

SHUT IN A VAULT.

Colonel Harry Ford was the president of a big bank in a western state, and the colonel and I were, at the time of this tale, in New York, whether we had gone on a chance traveling companions on a train from the west. It was on Sunday morning, and as we took it easy in the handsome apartments he was occupying a messenger boy brought him a telegram. The message was from his wife, and, the boy being a bright-eyed youngster, the cheerful colonel chatted with him pleasantly and gave him a quarter as he departed.

"Doesn't that make telegraphing come pretty high?" I inquired, with the true Yankee spirit of thrift.

"I used to be one myself," he said in explanation, "and now whenever I see a bright-eyed kid like that I warm up to him and give him something, though not always a quarter. Being Sunday and the telegram being from my wife, I do a bit better than usual and part with all of 25 cents."

"Do you really mean that you were once a messenger boy?" I asked in great surprise as I looked over the elegant man of the world, every inch a gentleman born, who sat in the big chair by the window gracefully posing a cigar in his thumb and finger.

"Really and truly," he laughed, "and you can stand a reminiscence this morning I'll tell you the story of my life. Journalists"—and he leaned over the arm of the chair—"I believe, are always on the lookout for interesting facts in history and fiction, aren't they?"

I hastened to assure him that they were, and after making me swear that I would keep awake at whatever sacrifice he began.

"When I was a youngster of 10," he said, "I was a messenger boy earning the luxurious salary of \$3 a week, all of which I gallantly turned over to my mother, who was the banker's daughter, though she had been turned out of her father's house because she had not married to suit him and her stepmother. Indeed she had gone further and married the man who had suited her, and after that, while her heart was never empty, she and her husband and only son were often so, and life was not quite as rosy as it might have been. We were brave people, though, and with my \$3 a week we managed somehow to get along. I improved after a year or so and incidentally picked up telegraphy, so that when I was 15 I got a place at a small country station in Missouri and took my mother where to live with me on my salary of \$40 a month, my father having died a year before."

"When I was 16 my mother died, leaving me alone in the world. At the funeral my grandfather requested sufficiently to propose that he educate me, which proposal I accepted and agreed to take a good business education. By the time I was 21 I had been graduated, and my grandfather gave me a position in a bank he owned in a very pleasant interior town, where I showed such aptitude that the old gentleman entirely forgave me for having been the son of his disobedient daughter and told me to go ahead, and I should be a partner some day."

"The next most natural thing in the world to do was to fall in love, and I did it for all there was in my robbing heart, and on the evening of the day I was promoted to the position of the bank I asked Kate Vernon to be my wife. I did not advise, too, for my grandfather had told me when I married he would give me an eighth interest in the bank. Miss Vernon wasn't the most beautiful girl the eye of man ever rested on, and even I was forced to confess that there was too much in her nose for classic beauty, but she was the brightest young woman in the county and the cheeriest, and I was heels over head in love with her, which made up for all discrepancies."

"During all the time of my experience in the bank I had kept up my interest in telegraphy, and after a while I had settled upon our future relationship I had connected my house with my room at the bank, and whenever I had the chance I called her up and talked to her between meals by electricity. I don't know how much of that kind of talk we indulged in, but I do know that Kate became almost an expert telegraph operator and could easily have made her living if it had been such a living."

"One of the other customs of that farming time of love in the forenoon was a drive that Kate and I took two or three times a week in a horse owned, leaving the bank after closing time, 4 o'clock, and driving for a couple of hours, and at her house, where I took supper with her. On the days when I would telegraph down that she was coming I would lock up the papers and valuable papers in the safe and leave the outer doors of the big vault open, so the last time I went out of the bank could put the locks away and lock them up myself. The man who did this was always an old fellow, nearly deaf, and a janitor rather than a clerk. One day, when I had locked up the inside safe and gone out to get my horse, I saw Kate in her trap at the door, and I went back to wait until she came up to see a friend about a supper they were interested in. Old Jock, as we called him, was not at his desk when I came

back, though I had said good-bye to him as I went out, nor was there any one in the bank, and as I sat at my own desk I noticed a paper that had been left there by mistake. I got up at once to put it where it belonged in the safe, and as I went into the vault I did not observe that all the books had been put away, though I could hear old Jock in the little room back telling his boy about sweeping out.

"The paper belonged in a pigeon-hole far back in the vault and high up, so that I was compelled to go up a stepladder we kept there, and about the time I had got myself hid away in the shadow the big door swung to, and I could hear old Jock turn the combination out of joint. I yelled out, but it was too late, even if the old man's ears had been sharp, and I found myself in the disagreeable predicament of being shut up in my own safe and no visible means of escape. At first it struck me as ludicrous. Then it became serious, and in a few moments I had gone to thinking as those people think who are confronted with tremendous moments in their lives. I soon decided that my only hope of getting out was through Miss Vernon, who, when she returned, would naturally inquire for me, and in this way old Jock would in time discover that he had shut me up in the vault. How long it would be until Miss Vernon returned or what chance of the old man still being there when she came now began to demand discussion in my brain, and for a minute or two I stood still in the thick darkness and listened to my heart beating. Then I remembered that we always kept a hammer in a pigeon-hole near the door, and, groping around, I found it and at once began to pound on the door. Immediately a response came, but of course I did not know who was giving it, though evidently the boy, as the old man could scarcely have heard. This gave me hope at once, and I set up a regular tattoo on the door with my hammer, to all of which came the responses from the outside, but it was not getting me out of my prison, and confinement was becoming irksome.

"For the first time now I heard faintly the sound of human voices calling to me, but it was as if they were miles away, and I could not distinguish whose they were, though I thought I knew Kate's. I answered back, but the place was so thick and heavy that my voice frightened me, and I used the hammer instead of calling. Up to this time I had not thoroughly realized what my entombment meant, but now it came upon me that the only man in town except myself who knew the combination had gone away for a vacation to the seashore and that with the door airtight, or practically so, I could not live a very great while in the vault, certainly not long enough to hear from either the clerk on vacation or from the people from whom we had bought the safe in St. Louis. Indeed, if I stood it for two hours I felt I would be doing well, for my pounding had filled the little air I had with dust, and it was nearly suffocating me. The pounding from the outside increased the dust, too, and, while I could prevent myself from doing it and did stop, the very fact of my stopping made those on the outside pound harder, as if to encourage me when, as they thought, I was losing hope.

"This thought came to me with a shock so great that I almost collapsed. I caught at the sides of the vault in the inky darkness, and for a minute I became deathly sick. Following this came almost a frenzy to yell and howl and claw at the door and scratch my face and tear at my hair. I had heard of people acting so and going mad when lost in caves and such places, and I felt it coming on me in that dreadful hole. To add to the horrors of my situation, the air was growing rapidly worse, and I could not stand up in the vault without a feeling of the most profound nausea. It was the nausea of despair, if anybody ever has analyzed just what that is. At intervals, notwithstanding the harm of it, I would grope around for the hammer and pound on the door, only to choke more and to hear the muffled thuds of the responses from the outside.

"Two feet from light and air and love and life and utterly shut off from them all. It was horrible to think of, and I am sure a thousand times worse than if I had been buried in the sands of a desert a hundred miles from water and green trees. Slowly I felt my strength going, and at last I could not so much as respond, even at long intervals, to the knocking on the outside, and I sank to the floor with my head against the cold steel wall between the light of the world and the darkness of death. As I lay there panting I heard the dull thud of the beating on the outside, and it soon came as a beating of time, or rather eternity, a measure of music to soothe me to sleep, and I sank away into semiconsciousness and seemed to be dreaming.

"You know they say that when a man is dying under unnatural or violent circumstances all his past life comes back to him, even in minute detail. It did not quite appear to me that all my life was passing in review before me in my dungeon, but it did seem as if the youth of my life had come back to me, and I thought I was once again in that little telegraph station on the Missouri river catching the clickety click click of the instrument on my table, and which always seemed to me as important as a ship's deck is

to an admiral. I seemed to be hearing the 'calls' of operators all along the line, but I gave no response, and then the scene changed, as it does so suddenly and unaccountably in dreams, and I was at my instrument in the bank listening with all of a lover's eagerness for the first call of Kate Vernon over the wire I had put up for her.

"It was very faint and far off, and I think I must have smiled as I bent my ear closer to the instrument to catch the sound, having in mind my sweetheart at the other end of the wire essaying her first attempt in handling the lightning. For a moment it was vague enough, with its modest little clickety click click, but all at once it seemed to say something to me. I could not distinguish at first, but presently it took form, and I could catch the 'call' I had taught her. It was the letter K, repeated over and over again, just as all operators do when they want some other operator who is not at his desk to respond promptly. Then it was the clickety click click of the letters that formed my name, and I smiled to think that as a child learning to talk says 'mamma' first, so Kate was saying first in this new language of the wires that she was learning the name of her teacher.

"But there was something more than a dream in the sensation I was experiencing. I could feel that it was something more than a dream. I knew that some sound must be shaping my dream for me, and, without knowing what I was doing and with an odd feeling of the very peculiar key we had put on our instruments, I took up the hammer and sounded my 'call' to Kate in response to what I was hearing. Instantly the 'call' was repeated and my name followed. Now I seemed to throw off the nightmare, and I roused myself. Striking with the hammer on the door, I called to Kate by name, and then, distinct enough, though muffled, I heard the clickety click click on the outer door, and Kate was telling me in the mysterious manual of Morse a message of courage and hope.

"And what a wonderful strength is hope! Now that I had established communication with the outside world I took great courage immediately, though I did not understand just what or how I was going to do to be saved, for I confess that I was not very clear headed at this time. I thought only of telegraphing to St. Louis for the combination and had actually signaled to Kate to do so at once, and I would try to keep up until word was received, when, to my indignation, she laughed at me over the wires—that is, the door plate—and told me to telegraph right then and there to her what the combination was and she would do the rest.

"How plain and simple that was! And I had never thought of it. Neither had I thought of telegraphing to her from my prison, and it was only because she was a woman that she ever thought of sending word through that dull door to me with a hammer. She has since told me that some men never will learn anything unless it is hammered into them, and I never say a word. Anyway, when, three minutes after I had told her what the combination was, the door opened and I fell forward into the fresh air of the world of sunshine Kate caught me in her arms, and it was her voice I heard faintly and far off as I had heard the clickety click click of her tapping that led me back to life and light and love once more."

"And you lived happily ever after?" I inquired after so long a silence that I was surprised at myself.

"My boy," said the banker earnestly, "she has saved my life a hundred times since that, and I wouldn't trade her for all the other women in the world. And when she sees this story in print," he added, laughing, "it'll need to have my life saved again, but she won't do it, I'll bet a horse and harness."

"She must draw the line somewhere," said I.—W. J. Lampton in Washington Star.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

— There is an art in making a fire in a grate. An expert first clears the grate, then fills it full of coal, on which is built a wood fire. The wood ashes on top of the coal, it is said, prevent its rapid consumption, and a fire thus constructed, burning slowly with a moderate heat, will last all day.

Sour stomach, fullness after eating, flatulence are all caused by imperfect digestion. Prickly Ash Bitters corrects the disorder at once, drives out badly digested food and tones the stomach, liver and bowels. For sale by Evans Pharmacy.

— He had taken his punishment like a little man, and for some time afterwards had been buried in thought. "Mama," he said, finally. "Well, Willie?" "Do you really whip me because you love me so much?" "That's the reason I punish you, Willie."

"And don't you love papa at all?"

— A 28 pound ball, fired by an English warship in 1812, was recently unearthed near Alexandria, Va.

Prickly Ash Bitters cures diseases of the kidneys, cleanses and strengthens the liver, stomach and bowels. For sale by Evans Pharmacy.

Difficulty of Being Good.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst preached yesterday in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church on the tendencies of man to go morally "from good to bad and from bad to worse."

"The scientists," said the preacher, "think they discover in the world a tendency in things to become better. Animals of a low degree certainly preceded animals of a higher degree. Even the first chapter of Genesis is Darwinian to that extent. But Darwinism does not work well on moral ground. Scripture is a voluminous illustration of the tendency of men to go not from bad to good, but from good to bad and bad to worse, and is no truer to facts of ancient Hebrew life than it is to what goes on among nations and individual people now."

"Behaving one's self regularly makes a man tired. There is no kind of work a man does where he so soon feels the need of a vacation as the work of being good. I am not urging this in support of any particular doctrine maintained by the Presbyterian Church, but simply as a fair statement of what any man will discover when he disinterestedly scrutinizes his own experience, or when he studies history impartially, whether it be Bible history or profane history."

"Wherever you put a man, no matter how high, he will be likely to work down into a condition that is lower; whatever character you give him no matter how pure and noble it will not be long, in all likelihood before he will betray symptoms of depreciation. The first thing we know of man's doing after having had Paradise given to him was to lose it, and after so many thousand years there is not even yet any very distinct prospect of its recovery."

"The tendency toward deterioration that began to work even during the apostolic age of the Church has been working also just as distinctly, even if not as rapidly, perhaps, since the days of Luther. I am speaking of what observant Christian people know

to be true when I say that the Established Church, or English Church, to-day stands just as much in need of a Luther to recover it from its soullessness and apostasy and general mummery as even the Church needed in the fifteenth century. I have no quarrel with the Established Church. There is enough at home to quarrel with without taking up the cudgel against the Anglican Papacy. I only cite the case to illustrate.

"While English Episcopacy and the Romanizing tendencies of it do not concern us directly, yet they indirectly concern us in this way, that they illustrate on a large scale and with startling conspicuity what the forces are that are at work in the world. When you see a considerable element of a big Protestant communion practically on the edge of sloughing off into the Church of the Jesuits and the Inquisition, you may not take very much to heart the situation of that particular communion, but we ought all of us to take very strongly to heart the fact that what is going on in that communion is simply a special and an extreme illustration of what is going on everywhere."—New York Times, Oct. 16.

— One of the most remarkable incidents of volunteer army life was experienced by one of the paymasters at Miami, Fla., recently. A member of the Second Alabama regiment absolutely refused to accept his pay, amounting to \$35. He said that he had entered the service purely through patriotism, and did not want any compensation. This being the first case of the kind, the paymaster had no precedent to guide him. After some thought he drew a red line through the name, indicating that the sum had not been paid. Should the soldier ever need his pay, the Government stands ready to settle the account.

— The old saying that the way to ruin is paved with good resolutions is utterly false. It is strewn with fragments. Good resolutions that are never broken pave the way to a better life and noble achievements.

— Junior Partner—Do you think the new office-boy is trustworthy? Senior Partner—I'm sure of it. I've noticed that when he hasn't anything to do he never pretends to be busy.

— The first postoffice was opened in Paris in 1462, in England in 1581 and in America in 1710.

— It often occurs when a woman loves for the second time that she sees she has not loved the first.

— Give the average man a position, and he will cast his eyes around for an assistant.



Out in Kansas

lives a happy wife. She writes: "I have used **Mother's Friend** before two confinements. The last time I had twins, and was in labor only a few minutes. Suffered very little." The reason why

Mother's Friend

does expectant mothers so much good is because it is an external liniment, to be applied upon the outside, where much of the strain comes. It helps because the pores of the skin readily absorb it, and it comes into direct contact with and is absorbed by the parts involved. Morning sickness is quickly banished, and nervousness is kept completely away. The sense of dread and foreboding is not experienced, even during labor itself. Confinement is short and almost without pain. Recovery is quick and sure. Best of all, **Mother's Friend** benefits the unborn just as much as the expectant mother, and when the little one comes it will be strong, lusty and healthy.

— The old saying that the way to ruin is paved with good resolutions is utterly false. It is strewn with fragments. Good resolutions that are never broken pave the way to a better life and noble achievements.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Be ha Gayton, Plaintiff against Louisa Dickson, Ed. Majors, William Majors, Marshall Majors, Eva Majors, John Leverett, Christine Leverett, Pervis L. Leverett, Elizabeth Leverett and F. B. Maxwell, Defendants.—Summons for Relief—Complaint Served.

To the Defendants:

YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said Complaint on the subscribers at their office, Anderson Court House, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated September 14, A. D. 1898.

TRIBBLE & PRINCE,
Plaintiff's Attorneys, Anderson, S. C.

To Louisa Dickson, John Leverett and William Majors:

You will take notice that the Complaint in this action and Summons, of which the foregoing is a copy, was filed in the office of the Clerk of Court of Common Pleas for Anderson County September 14, 1898.

TRIBBLE & PRINCE,
Plaintiff's Attorneys, Anderson, S. C.

Sept 24, 1898

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY
AUGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORT LINE
In effect August 7, 1898.

Lv Augusta.....	9 40 am	1 40 pm
Ar Greenwood.....	11 50 am	3 00 pm
Ar Anderson.....	10 00 am	5 15 pm
Ar Laurens.....	1 23 pm	7 00 am
Ar Greenville.....	3 00 pm	10 15 am
Ar Green Springs.....	5 10 pm	12 40 am
Ar Spartanburg.....	5 10 pm	10 40 am
Ar Saluda.....	5 33 pm	5 45 am
Ar Hendersonville.....	5 55 pm	10 41 am
Ar Asheville.....	7 00 pm	7 00 am
Lv Asheville.....	8 24 am	2 05 pm
Lv Spartanburg.....	11 45 am	3 00 pm
Lv Green Springs.....	12 00 am	4 00 pm
Lv Greenville.....	12 01 am	4 00 pm
Lv Laurens.....	1 37 pm	8 30 am
Lv Anderson.....	3 10 pm	10 40 am
Lv Greenwood.....	2 37 pm	5 45 am
Ar Augusta.....	5 10 pm	11 10 am
Lv Calhoun Falls.....	4 44 pm	8 00 am
Ar Raleigh.....	2 16 am	6 15 pm
Ar Norfolk.....	7 30 am	7 00 am
Ar Petersburg.....	6 00 am	7 00 am
Ar Richmond.....	8 15 am	7 00 am
Lv Augusta.....	2 05 pm	6 00 am
Ar Allendale.....	5 00 pm	6 00 am
Ar Fairfax.....	5 15 pm	6 15 pm
Ar Yemassee.....	5 45 pm	6 30 am
Ar Beaufort.....	10 50 am	7 20 pm
Lv Port Royal.....	11 05 am	7 30 pm
Ar Savannah.....	9 05 pm	10 41 am
Ar Charleston.....	9 10 pm	9 10 am
Lv Charleston.....	6 00 am	6 00 am
Lv Savannah.....	6 50 am	6 50 am
Lv Port Royal.....	1 40 pm	8 30 am
Lv Beaufort.....	1 55 pm	8 40 am
Lv Yemassee.....	3 05 pm	9 45 am
Lv Fairfax.....	3 15 pm	10 41 am
Lv Allendale.....	3 45 pm	11 05 am
Ar Augusta.....	5 10 pm	1 10 pm

Close connection at Calhoun Falls for Athens Savannah and all points.

Close connection at Augusta for Charleston Savannah and all points.

Close connections at Greenwood for all points on S. A. L., and C. & G. Railway, and at Spartanburg with Southern Railway.

For any information relative to tickets, rates, schedule, etc., address

W. J. CRAIG, Gen. Pass. Agent, Augusta, Ga.

E. M. North, Sol. Agent.

T. M. Emerson, Traffic Manager.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.
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