

THE KIND OF  
**FRAMES**  
To be used is very much a matter of taste. It is important, though, that the frames set properly on the nose and at the right distance from the eyes: that the lenses be perfectly centered, and how you know when one is guessing?  
WE...  
NEVER  
GUESS.  
"Glasses Right,  
Good Sight."  
**E. A. Bultman,**  
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.  
17 S. Main St., Samter, S. C.  
PHONE 194.

**TO CONSUMERS OF  
Lager Beer.**  
We are now in position to ship our Beer all over the State at the following prices:  
EXPORT.  
Imperial Brew—Pints, at \$1.10 per doz.  
Kulmeiser—Pints, at . . . . 90c per doz.  
Germania P. M.—Pints, at 90c per doz.  
**GERMAN MALT EXTRACT.**  
A Liquid Tonic and Food for Nursing Mothers and Invalids. Brewed from the highest grade of Barley Malt and Imported Hops. . . . \$1.10 per doz.  
For sale by all Dispensaries, or send in your orders direct.  
All orders shall have our prompt and careful attention.  
Cash must accompany all orders.

**THE  
GERMANIA BREWING CO.,**  
Charleston, S. C.  
**Buggies, Wagons, Road  
Carts and Carriages  
REPAIRED**  
With Neatness and Despatch

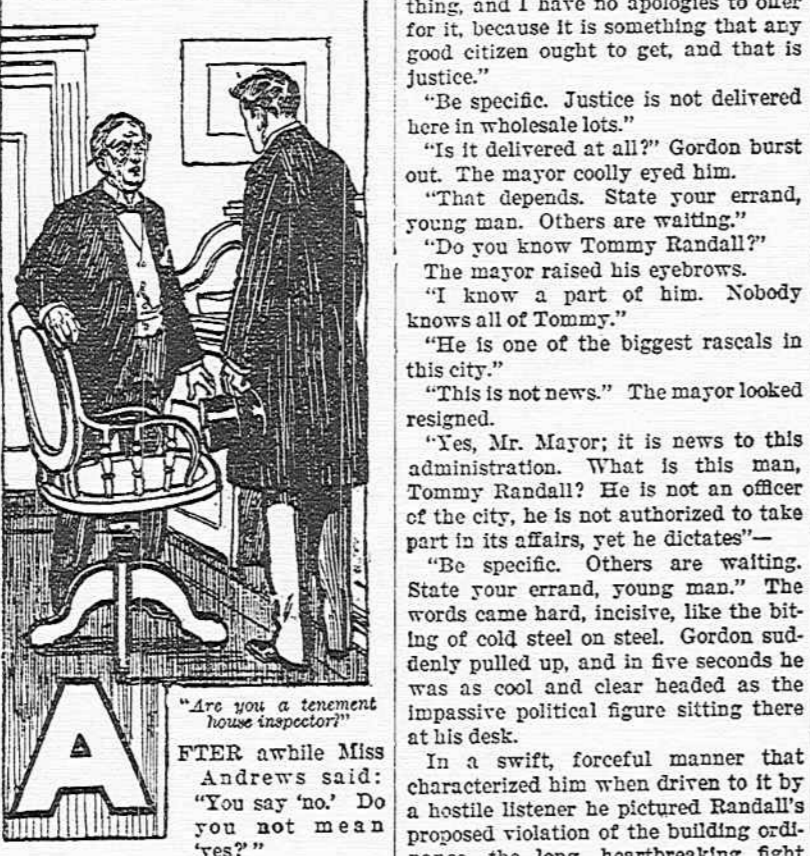
**R. A. WHITE'S**  
WHEELWRIGHT and  
BLACKSMITH SHOP.  
I repair Stores, Pumps and run water pipes, or I will put down a new Pump cheap.  
If you need any soldering done, give me a call.  
**LAME.**  
My horse is lame. Why? Because I did not have it shod by R. A. White, the man that puts on such neat shoes and makes horses travel with so much ease.  
**We Make Them Look New.**  
We are making a specialty of re-painting old Buggies, Carriages, Road Carts and Wagons cheap.  
Come and see me. I guarantee all of my work.  
Shop on corner below R. M. Dean's.

**R. A. WHITE,**  
MANNING, S. C.  
**THE  
Bank of Manning,**  
MANNING, S. C.  
Transacts a general banking business.  
Prompt and special attention given to depositors residing out of town.  
Deposits solicited.  
All collections have prompt attention.  
Business hours from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.  
**JOSEPH SPROTT,**  
A. LEVI, Cashier.  
President.  
BOARD OF DIRECTORS.  
J. W. McLeod, W. E. Brown,  
S. M. Nexsen, JOSEPH SPROTT,  
A. LEVI.

**Will Make  
Affidavit**  
New Lease of Life for an Iowa Postmaster.  
Postmaster R. H. Randall, Dunlap, Ia., says: I suffered from indigestion and resulting evils for years. Finally I tried Kodol. I soon knew I had found what I had long looked for. I am better today than in years. Kodol gave me a new lease of life. Anyone can have my affidavit to the truth of this statement. Kodol digests your food. This enables the system to assimilate supplies, strengthening every organ and restoring health.  
**Kodol Makes You Strong.**  
Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The R. B. Loringe Drug Store.  
**JOS. F. RHAME, J. B. LESSENE,  
RHAME & LESSENE,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
MANNING, S. C.

The . . . .  
**REFORMER**  
By CHARLES M. SHELDON.  
Author of "His Steps," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.  
Copyright, 1901, by Charles M. Sheldon

CHAPTER XI.



John Gordon lifted up his head. The dusk had deepened, and he could see only the outline of her face.  
"You have not answered my question, Miss Andrews. Did I do her an injustice when I made it a test of her feeling that she come down here? Ought I to have asked her to do that?"  
"Would it be any harder for her to live here than for you or me—or—" she spoke hurriedly—"or for any of us?"  
"She was born and has been reared in great luxury. Of course coming here would mean a complete change from all that."  
"I do not see how you could have asked anything less," the voice came calmly. "The woman who loved you would expect nothing less."  
John Gordon did not answer at once. "Then you think Miss Marsh does not love me?"  
"I did not say that. I think she believes she does."  
"But do you believe she does?"  
"It is not fair to ask me," she exclaimed, with agitation. Then she laughed in her usual happy manner. "Excuse me, Mr. Gordon. I fear I am not competent to answer all your questions. The realm of love is a realm of mysterious contraries. I am sure of only one thing. The test you made was not too great. It was the only test possible. I would warn you, however, as your senior by ten years—that you do not too hastily judge of your feelings."  
"Be supposing," Gordon went on nervously—"supposing I had begun to feel attracted toward—"  
"He could not see her face at all now and could only feel that in some way what he said was unwelcome. He did not finish, and in the silence Ford came into the room and lighted the candles. Miss Andrews rose very small that Tommy could see her some-when about the day's work, and when dinner was announced a few minutes later she went out and took her place at the head of the table as usual. When John Gordon came out and took his seat, he saw the placid, earnest face heightened perhaps in color, but bearing the usual quiet seriousness that distinguished her.

The talk at table turned upon Tommy Randall and his plans. It was the consensus of opinion that nothing could be done except in the way of enforcing the building ordinances. And everybody agreed that from past attempts the probability was very small that Tommy could ever be convicted.  
"For my own satisfaction," said Gordon after they had discussed every phase of the remarkable situation, "I want to see the mayor and have a private interview with him. Let us strike at headquarters."  
Miss Andrews smiled sadly. "Mr. Gordon, youth is always rash." Gordon colored as if he understood her to mean it in a double sense. "But go and see the mayor. I've no objections. Need I say I have seen him several times to no purpose? Has a particular machine any place in its mechanism for human mercies?"  
Gordon felt abashed. "I did not mean to hint that I could do anything. I simply wanted to put the city government to the test in a plain matter of human right and justice. It will be more for my own satisfaction and experience than anything else."  
"Go your ways. You will get the experience without fail," answered Miss Andrews, with a look which contained a depth of sadness out of her own experience that haunted Gordon all the evening.  
Nevertheless the next day he went down to the city hall and asked to see the mayor. After a delay of half an hour he was admitted. As he entered four men came out of the room. They were talking excitedly, and Gordon could hear the name "Julius Chambers."

"So Julius Chambers is making himself talked about at headquarters," Gordon murmured to himself. "I must know that man."  
He was ushered into the mayor's office by the doorkeeper and faced a slightly built, rather aristocratic looking man, carefully dressed. Gordon had seen him on public occasions, but had never before met him personally.  
"You are the son of the late Rufus Gordon, eh? Well, I knew your father quite well. He was a staunch supporter of the party and a man to be depended upon. Sorry to know of his financial losses just before his death."  
The mayor was a soft, easy spoken man, with a slight hesitation at the end of his sentences that gave a listener the idea of mental indecision, not borne out by his political career.  
"What can I do for you?" he said suddenly. Gordon was not prepared for it. The tone was suddenly hard, brisk, businesslike.  
"A good deal, Mr. Mayor, if you will."  
"That's the usual statement, Mr. Gordon. That's what they say. Of course you've come to get something. They all do." The mayor spoke with a tone of resignation that struck Gordon

"I am."  
"Regularly qualified?"  
"I am."  
"Then you ought to carry this complaint to the board of state factory and tenement inspection."  
"What comes after them?" asked Gordon.  
"What?"  
"What is the next public body to which I shall be referred after the factory and tenement inspection body denies its responsibility in the matter?"  
The man gravely stared at Gordon.  
"Don't let it keep you awake to-night," said Gordon, in deep disgust as he went out, and as it was too late to call on the factory and tenement inspection body he went back to Hope House, where he made an attempt to give a humorous account of his afternoon's experience, but dimly failed, as he could see by the look on Miss Andrews' face.

He went down to the city hall next day and found that the state factory inspectors met at regular sessions on the 1st of the month. From all the knowledge he could gain he concluded that the delays he would have to endure before that body would consider his complaint would be so annoying that Tommy Randall would have his double decker all built and inhabited before the red tape had all been unwound from the complaint filed with the department.  
He came back to Hope House and had a conference with Miss Andrews.  
"I am perfectly satisfied as to this administration," Gordon said, speaking with repressed indignation. "They are all a set of political thieves. What do they care for humanity? So far as I can learn there has never been a conviction during the whole of the present administration for violating tenement house ordinances. There have been numerous complaints filed at different times, but they have all been treated as the most insolent contempt or publicly entered in some department, there to lie untouched. But there is one course open to us now, and I'm going to take it."  
"Of course I know what you mean. You can carry a complaint directly to the city attorney, have Tommy arrested and bring the case into the police court. Do you know how many times we have had Tommy arrested?"  
Gordon shook his head in surprise.  
"Within the last eight years, for one thing and another, Tommy Randall has been arrested as many as fifteen times, or had a case open in our court, do you wonder that you women in Hope House have given up arresting Tommy?"  
"It seems to me the person to arrest is the mayor," growled Gordon. "Before God, he is guilty if ever man was."  
"Arrest Tommy and bring the case in Julius Chambers' court. According to the statute law, the jurisdiction of the city attorney extends to all cases in which the city is a party."  
"You're come to the wrong place, Mr. Gordon. I can't do anything to Tommy Randall. What you want to do is to lay a complaint before the city building department. The whole business is under their jurisdiction and properly should come before them. I regret exceedingly to hear what you say about the tenements. I had no idea matters were so bad. Of course the housing problem is a vexed question in all large centers of population, and all reformers, I believe, are agreed that no problem presents so many."  
"Do you claim, Mr. Mayor," Gordon interrupted, but his blood always boiled up in him when a man lied to him, "that you do not know about the tenement house conditions in Waterside district? Has Miss Andrews told it so badly that you have forgotten it?"  
The mayor's face was dark. He raised his eyes to Gordon, but lowered them again.  
"You have come to the wrong place to prefer your complaint, sir. Go to the city building department. Is that all your errand?"  
"It," replied Gordon, and he rose, turned his back on his honor the mayor and without another word walked out of the office. Gordon had such supreme contempt for a deliberate liar that he used to say it choked him to breathe the same air with him in the same room.

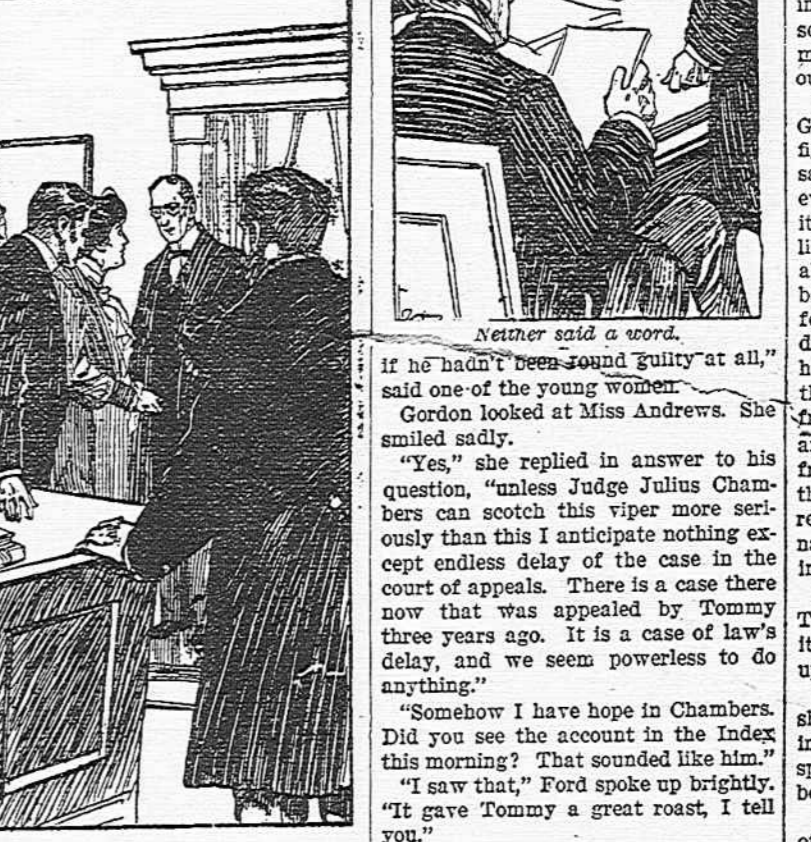
At the noon meal he told the story of his interview with the mayor.  
Miss Andrews looked at him quietly.  
"The same old story. And now—"  
"Now for the city building department."  
"It's the regular routine. After that the state board of health, then the state factory and tenement house inspectors, and so on."  
She spoke with her usual deliberate patience, and Gordon colored.  
"I know. I am simply following a better person than myself, but—" "But you are man," she said wistfully. "You may succeed with some of them."  
John Gordon looked doubtful. But in the afternoon he went down to the city hall again, and after a long and vexatious delay he managed to get a hearing with one of the officers of the city building department. The superintendent, "Be so kind as to state your business, and be brief, as time is precious."  
"So is human life," said Gordon, who had refused the chair at which the officer had nodded when his visitor entered.  
The man at the desk jumped as if he had been unexpectedly hit on the back. Then he turned around and looked at Gordon.  
"What did you say?"  
"You said time was precious, and I said, 'So is human life.' Both statements are true, but I think mine is more important."  
"Ah, yes; possibly, possibly. Will you state your errand?"  
Gordon began, but he had not gone far when the man at the desk interrupted.  
"Are you a tenement house inspector?"

Tommy spit out another piece of splinter and contemptuously started down toward the masons. "It ain't the first time I've been arrested, but the fellow who does it remembers it longer I do."  
Gordon went over with Ford to the city hall, and together they swore out a complaint before the city attorney. That officer eyed Gordon rather curiously, and while his assistant was making out the warrant Gordon asked a few questions.  
"This case will come in Judge Chambers' court?"  
The assistant looked up and paused in his writing.  
The city attorney eyed Gordon again. The judge has jurisdiction in the Waterside district. It has been customary, however, to follow the procedure established by the new building act of '97 and call these cases in the district court."  
"Jury case?"  
"Yes."  
"Am I right in saying that the complaining witness in cases of violation of city ordinances has the right to appear and cause the party complained of to appear in the police court that has jurisdiction in civil cases over the district in which the violation occurs?"  
"That is the law." The city attorney slowly and seemingly with reluctance spoke.  
Gordon went on step farther. "Then this warrant will cite Randall to appear before Judge Chambers. If cases that come under the provisions of the building act of 1897 are appealed from

the police court of Judge Chambers, do they go to the court of appeals or the court of special pleas?"  
The city attorney hesitated.  
"The court of appeals. There is no choice in the matter."  
Gordon was silent. The city attorney eyed him again with interest.  
"Are you a lawyer, young man?"  
"No."  
"Do you know Tommy Randall intimately?"  
"No. Do you?"  
"The city attorney evaded the question."  
"He's a bright one, Tommy is; very bright. Very bright, don't you think?"  
"Will this warrant be served at once?" Gordon asked, in his turn ignoring a question.  
The attorney placed the warrant in the hands of an officer, with instructions to serve it on Tommy Randall at once, and as he gave the order it seemed to Gordon that everybody in the office, from the city attorney down to the policeman, eyed him with a sort of pitying contempt.  
He walked out of the building boiling with wrath at the insolent attitude of every person in the city administration with whom he had come in contact during that week's experience.  
"But Chambers seems to be unpopular around here," he said to Ford. "How unpopular?"  
"Didn't you notice the city attorney's hesitation when Chambers' name was mentioned? And while you were talking I overheard a little talk between two men at the other end of the office. Chambers' name occurred several times, and it was never spoken of in any complimentary terms. If he is unpopular with the city administration, isn't that a good sign for us?"  
"Yes. It's a glimmer of hope, but only a glimmer in this awful municipal darkness. We'll follow it, though, and hope for the best."

Gordon was not present when the officer served the warrant on Tommy. He learned afterward that the two regarded the matter as a good joke and adjourned to the nearest saloon to have a drink over it together. When next morning Gordon appeared with Ford in Chambers' court in response to the warrant, which set 9 o'clock as the time, Tommy was there in good spirits and nodded familiarly to Gordon as he came in.  
When the case was called, the three went forward and Gordon noted with deep interest the man who presided and of whom Mrs. Penrose had said, "He does not fear man or devil."  
He was almost youthful in appearance. His smooth face had a delicate, scholarly look that a pair of gold bow spectacles emphasized. He seemed strangely out of place in that police court. When he spoke, it was in a voice so soft and refined that Gordon was disappointed. His heart sank and at once the glimmer of hope he had allowed his heart to entertain flickered and went out.  
"Who are the prosecuting witnesses in this case?" Chambers said, and Gordon and Ford stepped up. Gordon made his statement, and the judge eyed him through his spectacles. He then turned to Tommy Randall.  
"Are you any defense, Mr. Randall?"  
"I plead not guilty. My attorney will take the case," said Tommy, with a smile.  
Then, to John Gordon's surprise, a man got up from the front bench and laid a bundle of papers on the rail in front of the judge.  
"May I please your honor," he said, "this case is purely spite work. My client has gained possession by purchase of a tract of land that this man Gordon and his companions have been trying to buy for their own uses. They are now trying to stop the building of a model tenement by my client by swearing out this warrant, charging him with violation of a city ordinance in regard to the space required at the rear of a building lot. We don't deny the ordinance. It explicitly states that if the building is four stories high there shall be fifteen feet between the rear end of the structure and the end of lot. But may I please your honor, my client has not violated this ordinance. The diagram here will show that my client has left the required space provided for by the law."  
The lawyer unfolded a blue print and spread it out. Gordon looked at Tommy Randall. There was a smile of satisfaction on his face.  
"You may see, your honor, for yourself. This plot is the city engineer's. The measurements from Bowen street south on lot are ninety-eight feet in full. My client's building, as seen by this contractor's figures and diagram, he opened another paper, "is exactly eighty-three feet, which is just what the law calls for."  
"Will the city engineer certify to this statement?" The judge's voice seemed softer and more refined than ever.  
"I will if necessary."  
"He did not think it necessary, your honor. I think he is out of the city at present. But your honor can see that the print is his own official measurements. My client asks that this case be dismissed as malicious persecution."  
"What have you to say, Mr. Gordon?" The judge turned his spectacled eyes toward him.  
"I say he lies," replied Gordon promptly.  
"Have you any proofs?" The voice seemed sharper, and the figure straightened up perceptibly.  
Gordon hesitated. He began to see through Tommy Randall's scheme. It was not like Tommy's scheme. It was a risk, but his whole political life had been such a mesh of lies and deliberate dishonesty that it was not beyond the region of probability for him to resort to a very dangerous and desperate trick to clear himself. Gordon had carefully measured the foundation walls of the double decker and knew that by his measurement they covered the entire lot, yet he had nothing to prove that fact except his own statement.  
"Have you any proof that this statement of Mr. Randall's is a falsehood?" The voice came in an added tone of sharpness.  
"Nothing but my own word," Gordon answered quietly.  
"Have you the measurements you made with you?"  
Gordon produced a paper with a rough diagram marked off, showing the distance from the front of Bowen street to the end of the lot to be ninety-eight feet and the foundation wall of the building to measure the same distance.  
"You've nothing more than this?" the judge asked. His voice was again soft and in his manner meditative.  
"Nothing more," John Gordon hesitated. "Miss Andrews lives with me, and Mr. Ford when we took the measurements. She could verify their accuracy."  
"Is she here?"  
"No, but she could be summoned."

"It isn't necessary. I'll go down there myself and make the measurements. It is possible some mistake has been made by one side or the other. Gentlemen, I desire your attendance while the court adjourns to Bowen street."  
If a bomb had exploded in the face of Tommy Randall and his lawyer, they could not have been more thoroughly dumfounded. The lawyer hastily whispered to his client. Tommy smiled in a ghastly manner.  
"It is possible, of course, your honor, that the city engineer has made a mistake in his figures. Mistakes are possible."



"The article referred to in the morning Index was a conspicuous column account of the conviction of Tommy Randall in public court on a charge sworn out by the Hope House people. It was a scathing article, written by some one who had dipped his pen in something more than a hired reporter's ink bottle. There was a scorching vigor to it that drove the fact deep home to the reader that Tommy Randall was murdering little children in Ward 18 by his construction contrary to law of tenements like the one that made possible the recent tenement house tragedy. The article concluded with these words:  
"Will the people endure this sort of thing much longer? Tommy Randall is not an abstraction. He is 20 pounds of coarse flesh and had blood, which spits on the law and says to the people, 'You mind your own business.' For thirty years Tommy Randall has ruled Waterside district like a tyrant. He has no office in the service of the people. He works at no trade. He is not elected to any position that has any value in the eyes of his blackmail of saloons, gambling dens, houses of vice and business firms in the neighborhood, and every earner was more honestly thoughtful for it. Then Gordon rose.  
"He had gained amazingly in the power to address a great crowd. He simply told the story of the tenements out of his own experience. He made no plea; he uttered no denunciation; simply told how childhood was tortured and crushed and stifled and murdered in the double deckers. His story was the story of childhood's rights. It made a tremendous impression. Mrs. Penrose bent her head, and her lips whispered the Bible verse:  
"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon me."  
Luella never took her eyes off John Gordon's face. As he drew near the end she noted the extreme exhaustion of his whole bearing. And as he finished and sat down she observed Miss Andrews, who was seated behind Gordon, lean forward and ask him something.  
Then as the chairman of the meeting was making some announcement for another gathering Luella saw Chambers and Falmouth suddenly rise and go over to Gordon, just as he was about to have fallen. The two friends caught him and quickly carried him off the stage. Miss Andrews followed them, and the great audience began to go out.  
Luella hesitated. Mrs. Penrose had not seen anything. She had not been looking.  
"I think Mr. Gordon was ill," Luella said.  
"Shall we wait and inquire?" Mrs. Penrose asked quickly.  
"I'll go up and see about it," Archie suddenly volunteered.  
He went up and crossed the stage and disappeared. When he came back after a few minutes, he said that Gordon had been removed to Hope House, and no one seemed to know just what the trouble was.  
"Nothing serious, I think," Mrs. Penrose remarked. "We'll telephone down when we get home."  
Word was sent back by one of the settlement workers in answer to Mrs. Penrose's inquiry that Gordon was ill, but it was not possible yet to say how seriously. Mrs. Penrose sent word to Luella and added that if Luella wished she had better go down to Hope House with her next day and inquire. Luella replied that she did not think it necessary, and Mrs. Penrose did not press the matter.  
But three days later Luella was in the drawing room when a visitor was announced.  
"Miss Andrews from Hope House," said the servant.  
Luella rose to meet her as she entered. Both women were very grave. Luella trembled as she motioned Grace Andrews to a seat.

Luella never took her eyes off John Gordon's face. As he drew near the end she noted the extreme exhaustion of his whole bearing. And as he finished and sat down she observed Miss Andrews, who was seated behind Gordon, lean forward and ask him something.  
Then as the chairman of the meeting was making some announcement for another gathering Luella saw Chambers and Falmouth suddenly rise and go over to Gordon, just as he was about to have fallen. The two friends caught him and quickly carried him off the stage. Miss Andrews followed them, and the great audience began to go out.  
Luella hesitated. Mrs. Penrose had not seen anything. She had not been looking.  
"I think Mr. Gordon was ill," Luella said.  
"Shall we wait and inquire?" Mrs. Penrose asked quickly.  
"I'll go up and see about it," Archie suddenly volunteered.  
He went up and crossed the stage and disappeared. When he came back after a few minutes, he said that Gordon had been removed to Hope House, and no one seemed to know just what the trouble was.  
"Nothing serious, I think," Mrs. Penrose remarked. "We'll telephone down when we get home."  
Word was sent back by one of the settlement workers in answer to Mrs. Penrose's inquiry that Gordon was ill, but it was not possible yet to say how seriously. Mrs. Penrose sent word to Luella and added that if Luella wished she had better go down to Hope House with her next day and inquire. Luella replied that she did not think it necessary, and Mrs. Penrose did not press the matter.  
But three days later Luella was in the drawing room when a visitor was announced.  
"Miss Andrews from Hope House," said the servant.  
Luella rose to meet her as she entered. Both women were very grave. Luella trembled as she motioned Grace Andrews to a seat.

"It is possible, of course, your honor, that the city engineer has made a mistake in his figures. Mistakes are possible."  
"The article referred to in the morning Index was a conspicuous column account of the conviction of Tommy Randall in public court on a charge sworn out by the Hope House people. It was a scathing article, written by some one who had dipped his pen in something more than a hired reporter's ink bottle. There was a scorching vigor to it that drove the fact deep home to the reader that Tommy Randall was murdering little children in Ward 18 by his construction contrary to law of tenements like the one that made possible the recent tenement house tragedy. The article concluded with these words:  
"Will the people endure this sort of thing much longer? Tommy Randall is not an abstraction. He is 20 pounds of coarse flesh and had blood, which spits on the law and says to the people, 'You mind your own business.' For thirty years Tommy Randall has ruled Waterside district like a tyrant. He has no office in the service of the people. He works at no trade. He is not elected to any position that has any value in the eyes of his blackmail of saloons, gambling dens, houses of vice and business firms in the neighborhood, and every earner was more honestly thoughtful for it. Then Gordon rose.  
"He had gained amazingly in the power to address a great crowd. He simply told the story of the tenements out of his own experience. He made no plea; he uttered no denunciation; simply told how childhood was tortured and crushed and stifled and murdered in the double deckers. His story was the story of childhood's rights. It made a tremendous impression. Mrs. Penrose bent her head, and her lips whispered the Bible verse:  
"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon me."  
Luella never took her eyes off John Gordon's face. As he drew near the end she noted the extreme exhaustion of his whole bearing. And as he finished and sat down she observed Miss Andrews, who was seated behind Gordon, lean forward and ask him something.  
Then as the chairman of the meeting was making some announcement for another gathering Luella saw Chambers and Falmouth suddenly rise and go over to Gordon, just as he was about to have fallen. The two friends caught him and quickly carried him off the stage. Miss Andrews followed them, and the great audience began to go out.  
Luella hesitated. Mrs. Penrose had not seen anything. She had not been looking.  
"I think Mr. Gordon was ill," Luella said.  
"Shall we wait and inquire?" Mrs. Penrose asked quickly.  
"I'll go up and see about it," Archie suddenly volunteered.  
He went up and crossed the stage and disappeared. When he came back after a few minutes, he said that Gordon had been removed to Hope House, and no one seemed to know just what the trouble was.  
"Nothing serious, I think," Mrs. Penrose remarked. "We'll telephone down when we get home."  
Word was sent back by one of the settlement workers in answer to Mrs. Penrose's inquiry that Gordon was ill, but it was not possible yet to say how seriously. Mrs. Penrose sent word to Luella and added that if Luella wished she had better go down to Hope House with her next day and inquire. Luella replied that she did not think it necessary, and Mrs. Penrose did not press the matter.  
But three days later Luella was in the drawing room when a visitor was announced.  
"Miss Andrews from Hope House," said the servant.  
Luella rose to meet her as she entered. Both women were very grave. Luella trembled as she motioned Grace Andrews to a seat.

**FRUITS AND FLOWERS.**  
From a twenty-year-old mulberry tree 215 pounds of leaves have been picked in a year.  
String beans may be obtained during the entire summer by planting once a month for successive supplies.  
Some trees are much more unfavorable to the growth of plants beneath them than are others. The worst are the yew and the ash.  
Whenever water is given to pot plants, enough should be used thoroughly to wet the soil around the roots. Free sprinkling of the surface does little good.  
The next time you have a bouquet of flowers to keep add a very little camphor to the water in the vase and see how much longer its freshness will be retained.  
One of the most satisfactory plants for house culture is the yellow oxalis. It will blossom freely if given sun and water, and its bronze brown foliage sets off its pretty yellow bloom rarely.  
**Inhospitable.**  
"Smithers is positively the most inhospitable man I ever saw, even to entertain an idea."—What to Eat.