. First, it turns your complexion yellow.
Chills, aching sensations creep down
your back bone. You feel weak and

Roberts' Chill Tonic

Enters the blood, drives out the yellow poison and stops the trouble at once. It not only prevents but completely cures chills, fevers, night sweats and malaria. The manufacturers know all about this yellow poison, and have perfected Roberts' Tonic to drive it out, nourish your system, restore appe-tite, purify the blood. It has cured thousands of cases of chills, fevers and malaria. It will cure you or your money back. This is fair. Try it.

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Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates. Peoples' Bank of Anderson,

We respectfully solicit a share of your business.

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Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

SPECIAL an umbrella in the middle and goes forging ahead with it in this position is likely to be found alert, but of a selfish, even conceited disposition

Parties owing me either by Note or Account will call in and settle same withoutsending to see you or writing you again, as I must have same settled at once. I can't do business on as long time as you are taking; so avail yourself and come in at once and save expense.

JOHN T. BURRISS.

Respectfully,

are the most fatal of all dis-

LEY'S KIDNEY CURE IS a Guaranteed Remedy or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles.

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Foley's Honey and Tar cures colds, prevents pneu: 10nia. S. C. BRUCE.

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Jan 23, 1901

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