

# Anthony Riggs' Fortune

by Clarissa Mackie

or you will lose your last chance of being happy. And stay— A slim hand arrested his going. "Yes?" Anthony's voice was very cold.

"Be sure to have that ring in readiness—you may need it!" And the next instant Anthony found himself elbowed out of the tent by impatient waiters at the door, and without another glance at the decorated room he left the church and went home, much perturbed.

Of course, Anthony Riggs knew that the fortune teller could be none other than some member of his church who was familiar with more or less of the detail of his life and habits. He was surprised at his own lack of indignation because his private affairs had been discussed by a stranger—indeed, he almost felt a glow of gratification that he was still numbered among those to whom something wonderful might happen.

"I'll try it, anyway," said Anthony that night as he blew out his candle. "It can do no harm."

It is a simple matter to make poor people happy. Anthony Riggs found it so. The day before Christmas was marked by a series of galvanic shocks for the servant maid in the basement of Anthony's fine house. Before night the pantries were filled with delicious viands and the smell of spices and mince-meat pervaded the house.

Anthony's three persons became six, for it was so easy to add another one and still another to the little company he had invited. They were old men and women and they enjoyed the feast of good things with a pleasure that made Anthony's heart ache as it had never ached since the day when Mary Wood had sent back his ring.

At last he sent them home in carriages laden with the remains of the dinner and with many gifts that would add comfort to declining years. The best gift of all was that Anthony Riggs had promised not to forget them—he would be their benefactor till they had passed into the hands of the great benefactor.

When he was alone in the brightly lighted parlor, with the blaze of the chandelier falling on the silver threads in his black hair, Anthony thought



"Please, sir," said a small voice at Anthony's elbow, "can't you give me a job carrying your bundles?"

"What bundles?" frowned Anthony. "Your Christmas presents—what you're going to buy, sir," said the little boy, respectfully.

"I'm not going to buy any presents," replied Anthony quite fiercely. "Here's something for you—go and buy your own gifts and don't bother me!" He thrust a dollar bill into the eager little fingers and strode on, unmindful of the curious glances of those who had overheard his conversation with the little lad.

A glittering window full of jewels threw a flash on his memory. It was in that same shop he had once purchased a ring for Mary Wood. The ring had been returned to him and he had flung it into the farthest corner of his desk. It was there now.

He turned away and sauntered on. In front of his own church, friendly hands drew him into the brightly lighted basement of the edifice where the annual Christmas bazaar was in progress.

"There was a merry throng of men, women and children moving to and fro among the booths devoted to the sale of fancy articles, toys and candy. Supper tables occupied one end of the room and in an obscure corner a fortune teller's tent was made of gay shawls. In the middle of the room stood a gigantic Christmas tree, loaded with gifts wrapped in tissue paper.

"Ten cents will entitle you to a gift from the tree," explained his guide. "I don't like presents," said Anthony grimly.

Deacon Smithers smiled quizzically. "Very well, suit yourself, Anthony! There is the fortune teller—perhaps she will predict a happy future for you! There is the supper table, that will insure you a good meal—and the booths—pay your money and take your choice!" He moved away and left Anthony Riggs standing pale and cold in the midst of the happy crowd.

Perhaps it was because he did not know what else to do that Anthony awaited his turn at the fortune teller's tent, and once within its dim recesses he felt foolishly aware that the future held nothing for him that he did not know.

The gipsy's dark head was concealed in the folds of a lace mantilla; from the flowing sleeves of her red velvet bodice, two slim brown arms and hands flashed out and caught his large hand. The lace-draped head bent over his palm.

"You have had much sorrow," said the gipsy in a low musical voice, "but much of it has been your own making! Do the things I shall tell you and you will live to be very happy and see your dearest wish gratified!" Anthony smiled sardonically. "And the three things I shall do?" he asked.

"The day after tomorrow is Christmas day. Tomorrow night you must make three persons happy. Find three persons who are poor and needy and sorrowful and take them to your home and provide them with a bountiful dinner; have gifts for them and when they have gone away blessing you—then, you may receive a gift yourself."



## Christmas Eve

Christmas eve! And a blustery night— Snow-flurries almost blinding the sight; Eddying winds shift to and fro And toss from the chimneys smoke-clouds low.

On the street is heard a noisy throng Of pleasure-bent shoppers, hurrying along. Laden with bundles and baskets and toys To gladden the hearts of girls and boys.

Let the wintry winds moan on, and sigh Through the forests, and sing their lullaby; 'Neath holly-wreathed branch and mistletoe I rest and sleep while the tempests blow.

Christmas eve! And the sound of bell, Yuletide harmonies, break and swell, And sing of a Babe in Bethlehem, Born in a manger—Saviour of men! —E. A. FERGUSON.



## CURIOUS CHRISTMAS DISHES

Curious Christmas dishes, unfamiliar to Londoners, are by no means out of date in various parts of the country. In Derbyshire, for instance, there is the delicacy, always made on Christmas eve, called "black ball," which is especially appreciated by the younger members of the community. "Black ball" is made of black treacle and sugar boiled together in a pan. While the mixture is boiling, a little flour and grated ginger or spices are added. When thoroughly boiled, it is poured into a large shallow dish, and, when sufficiently cooled, is cut into squares and lengths, which are rolled or molded into various shapes. When quite cool the "black ball" is very hard, but is declared by connoisseurs to be decidedly toothsome.

In Cornwall, again, it is the orthodox practice in most households on Christmas eve to make a batch of currant cake colored and flavored with saffron, according to western custom, with a "Christmas" on the top of each cake. The adornment so called is a small portion of the dough in the center of the top pulled up and made into the form of a miniature cake, resting on the larger one beneath. It is the custom for each person to have his or her own special cake, and everyone is supposed to take a small piece of every other person's cake; but none of the batch must be cut until Christmas day.

## CHRISTMAS JIBES

All Paid For. "Your wife was telling my wife that you've got all your Christmas presents paid for," remarked the man in the corner of the city train to the lean individual sitting by his side.

"Yes; paid for the last of them yesterday," was the reply.

"Lucky dog! I haven't even begun to think of the presents I've got to buy."

"Oh, neither have we for this year. My wife was speaking of last year's presents."

Santa Is Easy. Bobby (on Christmas morning)—"Where does Santa Claus get all his things, mamma?"

Mamma—"Oh, he buys them."

Bobby—"Well, he must be a Jay to let anyone palm off a tin watch on him!"

Seasonable Thoughts.



At this season thoughts of boys lightly run to Santa Claus.

Where They Come From. Guest (dining at merry Christmas party)—"Tommy, where do turkeys come from?"

Tommy (pointing to that on the table)—"Dunno; but ma got this one from a tramp for a shilling, 'cause he said he stole it. Didn't he, ma?"



# YULETIDE GIFTS

## A GIFT!

A Gift should be adequately expressive of the donor's sincerity and of the depth of regard. The recipient's value of a gift reposes upon sentiment, beauty and impressiveness. As only the worthy endures, the abiding essentials are quality and durability.

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## PRIVATE WHITE, C. S. A.

Chief Justice's Appointment a Beautiful Christmas Gift to the South.

Suppose forty-six years ago somebody had told Private White, C. S. A., trudging along, ragged and happy and shooting at the United States flag whenever he saw it, that he would live to be appointed chief justice of the United States supreme court by a president from Ohio and a Republican. Napoleon used to encourage his men by telling them that every private carried in his knapsack the baton of a marshal of France; but nobody ever told a private of a hostile army that he had in his head the chief justiceship of the greatest and most responsible court on earth. Really the chief justiceship is a higher place than the presidency. It is the place Mr. Taft coveted and for which he tried to avoid being president. Yet the Confederate private, the Democrat gets it from the Republican president and is confirmed by a Republican senate unanimously, except for the chronically and constitutionally and unconstitutionally absurd Heyburn.

It is one of the wonders of our modern progress and development. It comes as a beautiful Christmas gift to the South and to the former comrades of Private White, C. S. A., a message of peace on earth and good will and justice to all men in this country—men of all sections and parties and creeds. We used to have horrible fears of a Roman Catholic as president. Here is a Roman Catholic rather higher than the president, appointed by a Unitarian and voted for by men of many beliefs. And we had a Jew in the cabinet until he declined further service. In all of which there is material for some deep and solemn joyous thought. We are getting away from bigotry and narrowness and sectionalism and prejudice and old disturbing antagonisms, and getting away very fast.

Mr. Justice White has achieved and attained by force of brains and character. Yet he would not have reached where he is if the American people had not elected as president Cleveland, the Democrat, who put him on the supreme court bench, and Taft, the Republican, who elevated him. We congratulate the Democratic party and the Republican party, the South and the North, President Taft and Private White.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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LAURENS, S. C.

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## SUPPLY ORDINANCE

State of South Carolina,  
County of Laurens,  
The City of Laurens.

Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Laurens: Section 1. That a tax of fifty cents on every one hundred dollars worth of assessed value of all property, real or personal not exempt by law from taxation, situate within the limits of the City of Laurens, be, and the same is hereby levied for corporate purposes to defray the current expenses of the City of Laurens for the fiscal year commencing Jan. 1st, 1911, and to meet such other indebtedness as may be contracted by the said City for corporate purposes. That an additional tax of seventy cents on every one hundred dollars worth of assessed value of all property, real or personal not exempt by law from taxation, situate within the limits of the City of Laurens, be, and the same is hereby levied to meet the interest to become due upon the bonded indebtedness of the City of Laurens, and to create a sinking fund to be used in aid of the retirement and payment of said bonds.

Section 2. That the clerk of the said City shall enter said levies and assessments upon the books of the said City and receive said taxes. That the said taxes herein levied shall be paid to the said clerk in lawful money of the United States, on or before the first day of March 1911, and any person failing to pay the said taxes, shall be liable to the penalty now provided by law for the failure to pay the general state tax. Done and ratified by the city council of the City of Laurens, and the corporate seal of the said city hereto affixed, this 15th day of December in the year of Our Lord One thousand, nine hundred and ten, and the one hundred and thirty-fifth year of the sovereignty and independence of the United States of America.

C. M. BABB,  
JNO. H. PETERSON, Mayor,  
Clerk of the City Council.

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