

A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI

By THOMAS A. WISE

Novelized from the Play by Frederick R. Toombs

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SENATE

Langdon was intensely excited over this new development. "Some one has learned something about Peabody," he muttered. He feared that this new information might in some way affect the fate of the naval base that the south and Mississippi might lose. He rose slowly in his seat, while the senate hummed with the murmur of suppressed voices.

"I ask for more definite information," he began, and recognized that the president of the senate had pondered with the gavel to restore quiet, so that this house can consider this important matter more intelligently.

Senator Horton rose. He said: "I will take the liberty of adding that the president of the senate had pondered with the gavel to restore quiet, so that this house can consider this important matter more intelligently."

Langdon's eyes blazed. He strode swiftly into the aisle.

"Mr. President," he cried passionately, "I know this is not the time or place for a discussion of this matter, but I ask that senatorial courtesy permit me to ask" and he concluded strongly before he could be stopped—"what is the evidence in support of this preposterous charge?"

"This is all out of order," said the presiding officer after a pause, "but in view of the circumstances I will entertain a motion to suspend the rules."

This motion passing, Horton replied to Langdon.

"Your name is signed to a contract with J. D. Telfer, mayor of Gulf City, Miss., calling for 3,000 shares in the Gulf City Land company, and—"

"A lie, a lie!" screamed Langdon.

"That official," went on Horton coolly, "is now in Washington. He has the contract and will swear to conversations with you and your secretary. His testimony will be corroborated by no less a personage than Congressman Norton of your own district, who says you asked him to conduct part of the negotiations."

"And I might add," cried Horton, "that it is known to more than one member of this honorable body that you had drawn up a minority report in favor of Gulf City because of your anger at the defeat of your plan to take the naval base away from Alton."

Langdon sank into his chair, bewildered, even stunned. There was a conspiracy against him, but how could he prove it? The ground seemed crumbling from under him—not even a straw to grasp. Then the old fighting blood that carried him along in Beauregard's van surged at the valves of his veins, revived his spirit, ran through his veins. He leaped to his feet.

A sound as of a scythe—a body falling heavily—drew all eyes from Langdon to the rear of the main aisle. An assistant sergeant at arms was lying face downward on the carpet. Another was vainly trying to hold back Bud Haines, who, tearing himself free, rushed down to his chief waving a sheet of paper in the senator's eyes.

"Head that," gasped the secretary breathlessly, and he hurried away up a side passage way and out to reach the stairs leading to the press gallery.

Langdon spread the paper before him with difficulty with his trembling hands. Slowly his whirling brain gave him the ability to read. Slowly what appeared to him as a tumbled nothing resolved into orderly lines and words.

"The letter is signed 'Charles Norton,'" he read and again stood before the senate, which had regained its usual composure after the fallen sergeant at arms and regained his feet and rubbed his bruises.

"I do not think there will be any investigation," he said, with decided effort, struggling to down the emotion that choked him. "I ask this house to listen to the following letter:

"Dear Senator Langdon—When you receive this letter I shall be well on my way to take a steamer for Cuba. I write to ask you not to think too harshly of me, for I will always cherish thoughts of the friendship you have shown me.

"Peabody and Stevens have finally proved too mean for me. When they got old Telfer to swear to a forged contract and wanted me to forge your name in the land records at Gulf City, I threw up my hands. Their game will always go on, I suppose, but you gave them a shock when you broke up their Alton graft scheme. And I'm glad you did. They cast me aside today, probably thinking they could get me again if they needed me.

"I am going on the sugar plantation of a friend, where I can make a new start and forget that I ever went to Washington."

Langdon paused deliberately. The senate was hushed. The galleries were still. Not even the rustle of a sheet of paper was heard in the reporters' gallery. The Mississippi ran round the senate chamber. He saw Stevens and Peabody craning their necks across the aisle and talking excitedly to each other.

Then he stepped forward and spoke, waving the paper in the air.

"This letter is signed 'Charles Norton.'"

The old southerner gazed triumphantly at the men who had sought to de-

stroy him. It was with dignity that the presiding officer could hammer down the burst of handclapping that arose from the galleries.

Senator Horton, however, was not satisfied with Langdon's sudden ascendency.

"How do we know that that letter is not a forgery, a trick," he exclaimed.

"Go get Governor Norton—if you can—and get his denial," responded Langdon.

The junior senator from Mississippi hurriedly pushed his way out of the senate chamber. His day's work was done.

Down on a broad plantation along the Pearl river an old planter, who has borne his years well, as life goes nowadays, passes his days contentedly. He delights in the romping of his grandchildren as they rove the echoes of the mansion and prides himself on the achievements of their father, Randolph, who has improved the plantation to a point never reached before.

Sometimes he receives a letter from his daughter, Hope Georgia, now Mrs. Haines, telling him of her happy life, or perhaps it is a letter from Carolina, describing the good times she is having in London with the friends she is visiting.

And the old planter goes out on the broad veranda in the warm southern twilight, and he thinks of the days that were. He remembers how the Third Mississippi won the day at Crater, and he thinks of the days when he fought the good fight in Washington. His thoughts turn to the memory of her who went before these many years and whom he is soon to see again, and peace descends on the soul of the gentleman from Mississippi as the world drops to slumber around him.

THE END.

Calling the Tramps' Bluff.

Experiment should be made without delay to test the hard luck stories of "out of work" who appeal to the sympathies of the thrifty in interior New York. The regions most frequented lie along routes of travel between New England and the lakes and between Canada and the south. Migratory hordes, whether claiming residence in New York state or to be en route to inviting pastures beyond the borders, can be placed in colonies to earn their keep or at least do enough to prove their sincerity.

Projects similar to tramp colonization have been tried in Europe with fair success. The continent has had in the past many worthy workmen who traveled from point to point seeking better wages or to see the country or to satisfy roving instinct. No doubt the modern idle tramp over there cherishes his honest brother and gets charity by making the "out of work" bluff. At one time the tramp printer was an institution of American country life. He moved from town to town seeking work, generally getting it by an appeal to fraternal sympathy, but he at least made an effort to pay his way. He has been succeeded by a tramp who pretends that work awaits him somewhere in the beyond and platiatively asks for charity to tide him over. Charitable merely confirms illness in such a case, and, however decent the beginning, the end is pauperism. A man who is forced to tramp to find work is to be pitied. In the colony he can have work without tramping for it and must at least make a show of earning what he eats.

That Ride to Warrenton.

It has happened more than once that an army ride as far as from Washington to Warrenton might have been glad to greet 5,000 or 6,000 horse-back fighters coming up that way Aug. 28-30, 1862, and Lee would have been rattled by such a column in blue swooping down on his lines when he maneuvered in that vicinity. In 1862 Good news doesn't depend upon horse-back couriers as it did at the time of the celebrated ride from Ghent to Aix. Neither does the other kind, as when Paul Revere warned the Lexington farmers about the redcoats. But it was a blessed thing that Phil Sheridan could ride twenty miles and get in fresh. Had it been forty or even fifty that eventful morning of Cedar Creek he would have made it and perhaps saved the day just as he did.

Twenty-four hours before Sheridan drew rein on the battlefield at Cedar Creek he was farther from the danger point than Warrenton is from Washington. Had he got the tip then which reached him twenty hours later he would have ridden thirty twenty miles, and there would have been no Cedar Creek, with its thrilling story of disaster held up.

Because the slight of the master compelled it to pause.

Napoleon rode posthaste to the field of Marengo, reaching there at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, to be told "The battle is lost." "But there's time to fight another one!" he exclaimed and made the great hit of his career. There was more to the Warrenton ride than the distance covered. It ended in a freezing rain, yet the president was good for another spurt if need be. Anyway, the official riding test is ninety miles in three days, and Stonewall Jackson's "foot cavalry" wouldn't have blinked at that. Our good purpose of these tests is to knock out the notion that officers will ride to the battlefields of the future in "devil wagons." Test rides keep the horse where he belongs.

France names her Dreadnought Voltaire. But in a fight battleships should shoot something more penetrating than even bright ideas.

It is to be hoped now that Cuba has put her own shoulder to the wheel she won't begin turning on revolutions.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT.

Stupid and Poor, a Good Fellow Who Merely Exists.

The Russian peasant does not live; he merely exists. "Nichevo" ("nothing"), he merely says when anything happens to him. Nothing matters, nothing could be worse, and "Nichevo" is his panacea for all evils. And yet the Russian moujik is really a fine fellow. Ordinarily, H. P. Kennard writes in his book "The Russian Peasant," he is a splendid, well built man, large limbed, large headed and healthy. He is equally unaffected by 20 degrees of frost or twenty glasses of vodka. He is clothed in unadorned sheepskins and carries in winter more clothes than the average Englishman could stand up in.

He is unspookably stupid, however, and his dream of happiness is to gorge, to sleep as much as possible through the winter and dance and sing in the summer. But the stranger's first objection to the moujik is that he swells not because he does not wash himself. As a matter of fact, in every village there are public baths—bazaas—and the peasants wash themselves there unfaithfully every Saturday in order to be allowed to go to church on Sunday for the Orthodox church enjoins cleanliness.

The Russian peasant is always poor and generally in debt. He plows the land in the same way that his father plowed it and gets as little for his labor. His main worry in life is how to pay the government's taxes. If he says he cannot pay the tax, he is flogged, and he will sell part of his next year's power of work—i. e., work for nothing for several months—to raise a loan, and of course he is worse off than ever the following year.

On Christmas night at dusk the marriageable village girls go out into the streets and meet their young men, and one says, "What is your name?" The young man answers "Foma," and she replies, "My husband's name is Foma."

Some days later at the girl's home relations are gathered together. There are the starosta and the starosta's wife, the starosta and the young man enter, carrying loaves of bread. The starosta says something like this:

"We are German people, come from Turkey. We are hunters, good fellows. There was a time once in our country when we saw strange foot-prints in the snow, and my friend and the prince here saw them, and we thought they might be a fox's or marten's foot-prints or it might be those of a beautiful girl. We hunters, we good fellows, are determined not to rest till we have found the animal. We have brought all news from Germany to Turkey and have sought for this fox, this marten or this princess, and at last we have seen the same strange foot-prints in the snow again, here by your court. And we have come in. Come, let us take her, the beautiful princess, the marten or the fox, and my friend and I that you would keep her till she grows a little older?"

Thus does the moujik ask for a wife.

Inventor Davy and Love.

Sir Humphry Davy, the inventor of the Davy lamp, found love something of a difficulty, if not a snare. Writing to his mother, he said, "I am the happiest of men in the hope of a union with a woman equally distinguished for virtues, talents and accomplishments." And in a letter to his brother he expresses his rapture thus: "Mrs. Apreece comes from Germany to me and when the event takes place I shall not envy kings, princes or potentates. The widow must have been a person possessed of great powers of fascination, for Sir Henry Holland makes mention of her as a lady who made such a sensation in Edinburgh society that even a regius professor did not think it beneath his scholarship to go down on his knees in the street to fasten her shoe. The sequel need not dwell upon further than to add that the marriage turned out to be altogether a mistake.

Ferguson and the Rabbits.

Robert Ferguson, the poet, was first matriculated at St. Andrew's university in the session of 1764-5. It was the custom at this time for each bursar to take a rabbit and to give the rabbit to the meals. The college table having been surfeited with an unbroken diet of rabbits in various forms of cookery, Ferguson, on being called to say grace, repeated what are now celebrated lines:

For rabbits young and for rabbits old,
For rabbits hot and for rabbits cold,
For rabbits tender and for rabbits tough
Our thanks we render, for we've had enough!

It may be added Ferguson was not sent down, but the rabbits were "rusticated."

The Quilps.

The quilps, upon which the ancient Peruvians kept their records and accounts, consisted of a thick main cord, with smaller cords tied to it at certain distances. Upon these smaller cords the knots were tied by means of which the Peruvians kept their accounts. The length of the main rope varied from a foot to several yards. The cords were of various colors, each with its own proper meaning—as red for soldiers, yellow for gold, white for silver, green for corn, and so on. The reckoning seems to have been largely regulated by the distances of the knots from the main cord and the sequence of the branches.

—New York American.

Same Effect.

"Cyrl," said his mother as they sat down to the breakfast table, "did you wash your face this morning?" "Well, no, mamma," said he slowly, evidently casting in his mind for an excuse, "but," he added reassuringly, "I cried a little before I came down stairs!"—Delineator.

A Business Woman.

A Massachusetts woman, Mrs. Jennie L. Doane, has been appointed to administer the half million dollar estate of the late R. N. Packard. She will also have charge of the large shoe factory which he established. Mr. Packard died suddenly without making a will. His heirs know nothing of his business. Mrs. Doane had been in the employ of Mr. Packard for a number of years, and he frequently said that she had more brains than any two men she had ever known. For that reason his heirs asked to have her appointed and put in full charge of the business.

Cure For Bone Felon.

The latest recipe for the cure of that excruciatingly painful affliction, a bone felon, is given in the London Lancet as follows:

As soon as the disease is felt put directly over the spot a fly blister about the size of your thumb nail and let it remain for six hours, at the expiration of which time, directly under the surface of the blister, may be seen the felon, which can be instantly taken out with the point of a needle or a lancet.

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NEW BUREAU FITTINGS.

Dresden Silk Covered Articles For Milady's Dressing Tables.

Dresden silk is so much liked nowadays that it is even used to cover the backs of hairbrushes. Hand mirrors and hairbrushes with Dresden silk backs are beginning to supersede the silver backed articles on some women's toilet tables. There is a certain ingenious and industrious woman who has built up a flourishing business—a business in which she employs several girls—just backing brushes and making toilet table articles with Dresden silk.

Backing a brush or a hand mirror with Dresden silk is really a very simple matter, and any one with deft fingers can manage it. The silk is glued to the wooden backed brush, and gold braid is glued around the edges. A comb and brush tray and a powder box can be covered in the same manner, and the set makes a dainty present for a woman. The Dresden silk pincushion is shaped a little like a pair of bellows. The sides are of silk covered cardboard, and the cushioned edge holds the pins.



TOILET SET COVERED WITH SILK.

Half a million is "a good deal of money" for the Panama ditch, but then to think of all the water high finance can pour into a \$500,000,000 proposition if ever Uncle Sam wants to "hook" the securities.

France also wants two-cent letter postage. Now, if the people interested can be taught to write readable letters in the language foreign to them this cut won't put much of a hole in the net revenues.

The New York cow that drinks beer is probably taking the sole method left for tiding over thirst until real water pours in through the Catskill pipes.

Question as to the popularity of sladjacks and sausage over lobsters and ice cream on "after the ball" menus can be settled by casting one ballot.

Admiral Rojstevsky lived long enough to swear in the newer and better navy as the only one worth the money.

Difficult to tell whether that revolution in China is going forward or backward.

The Yosemite Reservoir.

The Scenic Preservation society enters the lists prepared to "fight fire with fire" in the matter of the Yosemite National park as the site of a municipal reservoir. Members of the society dispute the proposition of the petitioners for the grant that "the greatest good to the greatest number" will be secured if congress sanctions a huge retaining dam across Tuolumne river at the foot of Hetch-Hetchy valley, one of the finest gorges in the whole reservation. The water in the reservoir would of course be useless for drinking purposes unless a large area of the park drained by the river should be practically alienated from public use. Upon this point the New York Independent says:

The issue involves more than the destruction of Hetch-Hetchy. The reservoir grant assumes a divided use of the Tuolumne watershed by the city as a source of supply and by the public as a recreation ground. The present state of sanitary progress holds these two uses to be incompatible without filtration or other purification process. The city advocates pass by nearer sources on the ground that they require filtration. Therefore the best move will be the restriction or exclusion of the public for camping and recreation from more than 60 square miles of the Yosemite National park. This includes the Tuolumne canyon and Tuolumne meadows. The former is the most remarkable canyon in the United States, the latter the finest and most spacious alpine valley for camping purposes in all the Sierra Nevada.

If Susan Only Living.

If Susan D. Anthony were living now her heart would be glad. A cherished project of hers has just been realized. Permanent congressional headquarters will soon be established by the National American Woman Suffrage association in a large house already leased for the purpose in H Street, in Washington. From this center of vantage the suffragists will keep a watchful eye on legislation affecting the interests of women and children.

Frills That Soften.

There is no disguising the fact that without the immense and lovely jabots, stocks and frilled puffs of present styles would be angular and severe to an unbecoming degree. The softening frill does much to hide the severity of the season's costumes.

It is the opinion of many that women are more unfurlished this year than ever before, but if all these frills were deducted women would look as manish as they did on the street last year.

There is a new movement among Methodists, headed by Mrs. Phebe Stone Beaman, a niece of Lucy Stone, to have women granted the right to become ordained Methodist ministers. Since 1872 women have been permitted to preach; but, although after three years of preaching men are ordained, women are not, and they are demanding to be made regular preachers.

The bride now presents the guests at the bridal table with souvenirs in the shape of small satin slippers. These are filled with rice. They sell by the dozen at small prices.

Teacher—Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?
New Pupil—Same reason the hen had for crossing the road. You can't fool me with no conundrums.

"I had to leave my last situation because the missus said they were going to lead the stinful life and they would not want any servants about the place."
—Funch.

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