THE TWO ORPHANS.

[Continued from page 1.]

where," exclaimed Jacques, in an angry tone, and with a menacing gesture. "I told you to sharpen my cutlass. Come with me, and keep your whining for this blind beauty until another time; come along, I say."

The cripple did not dare to disobey his brother's orders when they were given in that manner; and he started slowly toward him, muttering:

"Ah! if I had anything but water in my veins, I'd do something more than whine."

CHAPTER XXVI.

VISITORS.

As the door closed upon her two sons, the old woman gave way to her feelings of admiration for her handsome Jacques.

Louise lay on the stairs as rigid as if she had been carved from stone.

La Frochard seated herself by the table, and communed with herself.

"Ah, what a splendid fellow Jacques is! The very image of his dear father. There was a man for you; but they cut off his head. Ah! it makes me sick to think of it. I must take something to strengthen me."

Mother Frochard had great faith in the virtue of brandy as a means of strengthening herself, and she commenced to search in her capacious pocket for the brandy bottle which she always carried.

"Yes—yes, young woman," she said, threateningly, as she continued her search, "I'll attend to you in a minute."

She had found the bottle, and taking a long draught, she exclaimed:

"Ah! that warms my heart!" Then after another drink, she said, much as she would have said had Louise been before her instead of lying on the stairs in nearly a swoon: "We'll see how you enjoy a couple of days' starvation. Yes, Jacques is right, we must break your obstinate spirit. Then when you come out you won't refuse to help your friends make an honest living."

Another deep pull at the bottle, and the old hag was ready for any work, however wicked. With a fiendish look upon her face, she went to the blind girl, and, taking her by the arms, forced her to stand.

"Shamming again, you are? Stand up and come with me," and the old wretch began to pull the poor girl up the dilapidated stairs.

"Oh, madame!" screamed Louise, in an agony of terror, as she fully understood that she was about to be confined again in the garret, "have you no soul, no pity? Do not kill me!"

"I don't intend to, you're too valuable," replied the old woman, who had succeeded in getting Louise to the door, and opening it, she thrust her in. "There, get in with you, I'll see you safe inside."

So frantically did the terrified girl cling to the old woman's garments, that she found it impossible to shake her off, and was obliged to go in with her until she could threaten her into something approaching a state of submission.

* * * * *

While La Frochard is thus pleasantly engaged, we will, in a few brief words, explain what happened after Marianne was carried away into exile.

Henriette remained at La Salpetriere until nightfall, and in the meantime the Count de Linieres had received notice that she had embarked in the prison ship. He at once gave Picard the necessary orders for the release of the chevalier, and at dusk, he and Henriette and De Vaudrey were together, discussing plans for the release of Louise.

Picard proved a valuable aid in the matter, and before Henriette had been out of prison an hour, she was on her way to find the blind girl from whom she had been separated so long.

They had no difficulty in procuring a warrant for the arrest of Jacques and his mother, and a guard to execute it, and thus armed with the power of the law, they anticipated no trouble.

The boat-house occupied by the Frochards had, as the reader will remember, an entrance opening on the Seine which was seldom used, and the only other means of entering the house was through a long, dark passage leading from the Rue Noir. At the entrance of this passage the rescuing party halted, and it was then decided that Picard should lead the guards around to the door on the river side, while the chevalier should proceed through the passage, contriving to reach the house at the same time the soldiers did.

It was thought necessary that the chevalier should go to the next street where he could watch the movements of the guards, and thus time his own movements. Leaving Henriette at the entrance of the passage, with many cautions that she should not stir from the spot, he hurried away.

To the young girl who had thus waited the preparations which were to restore her to her sister, the time passed with leaden wings, and she could not remain inactive. She resolved to enter the house in advance of the others, and thus have the pleasure of clasping her sister in her arms a few moments sooner.

Alone she threaded the dark, noisome passage. Alone she pursued her rash journey, prompted by her great love for her sister, braving all the horrors of that viper's den in order that she might meet her sister a few moments sooner.

* * * * *

Mother Frochard descended from the garret; she had left Louise insensible, and having thus performed her duty, betook herself to the consolation which she could derive from her brandy bottle.

Suddenly she heard a knock at the door, and starting in affright, she hid her bottle among some of the cooking utensils that littered the table, and advanced to the door, asking:

"Who's there? What do you want?"

It was Henriette's voice that said from the outside:

"I am looking for some one—for Madame Frochard."

"What do you want of her?" asked the old woman, suspiciously, and making no motion toward opening the door.

"I must speak with her."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, I am alone."

The answer seemed to satisfy La Frochard, for she immediately unfastened the door, saying:

"Well, if you are alone, you may come in."

Henriette entered, and but a single look at the squalid place frightened her. The whole house looked a fit abode for murderers and thieves, and the appearance of the old woman seemed to heighten that impression.

"Great Heavens! can this be the place?" she asked herself, in astonishment.

As she stood in the centre of the room, gazing with fear and trembling upon every object, Mother Frochard was favoring her with suspicious looks.

"Well, young woman," she said, after waiting a few moments for Henriette to speak, "you want to see Madame Frochard—what have you got to say to her?"

Still Henriette hesitated, and placed her hand upon her heart to still its tumultuous beatings.

"Come, what is it?" again asked the old woman, impatiently. "What are you looking for? Do you expect to find any one here?"

"Yes—yes. I am looking for the person who lives here with you."

"What person?" and Mother Frochard's metallic voice was harder and shriller than ever.

"A young girl," answered Henriette.

"Ah, ha!" thought the old woman, "this must be the sister." Then she said, in an indifferent voice: "I don't know any thing about any young girl."

"You don't know her?" asked Henriette, in astonishment.

"No."

"Am I mistaken? This house answers the description, and your name is Frochard, is it not?"

"Elphremie Frochard. What then?"

"You beg in the streets with a young girl who sings, do you not?"

"We beg in the streets," replied the old woman, in a highly indignant tone, as if the idea of such a thing was an insult to her. "Why should I beg? Haven't I two sons who work for me? One of them is a knife-grinder—look, there is his wheel, and the other one is—oh, if he were only here now!"

"You must be the one," said Henriette, half to herself, "the doctor told me that he knew you, and——"

Henriette stopped talking, and gave utterance to a scream, expressive of surprise and fear.

She had noticed the shawl and scarf which the old woman had taken from Louise, and fastened upon herself.

"What is the matter?" asked the old hag in no little surprise.

"That shawl—I know it! It is hers—it is hers, I tell you!" screamed Henriette, as a thousand fears for her sister's safety presented themselves to her mind.

"Not a bit of it; it is mine," boldly asserted La Frochard, thinking she could make the young girl believe her.

"And this scarf around your neck?"

"Well, what of it?"

"It was made for her by my own hands!" exclaimed Henriette, tearing it from the old woman's neck. "Oh, wretch! you have lied to me!"

For an instant La Frocard was astonished. She had thought to persuade Henriette that she knew nothing about her sister; but it was impossible.

Her round, wicked face grew perfectly fiendish with rage, as she hissed through her set teeth, the single word: "Caught!"

Then, after a moment's thought, she turned to Henriette with a smile that was intended to be sympathetic.

"Well—well," she said, in a sorrowful voice, "if you must know the truth, I'll tell you. When you came in, you were so excited and frightened, I didn't dare to tell you all——"

"All—all what?" interrupted Henriette, in an agony of apprehension. "Speak quickly."

"One evening about three months ago," continued Mother Frochard, "I met the girl you are looking for, wandering about the streets. I had pity on her, and brought her home with me, where I took care of her."

The old woman stopped to wipe away imaginary tears, but the agonized girl exclaimed:

"Go on, for Heaven's sake, go on."

"Well," whined the old hag, "she knew I was poor and couldn't afford to keep her for nothing, so she sung sometimes in the street—just to help me—and she sung like a little bird."

Again the old woman's feelings overcame her, and she was obliged to stop.

"And then, what then?"

"And then, why, you see the poor child wasn't very strong, and what with the life we led, and the sorrow she felt, she couldn't stand it, and the poor little bird broke down entirely. She said she couldn't sing any more, and that was the end of it. For two days she has been dumb. She'll sing no more—no more."

As Mother Frochard finished, her voice, which at first had had the professional whine in it, sunk almost to a whisper, and seating herself in a chair, she covered her face with her apron, and simulated an agony of grief.

"Dead!" exclaimed Henriette, while every vestige of color left her face, and she stood like one petrified, "dead, my sister my Louise is dead!" and overcome by her intense sorrow, she sunk insensible on the floor.

"Fainted, eh?" cried the old woman, jumping up quickly, and gazing at the prostrate girl. "What am I to do with her? Oh, if Jacques were only here! I must go for him."

She started toward the door; but the thought flashed over her that she had forgotton to lock the garret door and she ran back and peformed that duty.

"There," she said, with a sigh of satisfaction; "there is nothing to fear now, and I'll go and call Jacques."

The old woman departed in search of her son, leaving Henriette lying upon the floor.

To be continued.

Free Delivery and Good Roads.

If report be true, the Postmaster-General is soon to be asked to consider a pretty promising plan for the betterment of the highways of this country, submitted to the superintendent of the free delivery system by a citizen of Pennsylvannia, Mr. Joseph W. Brown. It is based upon the fact that only one serious obstacle stands in the way of developing the free delivery service, namely, the present condition of our country roads. Mr. Brown's idea is that if a certain road is reported as practically impassable for the carriers, the highway authorities of the town wherein it is found are to have a reasonable length of time within which to repair it and, the penalty for their failure so to do is to be tha cessation of free delivery in that locality. In his recent report, Mr. Martin Dodge, Director of the Bureau of Public Roads Inquiries of the Department of Agriculture, made some interesting comments:

"The circumstance that over $6,000,000 was appropriated by our last Congress largely to be buried in our mudy roads in the delivery of our rural mails, while only the small sum of $20,000 was last year devoted to meeting the road problem indicates the great need of education regarding the present necessity and demand for vigorous and intelligent road work. "As much of these large appropriations for rural mail delivery could be saved if we had good roas, it is obvious that an amount equal to a considerable portion of these sums could be spent to a good advantage in educating the people in the work of improving our country roads, and thus forever close a large drain on our national cashbox." If the introduction of free mail delivery results in the improvement of our country roads, our rural friends will have occasion to bless the art of letter writing and the Post Office twice over.

ARE you helping your pastor these days. Do you ever have a friendly talk with him about the work, letting him know that you are interested in what he is doing. Do you listen attentively to his sermons? A good listener is a great encouragement to a preacher. Did you know that a little discriminating praise helps a pastor much. There are church members who let a whole year pass without giving their preacher a little praise now and then. Turn over a new leaf and let your pastor know you are a live, thriving, fruit-bearing member and not a dead branch ready to drop off at any time.

THE Monroe doctrine don't seem to cut much of a figure in the English-German attack on Venezuela. In fact those whose business it is to see the Monroe doctrine enforced seems to be aiding Germany and England in ignoring it.

FOR promptly putting a stop to the proposed bull, dog and cock fights near Rock Hill Gov. McSweeney is entitled to the thanks of all law abiding citizens.

PHILOSOPHY OF LIVING.

A Distinguished Georgia Woman Gives Excellent Advice.

"Just to be tender—just to be true;
Just to be glad the whole day through;
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful—with willing feet,
Just to be cheery—when things go wrong;
Just to drive sadness away with song—
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right;
Just to believe that God knows best;
Just in his promises ever to rest;
Just to let love be our daily key,
This is God's will for you and me."

—Exchange.

And why not?

How can you help it, if things go wrong, after you have done your best?

What's the use of fretting for what you cannot help? If you can't help it—then let it go.

Whether the hours be be dark or bright, the fretting does not lighten the burden or make the time go faster.

A friend who has borne many and deep griefs remarked to me sometime since: "Work is the panacea for troubles that you cannot shake off or drive away. It is dreadful to be harrowed with sleepless nights—which bring ominous forebodings despite your resolve not to think of your sorrows or indulge your griefs. These forebodings will haunt you, plague you, torment you in the weary night time, but with daylight you can go to work—can do busy work for yourself and for others. You can even work yourself into surcease of sorrow for the time being. Work is the prime remedy. It will bring fatigue, of course, but fatigue sleep. 'God giveth his beloved sleep'—and the comfort will come if you are loyal to God and right."

Of course, useless work for yourself or others is not compensation in results, but genuine labor—the sort which adds comfort to the home, and is sweetened by the knowledge that economy and thrift will give satisfaction to all concerned—is here meant as a remedy.

There are thousands of people in this world who would die in insane asylums if it were not for the healthy atmosphere which industry provides. Persons who have waded through deep waters of affliction, or passed through fiery trials of disaster, have frequently testified to the saving power of real, constant occupation as a panacea for ills that cannot be avoided or driven away by any other process.

It is the natural compensation—the force that restores the equilibrium and which supplies the mental balance—which has been strained and distorted by grief and shock.

Constant occupation—the kind that is helpful—and unfailing reliance upon God and his promises have brought many a suffering soul into a sweet haven of peace and spiritual comfort after the waves and billows have gone over them.

Some of the most cheerful persons I have ever known have borne heavy griefs uncomplainingly to the grave. They stemmed the tide by a steady walk in the path of duty—loyal to God and the right.—Mrs. W. H. Felton in Atlanta Journal.

A Day for Children.

Christmas seems to be the only festival of the year which rightfully belongs to the chileren—the time when the Christ-child came into the world, born in such a lowly place, that no child, however humble, but should share in the joy of his birth. If we have children in our homes, says a writer in the Farm and Fireside, let us invest the Christmas-time with all the beauty and brightness that is possible. Teach them the sweet old Christmas songs, such as "Holly Night," "Once in Royal David's City," "O Little Town of Bethlehem" and "Joy to the World." Tell them again the story of the birth of the Christ. All children love it, and is ever new. These talks are made more interesting by looking at pictures. Good copies of old masterpieces illustrating the life of Christ are very cheap now, and should be in every home. Such pictures as Corneggio's "Nativity," "The Worship of the Magi," "The Madonna and Child," will make a lasting impression on a child's mind. As Christmas commemorates God's greatest and best gift to the world, it is a sweet custom for friends to give some gift to each other symbolizing their love. In too many homes the children are in danger of having their own idea of Christmas one of getting something, instead of sharing in the joy of giving. In this way they lose the best part of the Christmas joy. Be sure to let even the little ones have a share in the Christmas preparation: teach them that the best part of every gift is the love that goes with it, and to try to make a happy Christmas for as many as they can. It would be a good thing if all children would commit to to memory these lines, by Phobe Carey, and practice them:

Children whose lives are blest with love untold,
Whose gifts are greater than your arms can hold,
Think of the child who stand's
To-day with empty hands!
Go fill them up and you will also fill
Their empty hearts, that be so cold and still,
And brighten longing eyes
With grateful, glad surprise.
May all who have at this blest season seek
His precious little one—the poor and weak:
In joyful, sweet accord,
Thus lending to the Lord!

THE captain in charge of a light ship situated at the entrance of San Francisco harbor recently reported to the United States light house commissioner that a large number of land birds took refuge on board the vessel. A dense smoke from northern forest fires hung over the locality and completely obscured sea and land. Evidently the birds had lost their way, and, exhausted by their long flight, the wanderers alighted on the ship undeterred by the presence of the crew. At one time sixty of the feathered guests were counted on various parts of the ship. Owls, cranes, humming birds and other non-marine species were noticed during the time.

THE boll weevil is to be exterminated in Texas if a concerted course of action throughout the State can bring about that result. At a conference held under the auspices of the Commercial Club of Dallas and to which members of the State legislature, State officials and representatives of commercial bodies and farming interests were invited the preliminary steps were taken for waging an active campaign against the pest. The legislature is to be called upon to make a liberal appropriation to be used for weevil extermination.

LOVE THAT KILLS.

A Young Woman Shot to Death on the Street.

Voltairine LeCleyre, a noted anarchist and a teacher of languages, was mysteriously shot and mortally wounded Friday in Philadelphia by Herman Helscher, a former pupil. The woman is dying in a hospital and Helscher is in custody. Unrequited love is said to have prompted the deed. When arrested Helscher's only explanation was the following: "We were sweethearts, she and I. She broke my heart and deserved to be killed."

Miss LeCleyre is 16 years of age and her assailant is 24. The shooting occurred on the street in broad daylight and was witnessed by a score of persons. Miss LeCleyre was standing at a street corner awaiting a car. Helscher, who had disguised himself by means of a false moustache, approached her from the rear and accosted her. Almost at the same moment he drew a revolver from his pocket and pointed it at the woman, who turned and attempted to run away. She had gone only a few steps when Helscher began firing upon her. After discharging five shots at the fleeing woman, three of which took effect, he replaced the pistol in his pocket and started to walk away. He made no effort to escape and was immediately arrested.

Miss LeCleyre ran a short distance and then sank exhausted upon a doorstep. She was carried into the house and from there removed to a hospital. In her statement to a magistrate she denied acquaintance with Helscher, but when he was brought before her minus the false moustache she at once recognized him. She declined, however, to accuse him of having shot her, but asked the police if he had admitted it. Neither would state the nature of her relations with Helscher. Two bullets took effect in the woman's right side below the shoulder, and another embedded itself in the right side of the chest. The physicians hold out no hope for her recovery.

Miss LeCleyre has attained widespread notoriety through her anarchistic utterances and intimacy with Emma Goldman and other Anarchists. She is an accomplished linguist and musician and has written much anarchistic literature and many erotic poems. Helscher is a cigarmaker. He was born in Russia and came to this country fourteen years ago. For a time he lived in Boston, but during the last eight years has resided here. He is an avowed Anarchist.

Foolish Talk.

One of the African Methodist bishops who spoke in Richmond Wednesday night has evidently lost his head. In referring to the movement inaugurated by Hon. John S. Wise, of New York, to have the new constitution of Virginia declared illegal, this negro bishop called on all negroes in the United States to "fight for their rights" and not suffer themselves to be disfranchised. The colored preacher took occasion to refer to the assassination of President McKinley as the act of God, who was displeased with him because of McKinley's tardiness in giving negroes all they wanted, and God "called him home." Mr. Roosevelt should carry on the work of abolishing Jim Crow cars and providing social equality for the wives and daughters of the colored race, according to this negro bishop's policy. The Atlanta Journal says this colored bishop has assumed a big contract if that is his mission, and no better method could have been devised to divide the Republican party in twain than this negro preacher's outcry against the dead President. Mr. McKinley had the greatest opportunity of any Chief Executive known to the American people laid before him. If he had resolutely put the negro aside, as this government had previously set aside the aboriginal Indian and the Mongolian, many think he might have had a formidable Republican party in the South for the past six years; but he held on to the negro and the South remained solid. It is the irony of fate that he should now be reviled by the very class he clung to, as Bishop Walter's speech demonstrates. If the fight against Jim Crow cars is inaugurated indeed and in truth by such leaders as Bishop Walters, then the colored people who behave themselves will also suffer. The bishop should be retired by his own people for reasons that are plain.

The Morphine Habit.

A wife and mother who lives in Georgia asks the Atlanta Journal why the legislature does not place stringent restrictions on the sale of morphine and laudanum to the poor creatures that are enslaved by the habit. "It is worse than the whisky habit," she writes. "I know five families who are in dire poverty because the parent, sometimes male, sometimes female, will sell the last quilt in the house to get the drug or the liquid narcotic."

The use of narcotics is far more general than can be supposed by the non-users. It is a sly sneaking habit. It is uniformly secretive in its methods, and until the poor victim is landed in an insane asylum the extent of this secretiveness is not to be understood. This distressed woman further writes: "My own husband is addicted to it, and he has nearly become incapable of attending to business. Is there no way, no provision in the law that will prevent the sale to a confirmed victim of this awful habit? We will be ruined unless he can be kept from getting it."

In commenting on the above pitiable story The Journal says "this is an old, old story, and the devious ways that are used to get dope drugs by the victims and the profits made by the sale of the drugs to those who will pay any price to secure them, forbid the hope that prohibition of the sale will be easily provided for by suitable legislation or that violations of such a law will not be constantly occuring, no matter how perfectly it may be done at the time of passage. When morphine is added to the whisky habit the double dose is even more fearful in its effects on the brain of the victim, but the end is surer and quicker, as to time. There is an epidemic of suicide all over this country. How much of it is traceable to the opium and whisky habit, it is impossible to tell, but it is reasonable to infer that it is a way, that will surely take hold on death, as a remedy for the horror that is entitled by the drug."

IT is said that forty thousand children under twelve years of age are insured in one industrial insurance company in Pennsylvania. We believe that these insurance companies are the indirect cause of the death of scores of children.

WILL GIVE IN.

Leading Citizens Advises President Castro to Yield to Force.

FULL POWER GIVEN MR. BOWEN.

The American Minister, to Effect a Termination of the Present Difficulties With Least Harm to Venezuela.

The news from Venezuela is more tranquil. It has been decided that the Venezuelan difficulty shall be arbitrated, and the discussion of terms of settlement is now going on. United States Minister Bowen undoubtedly will be one of the arbitrators. The government fears that coercive measures will follow the establishment of the blockade.

The leading citizens of Caracas have addressed a joint note to President Castro asking him to give full powers to United States Minister Bowen to effect a termination of the present difficulty. This note was transmitted to President Castro at 1 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. It is signed by all the leading merchants, bankers and agricultural interests of Caracas. It reflects truly the consensus of current opinion among the business element of this city. The men who signed the note will meet again tonight to discuss ways and means of obtaining money with which Venezuela can meet her obligations, as well as the guarantees which it will be possible to offer to creditors. The not is as follows:

Caracas, Dec. 17, 1902.

To the President of the United States of Venezuela.

Sir: The undersigned having met with the purpose of offering their aid to the government of Venezuela in the present conflicting situation, which has been created by the aggressive attitude of Germany and Great Britain and upon your request to give our opinions in writting we address you in the following terms:

In view of the acts of violence already commited and of the absolute impotence of Venezuela to meet force with force in response to the allied forces of Germany and Great Britian and in view of the fact that Venezuela has exhausted all the means required by civilization and diplomacy to put an end to the present situation, and the government and the people of Venezuela having complied honorably and worthily to the demands of national honor, we consider, with all due respect, that the moment to yield to force has arrived.

We therefore respectfully recommend that full powers be given to the minister of the United States of North America, using him to carry out proper measures to terminate the present conflict in the manner least prejudicial to the interests of Venezuela.

The note is signed by about 200 prominent citizens of Caracas.

PEOPLE DESERT HIM.

During the last ten days President Castro has acted with extraordinary energy. He has transformed the entire country into a vast camp, having raised more than 40,000 men, whom he has well armed, equipped and transported from every direction to La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, in the expectation that the allies would attempt to land at one or both of these points But there has been a change of feeling, and the prominent men of Venezuela who were at one time ready to lead the people in the defense of their country, now consider that justification to take the men of the republic away from their families and their work does not exist They have resolved to discover a means to bring about arbitration, or at least treat with the allies. The means sought is thought to lie through the United States legation and satisfactory results are on every hand expected to follow. A member of the ministry said to the correspondent of The Associated Press: "The United States has not prevented the allies from assailing us, but it has obliged them to accept our terms."

ITALIAN MINISTER LEAVES.

The Italian minister left Caracas Wednesday morning. At 8 o'clock Minister Bowmen went to the Italian legation in a state carriage, accompanied by Secretary Russell and took the Italian minister, Signor de Riva and the Italian consul, Signor Gazzurell, and conducted them to the railroad station, where they were met by the leading Italian residents of Caracas. Mr. Bowen then accompanied the minister to his coach shook hands with him and handed him papers and cigars for his journey to La Guayra.

The Venezuelan newspapers are still ignorant of the fact that the Italian minister presented an ultimatum to the Venezuelan government Tuesday afternoon and therefore there were no crowds at the railroad station and no hostil demonstration. The city is quiet.

A SCHOONER CAPTURED.

The German cruiser Falke, which has been anchored for the past two days at the entrance of Lake Maracaibo, Thursday, captured the Venezuelan schooner Victoria. After cutting down her mainmast, thus disabling her, the Germans abandoned the vessel. This action has caused great indignation among the Venezuelans and excitement runs high at Maracaibo, where the people have been parading the streets utter cries against Great Britain and Germany.

THE TROUBLE SETTLED.

A dispatch from Caracas says President Castro has clothed Minister Bowen with full powers to effect a settlement with Great Britain, Germany and Italy. Minister Bowen simply awaits the consent of the state department to undertake the task, assuming that the nations named will be willing that he shall undertake the work. It is believed the critical phase of the Venezuelan situation has passed.

CHICAGO police are baffled in an effort to find the writter of anonymous letters with which society folk have been bombarded for nearly four years. The writer evidently keeps close watch of the society columns in the papers. Announcement of the engagement or prospective marriage of prominent young persons has been followed closely by letters addressed to the bride-to-be or to some relative, and containing charges of immorality against the prospective bride-groom.

THE Japanese need no further praise for their up-to-dateness. The Tokio government has just ordered several X-ray machines from this country to be used for the purpose of detecting mint thieves who swallow gold coins.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

Land cannot be too rich or too mellow for fruits.

Manure for the garden should be free from weed seeds.

The head of a tree needs to be fairly open to admit sun and air for full growth of fruit.

The dahlias will never disappoint you. Pink, white, yellow or crimson, tall, dwarf or cactus, it is bound to flower.

In the fall after the leaves have dropped is generally the best time for taking cuttings from quinces, but they may be taken later.

Heliotrope should not be mixed with other cut flowers in water. They decay quickly and have a harmful effect upon the other blossoms.

Myosotis (forgetmenot) needs partial shading, but not the shade of a tree. Plant among taller flowers or around rosebushes, and it will do well.

Plenty of yellow blossoms should be secured for places which lack sunshine. Yellow is good in almost every situation and is the cheerlest of tones.

Good cultivation causes an abundance of fibrous roots to be made. The growth of any plant is largely measured by the number of its fibrous roots.

Too Smart.

He was one of those men who are constantly trying to beat down prices," said a bank cashier, "and had evidently been looking around for bargain prices for his bill of exchange. When he presented it to me and asked the rate, I replied, 'One-tenth of 1 per cent.'

"'Now, look here,' he said. 'You are too high. I have done business in this bank for ten years, and yet you charge me a higher rate than I can get from the Farmers' bank, over the way. They will do it for one-eighth. If you don't do it for that, I'll take my account over there.'

"'All right,' I remarked. 'We will do it for the same rate, considering that you are an old customer.'

"The bill of exchange cost him 66 cents more than it would had he kept quiet."—New York Times.

Needed For Other Purposes.

A Georgia justice recently married a runaway couple who drove up to his house and went through the ceremony without descending from the carriage. When the ceremony was over, says the Atlanta Constitution, the groom fumbled in his pockets and fished up thirty-six cents.

"Jedge," he said, "this here's all the money I got in the world. Ef you've a mind to take it, you kin, but I'll say now that I done set it aside fer the honeymoon expenses."

Her Opportunity.

"They say she isn't happy," commented the neighbor, "but I don't see why."

"Oh, some people never are satisfied."

"That's right, and it's her own fault if she isn't happy, because she's able to buy clothes that will make all the other women envious."—Chicago Post.

An Insinuation.

Doris—Yes, she was furious about the way in which that paper reported her marriage.

Helen—Did it allude to her age?

Doris—Indirectly. It stated that "Miss Olde and Mr. Yale were married, the latter being a well known collector of antiques."—Chicago News.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

What Texas Fever is and How it Should be Treated.

The appearance of Texas fever among cattle at Blackville makes it important for our farmers and others who keeps cattle to know something about this disease, that is so fatal to the bovine race. Texas fever was not well understood until about twelve years ago, but is now known to be a specific disease of cattle similar in many respects to human malaria. The primary cause of it is a microscopic protozvan (animal germ) which destroys the red cells of the blood. The animals become infected by being bitten by the common cattle tick, formerly so numerous in all cattle in this State.

All native cattle that carry ticks from the time they are calves, acquiring immunity to the disease when very young, but if cattle have never had ticks on them they readily take the disease when they are exposed to tick infestation. That is the trouble with cattle from the northern States as well as western North Carolina, which is entirely free from ticks and above the government quarantine line. Those feeders who ship from there should be very careful never to ship before frost, to load cattle into clean cars, not to unload into stock pens where tick infested cattle have been kept during summer, and to scrupulously avoid driving the cattle over roads or through woods where seed ticks may be on the grass and leaves; also to avoid the use of straw or leaves for beddidg if taken from woods where tick-infested cattle have used the past summer. If, however, it is found that the cattle have gotten the ticks on them, begin at once to remove them by oiling the parts where they are found, using cotton seed or cheap lubricating oil. A good way to build a chute consisting of two slatted fences sixteen feet long and two feet apart and so arranged that the cattle may be shut in with bars as driven through.

Put the chute in a cross fence so that cattle may be driven from one lot to another, making sure that all of them are greased. If any are taken sick, they refuse food, stand with head hung low or lie with the head stretched on the ground in front, have high fever, and in bad cases red urine. After death the most noticeable lesson is that the spleen (melt) is very much enlarged, black, easily torn, and filled with black clotted blood. A good treatment is to give a pound of salts every 24 hours till bowels act freely and twice a day given half ounce of quinine. All who are interested in this disease should write Dr. Nesom at Clemson college for Bulletin No. 72 on Texas fever.

THE Darlington Messenger says: "Mr. McIver, Williamson recently sold a load of tobacco on the Darlington market for something over $500.00. Of course the tobacco was of fine quality, but this was a fine price, also, and shows what can be done on Darlington soil."

Earthquake Victims.

Three officials, two senators and 150 natives, mostly children, were killed by the earthquake which destroyed the town of Andijan, Russian Central Asia, Tuesday. In addition 300 natives and 17 senators were injured and 9,000 houses of natives and 130 Russian residences were destroyed.

LEARNING A LANGUAGE.

It Is Comparatively Easy to Acquire a Working Vocabulary.

"It doesn't require any great length of time to learn a language if one has patience," said a man who has mastered several languages, "and when I hear a man regret that he is not able to speak French or German or Spanish or some other language unknown to him I cannot conceal my amusement. In nine cases out of ten I might say that the men who express a regret of this sort handle English very poorly if that happens to be their language.

"The chances are that their vocabularies are extremely limited, and it would probably surprise them to know that despite the advantages of birth and education they could not command more than 600 or 700 words in English if their lives depended upon it. Yet they are able to carry on intelligent conversation, and many of them may become forcible and even axiomatic in their savings, and they plunge into discussions of literature, art, music and other subjects of such fine elegance and do it rather successfully too.

"Now, how long ought it to take for a man to learn 600 or 700 or even 1,000 words in any language? Certainly it ought not to take any great length of time, and from my own experience I know that it does not. Of course I am not speaking now of mastering so that one can get the full benefit of all the refinements of speech in a particular tongue.

"But I have in mind the idea of speaking intelligibly in a given language and being able to understand perfectly what is said in return. I have a system which I have worked out, and it has been of vast benefit to me and has enabled me to learn a number of languages. It occurred to me while I was in Mexico a few years ago on important business.

"I could not speak a word of Spanish and could not understand the language. I concluded that I would learn the language. My plan was simply this: I made up my mind that I would not retire at the close of any day as long as I was there without learning at least three words in Spanish, how to pronounce them and what they meant. That would give me ninety words per month, or something over 1,000 in a year's time."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Look Out For Your Pate.

A contemporary says "pate" is slang for head. It is, eh? Wherefore? Surely the word is used in a trivial or derogatory sense, as noddle, noggin, cranium, brainpan, etc., but its origin is eminently respectable. Shakespeare says "the learned pate ducks to the golden fool." Pope's epigram is good:

You beat your pate and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

We have "bald pate" and "shave pate." Why, the word is used once in the Bible, and by David, in Psalm vii, 16, "His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate." Accurately, pate does not mean the head, but the crown of the head.—New York Press.

A Forbidden Topic.

"There is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well bred, to all rational, mortals," says Emerson, "namely, their distempers. If you have not slept or if you have slept or if you have headache or sciatica or leprosy or thunderstroke, I beseech you by all angels to hold your peace and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans. Come out of the azure. Love the day."

The quotation suggests that, hard as it is to be an invalid, it may prove almost as painful to be an invalid's friend.

Love and Business.

"Dear," she said during an interval of comparative sanity, "promise me one thing."

"Anything," he answered, with the recklessness of love.

"After we have been married a reasonable time if we decide a divorce is desirable promise that my brothers, who are struggling young lawyers, shall represent us." — Philadelphia North American.

Open Road to Fame and Fortune.

"My boy," said the old gentleman in a kindly tone, "there's only one thing that stands between you and success."

"And what is that?" asked the youth.

"If you worked as hard at working," explained the old gentleman, "as you do at trying to find some way to avoid working, you would easily acquire both fame and fortune." — Chicago Post.

The One Qualification.

"What position will our friend take on this momentous question?" asked the gradiloquent man.

"Position?" echoed Senator Sorghum absentmindedly. "Oh, he'll take pretty nearly any position that's open, provided there's a salary attached to it."—Washington Star.

Too Cool.

"Oh, Major Bloodgore," said girlish gusher, "they say that during the war you were always cool in action."

"Cool!" declared the major. "Why, my dear girl, I was so cool that when I shivered people insinuated that I was trembling."—Baltimore Herald.

Assisted.

Sarah—Mr. Rippler says that he is a confirmed bachelor.

Susie—But he didn't say that every girl in town had assisted in confirming him, did he?—Indianapolis News.

Some men take pains naturally, and some give them the same way.—Chicago News.

Should be Paid.

The so-called Lord bond case will come up again before the legislature next month, it having been up before several legislatures in the past few years. The case is as follows: In February, 1865, the assets of the State bank (a private corporation, not the State institution known as "The Bank of the State," were plundered and rifled and stolen by the federal troops of Sherman's march through the State. Among the assets of the bank were 100 bonds of the State of $1,000 each, issued under act of 1854 in aid of the Blue Ridge Railroad Co., for which the bank had subscribed and paid in gold at not less than par. Immediately upon the reopening of communications—i. e., in July, 1865, the president of the bank gave notice to the treasurer of the State warning him not to pay these bonds to any one presenting them. All of these bonds have been recovered and paid except about $37,000, and the effort has been to have the State pay them. It is admitted that it is a valid debt of the State, but because of the fear that the lost bonds might turn up and be paid the second time, the legislature has always refused to order them paid. The receiver of the bank and others interested have offered and are willing to enter into a bond to indemnify the State against all loss; but still the legislature refuses to pay the bonds. Last session the legislature passed a resolution instructing the State treasurer to mark off the bonds from his books. Governor McSweeney, recognizing the validity of the debt and believing that the resolution amounts to repudiation, will send in a veto to the senate when it meets next month. This is a valid claim against the State and it seems to us that it should be paid.

A Washington dispatch says Aguinaldo has become a convert to the belief that the American occupation of the Philippine Islands is the best thing for the interest of his people. No doubt his conversion took place when he allowed himself captured. It was a part of the bargain.

THE United Statesmay be involved in war with Germany on account of the Venezuelan trouble. Let us pray to be delivered from such a calamity.

RHINOCEROS HUNTING.

The Killing of a Big Rhino on the Banks of the Nile.

I was dashing along, confident that the rhino must be far ahead, when Zowanji whistled. I could see nothing till he pointed out the brute lying quite close to me. The sun beating on her mud caked hide made it blend so perfectly with the red earth and yellowish grass that I should have walked right up without seeing her. She sprang to her feet. We both fired. She made a short dash toward us, but thought better of it and rushed down a small slope on to a flat bed of short reeds. Here she turned again and defied us. Again the heavy guns roared. She spun round and round several times, staggered, recovered and dashed off only to stop, however, under the next tree. The .303s cracked, and in a wild chorus of thankful yells she toppled over, rose again, spun round and finally subsided into the grass. We went up quite close to finish her. She fought hard to rise and have a last charge, but the little pencil-like bullet again sped on its sad errand, and the game old relic of prehistoric times breathed her last. We were sad men as we gazed upon her grotesque, misshapen form. Somehow one feels such a blatant upstart in the presence of the pachyderms when one thinks of the unbroken line that dates back unchanged into the unthinkable ages of the past.—Ewart Grogan in Outing.

The Headsman's Perquisites.

Strange and unreasonable laws guaranteed to the headsman his full share of emoluments. He was well paid for his work and never suffered from a dull season. From the towns he received poultry and fodder, from the monasteries fish and game. The Abbaye de Saint-Germain gave him every year a pig's head; the Abbaye de Saint-Martin five loaves of bread and five bottles of wine. Cakes were baked for him on the eve of Epiphany. For each leper in the community he exacted—heaven knows why—a tax at Christmas time. Les filles de joie were his vassals. It was his privilege to seize in the market place as much corn as he could carry away in his hands, and the peasants thus freely robbed submitted without a murmur, crossing themselves with fervor as he passed. He had the power to save from death any woman on her way to the scaffold, provided he were able and willing to marry her. He was the first official called to the body of a suicide, and, standing on the dead man's breast, he claimed as his own everything he could touch with the point of his long sword.—Agnes Repplier in Harper's Magazine.

All Sirloin.

Holman F. Day's "Pine Tree Ballads" tells in verse a number of stories that actually happened "down in Maine," and are remembered there to-day by old narrators. One relates to Barney McGauldrie, a landlord of that state, at whose house famous men liked to stay, that they might enjoy a merry joke.

Barney was always loyal to his friends. At one time a new meat dealer came to town and tried to secure the landlord's trade.

"I have always bought meat of Jed Haskell," said Barney, "and I guess I won't change."

"But," said the other, "old Haskell doesn't know his business. He doesn't even know how to cut meat."

"Well," drawled Barney. "I've always found that he knows enough about it to cut sirloin steak clear to the horn, and that's good enough for me."

The Penguin's Bump of Locality.

On shore the penguin is an awkward creature. Water is its element. When hunted on the ice floes, the birds generally try to run away in an upright position, but just as the hunter thinks he has got one the bird lies down on its white belly and paddles along over the snow very quickly, the hard, smooth quills slipping over the snow crystals almost without friction. A rem