

the Knights of Pythia minstrels and I know where we can get some to make us black; you go get Miss Minerva's ink bottle, too, that'll help some, and get some matches, and I'll go get the cork and we can go to Sam's house and make usself black."

"I ain't never promise not to black up and go down to the depot," said Billy waveringly. "I promise not to never be no mo' Injun—I—"

"Well, run then," Jimmy interrupted impatiently. "We'll just slip down to the railroad and take a look at the niggers. You don't hafta get on the train just 'cause you down to the depot."

So Miss Minerva's nephew, after slipping into the house for her ink bottle and filling his pockets with contraband matches, met his chum at the cabin. There, under the critical survey of Bennie Dick from his customary place on the floor, they darkened their faces, heads, hands, feet and legs; then, pulling their caps over their eyes, these energetic little boys stole out of the bank gate and fairly flew down an alley to the station. No one noticed them in that hot perspiring crowd. A lively band was playing and the mob of good-humored, happy negroes, dressed in their

phone and find out."

"And I'll ring up Mrs. Black and Mrs. Hamilton. They may have gone to see Lina and Frances."

In a short time both women appeared on their porches again:

"They have not been to the stable this morning," said Miss Minerva uneasily, "and Sam went to Memphis on the excursion train."

"And they are not with Lina or Frances,"—Mrs. Garner's face wore an anxious look, "I declare I never saw two such children. Still, I don't think we need worry as it is nearly dinner time and they never miss their meals, you know."

But the noon hour came and with it no hungry little boys. Then, indeed, did the relatives of the children grow uneasy. The two telephones were kept busy, and Mr. Garner, with several other men on horseback, scoured the village. Not a soul had seen either child.

At three o'clock Miss Minerva, worn with anxiety and on the verge of a collapse, dropped into a chair on her veranda, her faithful Major by her side. He had come to offer help and sympathy as soon as he heard of her distress, and finding her in such a softened, dependent and receptive

"Next month," she suggested timidly. "Tomorrow, I tell you!"

"Next week," she answered.

"Tomorrow! Tomorrow! Tomorrow!" cried the major, happy as a schoolboy.

"Next Sunday night after church," pleaded Miss Minerva.

"No, not next Sunday or Monday or Tuesday. We will be married tomorrow," declared the dictatorial Confederates veteran.

Billy's aunt succumbed.

"Oh, Joseph," she said with almost a simper, "you are so masterful."

"How would you like me for an uncle?" Miss Minerva's affianced asked Billy a few minutes later.

"Fine an' dandy," was the answer, as the child wriggled himself out of his aunt's embrace. The enthusiastic reception accorded him, when he got off the train, was almost too much for the little boy. He gazed at the pair in embarrassment. He was for the moment disconcerted and overcome; in place of the expected scoldings and punishment, he was received with caresses and flattering consideration. He could not understand it at all.

The major put a hand on the little boy's shoulder and smiled a kindly smile into his big, gray, astonished eyes as the happy lover delightedly whispered, "Your aunt Minerva is going to marry me tomorrow, Billy."

"Pants an' all?" asked William Green Hill.

THE END.

TARIFF ON PAPER.

ADMINISTRATION CALLS FOR JUDICIAL SETTLEMENT.

Treasury Department Hopes for Speedy Determination From Court of Customs Appeals.

Washington, Jan. 2.—The international tariff controversy over the question of admitting wood pulp and paper into the United States free of duty from all countries having treaties with the nation guaranteeing "most favored nation" treatment was passed on to the courts today by the administration for settlement. The procedure will be expedited, and it is expected that the matter shortly will reach the United States court of customs appeals.

The dispute revolves about section 2 of the late Canadian reciprocity agreement—the only operative part of that proposed pact—which grants free entry to Canadian wood pulp, print paper and paper board made from wood cut on "restricted" lands, or lands where no limitations are imposed upon the exportation of the wood or its production. Importers of these commodities from Russia, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Austria-Hungary, Newfoundland and Finland have claimed free entry under the "most favored nation" treatment. Most of these countries also have taken up the question diplomatically with this government.

Pending a settlement of the dispute the treasury department assessed the duty on the importations and held the protest of the importers in abeyance. In order to get the question before the courts the treasury today decided formally to deny the right of free entry to any importations except those coming from Canada. The importers can appeal to the board of general appraisers at New York, and from there the question can be carried on to the customs court.

The treasury department, it is understood, is inclined to grant the appeal of the importers for free entry, but the president was unwilling to place the paper industry on the free list when there was doubt in this respect as to the intent of congress in enacting the Canadian agreement.

We need not fret for something exciting in the new year, because we have been definitely promised Tom Felder's book on Blease, so that the Russians may fight the Persians and the Italians may wipe up the earth with the Turks, but we will have the more absorbing interest of Tom Felder's criticism of Blease to interest us during the coming year.—Florence Times.

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Sunday best, laughing and joking, pushing and elbowing, made their way to the excursion train standing on the track.

The two excited children got disreputably bobbed a broad, pompous negro and slipped on the car just after him. Fortunately they found a seat in the rear of the coach and there they sat unobserved, still and quiet, except for an occasional delighted giggle, till the bell changed and the train started off.

"We'll see Sam Lamb toreckly," whispered Jimmy, "and he'll take care of us."

The train was made up of seven coaches, which had been taking on passengers at every station up the road as far as Paducah, and it happened that the two little boys did not know a soul in their car.

But when they were nearing Woodstock, a little station not far from Memphis, Sam Lamb, making a tour of the cars, came into their coach and was promptly hailed by the children. When he recognized them, he burst into such a roar of laughter that it caused all the other passengers to turn around and look in their direction.

"What 'r all gwine to do now 'I jes' wonder," he exclaimed. "Yo' ekals ain't made dis side o' ternity. Lordee, Lordee," he gazed at them admiringly, "yo' sho' is genuwine corn-fed, sterlin' silver, all-wool-an'-a-yard-wide, pure-leaf, Green-River Lollapalooosa. Does yo' folks know 'bout yer? Lordee! What 'I axin' such a fool question for? 'Course dey don't. Come on, I gwine to take 'r all off 'n dis cars right here at dis Woodstock, an' we kin hetch de 'commodation back home."

"But Sam," protested Billy, "We don't want to go back home. We want to go to Memphis."

"Hit don't matter what 'r all wants," was the negro's reply, "'r all gotta git right off. Dis here 'scurion train don't leave Memphis twell twelve o'clock tonight an' yuh see how slow she am runnin', and ev'ry 'ow slow she am runnin' 'll be full o' red eye. An' yo' folks is plumb 'stracted 'bout yer dis minute, I 'low. Come on. She am gittin' ready to stop."

He grabbed the blackened hand of each, pushing Jimmy and pulling Billy, and towed the reluctant little boys through the coach.

mood, the Major had remained to try to cheer her up.

Mr. and Mrs. Garner were also on the porch, discussing what further steps they could take.

"It is all the fault of that William of yours," snapped one little boy's mother to the other little boy's aunt. "Jimmy is the best child in the world when he is by himself, but he is easily led into mischief."

Miss Minerva's face blazed with indignation.

"William's fault indeed!" she answered back. "There never was a sweeter child than William;" for the lonely woman knew the truth at last. At the thought that her little nephew might be hurt, a long forgotten tenderness stirred her bosom and she realized for the first time how the child had grown into her life.

The telegram came.

"They are all right," shouted Mr. Garner joyously, as he quickly opened and read the yellow missive, "they went on the excursion and Sam Lamb is bringing them home on the accommodation."

As the major, short, plump, rubicund, jolly, and Miss Minerva, tall, sallow, angular, solemn, were walking to the station to meet the train that was bringing home the runaway, the elderly lover knew himself to be at last master of the situation.

"The trouble with Billy—" he began, adjusting his steps to Miss Minerva's mincing walk.

"William," she corrected, faintly.

"The trouble with Billy," repeated her suitor firmly, "is this: You have tried to make a girl out of a healthy, high-spirited boy; you have n't given him the toys and playthings a boy should have; you have not even given the child common love and affection." He was letting himself go, for he knew that she needed the lecture, and wonderful to tell, she was listening meekly. "You have steeled your heart," he went on, "against Billy and against me. You have about as much idea how to manage a boy as a— as a—" he hesitated for a suitable comparison; he wanted to say "goat," but gallantry forbade; "as any 'other old maid," he blurted out, realizing as he did so that a woman had rather be called a goat than an old maid any time.

The major mounted to Miss Minerva's porch.

"I don't have to be an old maid," she snapped sulkily.

"No; and you are not going to be one any longer," he answered with decision. "I tell you what, Miss Minerva, we are going to make a fine, manly boy out of that nephew of yours."

"We?" she echoed faintly.

"Yes, we! I said we, didn't I?" replied the major ostentatiously. "The child shall have a pony to ride and everything else that a boy ought to have. He is full of natural animal spirits and has to find some outlet for them; that is the reason he is always in mischief. Now, I think I understand children." He drew himself up proudly. "We shall be married tomorrow," he announced, "that I may assume at once my part of the responsibility of Billy's rearing."

Miss Minerva looked at him in flutering consternation.

Oh, no, not tomorrow," she protested; "possibly next year some time."

"Tomorrow," reiterated the major, his white mustache bristling with determination. Having at last asserted himself, he was enjoying the situation immensely and was not going to give way one inch.

"We will be married tomorrow and—"

Big Business and Newspapers.

James A. Hoyt's separation from the Columbia Record is apparently the outcome of his fight on race track gambling in Columbia. A short time ago when the legal proceedings instituted principally by Mr. Hoyt were postponed with his consent until after the race meet would be over it seemed to place Mr. Hoyt in a bad light, although those who knew him did not in the least question or doubt his purpose or motives.

It was probably the case that some strong local influences were brought to bear on Mr. Hoyt through his business associates, possibly through or from E. W. Robertson, who is the wealthiest man in Columbia, the biggest banker in that city and the financial bellwether there. As a result of this "squeeze" of the editor Mr. Hoyt has now sold his interest in the Record (to Mr. Robertson, it is reported) and quit as editor and manager.

Mr. Robertson is said to be financially interested with Mr. Gonzales in the ownership of the Columbia State, the Spartanburg Herald and the Charlotte Observer. So if he really be the new owner of the Columbia Record, Mr. Robertson is acquiring quite a string of newspaper connections.—Spartanburg Journal.

When you want a reliable medicine for a cough or cold take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.

KILLS WOMAN, DROWNS HIMSELF.

Edgefield, January 1.—Constable Moultrie returned today from Moultrie's Mill, in the western section of the county, where he went to capture a negro charged with the murder of a negro woman. Jennings, it seems, in a fit of anger, shot the woman five times, and as she lay dead crushed her head with rocks.

After committing the deed it was thought that he had fled the country, but later developments disclosed the fact that he committed suicide, having jumped into a pond, and was drowned. His body was found this morning. It seems that the woman's husband was an eye-witness to the killing, but his version of the tragedy has not been heard, and it is not known what led to it.

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"Yuh sho' is sp'iled my fun," he growled as he hustled them across the platform to the waiting-room. "Dis here 's de fus' 'scurion I been on widout Bukey a-taggin' long in five year an' I aimed fo' to roll 'em high; an' now, 'case o' ketchin' up wid 'r all, I gotta go right back home. Now 'r all set jes' as straight as yer kin set on dis here bench," he admonished, "whilst I send a telegraph to Marsie Jeems Garner. An' don' yuh try to 'lope out on de s'fatron naid'er. Set whar I kin keep my eye skinned on yuh, yuh little slippy-ellum eels. Den I gwine to come back an' wash yer, so 'r all look like 'spectable white folks."

Miss Minerva came out of her front door looking for Billy at the same time that Mrs. Garner appeared on her porch in search of Jimmy.

"William! You William!" called one woman.

"Jimmee-ee! O Jimmee-ee-ee!" called the other.

"Have you seen my nephew?" asked the one.

"No. Have you seen anything of Jimmy?" was the reply of the other.

They were talking together at the stable with Sam Lamb: I

"Send us your job work."

"Send us your job work."