A DAUGHTER OF JACOB.

and mine! They have apon me as an outcast, Father, way do you stand there wrapped in apathy? Why do you not go terth and is hitheir tender flesh? How I could stand and shale upon them as they writted under the whistling, cutting lash. They hate, despise and here innominy upon me. 1-1 whom you call a consider of Jacob. Father, are you manb? Do you hear

There was the deree beauty of the tiger-cas about her now re-size stood there in the fa n', crimson into of the moneychanger's office. If a face was aglow

drifts on side fairing upon his hollow cheet, raised his trembing band, com-manding the girl to be silent while he

one. We await to the coveres often before we strong rate when the blow falls the victor quavers in ageny. We never ferror a wrong; we never forgive an injury. You, my could, are a daughter of Jacob. In your voins courses the blood of kings. The noor, petted, fee- my daughter,"
ble, pale bles—daughters of the Chris- "You actonish me," broke from the ble, pale bless—daughters of the Christians—should be but as faint mys of moonlight, figures to hide away and vanroars the sons of man tremble. Be, then, not the queen, the tierce purring tigress, but the dendly cobra, for in the sting of

the smoothly gliding respect is the bane and poison of fatality."

As the aged Jew spoke the girl orouched lower and lower. The faint rustling of her dress and the deepbreathed words of her father were the only sounds that broke the ominous, painful silence of the office.

The crimson bars of light from the colored globes fell upon the crouching girl's face, adding warmth, fire, to the surge of hate that swept over those beauteous features. The thin nostrils quivered and the veiled brows threbbed as she pressed her hands convulsively to her heaving bosom and listened, hungrily, greedily drinking in each word that fell from her father's fips.
"And the cobra stings to the death?"

"To the death, over, always!"
"And the lion?"

"Not aiways kills--"

"But mangles. Yes, mangles the victim. Deprives him of his beauty, causes him to hate, despise and louthe himself as he sees in the glass the ruin worked. I will be the lion."

The girl arose with composed features and emotions in subjection. She had made up her mind what she should do. She would mangle her victim. She would not be the cobra. The faul sting would smart for an instant and then all would be over. No; she will not be the cobrs. She will play the part of the tion. Her victim shall be mangled. He shall see his possessions pass from him. He shall hate the day he was ever born as he writhes under the sharp, white, cruel teeth of the lion.

"Love blinds you, Rebecca." "Love lifts the scales from my eyes, father. I do love him. That you know, I love him as woman never before

"Sh, my poor child, it is in the blood. The maidens of our race love all or naught in naught. There is not the gentle breath of consideration to cool the lava stream of passion. It is a part of the curse. A part of the curse!" The old man turned away, took a

small lamp from the side bracket and

It was now late, Rebecca covered the fire in the grate, fastened the door and windows, lighted a wax candle, put out the lamp light and went up to her chamber. No sleep greeted the beautiful creature's eyes. She chose her destiny from the clear sky above her as she sat there with her arms crossed upon the window sill reading the stars.

"And you would borrow \$50,000?" The words fell in clear-cut tones of irony from the old Jew's white bearded lipe.
"Yea; no leas, no more. Can you let

me have the sum?"

"And the security?" "My estate. Is that sufficient?" "It would be if-"

"Woll, if what?" interrupted the young man as an angry flush passed over his face. His very soul re-

volted at this task. He hated, despised all Jews. It sickened him to stand here at this man's mercy and answer disagreeable questions.

"My dear young man. It is a large sum. I can not let you have it unless you give me better security than your catata."

"Explain your meaning, old man. I did not come here out of mere hu-mor. Business is my task. Will you or will you not give me the sum?"

"Then I will go further. Old Isaac will give me what I require."

"Isaac is posted; oh, excuse me, I did not intend to cause you worry." "What does Isaac know?" asked the

young man as he leaned forward. "He knows what I know-" "And that is?"

"That your estate is incumbered now beyond its value. My dear young man. I would not lend you one dollar and take

security against your estate." "I know that you, garabled away last night the last acre of ground you once

owned; mind, I say once owned. You can go. I lend you not one dollar." Every drop of blood within Herbert Lancaster's veins turned to lava as the old man before him uttered the foregone words. Then an icy current seemed to surge through his heart as he recalled the fact that every word uttored

was the truth. His honor is at stake. That debt, the result, the optcome of a game of cards

must be paid, or in one week's time his | Lecca, the lovely, the grand, loved him, name would be tossed from mouth to much among the high-toned club asso-

"My God, man I am in trouble. Can you point out no way of escape? You have assisted me before. What shall I

"It is a debt of honor, is it not?"

"Yes," angrily responded Lancaster.
"Yes," angrily responded Lancaster.
"It must be paid."
"And shall be paid."
"Ah! you give me hope," broke in the young man, clutching, as a drowning

man does, at the one, solitary straw. "I, sir, am a Jew. A Jew is despised, hated, an object of scorn in the eyes of such men as you, Mr. Lancaster. But you and your associates do not scorn to beg money of a Jew in your time of necessity. I have often helped you to means in times gone by. Mr. Lancaster, with race; every 1 and mustle of her supers person queviced with passion.

The cli man, over see score and ten, which a beard it was to as the snow.

The cli man, over see score and ten, which a beard it was the snow.

"Old man, what have my sisters to do with your loaning money?" interrupted the other, failing to eatch the drift of the old Jew's meaning.
"I have a daughter."

"And a deuced pretty girl, too, the is. She is the rarest—"

"Never mind the rest, my dear young man. I, who have watched her daily, know her graces and her virtues. Herbert Laneaster, your sisters have insulted

ish when you, the glowing, selectilating times have they heaped their irony and sun's ray, sweep attivent them. The lion of the desert is strong, and when he sublime creature; too sublime for her sublime creature; too sublime for her abuse upon my daughter. Rebecca is a peace and comfort. Your sisters, ladies bred though they be, stoop to insult the despised daughter of a despised Jew."

"I will speak to them." "You will say nothing to them about it, if you please, Herbert Lancaster. You want \$50,000."

"Yes. I must have it."

"Do you know of any one who will lend you such a sum of money?"

"No one, since, as you say, it is known that my estates be encumbered." "Think well before you answer my last question," said the old Jew, as he leaned slightly forward and fixed his eyes upon the young man's face.

"I have answered your question. I know of know one to whom I can ap-

ply for assistance."
"Rebecca, my child, a Jewess, the daughter of Jacob, one of the proscribed

race, loves you."
Had the old Jew plunged a dagger into the other's flesh it could not have startled him more. His blood boiled one instant with rage, the next instant his veins felt like threads of ice binding his entire being in a network of horror. And then he became more composed and his heart felt a subtle thrill, why he could not readily tell.

"I-you flatter me-" "No hollow words, young man, You came here for business. Business it shall be from the word. I will loan you \$50,-000. Stop! I will give you \$50,000 as a wedding gift. Is my meaning clear?" If the old Jew's words were wrapped in mystery before they are plain now. The Jew would sell his daughter.

Marry a daughter of a Jew? Horror! It would cause a sensation of more than seven days' duration. His proud, haughty sisters, what would they do? How would they receive their brother's

ter's lips. "More sane than you think. I will trend upon one of the cardinal edicts of our church teachings. I will stand by and see my child, a Jewess, a daughter

of Jacob, be joined in matrimony with a Christian." "in other words you would give \$50,-000 to see your child marry a man you can not help but despise?"

"Rebecca, what of her?"

"She is here," said the old Jew, as a tap fell on the floor, followed by the entrance of the beautiful girl. The girl of the Orient was the depth of her superb eves. Upon her damask cheek blushed the roses of pur-est, most perfect health. Her lips, full and red, seemed formed for lover's kisses, they were so soft, plump and inviting. From her regal form depended richest folds of velvet and on her halfbared bosom rose and fell the grandest single jewel in the city. She glided over the floor like some June creature of light and glory. But when her eyes fell upon Herbert Lancaster she became as a timid child whose breath comes convulsively when in the presence of some being above, higher, beyond earth's gods. "Rebecca, my child, approach me."

The girl drew near in response to her father's words. Her eyes were veiled with the dark, silky lashes, but her throat, face and bosom were warm with the rich blood rushing through the veina.

"My child, Mr. Lancaster has asked

me for your hand in marriage. A gasp fell from the young man's lips, It was echoed by one deeper from the

What a grand, superbly beautiful woman she was. Lancaster felt that such a lovely creature should share a knight's throne. And here she is—his. But she is a Jewess. His vain sisters, his proud, haughty friends would scorn him for marrying her-a daughter of

"Mr. Lancaster, you make take your intended bride by the hand. You may kiss her brow and—now you may go. No, not another minute. Go. Leave me and my child alone."

Out into the chill night air Lancaster went like a being bereft of senses, What was this strange power that this woman, a Jewess, had over him? When he touched her hand a great flood of warmth seemed to pervade his entire being. And when he pressed his lips to her hot, smooth brow his heart seemed bathed in the buoyant intoxication of supremest bliss.

Why did he not have the will to refute the old Jew's words? Surely he had not asked the man for his daughter's hand. He came to borrow money. Re-

and a heaven seemed revealed to Herbert Lancaster as he stood there upon the great bridge joining two great cities and gazing upon the flitting lights below him.

The beauty of the girl, the surpassing grace, the grand form, the veiled eyes, all, have combined and won him.

"Rebecca, your beauty won. shall avenge your wrongs. His vain, proud, haughty sisters shall be humbled

"Father, I do not understand." "But you shall-"

"Did he ask you for my hand?" "He asked me for \$50,000."

"Tell me what all this means. I tell you again I do not understand," uttered the girl as she laid her hand upon the old man's arm.

"His sisters, the white lilies that grow pale and languid by your rich, Oriental beauty will be humbled. Herbert Lancaster will receive his \$50,000. You will be avenged for the wrongs and in-"You have suffered."

The words fell like darts of ice from the lips which had turned ashen in an instant. She was a marble image now. All that was left of the semblance of life was the rich coloring of her robes as she stood there in the lamplight.
"Sold me like a slave!"

"Rebecca, don't, child. Compose yourself. My dear, you do not understand. What do I care for fifty, thrice fifty thousand dollars? You will walk over the proud women who have insulted "But what of me?"

"A daughter of Jacob will bear the great name of Lancaster. * "And that is all?"

"Is it not enough?" Yes; quite. Good night." chanically. Her limba seemed like ice. Her heart—it was broken.

You have come for your money?" "No; for my bride. The money I have secured elsewhere. Last night you presented to me my future wife. It was subterfuge last night. This morning all is fair and above board. I love your daughter-"

"And you will become one of us?" "I tell you I love your daughter. I will become anything-a beggar for

"I never dreamed that men of your race knew what love was. I will call Rebeccs." It seemed an age before the old Jew returned. Herbert Lancast r was in the meshes of a passion such as few men dream of, let alone realize. The face of the girl was his sun, her voice was as the breeze of heaven and her eyes were the stars in his fairest

"Lost! Lost! Oh, God! She is lost!" cried the old Jew as he tottered through the doorway and tell upon the floor at

The God's rake. Tell me; what is the tue?" A thin, white, trembing hand shited from the prostrate form. It is inted torough the doorway.

lighers deched up the stairs, pushed one the crowd of frightened servants a contered the room. The rises and fled and the rounded colo were waxen. A faint, lingering

times of a smile parted the lips, now as on and cold. One bared arm was wiell; the other lay under the beautimass of jet bair. Upon the left bosom glittered in the

morning light the jeweled hilt of Oriental dagger. The daughter of toob was dead.

Herbert Lancaster left the house of ce with his heart in sorrow and aguish. His friends in after years wondered at his changed demeanor. ne knew of the tragesty of his life. To beld it as sacred. - S. H. Keller in "Well, yes; if you look at it in that New York Mercury.

The Habit of Good Breathing.

Tight dressing, though the most serius hindrance to good breathing, is not he only obstacle. There are careless ways of sitting or scanding that draw the shoulders forward and cramp the chest; and it is as hard for the lungs to do good work when the chest is narrow and constricted as it is for a closely-bandaged hand to set a copy of clear, graceful penmanship. Then there are lazy ways of breathing, and one-sided ways of breathing, and the particularly bad habit of breathing through the mouth. Now the nose was meant to breathe through, and it is marvelously arranged for filtering the impurities out of the air and for changing it to a suitable temperature for entering the lungs. The mouth has no such apparatus, and when air is swalthrough the mouth instead of breathed through the nose, it has an injurious effect upon the lungs.

A story is told of an Indian who had a personal encounter with a white man much his superior in size and strength, and who was asked afterward if he was not afraid. "Me never afraid of man who keeps his mouth open," was the immediate reply. Indeed, breathing through the mouth gives a toolish and weak ex-pression to the face, as you may see by watching any one asleep with t e mouth

It may be noted that an anamic, or tow condition of the blood is seldom found where there is an established habit of full, deep breathing with the mouth closed,-Chicago Tribune.

A Pointer for Statesmen

Demosthenes was asked: "What is the first requisite to success in a public His answer was, not as is sually given, action, but "The power of moving others." He was asked, "What is the second requisite?" His answer "The power of moving others." Again he was asked, "What is the third requisite?" Still his answer was, "The power of moving others." Action often repels others from us. Whether in a teacher or public speaker, the immortal answer of the greatest of Greek orators will stand as the expression of a great truth, that the secret of success is not action, but the power of moving others. -School Journal.

Persons who have any tendency to pulmonary disease should make their

WHAT IS IT TO THEE. Twas a winter day, and white with snow;

I saw a little maid past the window go, With a bright, bright hood, and a face fair to see But what was it to me? For I was a boy that looked tarough was And nodded to see the little maid pass.

With the searlet hood and frings of fur—

And what was it to hor? was a boy that looked through the glass,

'Tis winter; the white snow is new again; Island with a woman and look through the pane; Mayhaplike the sweet hooded maid is she— Eut what is it to thee?

James Vila Blake.

HOW WASHINGTON ENTERTAINED.

Lecturing His Steward on the Erils of Extravaganec-The First Shad.
Gen. Weshington entertained very freely before be became president, and the tells of 100 coves was not enough to knowledge the butter used at his Mount Vernon botto. He was more economical in the reconsecut of his presidential table. and General Weshington Parke Custia re-kites how severely he between his steward on the evils of extervagance in looking over his expense accounts, which he man birs pre-set to him westly. The stoward was a ruga by be many of Frances, who leved Washington pro-dy, and who had a high idea of the state be should unintwin. At the end of ... ch weekly beture he would go off crys a said propal are more than at the same time would not be that the best be may dielected in it is the property of the proper

ment shall be see the r with the Lost the whole commay contained." Free ent Washington was a great lover of fish. He always are codfish on Satur of 1921. He always me codish on Saturday while he was the executive, to complient New England, whose fishing in-Guerry is that time places a much more imported part in its economy than it decrees. Certain we hard and ladies, of Philodelphia, who has a special way "Yes; quite. Good night."

Resected moved out of the room mechanically. Her limbs seemed like ice. It heart—it was broken.

"Yes; quite. Good night."

of exeming cevifiel, were accurtanced to send this enough for his table on this day of ever; week. They would wrap it up its clothe as soon as it was taken from the fire and lurry it off to the president's house, so that it strived as hot as though

from his own kitchen.
One February a large thad was caught in the Delaware in a trance of the season and was brought to the market. Frances saw it, and, regardless of cost, at once weized upon it for the president's table. When it was brought into the dining ro m Washington, noting its savory odor,

"A shad!" replied Fraunces, excitedly, "a very fine shad! I knew your excellency was extravagantly fond of this fish and was so fortunate as to procure this one in the market-a solitary one, sir, said the first of the season."

"The price, cir? The price? The Oct 20 price, cir?" demanded Washington, "Three-three-three dollars," stam-

mered the steward.

"Take it away! Take it away, sir!"
said Washington. "It shall never be
said that my table sets such an example

of luxury and entravagence!"

And so the \$3 fish was taken from the room, to be devoured by the servants. President Washington's cook was a

character of the time. He was a bondy better of the time. He was a bondy better teams, nemed Rercules, who made \$200 a year out of his perquisites of the slope of the president's kitchen. "Every afternoon he would strut forth from the freed deor," says Mr. Custis, "dressed as expayagently as any dandy of the sime, and would take a promenade on the fashionable thoroughfare of colonial Phila He were a blue cost with a velvet collar, a pair of fancy knee broothes and shoes with extravariant silver buckley Thus attired, with a cocked hat upon his head and a gold headed cane in his hand, he strutted up and down among the beaux and belles until the stroke of the clock reminded him that he must hurry off to the kitchen and prepare the evening meal."

President Washington's dinners were rather stiff affairs. But little extra preparation was made for transient guests. An English traveler, who breakfasted with Washington in 1794, during the latter part of his second presidential term, says the breakfast consisted of eliced tongue, tea and coffee, dry toast and bread and butter. The only expensive piece of furniture upon the table was a silver urn for hot water. There was but one servant. and Mrs. Washington made the tea and coffee herself. Throughout his life Washington ate but light breakfasts, and in his old age this most was made of Indian cakes, honey and tea. He always dressed for dinner, and dined about 3. He are heartily, but was very careful of his diet. He clways had wine at dinner, and arenk at descrit four or five glasses of Madeira. His only toust was, "All our Friends." He ate a light tea, but ne supper, and was usually in bel by 10 o'clock .- Frank G. Carpenter in Lippincott's Magazine.

Great Actors' Children.

In mentioning M tjeska's exquisite art I am reminded that nor only chiti, a son, has not inherited any of his mother's talent, and it seems to be the exception to the rale when great actors' children follow their parents' profession. In the case of the Booths, Warrens, and Jeffersons the heroditary telent lasted for three generations, which is about the time that a large fortune remains in one family in America. Edwin Booth's daughter, Mrs. Grossman, might be expected to follow the parental business, as her mother, Mary Devlin, as well as her father, were born in the profession.

Of all the young Jeffersons, and there are many, only the eldest son has given any evidence of possessing any dramatic ability. He manages for his father, and occasionally is trusted with some minor part. Lawrence Barrett's two daughters have no stage aspirations. They are con-tent to admire their talented father. Mag-gic Mitchel is the mother of several rollicking, happy children, but there is not one among them who gives promose of any ability in the dramatic art; but frank | For Rout-Mayo has a son and daughter with ambitions toward the stage, the son cepe-cially showing considerable ability besides being almost as handsome as his father.
Frank Chanfrau, Jr., has been playing his late father's roles with some success, but as yet has not rivaled his father. Bijou Herron, has been playing juvenile parts for some time, but in spite of her excellent training is far below her mother

Fannie Davenport keeps up the traditions | crate, apply at once. of a family, but it remains to be seen whether her children are toon to the pur-

WATERLOO.

EILL. Mrs Tom Smith and Miss L sn

Calibration Tip Top shifted town test week. Mr. Ed Seymour and, wife are spending chrismas with their mother. Mr D C Smith has completed his new elling. W R Harris, Tho has been attending lectures in Baltimore has returned home for the Christmas holidays. Miss from Harris of this place, is disiting her einer at Laurens. Mrs Emma Rook and daughter of Green-

wood are visiting in town.

Dr J W Kennedy, who has been in the Drug business here for some time, will move his stock to Bradley's in a few

he co ets to remain. Married Dec 23rd, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Miller, Mr Tilman Fuller of Laurens, to Miss Ma-

mie Teagae of New Market. One of our young men visited his eye Chart on last Sunday, and after staving awhile she asked if he liked parelied corn. On receiving an affirmative reply, she requested to be excused and in a short time returned with some cornend an oven. After parching two ovensfull he remarked that he liked her samples very much and would be pleased if she would pass around her pop-corn. After being told that he had caten up all the corn on the place, and that she did not know that she was feeding a horse, he said he hated to be made mad by receiving only samples.

Mr and Mrs R G Smith, who have been living hope for some Ume, have moved to Cross F.H.

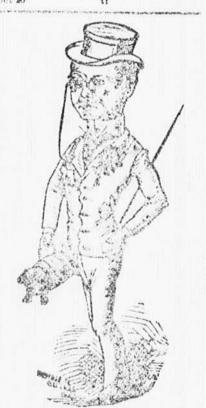
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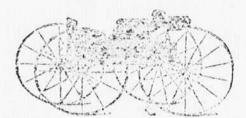
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