THE BEST ROOM.

As we stand on that dim threshold, fresh from
the world without,
A damp, mysterious odor is lurking all about;
The grim old haircloth furniture paraded out in
state,
For some pretentious gathering seems anxiously
to wait.

'Tis such a solemn, sacred place, it surely seems
a sin
Upon the faded carpeting to let the sunlight in;
But on the wall a glint of it steals through the
shutter slide,
Touching grandfather's portrait there beside his
bonny bride.

Upon a work of rare design the sunlight sheds its
ray—
Wrought by two white hands turned to dust for
many and many a day;
This "flower piece" incased in glass seemed to
my childish eyes
A thing to gaze and wonder at and sacredly to
prize!

The tall, funereal mantel for a giant race seemed
made;
Beneath it loomed the fireplace, where as a child
I played;
Its blackened depths with care are decked with
grasses in a row,
Like feathery ghosts from ashes of the fires of
long ago!

My world was not within its walls—I loved the
light instead—
Indeed of its drear stateliness I stood in whole-
some dread,
But each loved spot upon the farm in memory
has a part,
And that old musty parlor holds its corner in my
heart!

—Boston Transcript.

THE NUMBER 13

By Frederick R. Guernsey.

The Unlucky Number Pursued a Mexican Family to the Bitter End.

In a country house on a recent Sunday afternoon we were talking of superstitions. The charming Lolita, with eyes inherited from some Moorish sultana and lips which are two rubies, guardians of a mouth filled with pearls, spoke of the coming wedding of some girl friends: "I would never marry on a Tuesday, for I should be sure of an evil fate."

"You would not marry even Antonio on a Tuesday?" asked a fair Spanish girl, for there are enchanting blonds even from Andalusia.

Lolita, whom everybody adores, grew rosy red and, shrugging her sculpturesque shoulders, replied, a bit piqued at the maliciously put question, "Not even Antonio on a Tuesday, though whatever day you should marry him would be for him the blackest of black luck!"

We all laughed at this sally, knowing the rivalry of the two senoritas.

Uncle Leonidas, who is a soldier and diplomat, spoke up, saying: "Don't quarrel, dear girls. There is room enough in the field of love for both of you, and lucky the man who wins you on any day of the week. Tuesday is our bad day in Mexico, but among the Americans it is Friday, the day Nuestro Senor was cru"—

"But what good fortune for all of us!" interrupted Lolita, piously.

Dona Clotilde, the hostess, a woman of great beauty, regally placed in a carved chair of colonial date, took up the theme: "I am, I confess, superstitious. I would begin nothing on a Tuesday, a day on which no one should embark, marry or undertake anything of importance; but, above all things, shun a Tuesday when it falls on the 13th of the month. If you young people will listen, I will tell you a true story, and Leonidas will confirm every word of it, for I feel that I used a 'testigo,' so extraordinary is the fate of the family of Valle de Miranda."

Here the servants brought in ices and cakes, and there was an interruption, but we soon became quiet, and Clotilde resumed: "In 1880, perhaps a year later, there lived at 13 Calle de las Damas Regias an old man and his wife called Segovia. They owned the place and had lived there many years alone with their servants, all elderly people, there being no children. I cannot say there was ill luck attending them"—

"Excepting having no children," commented Leonidas, who dotes on children and is always surrounded by them.

"Excepting having no children," continued Clotilde. "But these old people died on the same day, as I well recall, and it was the 13th of November, and when the place was sold, shortly after, the family of Valle de Miranda bought it and moved in, the date being the 26th of the following February, a double 13, you will notice. The Valles de Miranda had always had money, as far as any one's recollection goes. They were originally from Guanajuato and were mine owners. Whatever they touched turned to gold. My grandfather has told me time and again of their immense good fortune. It seemed a sin, he said, to be so lucky in a world where so many people can never succeed, strive as they will. Each generation of this favored family prospered. Death was reluctant, it almost seemed, to knock at their door. If the sons sought wives, they found always beauty, good breeding and social position. If the daughters married, they got handsome and adoring husbands. It was like a fairy tale, dear girls. You have never read a novel like it."

Here our hostess, who is a bit romantic, sighed, sipped her melting ice and went on: "Don Ignacio Valle de Miranda was one of the most distinguished looking men I have ever seen, and Maria Inclan, his wife, was even in middle age elegant in figure, of irreproachable taste, and, although the mother of many children, almost as slender of waist as Lolita here."

"We all, of course, fixed our eyes on the charming form of the young sultana and then resumed our attitude of listeners, the good natured Clotilde minding not our pardonable visual excursion: "Such were the parents of the family who moved into 13 Damas Regias, nearly 20 years ago. There were six sons and the same number of daughters, a household, you'll say, but the house of the colonial period, one in which many viceroys and their courtiers had danced, was spacious, and the grand sala was a room running the full length of the street front. Things went well with the family till, two years after their occupancy of the house, a son was born, the thirteenth child! Then all that was sinister in the fatal number began to manifest itself. Don Ignacio shaved himself every day in the English manner—that is, by himself—disliking to call in a barber, and one morning while making his toilet he heard a noise in the courtyard and stepped out on the corridor to listen, forgetting that it was chilly and that he was in his stocking feet. He caught a cold, as it was supposed, and there followed an embolism, something choking a vein or artery in a leg. Many painful symptoms followed. En resumidas cuentas, he took to his bed, and the foremost surgeons of the city in consultation decided that his leg must be amputated to save his life. He was a big, strong, full blooded man, and it was not imagined that he might not survive the operation. But ten days after he died of the shock, and it was a marvel how wasted he had become. This was the most tragic event during generations in the history of the Valles de Miranda.

"When other events, sinister and sorrowful, had occurred in that once happy family, Leonidas looked up the date of the death of Don Ignacio. It was the 13th. This was but the beginning, for on the 13th of the following May Maria, the wife, died of typhus, and then came losses of property, the mines failed to pay, an interest in a banking house was lost through a most unexpected failure, and when we heard that the banking house was at 13 —— street we shuddered. My father went to see young Julio Valle de Miranda to counsel him to move out of 13 Damas Regias, but Julio said that it was all a series of coincidences and that, even if it were that, he had no money to spend in fitting up a new house. It seems incredible, but in the space of three years every member of that family except Julio and a sister, Trinidad, had died, and each death took place on a 13th or a 26th! People all over the city had come to talk of the Valle de Miranda family and its awful luck. Most people were confirmed in their prejudice against the number 13. Timid persons moved out of No. 13s or changed the number to '12 bis,' anything to break the spell.

"Ten years went by, and Julio remained a bachelor, while his sister, Trinidad, a splendid looking girl, tall, of lovely figure and with great dark eyes, who had been carefully educated at the Sacred Heart, remained with him. Julio had managed to retain the house, for a copper mine, which no one had thought worth considering and which the creditors of the family had left in a doubtfully generous way to Julio and his sister, had turned out of much value and had been sold to Frenchmen. I don't know how it happened, but Julio seemed fascinated by the old house. They were odd people, that brother and sister, and declared that where their father and mother had lived was dear to them and that they could not be happy in any other house, even in a modern mansion in the newer part of the city.

"It was about 1892 when a young man of excellent family, Rafael del Monte, began to pay court to Trinidad, standing under her balcony at night, following her everywhere, in short the utmost devotion. Rafael had a large fortune in houses and lands and lived the life of a young clubman, and, being fond of horses, was always driving, trying a new carriage or going on horseback excursions about the valley. He was an immense favorite in society, and all the mammas were scheming to get Rafael for their daughters. He could play the piano, sing, speak well, both in French and English, had traveled, dressed in perfect taste and was not only a handsome fellow, but nothing dissipated. Leonidas will be my witness that we used to say, on talking over the devotion of Rafael for Trinidad, that perhaps the evil fortune of the family of the Valles de Miranda had taken wings. Youth and beauty, wealth and distinction, madly in love! Surely, we thought, the leaf has been turned in the book of a tragic fate. At all events, fortune seemed to have relented, and Trinidad was as happy a girl as one could wish to see. Wherever we met her at social reunions she was a radiant picture of youth and beauty, and her wonderfully distinguished bearing and perfect ease drew every eye. She was a girl of whom no one said mean things. Society here is sharp tongued sometimes, but as if by common consent all the world seemed to wish good fortune for this last of the daughters of an ill fated house."

Leonidas looked meditatively at Clotilde's lovely hands and murmured, "Trinidad was perfection itself, an angel from heaven," a speech well befitting that gallant old gentleman.

"Indeed, she was perfection, and when women fall in love with a woman you may be sure, girls, that she is good and sweet and charming. All that was Trinidad Valle de Miranda. The very bullfighters on the street corners forgot to pay her a compliment. Once one said, 'She is a holy image from the altar, gone walking through these streets of God.' But no rude word ever reached her ears as she went about the city. Heaven seemed to have relented and to have showered all possible gifts of grace and virtue on this superb young woman. How devout she was! How constant in her devotions! How many times she went to the shrine at Guadalupe to pray! And the chief of her numberless adorers was Rafael.

"I recall, as if it were yesterday, their marriage in the archbishop's private chapel. Joy illumined the face of Trinidad. Rafael was a perfect picture, a young hidalgo, as we see the gallants of old times in pictures. He was so manly, so proud of this charming woman! It was ideal. They went away on their wedding day for a long tour in Europe. Even Julio's sad face relaxed on the day of the ceremony. We all went to the railway station and gave them a despedida magnifica. The bride, in her traveling dress, was the handsomest woman I have ever seen."

As Clotilde is still handsome and in her youth was a reigning belle in the City of Mexico her praise was that of a competent person. Leonidas bowed his head and looked unutterably sad, while we awaited the sequel.

Here Clotilde's voice trembled. "Poor Julio! He was at his desk in his office one afternoon in August when a telegram was brought in. It was from Rafael: 'Railway accident; Trinidad killed; no suffering. I desperate. Particulars by mail.' Julio was stunned. In a day he seemed to become an old man. 'Our fate, our wretched family. All the light gone out of my life.' This was all any one could get from Julio. The letter came, dated from some little city in France, and inclosed a newspaper account of a terrible railway accident. One sentence, filled with infinite meaning, with sinister suggestiveness, was this: 'The thirteenth body taken from the wreck was that of a young Mexican woman recently married. Her husband strangely escaped unharmed.'

"'The thirteenth body,' commented all Mexico. 'The fate of the familia Valle de Miranda.'

"Rafael never returned. He lives abroad."

"And Julio?" we all asked simultaneously.

Clotilde resumed: "As I said, he became old in a day, so sunken of face, so gray, so pitiful, but he would not leave the house in Damas Regias. He devoted himself to his sister's memory. He gave much money in her name to the beneficent orders. His business prospered. We advised him to marry, to take another house, to get something of the late autumnal joy of life, sober, subdued, but grateful as sunshine in the days of the falling leaves. We could not move him. He was impassive when we talked about these matters. All he would say was: "Dear friends, I thank you. At least the love of friends remains to the last of the family of Valle de Miranda.'"

Here Clotilde began to weep softly. "Tell the rest, Leonidas," she said in a trembling voice, and in the deeper tone of the man came the conclusion of the strange story: "It was on a cold, cloudy, miserable day in January, when the snow waters were falling and all Mexico was miserable and chilled to the marrow, that a rumor spread about the town that Don Julio had hanged himself. I was among the first at the club to hear the news and, jumping into my carriage, went to 13 Damas Regias. There was the utmost consternation among the servidumbre. The officers of the law were coming to see the body. It was too true. The last of the Valles de Miranda was self hanged in his chamber. He left no note, nothing to explain his ultimate thought. When the body was officially examined, there was found in a little silken bag suspended by a cord worn about the neck a card on which had been finely painted a strangely emblematic border of bleeding hearts, under each a name of a member of the fated family and in the center in deep black the fatal 13. And this was the last of a family which for generations was a synonym for prosperity, for good fortune, for the beauty of its women and the manly perfection of its sons. So I naturally dread the fatal number."

"And the old house," asked Lolita, her eyes bedimmed, "does it still stand?"

And Leonidas made reply: "A warehouse occupies its place. It was torn down not from motives of sentiment, but to give place to the advance of trade."

It was fully an hour before the party in the country house recovered its cheerful tone, but by 8 o'clock the candles were lighted, and the young people were dancing. Sunday was ending merrily.—Boston Herald.

Flinty Plant Covers.

When Sir Humphry Davy was a boy about 16, a little girl came to him in great excitement:

"Humphry, do tell me why these two pieces of cane make a tiny spark of light when I rub them together."

Humphry was a studious boy, who spent hours in thinking out scientific problems. He patted the child's curly head and said:

"I do not know, dear. Let us see if they really do make a light, and then we will try to find out why."

Humphry soon found that the little girl was right. The pieces of cane, if rubbed together quickly, did give a tiny light. Then he set to work to find out the reason, and after some time, thanks to the observing powers of his little friend and his own kindness to her in not impatiently telling her not to "worry," as so many might have done, Humphry Davy made the first of his interesting discoveries. Every reed, cane and grass has an outer skin of flinty stuff, which protects the inside from insects and also helps the frail looking leaves to stand upright.—Evangelist.

The New Way.

"I used to buy neckties for my wife," he said, "but I had to quit it. Those I bought for her never suited her."

"So she buys them herself now, does she?"

"No; she takes those I buy for myself. They always seem to suit her."—Chicago Post.

— On June 30 of last year there were five widows of Revolutionary soldiers borne on the pension rolls of the Government. One of these, Nancy Jones, has just died at Jonesboro, Tenn. She was about 90 years old, and married Darling Jones, who fought at King's Mountain, S. C., when she was 16 and he was over 60. This would indicate that Jones was about 20 years old at the the close of the Revolution, and that he married the young girl about 1825. Thus it comes about that the Government is paying Revolutionary pensions more than 115 years after the close of the war.

— A cherry tree, which is now weighted with green fruit, is thriving in the parlor of a new house in South Meridian street, Indianapolis. The unusual sight of a tree growing inside of a house is attracting attention. The house is being erected by W. A. Scott. Right in the center of the lot was a cherry tree, which promised an abundant crop of fruit, and Scott hated to sacrifice the tree. He finally solved the question by building his house about the tree thus saving the crop, and at the same time carrying out his plan of building.

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DUMMY ALLEN'S TURTLE.

The Soup It Furnished For Albany's Old Time Epicures.

A local paper half a century ago published the following sketch, which has lost none of its amusing flavor in the intervening years:

"The early history of the first attempt at tickling the palates of Albany epicures with that delectable chaos of flavors known as turtle soup was made, we believe, by the celebrated Andrew Jackson Allen, better known as Dummy Allen, who for many years acted as Edwin Forrest's costumer and used to personate Caleb Quotem on the stage in a style peculiar to himself. At the time we speak of he kept a restaurant in the vicinity of the old Green Street theater and was a prime favorite among the bloods of the day, who made his place a customary resort.

"Albany was then, as now, a very nice village, but still there were some things in Dummy Allen's cookery book not dreamed of in our philosophy. He therefore resolved to afford our ancient epicures a taste of bliss in a guise hitherto unknown to them—to wit, turtle soup. Accordingly public announcement was duly made of the felicity in store for the lovers of good eating, and, in order that appetites might be fully whetted, for a few days before the acceptable time a sizable, aldermanic looking green turtle was allowed to promenade at the end of a long string upon the sidewalk in front of Allen's establishment. In due time the repast came off and proved a complete triumph of kitchen art. The new and delicious gift to appetite became the town talk and showered upon the immortal Dummy vast reputation and much gold.

"Once more and while the mouths of epicures were still watering with memories of recent bliss the potent announcement was reiterated; once more a decent looking turtle, 'very like the other, divulged his ample neck on Andrew Jackson's premises, to the great admiration of beholders; once more fastidious palates enjoyed select morsels of paradise from Allen's marvelous boilers, and once more did vast renown and much lucre fall to the share of the inspired costumer of the inner man. The governor's first business in the morning before proceeding to state affairs was to inquire whether Allen served up turtle soup that day. Tidings of the miraculous food would agitate the senate, disturb the house and drive the lobbies wild.

"Turtle soup became all the rage, and week after week it was eagerly devoured. At length some sharp and perhaps envious observers thought they remarked a striking similarity in all of Dummy Allen's turtles. One very suspicious individual, struck with their strong coincidence of aspect, quietly took the trouble of putting his sign manual on the back of one announced for that day's slaughter. The ill fated criminal duly disappeared and was commented upon that day in the form of soup as unusually excellent.

"But, amazement! When next week's customary announcement of turtle soup was made, how speedy was the ladder of immortality knocked flat from under the inspiring Allen when that same turtle—the identical, supposed to be slaughtered victim of the week before, bearing the deeply cut private mark of our suspicious friend—turned up and resumed its sidewalk promenade, apparently in capital condition for a defunct animal.

"The secret was out. The game was up. Dummy Allen was done for. With a regular cheap supply of calves' heads and one specimen turtle, Caleb Quotem had been doing the Albany epicures for a whole season at little or no expense, and with the sole aid of their imaginative powers he had regaled them with unheard of delicacies and at the same time put a golden lining to his pocket."—Albany Argus.

Pawnshops and Banks.

The original pawnshop is difficult to locate. From earliest times and with all peoples the system of pledging effects as security for advances in money has existed in some form. In this early period all those who accepted pledges as security for loans were not pawnbrokers in the sense that we today use the term.

Of the antiquity of pawnbroking we are assured, but are without a clew as to what may have been its process of metamorphosis from the time of the Jewish law to that of the Roman. Its analogy to banking, the fact that the pawnbrokers later became bankers, would lead to the conclusion that private pawnbrokers existed long before the state took cognizance of the business. It seems probable that the constant taking of articles in pledge, which of necessity demanded their safe keeping to secure the repayment of the loan, suggested the like deposit of money and valuables. In this case the progenitor of the present banking system was originally a pawnshop instead of a bank, which later took up the pawn business.—Bulletin of Department of Labor.

Curious Callings.

In India all callings are hereditary; a baker's son becomes a baker and his son after him, and so on from generation to generation. The census, however, reveals some more startling vocations than that of the maker of bread.

The people of Allahabad especially are not ashamed of their professions.

Thirty-five describe themselves as "men who beg with threats of violence;" 226 as "flatters for gain;" 25 as "hereditary robbers;" 974 as "low blackguards;" 29 as "howlers at funerals," while as many as 6,373 publicly announce that they are "poets."

In the other districts one finds, besides the ordinary professions, 11,000 tomtom players, 45 makers of crowns for idols, 145 ear cleaners and—most curious of all—"hereditary painters of horses with spots."

The census containing this interesting information is kept at the Sanskrit college, at Benares.

— Since Cuba has become free we have shipped to it eight times as many bicycles as formerly. Porto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands are good customers, though no direct exportation to the Philippines is thus far reported. America leads the world in the manufacture and sale of the best of everything.

— Friend—"How do you like your new teacher, George?" George—"I don't know; I haven't misbehaved any yet."

SAILORS AND SHARKS.

How the Men Keep the Man Eaters at a Respectful Distance.

"Two facts that may seem somewhat peculiar to shore folks," said an ex-sailor of the navy, "are, first, that only about one-half of the men-o'-war's men in our service or in any other service, in fact, know how to swim, and, second, that sharks are the most cowardly of all living creatures. It is odd that so large a proportion of the naval sailors don't know how to swim, but it is probably due to the fact that a great number of our men-o'-war's men nowadays come from the interior of the country, where there is no water for them to learn how to swim.

"In the old navy—and I put all of my service in the old navy, so called—the man who couldn't swim was, as soon as the fact was discovered by his shipmates, incontinently chucked over the side when swimming call went, and he just had to swim. Of course the men wouldn't let a fellow who didn't know how to swim drown before their eyes, but they would see to it that he made a hard stab at the art of swimming before they picked him up. If he didn't succeed in swimming the first time, overboard he would go the very next time all hands took a plunge over the side at swimming call, and thus all of the men serving on the old line of packets became swimmers before they left the service. It is forbidden to throw a nonswimmer into the water now, but I think it would be a good thing if the practice were still continued.

"The officers of the ships today insist upon the apprentice lads learning to swim, but they let the nonswimmers among the newly recruited landsmen go along without learning. There have been numerous drowning incidents in our navy within recent years, owing to the inability of men who were otherwise excellent sailors in the easy art of swimming.

"As to the cowardliness of sharks, that fact is well known among men who have been much to sea in southern waters infested by man eaters. The fiercest man eater that ever bullied a poor little pilot into acting as a food scout for him will get out of the sea way in a mighty big hurry if a swimmer, noticing the shark's approach, sets up a noisy splashing. A shark is in deadly fear of any sort of living thing that splashes in the water.

"Down among the south sea islands the natives never go in sea bathing alone, but always in parties of half a dozen or so, in order that they may make the greatest hubbub in the water and thus scare the sharks away. Once in awhile a too venturesome swimmer among these natives foolishly detaches himself from his swimming party and momentarily forgets to keep up his splashing. Then there is a sudden swish, and the man eater comes up behind him like a flash and gobbles him.

"I know a naval officer who, down in the harbor of Acapulco, Mexico, one afternoon a few years ago stepped on a sleeping man eater in shallow water while bathing. The officer gave himself up for lost, but he made a frantic effort to wade in to the beach. He expected every minute to have both of his legs lopped off by the shark's teeth. In wading in he, of course, made a lot of disturbance in the water, and this is what saved him. When, to his own surprise, he finally stepped up on the beach and looked back for his shark, he saw the man eater's fin cleaving the blue waters of the bay hundreds of feet away, bound outward."—Washington Star

A Puzzling Transaction.

The hotel night clerk was a party to a deal the other night which made him $3 richer and which he is still studying about. It was getting along toward the theater hour when one of the guests of the hotel came down stairs with his valise, and after paying his bill requested that the clerk keep his valise until he came back from the show, as he was going out on a late train. He also pulled a $5 bill out of his pocket and asked the clerk to change it. The clerk looked in his cash drawer, but found he did not have it.

"Well," said the guest, "just keep the $5 for security and lend me a dollar."

The clerk did so, and the guest departed. He came back about 11 o'clock, and, being in a hurry to catch the train, rushed up to the desk. He threw down four silver dollars and the clerk gave him the $5. It appeared all right. When the guest had gone, the clerk looked over his cash and found himself $3 ahead.

"Well," said the clerk, after he had puzzled his head for awhile to see how it had happened, "that man needs a bookkeeper. It was lucky for me he didn't make a mistake the other way."—Kansas City Times.

Works Little and Seldom.

A Russian feuilletonist thus describes his countrymen: The Russian strives, with but few exceptions, toward the ideal state in which Adam and Eve lived in paradise. He suffers from idleness, apathy and a want of independence.

The climate may have something to do with this. The villager is compelled, from November to April, to give up all work in the fields, and by this time he forgets how to work.

It is only hunger that compels him to start again in the spring. In June he has another rest. With the beginning of July he must go into the fields again and continues till the end of September, when the harvest is all gathered in.

The Russian peasant, therefore, really works only four months in the year.

During the rest of the time he seeks to amuse himself, so that it is hardly to be wondered at if he becomes poor and degenerate.

— They were discussing the question as to whether a woman can keep a secret. Little Johnny had not appeared to be listening, but he suddenly added his contribution to the stock of general intelligence by exclaiming: "Well, I know ma can't keep a secret. Everything I do she goes and tells it to pa almost the first minute he gets into the house."

— A good housewife never wastes good bread by trying to transform it into bread pudding.

Daring Bell Ringers.

There is a curious custom among the young Spaniards of the city of Seville. On certain fete days, relates a tourist, the young men of the place have permission to ring the bells in the clock towers of the cathedral. They have an ingenious and original way of ringing them. While the regular bell ringers repose these amateurs climb up on to the bells, throw them forward with all their force and ride upon the bells in their furious swinging to and fro. We may imagine what an uproar is produced when all the bells of a cathedral are being treated in this manner. Any man who is able may exercise his skill, and the duration of the ringing depends upon the caprice or the strength and patience of the ringers.

The spectacle is very strange of the great bells swinging, with one, two or more bold ringers hanging from them in any attitude which seems to them best adapted to pushing out the most noise. In the Giralda at Seville, the first time I witnessed this, the clamor was frightful. When I looked up, I thought at first some unfortunate was entangled in the bell rope, but I soon found it was a matter of sport. Another ringer appeared suspended in the air, holding the bell by the ears or the rim or the wooden framework and following it in all its movements, sometimes feet, sometimes head, downward. Such are the daring bell ringers of Seville.

Didn't Know Its Value.

The train was late. Everybody waiting to board it was pacing the platform restlessly. There were people from varied stations in life, and one was a pale faced, intellectual young fellow who appeared to be in a state of deepest melancholy. He attracted the attention of an elderly gentleman, who stopped and spoke to him. The man was faultlessly attired and carried himself with the magnificent ease of the polished man of the world. Without asking he knew the condition of the boy's mind and in a very short time had brought him to a full confession.

"So you think fate is against you and that you will never attain your ambitions?"

"Yes, sir, I am sure of it."

"But let me ask you, my boy, did it never occur to you that gratified ambition sometimes brings misfortune? You say that you want to be rich—very rich. But, answer me honestly, have you ever in your life injured a human being?"

"Never, sir!"

The shrewd gray eyes of the elder man looked intently at him. "Perhaps fate is against you," he said, "for you own a valuable property that brings you in not a dollar, and yet you cannot sell it for what it is worth. You do not understand? Then let me tell you that I would gladly give you $500,000 for your conscience."—Detroit Free Press.

Dear Little Cook.

She was a young wife, just married, from boarding school, and, although educated regardless of expense, didn't know beans from any other vegetable; hence this dialogue with the cook:

"Now, what are we to have for dinner?"

"There's two chickens to dress, mum.'

"I'll dress them the first thing. Where are their clothes?"

"Why, mum, they're in their feathers yet!"

"Oh, then, serve them that way. The ancient Romans always cooked their peacocks with their feathers on. It will be a surprise to hubby."

"It will that, mum. Shure, if you want to help, you could be parin the turnips."

"Oh, how sweet! I'll pair them two and two in no time. Why, I had no idea cooking was so picturesque."

"I think, mum, that washin the celery do be more in your line."

"All right. I'll take it up to the bathroom, and I've some lovely Paris soap that will take off every speck."

"Thank you, mum. Would you mind telling me the name of the asylum where you was eddicated? I think I'll have to take some lessons there myself if we be going to work together!"

— Farm labor is so scarce in the northwest that farmers have appealed to the railroads to aid them in securing harvest hands.

Hidden Beauty

In Egypt the custom is for Princesses to hide their beauty by covering the lower part of the face with a veil. In America the beauty of many of our women is hidden because of the weakness and sickness peculiar to the sex. If the Egyptian custom prevailed in this country, many sufferers would be glad to cover their premature wrinkles, their sunken cheeks, their unhealthy complexion, from the eyes of the world with the veil of the Orient.

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brings out a woman's true beauty. It makes her strong and well in those organs upon which her whole general health depends. It corrects all menstrual disorders. It stops the drains of Leucorrhœa. It restores the womb to its proper place. It removes the causes of headache, backache and nervousness. It takes the poor, debilitated, weak, haggard, fading woman and puts her on her feet again, making her face beautiful by making her body well.

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ANDERSON, S. C.
Feb 9, 1898 33

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THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON.
COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

James A. Watt, Plaintiff, against R. I. Stewart, E. H. Simpson and A. C. Townsend, Defendants.—Summons for Relief—Complaint Served.

To the Defendants R. I. Stewart, E. H. Simpson, and A. C. Townsend:

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, at Anderson C. H., S. C., 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 Anderson, S. C., August 15, 1899.
BONHAM & WATKINS,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.
[SEAL] JOHN C. WATKINS, C. C. C. P.

To the absent Defendant, R. I. Stewart:

You are hereby notified that the Complaint in this action was this day filed in the office of John C. Watkins, Esq., Clerk of the Court for said County.

BONHAM & WATKINS,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.
August 15, 1899 8 6

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON.
COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Robert A. Lewis, Plaintiff, against Amos N. Ragsdale, Mrs. Annie Ragsdale, et al., Defendants.—Summons for Relief—Complaint Served.

To the Defendants Amos N. Ragsdale, Mrs. Annie Ragsdale, William M. Ragsdale, J. S. Ragsdale, J. A. Ragsdale, J. J. Ragsdale, W. C. Stone, Mrs. Luna Poore, James D. Stone, Bubba Daniel Loftis, Wilson Loftis, Ada Loftis, Ruth Poore, Rebecca Cromer, Cornelia C. Reece, Mary Shirley and J. M. Cox:

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 Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated Anderson, S. C., July 24, A. D., 1899.
BONHAM & WATKINS,
Plaintiff's Attorney.
[SEAL] JOHN C. WATKINS, C. C. C. P.

To the absent Defendants Bubba Daniel Loftis and Mrs. Rebecca Cromer:

You will take notice that the Complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court for said County on the 15th July, 1899, and you must serve a copy of your answer thereto on the subscribers at their office at Anderson, S. C., within twenty days after this service on you.

BONHAM & WATKINS,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.
July 24, 1899 5 6

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Ar Greenwood	11 50 am	.....
Ar Anderson	.....	6 10 pm
Ar Laurens	1 20 pm	5 35 am
Ar Greenville	3 00 pm	10 15 am
Ar Glenn Springs	4 05 pm	.....
Ar Spartanburg	3 10 pm	9 00 am
Ar Saluda	5 33 pm	.....
Ar Hendersonville	6 03 pm	.....
Ar Asheville	7 00 pm	.....
Lv Asheville	8 28 am	.....
Lv Spartanburg	11 45 am	3 40 pm
Lv Glenn Springs	10 00 am	.....
Lv Greenville	12 01 am	4 00 pm
Lv Laurens	1 37 pm	7 00 pm
Lv Anderson	.....	7 00 am
Lv Greenwood	2 37 pm	.....
Ar Augusta	5 10 pm	11 10 am
Lv Calhoun Falls	4 44 pm	.....
Ar Raleigh	2 15 am	.....
Ar Norfolk	7 30 am	.....
Ar Petersburg	6 00 am	.....
Ar Richmond	8 15 am	.....
Lv Augusta	.....	1 20 pm
Ar Allendale	.....	3 10 pm
Ar Fairfax	.....	3 53 pm
Ar Yemassee	10 05 am	4 20 pm
Ar Beaufort	11 15 am	5 20 pm
Ar Port Royal	11 30 am	5 35 pm
Ar Savannah	.....	7 00 pm
Ar Charleston	.....	7 30 pm
Lv Charleston	.....	6 28 am
Lv Port royal	1 00 pm	6 55 am
Lv Beaufort	1 16 pm	7 20 am
Lv Yemassee	2 30 pm	8 20 am
Lv Fairfax	.....	9 20 am
Lv Allendale	.....	9 35 am
Ar Augusta	.....	11 25 am

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