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CHAPTER I. The people of the Bald Knob neighborhood, on the Missouri Pacific railway, couldn't understand why Clem Holder should go wrong. His people were surely honest, and certainly did everything that lay within the range of their ability to give the boy a start in life, but he went wrong. But not in the tiresome, everyday manner, mind you. He didn't steal a horse, and thereby invite the contempt of the neighborhood. He did not commit an offense so commonplace and so free from exposure that a man of ordinary nerve would have contemplated it without alarm. No; he jumped on a pay car, robbed the pay-master and killed a meddlesome fellow who ventured to protest or offer advice or something of the sort.

What a handsome fellow Clem was! He was strong and of rather good size, but his features were as delicate and as refined as a girl's. His eyes were of that peculiar blue that bespeak innocence or deviltry, you can never determine which, and his bair was long and inolined to curl. Had he been reared in the old atmosphere of Italy he would either have been an artist or a bandit, He had been morbidly restless all his life, dissatisfied with the present and feeling that the future had nothing for him, and when his parents had bade the world good night and gone to eternity's bed he yielded no longer to restraint.

The Missouri Pacific Railway company offered a large reward for him. The sheriff of the county happened to want money at that time and said that he believed he would go out and lead Clem to instice. He went out on a fairly good horse and came back in a wagon, nd, while his friends were burying him near old Ebenezer church, some one remarked that Clem always had been a sort of independent fellow, and that he was "powerful slow" in yielding to persuasion. Well, a very noted man, a great catcher of illicit distillers, said that Clem must answer for his crimes. and, with a few selected men, went after him. ·Clem met them unexpectedly, and-well, he still refused to yield to persuasion, and when the fragments of the argument were gathered up the great catcher of illicit distillers was labeled and sent to his friends. After several other attempts had been

made the arrest of Clem Holder was regarded as an eventful but unenjoyable undertaking. The young fellow lived in the hills, rode a good horse, and, in the opinion of many people who knew him, was about as near a king as an American could wish to be.

For many years Clem had been deeply in love with Silla Garrett, a handsome young woman, the belle of a hundred country dances. She was a cold piece of proud flesh. Your celebrated beauty may be cold, but she cannot hope to rival the imperial chilliness of the back. woods belle. The rough homage of the fellow, with his trousers in his boots, inspires more of a contemptuous lofti ness in a backwoods queen than the polished worship of the courtier could possibly inspire in a beauty celebrated by two continents.

Silla did not tell Clem that she would not marry him. When he had actually fallen at her feet, long before he had robbed the pay car, and implored her to be his wife, she had told him that she was so poor herself that she could not afford to marry a poor man. He had been kept so busy for a time after he committed the robbery that he did not have an opportunity to call on her, but several days after he had parted with the great catcher of illicit distillers he rode up to the fence surrounding old man Garrett's house and yelled, "Hello,

Silla came to the door and exclaimed. "Why, Clem Holder, what on earth are

'Oh, I'm out payin up a few calls that I happened to owe. I've been kept pretty busy lately. I used to think that I might never get into business, but I've had no cause to complain since I took up railroad work.

"Clem Holder, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Oh, I reckon it ain't as bad as that! I don't see why a man should be ashamed of himself when he's done as well as he can. In this life we ought to be censured



"Clem Holder, you ought to be askamed of yourself." for failin to do our duty, but when we have improved each shinin hour, as the feller says, we ought to be complimented. Say, where's the old man?' 'Gone to mill."

"Where's the old woman?" "Up stairs, sick with a headache." "May I come in?"

"Why?" "Why? Do you reckon I want you come in our house and be shot there?"
"Who's goin to shoot me?"

"Oh, what's the use in askin such foolish questions? You know the rail-"Yes, and the railroad is about fast

enough to catch me, but the train is hardly due yet. Let me come in, Silla. I've got somethin to say to you."

"Can't you say it out there?" "I'm afraid somebody might hear

"No, you ain't. A man that ain't afraid to rob a railroad ain't afraid to have anybody hear what he says."

"From a woman's standpoint, no." he answered, stroking his horse's mane, "but from a man's standpoint, yes. A feller that ain't afraid to fight a brave man is sometimes afraid to have a coward hear him talk. Silla, you told me some time ago that you couldn't afford to marry a poor man. You knew how I loved you, knew that your words stabbed me with a frost covered knife. I wanted money-I wanted you-so I robbed a pay car. I'm not so mighty rich yet, but I've got enough to keep you from

work. Now, you just get up here behind me, and we'll leave the country. I'll take you away off somewhere, and we can live as happy as a king and queen. Come, Silla." "Look here, man, do you take me for

"I'd like to take you for anything.

"I am a robber, but I'm not a murderer. I robbed because I wanted you, and I shot because men wanted me. Men wanted me for money. They didn't care anything about justice. They wanted the reward, and a constant seeker after reward ain't any better than a robber. But that's neither here nor there. I want you to go with me." "Oh, I can't, Clem!"

"Wby?" "Oh, you know why! It would be so awful. I'd have to go away where I'd never see any of my folks again, and-oh, I just can't!" "Is it because you love some other

"No." "If you do, I will kill the man."

"I don't love anybody but-but"-"Out with it." | "But you, Clem." "Thank God for them words! Let me

get down and kiss you." "Oh, Clem, you are the foolishest man I ever saw!" "Not foolish, but in love, Silla. May

"No, no! I couldn't think of such a thing. Pap might come home.' "Well, what could be do?" "He could give me an awful goin over. No, Clem, you mustn't come in.

come in the house?"

Some time you may, but not now. Say, Clem, if I ask you somethin, will you

"Nothin that's beautiful can be fun

"Well, I wanted to ask you this-now l just know you'll think I'm funny.'

"Honest?" And then she laughed. Talk of honesty to a robber! "Honest?" she repeated. "Honest."

"Well, how much money did you get out of that pay car? Now, there, I told you you'd think I was funny." He laughed and affectionately stroked his horse's mane.

"Honest, now, don't you think I'm "No. Let me see. I got about \$16,

000." "Gracious alive!" she gasped, and then exclaimed: "Yonder comes pap.

You'd better go." But he did not go. He sat stroking his horse's mane, waiting for old man Garrett. The old fellow tumbled the bag of meal on the fence, turned his horse into a lot, and then slowly came forward with a scowl on his face. He stopped, put one foot on a low stump and then asked, "What are you doin here, Clem Holder?"

'Oh, sorter restin awhile!" "Well, this is a mighty pore place to rest. I've been livin here fifty odd year, and I ain't never had no rest vet, so it you are in need of that artickle I reckon you'd better shove on somewhar else. Silla," he called, "go in the house. Now, look here, Clem Holder," he add ed when the girl disappeared, "I want to tell you one thing, and that's this: You must keep away from my house. I never did have any too much use for you, and your robbery and killin ain't improved things none. What are you hangin round here for anyway?"

"I love your daughter." "Love the devil!" the old man stormed.

"No; love an angel." "Well, then," the old man replied, with an air of compromise, "we'll say that the devil loves an angel, but that ain't what I want to git at. You must keep away from my house. I don't want to be took up on your account and put in jail, and I won't be if I can help it nuther. You have ruined yourself and disgraced all your friends, and I'll be blamed if you shall draw me into it! Do von hear?

"Yes, but I must tell you that I won't eep away except on one condition."

"That Silla will keep away with me." "Clem Holder, I don't want to hurt

"All right, and I don't intend you ask you a few questions: Did the railroad ever help you in any particular

way?"
"Help me? The infernal secondrels killed my cow and never paid me more

"Well, then, they robbed you, didn't

"Of course they did." "Ah, ha, and I robbed them!" "But what's that got to do with me?" "A good deal. I will give you the

price of 100 cows if you will give me your daughter." "Clem Hoider, I have struggled along the best I could and managed to live somehow, without ever takin a dishonest cent, and it is most too late to begin

now. Go on away from here and don't come back again. "There's no use talkin, old m ., I can't do it. If you won't give me your daughter, I will do you as I did the railroad-rob you."

"And I will do you as I did Buck Goodall ten years ago-kill you."
"All right, old man, I won't deny you the pleasure of tryin, but I'l protest against the accomplishment, as the feller says. Well, I must be goin. Good

CHAPTER II. Another attempt to capture Clem Holder was made, and all that kept a daring deputy sheriff from biling the dust was the fact that a rain had fallen

the night before. But Clem was pushed so hard this time that he fled to the mountains. One day a man called at old man Gar-

rett's and asked for Silla. She came into the room, and the man said: "I want to talk senso to you for a few moments. " "That is somethin remarkable," she

answered. "It isn't often that a man wants to talk sense to a weman." He bowed and thanked ..er. "That fellow, Holder," said he, "has given it out that he got \$16,000 from the railroad company, but he didn't-he got only \$700.

"Is that all?" she asked, with falling countenance. "Every cent."

"Then why are they tryin so hard to oatch him?" "To make an example of him."

"But what have I got to do with it?" "A good deal. You can help us catch

"But why should I want you to catch

him?" "Now, miss, let me talk sense. If you should run away and marry himhold on," he broke off, holding up one hand. "I know that you are going to say that it's none of my business, but be patient a moment. If you were to run away with him, he would lead you a dog's life. He hasn't money enough to get anywhere, and it would simply be a dodge and a fight all the time. You are fitted for better things. If you had mon-ey enough to go to a large city and put on a handsome dress, you would soon become celebrated as the-now, pardon me-as the most beautiful woman in the entire country. In society a queen is nowhere in comparison with a beautiful woman, and you would stand at the

well enough as a postic idea, but ill mated love cannot last. Leading a dodging life, a life of hardship, you would soon lose your beauty, and then your outlaw husband would find you a burden on his hands. Now, you arrange it so we can capture him, and we will make you a queen. We will give you \$2,000 in money and will send you to St. Louis in a splendid palace car, all your own. Be sensible."

"But how can I help you catch him?" "Easily enough. The next time you see him you can make an appointment to meet him somewhere. You can give him something in a glass of water to make him sleep, and then slip a pair of

handcuffs over his hands." "Oh, I don't see how I could." "You can, easily enough, if you are sensible. I tell you that it is your duty to make the most of yourself. Nature has done her part, and now you must do

yours." "Oh, I don't know what to do! But I would like so much to live in a palace.' "You can, just as well as not."

"I wish I knew what to do." "You will know when you have studied over this matter in a sensible way. I will bang around in the neigh borhood. When he comes again, you make an appointment to meet him."

"But he may not come again soon." "Yes, he will." The officer of the law knew that the robber would come soon. The shrewd fellow had adroitly sent to the mountains a report that Sills

was to be married. Several days passed. It was Sunday. Old Garrett and his wife were at church Silla was at home. A slight noise attracted her attention. She went to the door. Clem had just ridden up to the

"Why, what are you doin here?"

"Lookin for a man." "What do you want with him?" "Want to kill him."

"What for?" "Because he's goin to marry you." "Oh, what a goose you are! Nobody's goin to marry me—that is, not now, " "I heard you were goin to be mar-

ried." "You've heard more'n I ever did Clem, you know I couldn't marry anybody but you."

"Yes, I will some time, but I can't now. Why haven't you been to see me?'

"If I had thought you wanted to see me," he said, "I would have risked everything and come. They have been pushin me mighty close lately. May I

come in?" "No, not now, but if you will come next Sunday you may.

"Say I may come in now." "No; next Sunday. Everybody will be away then, and we'll just have a lovely time."

"I will be here." The old people went to church the following Sunday. The girl eagerly watched for the coming of the young man. He came. He did not ride up to the fence. He came stealthily out of the woods. The girl met him at the door and kissed him. He attempted to take her in his arms, but she drew back and said:

"No, not now. After awhile you may. Sit down and talk to me nice—tell me

how much you love me." He put his winchester rifle beside his chair. "If I were to tell you how much I love you, I-oh, I couldn't do it, that's all." He remained silent for a few moments, and then said, "Now that I have got in here I don't hardly know what to say." He was silent again. "I know, though," he began after a time, "that no human bein was ever loved as much as you are. I have loved you ever since you were a child, and it has grown on me. The stronger I got the more I loved you. I have always had you in mind as an angel, the emblem of all that is good. and if I should lose co. deence in you I

wouldn't care to live. I know it sounds shall; so, you see, we have come to a good when I am so bad myself, but I "Oh, you'll never have cause to lose

confidence in me, Clem! You look tired, dear. "I am a little worn, for they push me

mightily sometimes." "Let me fix you semethin to eat?" "No; I ain't hungry. Silla," he suddenly spoke up, "I will always be gentle with you, it don't make any difference if I have killed men. Oh, you are an angel!" Her hair had fallen loose, and, in a silken maze, was hanging about her shoulders. "I do believe you are the most beautiful creature in the world, and, it wouldn't make any difference where you might go, all the other

women would have to take a back seat." "I hope you'll always think so, dear. Do let me fix you somethin. Oh, I have some of the best blackberry cordial you ever drank! Won't you drink some of it

for me—just because I made it?" "Yes; I vill do anything for you." She brought the wine in a teacup, and he drank it.

"What's the matter with you, angel?" he asked. "You look scared." "Nothin. I was just thinkin-just sorter afraid that they might catch you.' "Not much danger. The only way

they can do is to slip up on me." He talked of his love. "You are nod-din, dear. Won't you lie down on the bed for a little while? I will keep watch and tell you if I see anybody comin." "No; I must go putty soon. I must-I must"- He was asleep. She sprang



"Get out of here!" she shricked. suffs out of a drawer, and then, with the quickness of fright, snapped them on his wrists. She ran to the door and looked ont. No one in sight. She looked back at the sleeping man, and, uttering a shrick, sprang at him and wildly tried to tear the handenffs off his wrists.

"Clem!" she cried. "Clem, wake up -oh, my darlin, wake up! Oh, I don't want to be a queen! I don't want men to worship me! I want your love! Clem, oh, for God's sake, wake up! My head was turned, but it isn't now! Oh, I can't get them off! Oh''-

Three men entered the room. "Get out of here!" she shricked. "He is mine, and you shan't have him!"

The men seized him. He did not awake. "Let him be!" she screamed, throwing her arms about his neck and passionately kissing him. "On, you "I'd like to take you for anything. Come, Silla."

Come, Silla."

Nonsense, Clem! Do you reckon to could marry a robber and a—a—murdice the most of herself. Love is all the most of herself. Love is all the down and worship you, and you could marry a robber and a—a—murdice the most of herself. Love is all the most of herself. Love is all the down and worship you, and you could devils—you hell hounds! Don't take him away! Oh, for mercy's sake, don't! a future road of commerce it will probe contracted with a sudden spasm of devils—you hell hounds! Don't take him away! Oh, for mercy's sake, don't! about the valves of his heart course of action the valves of his heart devils—you hell hounds! Don't take him away! Oh, for mercy's sake, don't! about the take you for anything.

They dragged Clem toward the door.

They dragged Clem toward the door.

She shrieked and fell on the floor, and one of the men in his excitement trod on her beautiful hair.

The prisoner deserved no mercy, the judge said, and so said the jury.

A gallows was erected near the railroad track, and a man slowly swung to and fro, a weird accompaniment to the creaking of a beam overhead. Two men were riding along a lonely

road. "What peculiar noise is that? one of them asked. "You have heard of Clem, the outlaw, haven't you? He loved old Garrett's daughter. She's down there in the hollow, crying. Goes down there every day. She's all the time trying to tear something off her wrists. Crazy!'

Correspondence by Telepathy.

He fell in love with her before he ound out that she was an idealist, and after that it was not an easy matter to reverse the recently developed cur-rents of his nature and fall out again. Clarence Hay had always maintained that the noblest work of God was a practical man, while next in order came a practical woman. He had never ceased to thank his lucky stars that he could be classed among the high-grade elect, and he devoutly hoped that when he married his wife might not be one of the second rate

It was a great shock to him to learn that Miss Pearson was several degrees below that exalted niche. He didn't know it until the day be proposed to her. She poised her tapering forefinger lightly against her right temple is he spoke—it was a way she had o doing whenever she became unusually serious—and looked at him with a steadfastness that thrilled him with "I believe," she said, "that you lon't understand me as you should. I think if you knew me better you

He was really frightened then. The answer was so unexpected and savored so strongly of secrets and mysteries in ner past life that he recoiled in horro. rom the mere thought of being burdened with a crowd of personal ghosts that would ever be hovering around

"I am afraid," she went on, after a brief period of reflection, "that we should not prove congenial, and life with a person whose tastes are radically opposed to mine would be simply unendurable, not only for myself but for my husband Before answering you, Mr. Hay, I must be assured that we are a test by which that may be proved. If it should prove that there is an imperishable affinity between us, I shall be perfectly willing to marry you and thank you for the honor done me." Her words and the tone in which they were uttered were both so un-

natural that Clarence leaned back in his chair and regarded her with amazement while trying to determine whether or not the shock of a sudden proposal had turned her mind. "What is the test?" he asked, cau-"Next week," she said, "I shall begin a new story. It is to be written at the order of an eastern publishing house and will contain about 10,000

words. I received the letter only yesterday requesting me to contribute. plan to be followed in its construction. shall begin however, on Monday. Now, Mr. Hay, I propose that you llustrate the story. Clarence's brow cleared. "That will be easily done," he said, with a sigh of relief. "As soon as

you get it written, Miss Pearson, turn it over to me and I promise you that I will produce a set of pictures that will accentuate all the best points in your story and add to your reputation and "You don't understand, Mr. Hay," she replied quickly. "I don't mean that you shall read my work first and then illustrate it. Oh. no. Anybody could

do that. You shall illustrate it through a system of mental telepathy. The publishers are in no great harry for the story and I shall not try to finish it in less than a month. During that time you are not to see me at all conequently you will not be able to gain the slightest clew from word or look of mine as to what is the nature of the article. All your knowledge must be derived solely through the communica-tion of your mind with mine. Your brain must move in unison with mine and the aspirations of our souls must harmonize. You must be possessed of that fine intuition that will enable you to comprehend my thoughts, whatever may be the distance between us. In snort, you must turn author as well as artist and conceive the same situations that I do. The only difference will be in the execution, I expressing them in words,

ou in pictures.' Ciarence groaned helplessly. "Great heavens, Miss Pearson," he exclaimed. "What do you take me for, any way? I am no mind reader. for, any way? I am no mind 1.

Of course, you didn't know. That was what I meant when I said you didn't understand me as you should. have dabbled in all the occult sciences. firmly believe in spiritualism, hynotism and theosophy-Socialism; syntax and prosody," he

interposed viciously.
"Don't interrupt me, please," she returned, with an air of severity. "I know that it is possible to read the uture in cards and in the stars, and I also know that mind reading will in time become as commonplace as con-versing by means of spoken and written words is now. To be sure, I am not such a staunch advocate of idealism as to assert that our bodies exist in imagination only, but I do believe that mine

mc. I'm too practical. But I am pretty true to cature, and I think, Miss Pearson, that if you will give a fellow a fair show I could illustrate your story as well any one."

But she was obcurate to all his ap-

peals.

"Don't argue with me or try to change my views," she said. "This is no mere whim. On the contrary, it is a scrious matter. I decided upon these conditions years ago. If you cannot do as I have suggested we are not fitted for pack of the specific railway the trip to Yokohama Pacific railway the trip to Yokohama is revised to twenty-nine days. By

as I have suggested we are not fitted for each other."

It was the most difficult problem which Clarence Hay's practical mind had ever been called upon to serve. There were times when he had see lous doubts of Miss Pearson's sanity, and had she been a less attractive woman he would have abandoned all hope of winning her and left her to find somewinning her and left her to find some-body else to do her illustrating. But whenever he began to consider that course of action the valves of his heart

newspaper in which she had ever had anything published and read her work carefully, in the hope of thereby gain-ing some idea of what might naturally be expected of her. But she had writ-ten in many veins, and he might as

well have tried to read a solution in the stars as in the printed pages whereon was mirrored the state of her mind in the days gone by. Besides, in none of them was there visible a trace of the belief in the supernatural hat had characterized their last conversation, and the theories then ex-pressed left him more mystified as to her probable subject than anything ise could have done.
She had stipulated that at the end

of a month he should come to her with his drawings. Then they were to read her story and examine the pictures together. If each was the complement of the other, she would marry him as soon as he wished. Three weeks of the alloted time had passed away and Clarence Hay had fretted and fumed himself into a mere shadow of his former and robust self, but with al his worrying and speculating no wandering shaift from her high train of thought had pierced his obscure brain. He studied out a plot every night in is dreams, but they were all different, and when it came to selecting one from such a heterogenous mass of fancies, his predicament was as woful as though his slumber had been visionless. He was about to go to her and explain that as mind reading was not his forte his was a hopeless case, and o be lenient and rescind her unreason-But just at that time he received an

inspiration.

On the last day of the month he presented himself before Miss Pearson with five drawings which were, he flattered himself, the best he had ever nade during his career as an artist. She read her story. It was a graphic description of Syrian life in the slums of a large city, and was unique and strong in conception and execution. Then he showed his pictures. They also illustrated Syrian life in the slums of a large city.

She looked at him admiringly.

"Never before," she said, "have I

had an article furnished with such appropriate illustrations. You are the man whom Providence intends me to Her admiration and affection were

very sweet, but there was a large dose of gall and wormwood mixed with Clarence Hay's draught of honey.

'Miss Pearson," he said, as he was getting ready to go, "I haven't been honest with you. I love you too much to impose upon you. There was no telegraphic correspondence between your mind and mine to prove that i am your affinity. I came by knowledge in a very material way. Read this letter, which I received a week ago.

He handed her a square sheet o

white paper and she read aloud : "Mr. Hay-Miss Pearson has finished her story. It is a description of Syrian life in the slums of a large city. Interior of room given in detail (illustrate). Characters are mother and three little girls (illustrate in group). Youngest child dies with American doctor at bedside (illustrate). is well educated and superior to aver age Syrian woman, but very poor (illus trate as she appears in the street. Doctor loves her, but she will marry him because she believes it her duty to her race to live among them and elevate them (illustrate 'rejection').

"A WELL WISHER." "Hold on a minute. Don't say anything till I tell you all," he said, as she commenced to speak. "I couldn't have thought of this from now till the crack of doom. I dian't know who sent that letter, whether a mutual friend who had fathomed your secret a rival to whom you had confided all and who wrote this merely to lead me astray. But I concluded that a false scent was better than none at all, so I went to work. I spent two days in the Syrian colony. You see the resuit. There, I was truthful, even

though I may be too practical to suit your taste."

He waited for her to say something, but she only stared at him in surprise. "If you want to retract your decision, all right," he said dejectedly, "but I think I have earned you." Still she did not speak. He bowed

himself out of the room and had reached the outer door, when she called him "Clarence," she said, standing close beside him, "you have been honest. I have not. I didn't think you would

tell me about that-that-letter. Clar-"Well, what?" he asked, as she paused timidly. "I knew you would be too dull to guess by the aid of mental telepathy and-I wrote that letter myself."

THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

A Short Cut Through Chinese Territory-Russian Supremacy in the

The Trans Siberian Railway, says the Philadelphia Record, the construc-tion of which is of the utmost import-ance for the future commerce of the world, is slowly but steadily progressing, new stretches of track being added to the system every now and then. Within the last few works the city of Tomsk, on the Obi river, has been rene'ed, and thus more than one-the of the line is now completed.

Work on the Central Siberian division is so far advanced that it is expected to open the line as far as lrkutsk, the largest and wealthiest city of Siberia, before the beginning of the year 1898. In the far East from the city of Vindivostock, as far as Gravskaja, the present terminus of the South Ussur Rail way, trains are now regularly trains ing, and work is rapidly progressing on the North Useuri one to Chab roysk where it will join the main line of the Eastern Siberian Rallway in the Am oor Valley. Since the recent treat, with China was effected a corps of en is far more powerful than matter. It has always seemed very strange to me, Mr. Hay," she added, tentatively, "that you should be so practical." have always supposed that an artist should have an exceedingly vivid imagination."

"I am not entirely avoid of it," he retorted, bitterly, "but I exercise common sense more than anything else. Besides, I am not a Rabbaci nor a Murillo. Perhaps if I were I should be something of an anomaly with their power, of vision seeing allied to my decided practicality, capable of earn-decided practical transfer of Peteniii or Chinese Sea, to N-rt-chinsk, a point two hundred miles east of the Balkal Luke. This branch line will be of still greater importance than the line originally p anned to Tladivostock, for water t elatter poet is closed to navigation by the form Port Arthur, on the chinsk, a point two hundred miles east of the Balkal Luke. This branch line will be of still greater importance than the line originally p anned to Tladivostock, for water t elatter poet is closed to navigation by the form Port Arthur, on the chinsk, a point two hundred miles cast of the Balkal Luke. This branch line will be of still greater importance than the line originally p anned to Tladivostock, for water t elatter poet is closed to navigation by the form of the sale of the Balkal Luke. This branch line will be of still greater importance than the line originally p anned to Tladivostock, for water t elatter poet is closed to navigation by the form of the sale of th gineers has been dispatched to surve a route from Port Arthur, on the Guif of Petenili or Chinese Sea, to Nerting a good salary, and I never expect only will the trip be reduced to less to be anything else, because it isn't in than one-third of its former duration, but it will practically amount to the ascendancy of Russian Interests over British enterprise.

The distance from Moscow to Vladivostock by rail will amount to more than 6 000 miles. It will be possible for through trains to cover this dis

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Olal Baking Powder

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS. Bits of Humor and Nuggets of Truth

-Avoid extravagant promises. State facts and stick to them.

The number of fighting men in this country is estimated at 9,467,694.

-According to late statistics there are in the United States 40,000 deaf -More than 1 800 varieties of roses have been cultivated during the pres--Economy is no disgrace.

a great deal. -Seventy-two races inhabit the world and use over 3,000 different tongues. There are about 1,000 reli-

-A man in New York died from "nasal hemorrhage" recently. Old fashioned people would have called it -There are preachers who get large salaries that accept support from widows who must make their money

over the wash tub. -Our spiritual blessings are more important than anything else and if we use them right, we will surely express our gratitude. -Instead of looking at the many

poor representatives of Christianity in the church, let us look at the life of Christ to see what Christianity is. -W. J. Bryan received a larger number of electoral votes and more of the popular vote of the country than was ever received by a defeated can-

didate for the presidency. -A musical bicycle has appeared in England. The motion of the vehicle grinds out the tunes, and the wheelman whirls along to the strains of a lively harmony.

-"Charley, if you are good today you shall be allowed to go after the cows." "Suppose I'm bad, papa?" "Ob, then you'll have to go after them -An Irishman was explaining to a

riend the difficulty he had going from the station to the hotel. "The streets are so crooked," he said, "that I met myself on the way back." -A wellknown specialist of ear diseases has made the announcement that half the deafness prevalent at the present time can be traced to the of course, cutting off all travel. practice of boxing the ears of children. -In New Zealand the Maori priest

repeats to the infant a lengthy list of the names of its ancestors, fixing upon to select for itself. -The Mother-Willie, I am sorry to learn that you ran your little wag on over one of the boys next door, and hurt him. "It wasn't my fault. I told him to get out of the way. My wag on's got 'United States Mail' painte

-At the late Cobb county (Ga.) fair Mrs. M. J. Farr, of Roswell, had a quilt made in the shape of a map of the state of Georgia, each county outlined with names thereon bounded with ocean and states, bordered with the names of the governors of Georgia and the presidents of the United States and the years they served in their respective official positions.

-Remarkable as it may seem the neaviest contributor to the expenses of the recent presidential campaign was the United States government. The amount of campaign literature sent through the mails free on the franks of the congressmen would have cost \$10,000,000 in postage stamps under other circumstances. To this must be added \$5,000,000 as the cost of sending out information from the various departments in response to campaign demands, making a total of \$15,000,000 that Uncle Sam is out of pocket.

PRODUCTS OF THE PEANUT .- From all appearances the plebeian peanut is not properly appreciated in this country as it should be. In Europe this nut has various uses which are only beginning to be recognized in this country, the first recognition being that of a Virginia company which is about to handle the peanut products. According to the Manufacturers' Record the principal products are peanutoil for cooking and table purposes and confectioners' use, peanut cribble for confectionery, peanut grits for soap, etc., peanut flour for baking and peanut bran for stock feed. The oil is highly valued in Europe, and it is better living on a little than outliving stated that fully \$5,000,000 worth peanuts are brought into Marseilles, France, annually for the manufactur of oil, which is used in toilet soaps and for other purposes. The peanut flour is quite extensively used in Europe and made into bread, cakes, biscuits,

etc. It is one of the favorite articles of food, according to consular reports in hospitals in Germany. The estimated product of five tons of peanuts amounts to 235 gallons of refined oil, at \$1 per gallon; 175 gallons of crude oil at 50 cents; 3,680 pounds of flour and meal at two cents, and 3,300 pounds of stock feed at 60 cents per hundred pounds, making \$415.90 in all.

In the mechanical handling of peanuts they are first crushed and cut be-tween suitable rollers, then the cut and crushed mass is submitted to a ho bath for separating the shells and kernels, and finally drying the kernels to separate them from their skins.

—A young attorney got a queer etter the other day. It was from a man in Florida, and requested him to look up the whereabouts of a friend supposed to be in that city. The in telligent writer concluded his appea with the request: "If you don't ge this letter, please let me know." -"Why do they say as smart as a steel trap?" asked the talkative boarder. "I never could see anything

boarder. "I never could see anything particularly intellectual about a steel trap." "A steel trap is called smart," explained Mr. Asbury Pepper, in his sweetest voice, "because it knows exactly the right time to shut up." -A trocha is a narrow path crossing the main highway. Used as a war term it signifies a line of defenc stretching across certain portions of

list of CHARLESTON & WESTERN CAROthe one which the child by sneczing or crying when it is uttered is considered to select for itself.

WESTERN CAROlina Railway Co. "Augusta and Asheville Short Line." Schedule in effect Dec
list, 1896.

crying when it is uttered is considered	1st, 1896.	
to select for itself. —The Mother—Willie, I am sorry to learn that you ran your little wag- on over one of the boys next door, and hurt him. "It wasn't my fault. I told him to get out of the way. My wag- on's got 'United States Mail' painted on both sides of it, and it doesn't have to stop for nobody." —Nine out ten persons, if asked what is the most sensitive part of the body, will reply the tip of the tongue. This is a mistake. Those engaged in polishing billiard balls, or any other substances that require a very high degree of smoothness, invariably use the cheekbone as their touchstone for	Lv Augusta 9 40 am Ar Greenwood 12 17 pm Anderson 7 30 pm Laurens 115 pm Greenville 255 pm Glenn Springs 4 05 pm Spartan burg 3 60 pm Saluda 5 27 pm Heudersonville 5 54 pm Asheville 6 45 pm	7 30 pt 12 10 at \$
	Lv Asheville. 8 20 am Spartanburg. 11 45 am [Greenville. 11 55 am Laurens. 1 15 pm Anderson. 10 25 am Greenwood. 2 28 pm Ar Augusta. 5 05 pm Ar Aiken. 6 50 pm	4 00 p 4 00 p 7 00 p 7 00 a 12 25 a
detecting any roughness. —At the late Cobb county (Ga.) fair,	TO ATHENS, ATLANTA AND WEST.	POINT

Ar Raleigh 1 30 am Norfolk 7 30 am

y Greenville. 4 60 pm r Elberton 2 36 am Abbeville 1 42 am Athèns 3 33 s am Atlanta 6 20 am Lv Atlanta..... 9 10 pm

Close connections at Greenwood for a points on S. A. L. and C. & G. Railway, and at Spartanburg with Southern Railway. For information relative to tickets, rates, schedules, etc., address W. J. CRAIG, Gen. Pass. Agent. Augusta, Ga J. S. Gureton, Agent, C. H. Speights. Gen. Agent, Greenville. S. C.

BEFORE YOU BUY AN

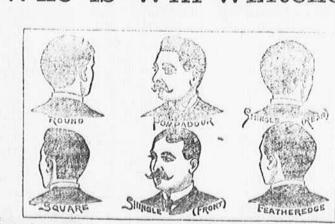
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Who is Will Whitener?



He is our Fashionable Hair Cutter and Shaver.

ber of failures was 13.197; in 1895 there were 14.890. In 1893 the liabilities were \$173,196,060; last year about \$225,000,000, an increase in number of about 12 per cent., and in amount of liabilities of 20 per cent.

THE LAURENS BAR. H. Y. SIMPSON. C. D. BARKSDALE SIMPSON & BARKSDALE,

-Last year was disastrous to many

business ventures, more failures occur-ing than in 1893, the first year of the panic and the worst. In 1893, the num-

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side of Public Square.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

PIEDMONT AIR LINE.

In Effect Jan. 13, 1897.

Condeused Schedule of Passenger Trains. | Ves. | Fst.M1 | No. 18 | No. 18 | No. 18 | Ex. Daily. Daily Daily Sun. the country, crossing all highways, and Ar. Richmond . Ves. 1 -t, M1 No. 37 No. 35 Southbound. Daily, I ally, dily Fin Lv. Richmond . . 2 00 a 1 55 p 2 0 a 5 50 n 20 p 6 5 n 1 1 p 6 25 n 5 0 p 1 0 p 5 0 0 p

"A" a. m. "P" p. m. "A" noon. "N" night.

seeping cars between New York and New Orleans, via Washington, Atlanta and Montgonacry, and also between New York and Memphis, via Washington, Atlanta and Birnoin, hum, Pullman sleeping cars between New York and Memphis, via Washington, Atlanta and Birnoin, hum, Pullman sleeping cars between New York and New Orleans, in connection with the "Sunset Limited" trains for San Francisco, acadeweekly, leaving Jorsey City Tuesdays and Saturdays, and Saturdays, This train also carries Richmond-Augusta sleeping cars between Danville and Charlotte. First class theroughfare coaches between Washington and Atlanta. Dining cars between Washington and Atlanta. Dining cars between Washington and New Orleans, via Southern Railway, A. & W. P. R. R., and L. & N. R. R., being composed of baggage car and coaches, through without change for passengera of all classes. Pullman drawing room sleeping cars between Jersey City and New Orleans, via Atlanta and Montgomery. Leaving Washington cach Saturday, a tourist eleeping car will run through between Washington and San Francisco without change.

Nos. 31 and 32—New York and Florida Limited. Vestibuled train between New York and St. Augustine, via Washington, Charlotte, Columbia, Sayannah and Jacksonville, consisting of Pullman drawing room sleeping cars. Pullman compariment cars, leaving New York and St. Augustine, via Washington, Charlotte, Columbia, Sayannah and Jacksonville, consisting of Pullman drawing room sleeping cars between Augusta and New York.

Nos. Hand 12—Pullman sleeping cars between Augusta and New York.

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Nos. Hand 12—Pullman sleeping cars between Augusta and New York.

Nos. Hand 12—Pullman sleeping cars between Augusta and New York.

Seepil Supt.

Traffic M'gr.,

Washington, D. O.

Allanta, Ca.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Condensed Schedule in Effect NOV. 15, 1396.

"P," p. m. "A," a. m.
Trains 0 and 10 carry elegant Pullman sleeping cars between Columbia and Asheville, enroute daily between Jacksonville and Cincin-

Pullman Service. Pullman Service.

Pullman palace aleeping cars on Trains 85 and 86, 87 and 88, on A. and C. division.

W. H. GREEN,
Gen. Superintendent,
Washington, D. C.
W. A. TURK,
Gen. Pass. Ag't,
Washington, D. Q.

Washington, D. Q.

As't Gen. Pass. Ag't,
As't Gen. Pass. Ag't,
Atlanta, Gen.

mati.
Trains leave Spartanburg, A. & C. division, northbound, 6.42 a.m., 8.47 p.m., 6.18 p.m., (Vestibule Limited); southbound 12:36 a.m., 8.15 p.m., 11:37 a.m., (Vestibule Limited.)
Trains leave Greenville, A. and C. division, northbound, 5:45 a.m., 2:31 p.m. and 5:30 p.m., (Vestibuled Limited); southbound, 1:30 a.m., 4:20 p.m., 12:28 p.m., (Vestibuled Limited).