Jake went whistling along the road on his way home from work. He had been plowing in the corner field. It was a gloplowing in the corner field. It was a governous evening in September—seeding time. Such an autumny evening as could only be found among the hills of Ohio. The sun had sunk below the horizon, but with sun had sunk below the horizon, but with his expiring rays had beautifully decorated the heavens with blended shades of purple and gold. Jake sat astride his old gray mare contented and happy. "The field will be ready for the harrow day after to-norrow," he soliloquized, "then the next day I will commence drilling, and finish it Saturday. Whoop la!" Again the whistling mingled merrily with the jingling of the chains attached to the plow harness.

Jake's blue shirt was soiled with perspi-

Jake's blue shirt was soiled with perspiration and dust. A portion of the crown of his hat was gone, making an aperture through which peeped hts—I wish I could say blonde hair, but it was sandy, very sandy. His heads and face were sunburned and rough, while his feet hanging at the sides of the old mare were bare and distributed by the side of the old mare were bare and distributed by the side of the old mare were bare and distributed by the side of the old mare were bare and distributed by the side of the old mare were bare and distributed by the side of the old mare were bare and distributed by the side of the old mare were bare and distributed by the side of the old mare were bare and the old mare dirty, but all this did not interfere in the least with his peace of mind until upon turning a fork in the road he found himself by the side of Farmer Anderson's daughter, who was walking home from Squire Ford's, where she had been invited to tea. She rejoiced in the name of Rosa, this girl of 17, with pink cheeks and sky-blue eyes. Very pretty and innocent she looked in her white dress and floating rib-

"How-da-do, Jake!" she said, with a careless toss of her head. Jake's greeting tion in his throat. Somehow of late he had very peculiar feelings whenever he was with Miss Rosa—such a queer commingling of pain and joy, He could not have told for his life which predominated or which he preferred. His pain was so

exquisite, and the joy so exeruciating.

He slipped down from the mare and started the team ahead. He had a vague impression that his feet would be less conspicuous on the ground than dangling in the air in close proximity to Rosa's nose. He wished in a confused and dazed sort of way, for he had lost all control of his thinking powers, that they were not so large or so dirty. He would have bartered his hopes of eternal life just then for a pair of shoes. The odor from his sweat-soaked clothes had suddenly become very apparent and offensive to him. She appeared so dainty and pure in contrast. Heavens! stumbled awkwardly along by her side, trying to think of something to say.

"Of course you're going to the fair, Rosa!" he finally asked, timidly, at the same time breaking off the top of a tall weed that he might have it to carry—his hands seemed so swollen, in size and so

much in the way.

"O, yes," she answered, "everybody is going, I guess." She did not manifest any interest as to whether he would be there.

He wished she would.

"Harry Ford will enter his brown coltthe one he rides, you know. I hope it will take the premium, don't you?" Then without waiting for an answer she launched into a lengthy description of what a perfectly lovely time she had been having at the Fords' that evening, and wound up with asking, "Don't you think

they are such a nice family?"

An entirely new feeling crept into Jake's heart. He and Harry Ford had always been good friends, but all at once he found himself believing that an opportunity to throttle Harry would afford him supreme delight. As they were now at the gate that led into his father's barnyard, Jake did not feel obliged to answer Rosa's question, but hastily bidding her good-bye followed his horses to the watering-through. Rosa kept on down the road toward her home. "How awful road toward her home. "How awful Jako Baily looked this evening," she said to herself. "You don't catch Harry Ford in such a plight." Harry, knowing that they had company invited, came in early from work. Slipping up the back stairs to his room, he arrayed himself in his Sunday clothes, and came down to tea looking like a gentleman. "Jake thinks lots of me." She lingered tenderly over the thought for a moment. "But mercy! I could never marry a man who went barecould never marry a man who went barefooted and wore such a horrid dirty shirt." Now Harry-she then went off into a pleasant little reverie, in which Harry was the central figure. Thus a little inafter life. If Rosa had not happened to see Jake with bare feet and dressed in his work-clothes, I would probably have a different story to tell. But she could not help having somewhat fastidious tastes, and Jake as he appeared that even-ing was not an object calculated to excite

Jake, back at the barn, was unharnessing his team and growing more irritable every minute. "It's too confounded bad it had to happen so," he muttered, as he jerked the astonished horses around. "If I could only a-known she was on the road!" He dashed the oats into the feedtroughs, giving the old gray a blow on the

half hour he had become very much dissatisfied with himself. He vowed for one thing he would quit going barefoot. He could not help contrasting the name of Harry with that of Jake. He felt indignant at his parents for selecting such a name for him. Why couldn't they just as well have called him Harry, or Charley, or anything but Jake. He leaned up against the gate post salkily, loath to go in the house to meet the father and mother who had treated him so shabbily by bestowing upon him such an appella-

"Jaky, come to supper," seconded his tile sister. When he worked in the little sister. When he worked in the corner field they did not have supper until night. Jake ground his teeth in race at the sound of his hated name, but went in. He looked straight at his plate during the evening meal, answering the questions addressed to him briefly and gruffly. When he got up from the table he went

immediately to his room. "Wonder what's the matter with Jake?" queried his father, as he prepared to light his pipe for his evening smoke. "Oh, only tired, I reckon; he'll be all right in the morning," answered the mother, as she

shook the crumbs from the tablecloth. "You must remember, pa, it's pretty hard on a boy not yet out of his teens to work as our Jake does. Though, to be sure," sae added thoughtfuny, "he's uncommon stout."

"Pooh!" said the father, "it's not that,

him agis any other hand in the county," "I saw him and Rosa Anderson comin' down the road together before sunner the conversation.

parently all right. His ill humor had greatly agitated when she heard that Jake vanished with his droams. The only thing unusual about him was that he had his

feet were sore, but he was an honest boy, and he blurted out the truth. "He did not like to go barefooted, and he wasn't going to any more.

first become aware of the fact that a lated upon the acquisition of so handsome circuis heart has gone out to a stranger. But she was in the main a sensible woman, so she said nothing more and Jace started

for the corner field.

The sun, a red ball, was just peeping over the tops of the trees, the birds were twittering softly among the branches, for boisterous singing was impossible. This lovely, hazy autumn morning Jake's heart swelled with an undefinable sense of enjoyment as he drank in the delights of pature, and he broke into whistling of pature, and he broke into whistling as musical as the songs of the birds. His on the house steps. "Oh, Jake's all right," said the father, reassuringly, as his son disappeared from sight, but the mother turned into the house with a sigh. She could not help thinking of Rosa Ander-son, and wendering how it would all turn

A little later on, when the corn stood in shocks and the frost had shriveled the leaves somewhat, Jake attended a "singing" held at the district school-house. All were there. Conspicuous among them was Rosa Anderson, captivating with her ra-diant beauty and coquettish ways—at

There was a long recess, during which games were played out of doors by the light of the moon. Once while these games were in process Jake held Rosa's kand in his, and he was afraid she would hear his heart thumping against his yest. the forgot himself and crushed the little hand in his great poweful poin. She complained that he was rough. Then he took it tenderly in both of his, but she jerked it away and ran off.

jerked it away and ran off.

When the singing had closed and the young people were filing slowly out of the house, Jake, ever impulsive, and too madly in love to be discreet, pushed forward, offering his arm to escort Rosa home, but she, with nose tilted in the air, gave him the "mitten."

The boys mudged each other and cast quizzing glances at him. A few openly jeered him. He got out of the bouse as wen as he could, and cut across the helds toward home. When he reached his fath-er's farm he sat down on a log on the edge of a little patch of timber. I doubt if the moon ever looked down upon greater mis-

He sat there for a long time, the agony in his heart wringing bitter tears from his eyes. Do not laugh, reader; you have been in a similar situation and know it was not a laughable matter. But he stayed there until he had strangled his love, and he dug a grave in which to bury it—a grave so deep that when once interred, it could never be resurrected. Ah, if she had only known what she had

The struggle was over; he wiped his face and put away his handkerchief. Then he stood up and with clenched fists vowed he would have his revenge. She should see the day she would regret what she had done to-night.

When Jake reached his father's door there was a faint streak of light in the east, and the barnyard fowls were beginning to stir. His mother let him in; she had been watching for him. He looked her square in the face. She saw, though the candle she held in her hand gave but a dim light, that her boy had suddenly changed to a man, and her mother's hear! understood. The two gazed into each other's eyes for a moment. The son saw an expression of tender sympathy. The mother saw one of determination and deflance. She knew something was going to happen, and she felt that she hated Rosa Anderson.

Jake helped his father through with the fall work. Then he quietly told his parents he was going to visit his uncle in Kansas, and if he could find an opening there for himself he would remain. His mother was prepared for such an anthe father. It had never occurred to him that his son would do else than remain on the farm, and finally, when he was done with it, take possession. He did everything in his power to dissuade his son from his "fool notion," as the father called it, but to no purpose. The only concession Jake would make was that perhaps he would come back in the spring. But spring came and grew into summer and the summer into autumn, yet the father still mourned the less of his bey. Then came the news that Jake had entered as a student in a law office in the town of S-Kan. As the years sped on reports much to his credit were circulated among his old friends and neighbors. Hard work and hone-t endeavor were bringing their legitimate fruit, success. Apparently he had forgotten all about Bose and the re-

venge ne nad once craved. After Jake had gone, Rosa Anderson, with an inconsistency not uncommon in females, felt a new tenderness springing up in her heart for him, and a regret that her little episode at the school house had ever happened. As time passed both the tenderness and the regre' grew. She cherished a sort of ideal with Jake's face and form. She forgot or formave every-thing she had condemned in him before he went away, and invested him with many noble attributes which, worthy as he was. truth compels me to say he did not poscome back to her until it became a certainty. She was sure she would again feel the pressure of his hand and see the look of adoration in his eyes. So she wanted. Her friends wondered why she did not marry. There were many conjectures coa-

little we know of the real feelings of those with whom we may be even intimately as-Ten years had passed since Jake left the neighborhoo!. During this time there were many changes. Some of his end, companions had married and were settled down into staid fathers and mothers. A few of both old and young had been laid to rest in the little country graveyard, where in summer the briers and weeds the bleak winds sang dirges for them. But

It was September, and invitations were sent out for Harry Ford's wedding. Rosa Anderson was not to be the bride, but chimed in the little daughter. The father and mother exchanged significant glames between teaching to day to day the long reneal to feel back to day the long reneal to feel and long reneal to feel back. had long ceased to feel anything but a

was coming home to be present at his sis-

ter's marriage.

none that we know were among these si-

JAKE, THE FARMER'S BOY.

shoes on. "What's the matter" mixed his mother, looking inquiringly at his feet.

Jake blushed a little for a moment. He was tempted to make the excuse that his pal paper of B—, the county seat. It pal paper of B—, the county seat. It read something like this: "We are glad to be able to chronicle the fact that Mr. Jacob Baily, formerly of this county, but for the last ten years a resident of S-, The mother suspected that Rosa Anderson was the cause of this change in her son, and she felt that twinge of pain and jealousy that all mothers feel when they all the one. Our little city is to be congratuable one. and distinguished a citizen. We extend a hearty welcome,"

Rosa read- this item and clasped her hands in silent cestasy. "O joy," she thought, "he has really come and my waiting is over. Will he call? Ah, perhaps he will be too timid because of that declared and the perhaps he will be too timid because of that deplorable action of mine ten years ago. I must explain to him as soon as possible how I have regretted that. But it will come all right, I feel it in my bones, as grandma used to say when she had a pre-sentiment," and Rosa, leaning her chin on her hand, say long in menication, the while smiling softly to herself.

Jake did not call. The hour of the wedding arrived, and with it the invited guests. Rosa, not less lovely at 27 than at 17, held out her hand timidly to the handone fellow Mrs. Baily proudly introduced as her son Jacob. Mrs. Bailey's hatred for Rosa had died gradually as her son climbed up fortune's ladder, and when he came back to her a great man she felt a genuine pity for that poor, mismillad ladder, or ref.

Could it be possible that this graceful, intellectual-looking man was Jake Baily? Rosa pressed her hand to her heart to still

pick up the handkerchief she had dropped in her confusion, and after some polite remarks passed on.

He treated his old friends affably and courteously. They all called him Mr. Baily, with an added tone of respect quite

different from the old-time salutions.

After the marriage ceremony was over and refreshments had been served the

and refreshments had been served the company strolled about the yard, amusing themselves in various ways.

Rosa found herself alone with Jake a few minutes. She deftly turned the conversation to old times. "O! Mr. Baily," she said, looking wistfully into his face, "I have regretted very much a little incident that happened at our school-house many years ago. You may have forgotten it." He was regarding her so calmly and He was regarding her so calmly and coldly she became painfully embarrassed. "I often came near writing to you how know," she gasped, "I wanted to be friends." Poor Rosa could get no further. She heartily wished she had not undertaken to say anything to him about the matter. He drew himself up. "Miss Rosa," he answered, "that little incident proved the turning point in my life. But for you I would probably be still working on my father's farm, ragged and bare-footed." There was a gleam of mis-chief in his eyes. "So I thank you from the bottom of my heart you acted just as you did night at the old school house. "he added with a frank, cheery that laugh, "let us hope that when I 'a-wooing go' again I shall have better luck. At present my only love is ambition." Looking at his warch, he said he had an appointment at B— and was obliged to leave. He lifted his hat politely and was gone. He had his revenge after he had long since ceased to care for it. But she? Ah! well, her waiting for Jake was

This happened some fifteen years back. This happened some lifteen years back.

Now, as Hon, Jacob Bailey rides through
the streets of B— with his wife and children—he married the daughter of a
wealthy merchant—his fellow-townsmen
point to him with pride as a "smart fellow." He has been in the state legisturn and hones soon to be sent to conlature and hopes soon to be sent to con-

Rosa Anderson still lives with her mother on the old homestead, her father having died years ago. Her hair is silvering: and the blue eyes have faded to a light gray. There is in them a look of pain and disappointment, while the once rounded cheeks are sadly sunken. The neighbors astonish strangers by telling rounded cheeks are sadly sunken. The neighbors astonish strangers by teiling them that "Rosa was once the prettiest girl in the whole county, and there was a girl in the whole county, and there was a large transfer of the sadly sunken. The neighbors astonish strangers by teiling them that "Rosa was once the prettiest girl in the whole county, and there was a large transfer of the neighbors astonish strangers by teiling them that "Rosa was once the prettiest girl in the whole county, and there was a large transfer of the neighbors astonish strangers by teiling them that "Rosa was once the prettiest girl in the whole county, and there was a large transfer of the neighbors astonish strangers by teiling them that "Rosa was once the prettiest girl in the whole county, and there was a large transfer of the neighbors astonish strangers by teiling them that "Rosa was once the prettiest girl in the whole county, and there was a large transfer of the neighbors as to be a large transfer of the neighbors as to be a large transfer of the neighbors as the ne girl in the whole county, and there was a time she could have married Hon. Jacob Chicago Times.

Morieo's First and Last American Colony. Americans asked the emperor for land on which to settle. He kindly gave them their own choice, and they settled at Cordoba, where they had the advantage of the tropical clime and were secure from yellow fever. They were 300 in number, and in a short time, with true American Through Tickets can be purchased to all. and in a short time, with true American industry, they made business brisk, points South and West by applying to Three American hotels were established, ane the plantations were the finest and most prosperous in the land. Maximilian looked on the little band with favor and gave them ample aid and protection. During the rebellion the liberty party made raids on their homes, destroyed their ers and hurried them off to Yucatan-a place from which there is no escape-but murdered them whenever they wanted some new amusement. Maximilian was poweriess to help those who had pros-pered under his care, and just when he was to be shot, the last of the colony, who feared the liberal party, descried their once happy homes and went to another country. Only one remained, Dr. A. A. Bussell, who has been the solitary American here for twenty years. The hotels have disappeared, and the plantations, now possessed by Mexicans, bear no traces of their once titly and prosperous appearance.-Nelly Bly's Mexico Letter.

Buffalo and the Indian Oustion.

Whatever may be said against the buffalo destroyers of the far west, the meat killers, the tongue hunters, and robe seekers, they have added no small item to the settlement of the Indian question on the plains. The winter of 1881-2 saw their the plains. The winter of 1881-2 saw their AND IRON WORKING MACHINERY, deadliest week, and over a quarter of a both NEW AND SECONDHAND, at million of robes were shipped from this valley, holding now about the same number of cattle. The true plains buffalo is buffalo is valley, holding now about the same num-ber of cattle. The true plains buildle is now practically annihilated in the United States, there no doubt being droves of them on the Candian rivers further north, July 29-1 mos. but in this district even they are rapidly disappearing under the rain of bullets that has been poured upon them for the last ten years. There is still left a species called the wood, or timber, or mountain

National park, and will no doubt remain undisturbed there for years to come.

Never calculate on a mild winter because you are short of feed .- Rura! New



eter C. Brunson Announces that he has opened the

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1	GREEN VILLE, EXTRESS			
	Going West, Daily Through Train.			
	Depart Charleston 7.20	a	n.	
	Depart Branchville 8.51		111	
	Depart Orangeburg 9.14		111	
	Depart Kingville 9.56	a	m	
	Due at Columbia	a	112	
ļ	Going East, Daily Through Train.			
	Depart Columbia, 5.27	P	111	
	Depart Kingville			
	Depart Orangeburg	10	m	
	Depart Branchville7.25			
	Due at Charleston			
	ACCOUNTED ATTOM LOCAL THAT			
	Going West, Daily.			
	2 (1971)			

Croning treesing retired.		
Depart Charleston5.10	10	111
Depart Branchville 7.35	11	111
Depart Orangeburg8.12		
Depart Kingville9.08		
Due at Columbia 10.00	p	11
Going East, Daily.		
Depart Co'umbia	a	11
Depart Kingville, 7.18	a	11
Depart Orangeburg8.12	a	11
Depart Branchville9.00		
Due at Charleston 11.00		
WAY FREIGHT AND PASSENGER TRAD Going West.	٧.	
Denart Branchville	a	111

Depart Dianelly inc	
Due at Charleston 11.00 a m	
WAY FREIGHT AND PASSENGER TRAIN.	1
Going West.	1
Depart Branchville6.45 a m	1
Depart Orangeburg 8.12 a m	
Depart St. Matthews	1
Due Kingville9.30 a m	
Going East.	1
Depart Kingville	1
Depart St. Matthews	1
Depart Orangeburg 7.40 p in	i
Due Branchville 8,45 p m	J

Augusta division. West, Daily

Depart Branchville—

2.35 a m 8.50 a m 7.35 p m

Depart Blackville— 4.18 a m 9.45 a m 8,31 p m 7.30 a m 11.35 a m 10.25 p m East, Daily.

Depart Augusta-6,05 a m Depart Blackville— 7,50 a m Due at Branchville— 4.40 p m 10.35 p m

bia and Augusta Railroad, also by these trains to and from all points on both roads. Connection made at Charles-

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