ABNER DANIEL

By . . . WILL N. HARBEN
Author of "Westerfelt"

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Synopsis.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens with Alfred Bishop, a Georgia planter, closing a trade of $5,000 in mill stock for 5,000 acres of mountain land. Mrs. Bishop and their son Alan object to the trade. Mrs. Bishop's brother, Abner Daniel tells a story. II.—The sale over. Bishop boasts that his land is on a prospective railroad. Tompkins, the former owner, has just unloaded a tract of 2,000 acres adjoining Bishop's. III—Bishop goes to Atlanta to see Lawyer Perkins, who told him about the railroad. He has been deceived. The old man is so cast down that he returns home without seeing his brother William or his daughter Adele, who is at her uncle's in Atlanta. IV.—Bishop has bought 20,000 acres of mountain land in all and mortgaged his plantation. Abner tells Alan to consult Rayburn Miller, a land speculator. V.—Miller tells Alan about a dance at Darley. Alan's sweetheart, Dolley Barclay, will be there. Frank Hillhouse is attentive to Dolly. Craig, the banker. VI.—Dolly tells Alan that her father objects to his love quest. Barclay has also been caught on mountain land. VIII.—Miller gives Alan cynical advice on love. Dolly's mother talks to her of her own love experiences. Dolly unhappy. IX—Abner and Rev. Mr. Dole discuss religion. Pole Baker, the ex-moonshiner, whom Alan has reformed. X.—Abner goes to Barclay's, and Dolley talks to him of Alan. He tells Alan of his own sweetheart who died and he still loves her. Alan will hope and wait. XI and XII—Allen goes to Miller with a project for a railroad to the land. He redeem Pole Barker from the prison gong.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE following morning Pole rose before daylight and rode to Darley. As he reached the place the first rays of the sun were touching the slate covered spire of the largest church in town. He went to a public wagon yard and hitched his horse to one of the long racks. A mountain family he knew slightly had camped in the yard, sleeping in their canvas covered wagon, and were making coffee over a little fire. Pole wanted a cup of the beverage, but he passed on into a grocery store across the street and bought a dime's worth of cheese and hardtack crackers. This was his breakfast. He washed it down with a dipper of water from the street well and sat around the store chatting with the clerk, who was sprinkling the floor and sweeping and dusting the long room. The clerk was a redheaded young man with a short, bristling mustache, and a suit of clothes that was too large for him.

"Don't Mr. Craig stay around Fincher's warehouse a good deal?" Pole asked as the clerk rested for a moment on his broom near him.

"Mighty nigh all day long," was the reply. "Him an' Fincher's some kin, I think."

"On his wife's side," said Pole. "I want to see Mr. Craig. I wonder ef he'll be down thar this mornin'."

"Purty apt," said the clerk. "Fincher's his best friend sence his bu'st up, an' they are mighty thick. I reckon he gits the cold shoulder at a lots o' places."

"You don't say!"

"An' of course he wants somewhar to go besides home. In passin' I've seed 'im a-figurin' several times at Fincher's desk. They say he's got some notion o' workin' fer Fincher as his bookkeeper."

"Well, he'll have to make a livin' some way," said Pole.

The clerk laughed significantly.

"Ef it ain't already made," said he with a smile.

Pole stood up. "I don't think that's right," he said coldly. "Me nur you nur nobody hain't got no right to hint at what we don't know nothin' about. Mr. Craig may 'a' lost ever' cent he had."

"In a pig's valise!" sneered the redheaded man. "I'd bet my hat he's got money—an' plenty of it, huh!"

"Well, I don't know nothin' about it," said Pole, still coldly. "An' what's more, Dunn, I ain't a-goin' about smirchin' any helpless man's character nuther. Ef I knowed he had made by the bu'st, I'd talk different, but I don't know it."

"Oh, I see which side you are on, Baker," laughed the clerk. "Folks are about equally divided. Half is fer 'im, an' half agin. But mark my words, Craig will slide out o' this town some day an' be heerd of after awhile a-gittin' started agin some'r's else. That racket has been worked to death all over the country."

Pole carried the discussion no further. Half an hour passed. Customers were coming in from the wagon yard and examining the wares on the counters and making slow purchases. The proprietor came in and let the clerk go to breakfast. Pole stood in the doorway looking up the street in the direction of Craig's residence. Presently he saw the ex-banker coming from the postoffice reading his mail. Pole stepped back into the store and let him go by; then he went to the door again and saw Craig go into Fincher's warehouse at the end of the next block of straggling, wooden buildings. Pole sauntered down the sidewalk in that direction, passing the front door of the warehouse without looking in. The door at the side of the house had a long platform before it, and on it Fincher, the proprietor, was weighing bales of hay which were being unloaded from several wagons by the countrymen who were disposing of it.

"Hello, Mr. Fincher!" Pole greeted him familiarly. "Want any help unloadin'?"

"Hello, Baker!" said Fincher, looking up from the blankbook in which he was recording the weights. "No, I reckon they can handle it all right." Fincher was a short, fat man, very bald and with a round, laughing face. He had known Pole a long time and considered him a most amusing character. "How do you come on, Pole?"

"Oh, about as common. I jest thought them fellers looked sorter lightweight."

The men on the wagon laughed as they thumped a bale of hay on to the platform. "You'd better dry up," one of them said. "We'll git the mayor to put you to work agin."

"Well, he'll have to be quicker about it than he was the last time," said Pole dryly.

Some one laughed lustily from behind a tall stack of wheat in bags in the warehouse. It was Lawyer Trabue. He came round and picked up Fincher's daily paper, as he did every morning, and sat down and began to read it.

"Now you are talkin'," he said. "Thar was more rest in that job, Pole, than any you ever undertook. They tell me you didn't crack a rock."

Fincher laughed as he closed his book and struck Baker with it playfully. "Pole was too tired to do that job," he said. "He was born that way."

"Say, Mr. Trabue," retaliated Pole, "did you ever heer how I got the best o' Mr. Fincher in a chicken trade?"

"I don't think I ever did, Pole," laughed the lawyer, expectantly. "How was it?"

"Oh, come off, don't go over that again," said Fincher, flushing.

"It was this away," said Pole, with a broad, wholesome grin. "My cousin, Bart Wilks, was runnin' the restaurant under the car shed about two yeer ago. He was a new hand at the business, an' one day he had a awful rush. He got a telegram that a train load o' passengers had missed connection at Chattanooga an' would have to eat with him. He was powerful rattled, runnin' round like a dog after its tail. He knowed he'd have to have a lot o' fryin' chickens, an' he couldn't leave the restaurant, so he axed me ef I'd take the money an' go out in town an' buy 'em fer 'im. I consented, an' struck Mr. Fincher, who was sellin' sech truck then. He 'lowed, you know, that I jest wanted one, or two at the outside, fer my own use, so when I seed a fine coop out in front an' axed the price of 'em he kinder drawed on his beerd till his mouth fell open an' studied how he could make the most out o' me. After awhile he said, 'Well, Pole, I'll make 'em 10 cents apiece ef I pick 'em, an' 15 ef you pick 'em.' I sorter skeerd the chickens around an' seed thar was two or three tiny ones hidin' under the big ones, an' I seed what he was up to, but I was ready fer 'im. 'All right,' ses I, 'you pick 'em.' Thar was two or three loafers standin' round an' they all laughed at me when Mr. Fincher got down over the coop an' finally ketched one about the size of a robin an' hauled it out. 'Keep on a-pickin',' ses I, an' he made a grab fer one a little bigger an' handed it up to me. Then he stuck his hands down in his pockets, doin' his best to keep from laughin'. The gang yelled then, but I wasn't done. 'Keep on a-pickin',' ses I. An' he got down agin. An', sir, I got that coop at about 4 cents apiece less'n he'd paid fer 'em. He tried to back, but the gang wouldn't let 'im. It was the cheapest lot o' chickens I ever seed. I turned the little ones out to fatten and made Wilks pay me the market price all round fer the bunch."

"I'll be bound you made some'n' out of it," said Trabue. "Fincher, did you ever heer how that scamp tuck in every merchant on this street about two yeer ago?"

"Never heerd anything except his ownin' 'em all," said Fincher, with a laugh.

"I could put 'im in the penitentiary fer it," affirmed the lawyer. "You know about that time thar was a powerful rivalry goin' on among the storekeepers. They was movin' heaven an' earth to sell the'r big stocks. Well, one of the spryest in the lot, Joe Gaylord, noticed that Pole was powerful popular with mountain folks, an' he made 'im a proposition, bindin' 'im down to secrecy. He proposed to give Pole 10 per cent commission on all the goods he'd he'p sell by bringin' customers in the store. Pole hesitated beca'se, he said, they might find it out, an' Joe finally agreed that all Pole would have to do was to fetch 'em in, give the wink, an' him an' his clerks would do the rest. It worked mighty slick fer awhile, but Pole noticed that very often the folks he'd fetch in wouldn't be pleased with the goods an' prices an' ud go trade some'r's else. Then what do you think the scamp did? He went to every store in town an' made a secret contract to git 10 per cent on all sales, an' he had the softest snap you ever heerd of. He'd simply hang on to a gang from the country, whether he

"Is that thar little lump gold or not?"

knowed 'em or not, an' foller 'em around till they bought; then he'd walk up an' rake in his part."

"I got left once," said Pole, laughing with the others. "One gang that I stuck to all day went over to Melton an' bought."

"Well, the merchants caught on after awhile an' stopped him," said Trabue, "but he made good money while he was at it. They'd 'a' sent 'im up fer it ef it hadn't been sech a good joke on 'em."

"I don't know about that," replied Pole thoughtfully. "I was doin' all I agreed, an' ef they could afford to pay 10 per cent to anybody they mought as well 'a' paid it to me. I drawed trade to the whole town. The cigars an' whisky I give away amounted to a lot. I've set up many a night tellin' them mossbacks tales to make 'em laugh."

"Well, ef you ever git into any trouble let me know," said Trabue as he rose to go. "I'll defend you at half price. You'd be a sight o' help to a lawyer. I'll be hanged if I ever seed a better case 'an you made out in the mayor's court, an' you hadn't a thing to back it up with nuther."

The hay was unloaded and the wagons driven away. Fincher stood eying Pole with admiration. "It's a fact," he said. "You could 'a' made some'n' out o' yore'se'f if you'd 'a' been educated an' had a showin'."

Pole jerked his thumb over his shoulder at Craig, who was standing in the front door looking out into the street. "Everybody don't git a fair showin' in this world, Mr. Fincher," he said. "That man Craig hain't been treated right."

The jovial expression died out of the merchant's face, and he leaned against the door jamb.

"You are right thar," he said—"dead right. He's been mighty unlucky and bad treated."

Pole grasped the brim of his massive hat and drew it from his shaggy head. "It makes me so all fired mad sometimes, Mr. Fincher, to heer folks a-runnin' that man down that I want to fight. I ain't no religious man myse'f, but I respect one, an' I've always put him down in my book as a good man."

"So've I," said the merchant, and he looked toward the subject of their conversation and called out, "Craig, oh, Craig, come back heer a minute."

Pole put on his hat and stared at the ground. He made a gesture as if of protest, but refrained from speaking.

"What's wanted?" Craig came down to them. He was smoking a cigar and wore a comfortable look, as if he had been fighting a hard but successful fight and now heard only random shots from a fleeing enemy.

"You ain't a candidate fer office," laughed Fincher, "but nearly all men like to know they've got friends. This chap heer's been standin' up fer you. He says it makes him mad to hear folks talk agin you."

"Oh, it's Baker!" exclaimed the ex-banker, shaking hands with Pole and beaming on him. "Well, I don't know a man I'd rather have for a friend," he said smoothly.

Pole tossed his head and looked straight into the speaker's eye. "I'm fer human justice, Mr. Craig," he said, "an' I don't think folks has treated you right. What man is thar that don't now an' then make mistakes, sir? You've always had means, an' I never was anything but a pore mountain boy, but I've always looked on you as a good man, a law abidin' man, an' I don't like to heer folks try to blame you fer what another man done. When you had plenty, I never come nigh you, beca'se I knowed you belonged to one life an' me another, but now you are flat o' yore back, sir, I'm yore friend."

Craig's face beamed. He pulled his beard; his eyes danced.

"I'm glad there are men in the world like you, Baker," he said. "I say I'm glad, and I mean it."

Fincher had begun to look over the figures in his book and walked to the front.

"Oh, my friendship ain't wuth nothin'," said Pole. "I know that. I never was in the shape to he'p nobody, but I know when a man's treated right or wrong."

"Well, if you ever need assistance and I can help you, don't fail to call on me." Craig spoke with a tone of sincerity.

Pole took a deep breath and lowered his voice, glancing cautiously into the house, as if fearful of being overheard.

"Well, I do need advice, Mr. Craig," he said—"not money nor nothin' expensive. But I've laid awake night after night wishin' 'at I could run on some man of experience that I could ax fer advice an' that I could trust. Mr. Craig, I'll be blamed ef I don't feel like tellin' you some'n' that never has passed my lips."

Craig stared in interested astonishment. "Well, you can trust me, Baker," he said, "and, if I can advise you, why, I'll do it with pleasure."

There was a cotton compress near by, with its vast sheds and platforms, and Pole looked at it steadily. He thrust his hand into his pants pocket and kept it there for a full minute; then he shook his head, drew out his hand and said: "I reckon I won't bother you today, Mr. Craig. Some day I'll come in town an' tell you, but"—Pole looked at the sun. "I reckon I'd better be goin'."

"Hold on!" Craig caught Pole's arm. The ex-banker was a natural man. Despite his recent troubles he had his share of curiosity, and Pole's manner and words had aroused it to unwonted activity. "Hold on," he said. "What's your hurry? I've got time to spare if you have."

Pole hung his head for a moment in silence; then he looked the old man in the face. "Mr. Craig," he began in even a lower voice, "do you reckon thar's any gold in them mountains?" Pole nodded to the blue wave in the east.

Craig was standing near a bale of cotton, and he sat down on it, first parting the tails of his long, black coat.

"I don't know; there might be," he said, deeply interested and yet trying to appear indifferent. "There is plenty of it in the same range farther down about Dalonega."

Pole had his hand in the right pocket of his rough jeen trousers.

"Is thar anybody in this town that could tell a piece o' gold ef they seed it?" he asked.

"Oh, a good many, I reckon," said Craig, a steely beam of excitement in his unsteady eye. "I can myself. I spent two years in the gold mines of California when I was a young man."

"You don't say! I never knowed that." Pole had really heard of that fact, but his face was straight. He had managed to throw into it a most wonderful blending of fear and overcautiousness.

"Oh, yes; I've had a good deal of experience in such things."

"You don't say!" Pole was looking toward the compress again.

Craig laughed out suddenly and put his hand on Pole's shoulder with a friendly, downward stroke.

"You can trust me, Baker," he said persuasively, "and it may be that I could be of assistance to you."

There was something like an actual tremor of agitation in Pole's rough hand as he drew his little nugget from its resting place at the bottom of his pocket. With a deep, indrawn breath he handed it to Craig. "Is that thar little lump gold or not?" he asked.

Craig started visibly as his eyes fell on the piece of gold. But he took it indifferently and examined it closely.

"Where did you run across that?" he asked.

"I want to know ef it's the puore thing," answered Pole.

Craig made another examination, obviously to decide on the method he would apply to a situation that claimed all his interest.

"I think it is," he said—"in fact, I know it is."

Pole took it eagerly, thrust it back into his pocket and said:

"Mr. Craig, I know whar thar's a vein o' that stuff twenty yards thick, runnin' clean through a mountain."

"You do?" Craig actually paled under his suppressed excitement.

"Yes, sir, an' I kin buy it, lock, stock and barrel, fer five hundred dollars. The feller that owns it ud jump at it like a duck on a June bug. That's my secret, Mr. Craig. I hain't one dollar to my name, but from this day on I'm goin' to work hard an' save my money till I own that property. I'm a-goin' down to Atlanta next week, whar people don't know me, an' have a lump of it bigger 'n this examined, an' ef it's gold I'll own the land sooner or later."

Craig glanced to the rear.

"Come back here," he said. Opening a door at the end of the warehouse, he led Pole into a more retired spot, where they would be free from possible interruption. Then in a most persuasive voice he continued: "Baker, you need a man of experience with you in this. Besides, if there is as much of—of that stuff as you say there is, you wouldn't be able to use all you could make out of it. Now, it might take you a long time to get up the money to buy the land, and there is no telling what might happen in the meantime. I'm in a close place, but I could raise five hundred dollars or even a thousand. My friends still stick to me, you know. The truth is, Baker, I'd like the best in the world to be able to make money to pay back what some of my friends have lost through me."

Pole hung his head. He seemed to be speaking half to himself and on the verge of a smile when he replied, "I'd like to see you pay back some of 'em, too, Mr. Craig."

Craig laid his hand gently on Pole's shoulder.

"How about lettin' me see the place, Baker?" he said.

Pole hesitated, and then he met the ex-banker's look with the expression of a man who has resigned himself to a generous impulse.

"Well, some day when you are a-passin' my way stop in, an' I'll"—

"How far is it?" broke in Craig, pulling his beard with unsteady fingers.

"A good fifteen miles from heer," said Pole.

Craig smiled. "Nothin' but an easy ride," he declared. "I've got a horse doin' nothing in the stable. What's to hinder us from going today—this morning—as soon as I can go for my horse?"

"I don't keer," said Pole resignedly.

"But could you manage to go without anybody knowin' whar you was bound fer?"

"Easy enough." Craig laughed. He was really pleased with Pole's extreme cautiousness.

"Then you mought meet me out thar some'r's."

"A good idea, a good idea, Baker."

"Do you know whar the Ducktown road crosses Holly creek at the foot o' Old Pine mountain?"

"As well as I know where my house is."

Pole looked at the sun, shading his eyes with his hand.

"Could you be thar by 11 o'clock?"

"Easy enough, Baker."

"Well, I'll meet you. I'm a-goin' to trust you, Mr. Craig, an' when you see the vein ef you think thar's enough money in it fer two—but we can see about that later."

"All right, Baker. I'll be there. But say," as Pole was moving away, "you are a drinking man and get a little off sometimes. You haven't said anything about this where anybody"—

Pole laughed reassuringly. "I never have been drunk enough to do that, Mr. Craig, an', what's more, I never will be."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TREATING HABIT.

It Costs Its Victims Many a Dollar and Many a Pang.

Is it not a fact that men really spend in treating amounts that they would hesitate to give away no matter how deserving the charity? It is a trait of human character that comes through this all absorbing disposition to "hold your end up" when with a friend. Hundreds of men take thousands of drinks that they do not want, and other hundreds pay for thousands that are not desired.

Two men meet, and one says: "Mighty glad to see you. Let's have something." Neither generally needs or even wants a drink. But the man who offers it wants to show that he is generous. He takes this method of proving that he is glad to meet his friend. The friend after he has taken the drink that he did not want, to prove that he, too, is a good fellow, insists upon a second round.

The German custom of entering a saloon, taking a drink and paying for it and for no others if adopted in America would prove a blessing. The American custom of treating is decidedly a curse. What we do for friendship's sake costs us many a dollar and many a pang.—Springfield Union.

Confederate Flags.

In March, 1861, the Confederate congress adopted as the national emblem the "stars and bars." It was made up of three horizontal bars of red, white and red, with a blue union in the upper left hand corner, on which were displayed thirteen white stars in a circle, thus giving the historic red, white and blue, which tricolor appeared in all the succeeding changes.

The resemblance of this to the stars and stripes led to confusion, mistakes and loss of life at the battle of Manassas, and shortly after that action another flag was born to the Confederacy, in September, 1861.

The battle flag was then adopted. This, in the language of heraldry, was a red field charged with a blue saltier, with a narrow border of white, on which were displayed thirteen white stars—in other words, a blue St. Andrew's cross on a red ground. This was easily distinguishable and was never changed.

An Air Tight Fit.

Mrs. Jennings and her city cousin were exchanging news of their old school friends. "How about Lucy Morse?" asked the cousin. "Has she kept on growing fatter and fatter?"

"Well, all I'll say is this," said Mrs. Jennings: "Annie Fall told me last year that when Lucy sent home from Nashua, where she was nursing her uncle, to have a silk waist made, Annie realized she hadn't got any measures, and then she remembered that the last time Lucy was there she stood up by the big air tight stove, and Annie remarked — to herself — the resemblance between 'em. And she took the measure of that air tight and cut in a mite for the waist line—'bout as much as a knife marks warm molasses candy—and made the waist accordingly, sent it on, and Lucy wrote back it was an elegant fit."—Youth's Companion.

Wall Street and Clothes.

The best dressed men in New York are the Wall streeters. There is one young member of the Stock Exchange who is famous for his clothes. He has a wardrobe in his private office and changes his suit three times a day—at 10, at noon and at 3 o'clock. A busy session on the floor will wreck any suit. Most of the brokers wear an old office coat in the shuffle and turmoil, and there is scarcely an active member but has an extra pair of trousers to put on after the close of business. Scores of little tailors in the financial district make a good living pressing trousers at 50 cents a pair.

The Spectroscope.

Originally the spectroscope was applied only to chemistry and in that limited field proved itself an invaluable aid in accurate analysis. By holding in a bunsen flame a platinum wire moistened by contact with the skin, the presence of a few grains of salt swallowed a few minutes previously can be detected with the spectroscope. Indeed, so wonderfully refined is the work of the spectroscopic chemist that he can discover in a substance the presence of one three-millionth of a grain of metal.

His Artistic Sense.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "you shouldn't let your artistic sense worry you so much."

"What do you mean?"

"I overheard you talking to that friend with whom you play cards. I know how much you appreciate harmony in form and color, but it is wrong to be so much annoyed because one heart got in with a few spades."—Washington Star.

Moral Law.

The moral law lies at the center of nature and radiates to the circumference. It is the pith and marrow of every substance, every relation and every process. All things with which we deal preach to us. What is a farm but a mute gospel? The sailor, the shepherd, the miner, the merchant, in their several resorts have each an experience precisely parallel.—Emerson.

When the French artist Benjamin Constant was traveling in Morocco he was invited by the sultan to present himself at court at Fez. The New York Staats-Zeitung says that the painter's first thought was in regard to his costume.

"Court" in Europe was one thing; in Morocco it was likely to prove something different. There was nothing to do, however, but to wear his ordinary evening clothes. He was ignorant of the fact that the Moors look upon black garments as very vulgar, and it was only after his arrival that he learned his mistake.

The courtiers smiled openly; worst of all, they sneered. The painter was a man of hasty temper, and suddenly, nettled by their insolence, he closed his opera hat and sprung it open in the faces of the jeering crowd. They scattered, yelling with surprise and fear.

The sultan heard the noise and demanded the cause. After he had seen and examined the wonderful hat he gave this oracular opinion:

"If I had lived a hundred years in your country and adopted all your other customs I could never have brought myself to set on my head so hideous a contrivance as that!"

One Recommendation.

The members of a political party in a certain county were holding a convention to nominate a candidate for treasurer. The leading aspirant was a man who had formerly been noted as a baseball player. He had made a great record as a batsman, but was notoriously slow in running bases.

The man who had placed him in nomination made a speech eulogizing him as a man and a citizen. He was followed by others in the same vein, and things seemed to be going smoothly enough when one of the delegates rose and said:

"Mr. Chairman, are good men so scarce that we have to choose a baseball player for the most important office in the county, involving the handling of hundreds of thousands of dollars?"

"Mr. Chairman," replied the original mover, "it is true that the candidate I have mentioned was a ball player, but let me ask you, Mr. Chairman, is there a man here who ever saw him steal even a base?"

Diseases of the Seasons.

Physicians say that certain diseases follow the changing seasons with almost clockwork regularity. Thus acute rheumatism prevails from February till April, inflammations of the lungs from March till May, stomach and intestinal complaints in August and cholera from August to October. On this basis some hygienists classify diseases into summer, fall, winter and spring diseases. This classification is supported by many facts which show that weather changes really exert powerful influences upon health and disease. To cope successfully with these changes and their harmful influences daily exercise in the open air in all kinds of weather and at all seasons of the year is the best preparation. This toughens the system and is at once prevention and cure.

Blood Bargaining.

A repellent scene took place before the bey of Tunis recently. It was the huckstering for a man's life in the presence of the victim. He was an Arab who had slain a rival in love and was sentenced to die, when, almost at the hour fixed for execution, the murdered man's father offered to treat, according to the Koran, for the price of blood. The bargaining was conducted in the bey's presence, but, as the murderer's family would not go beyond £24 to save him, the doomed man, after a gleam of hope, was led to the gallows and hanged.

Dealings In Graves.

Cemetery shares continue to be quite a market feature in Scotland and are actively dealt in on the Edinburgh Stock Exchange. Apparently they appeal to the curious nature of the canny Scot, who doubtless reasons that in such a holding he has a security which is not likely to vanish and that if the worst comes to the worst he will never need to come on the parish for a grave. —London Financial News.

The Key to Success.

"Advertising pays" has come to be an axiom of modern methods. The business man who tries to be successful without it is tempting fate instead of fortune. The American nation today is recognized abroad as the greatest industrial and commercial proposition in the world, and the American nation spends $250,000,000 annually in advertising its business.—Rochester Herald.

Internal Economy.

Two years ago a Polander out on Nubbin ridge swallowed a grain of wheat. Last week he was attacked with a fit of coughing and coughed up a fifty pound sack of flour and 100 pounds of bran. Truth is mighty and will prevail.—Hartford Day Spring.

English.

"That's rather a sizable hoss you're drivin'," said the man from Tennessee.

"Yes, he is right smart of a critter," replied the man from Georgia.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Bad Start.

"I guess," said the naturally weary young man, "I was meant to be a millionaire, but started on a line where they don't give transfers."—Baltimore American.

A Change.

Mrs. Brown—So you were out again last night, eh?

Brown—No; I was in, and I'll give you $10 for your share.—Detroit Free Press.

The Glory of California Scenery.

As long as there remains the love of beauty in the human soul so long will the glory of California scenery and that of the whole Pacific coast prove a source of inspiration to the poetic mind. Descriptive verse has been from the beginning a marked feature of the literature of this region. In fact, the term "landscape poets" may be properly applied to this bevy of song birds which seemed to the late Maurice Thompson to have taken "complete possession of the entire western seaboard." Suffice it to say that if a volume of verse were written by a Californian which reflected nothing of the state's scenic beauty or its warmth of color it would not only come as a surprise to most reviewers, but the loyalty of the poet might be seriously questioned. While all this display of local color may seem too apparent an effort on the part of Californians to place upon their work the stamp of a definite locality, and may be considered by some a cheap form of art, it is this very sensitiveness to beauty and grandeur with which nature has clothed the west that offers the most promise of its rapid literary advancement—a sensitiveness, moreover, that will become more and more acute with the cultivation of the higher faculties through increasing educational growth.—Herbert Bashford in Atlantic.

All Have an "Itch" In Them.

"Speaking of Servian names," said an observant man, "they are not so bad when you once get used to them, nor are they so hard to pronounce. You no doubt have noticed that all Servian names end with a syllable having some resemblance to the English word 'itch.' Some of the names end in 'ies' or just with 'ic.' Sometimes it is 'ich' or 'ics' or 'isch,' and so on. It makes no difference how the name ends, you will make no mistake if you give the sound of 'itch' to the last syllable. That will be the proper Servian sound, for Petrovich or Petrovic would be correct, and in both instances the word would be pronounced in the same way, by sounding the 'itch.' Servian names are all right when one gets used to them, but they are strange and shocking when put into the columns of English newspapers."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Goats That Fight.

A species of the wild goat, the Capra ruppeli, haunts the rocks of the Abyssinian highlands and manages to hold its own as to flight against all enemies, with the exception of the fleet footed jackal, an adversary whose co-operative tactics and keenness of scent make flight unavailing and have led the capras to the conclusion that under certain circumstances valor may be the better part of discretion. The yelp of an approaching horde of jackals is therefore a signal for instant rally on the part of the goats. The nannies crowd around their kids, and the bucks rush forward en masse, butting away with a rage that lays out a yelper at every spring and makes the survivors stand back howling and cowering.

Influence of Laughter on Digestion.

The efficacy of laughter as an aid to assimilation and alimentation has passed into such a common physiological truism that no one of ordinary intelligence needs to have the principle upon which it works elucidated for his understanding in these days of widely disseminated dietetic knowledge. The average person who is not continuously "in the dumps" knows from experience that laughter is good for digestion, says What to Eat. It should be borne in mind that mirth and good cheer need not express themselves in convulsive laughter in order to influence digestion. An amiable, contented, calm and equable temperament has marked influence upon the digestive processes without laughter.

A Silver Riddle.

English tram car companies use in counting the money taken in what is called a "silver riddle." Four or five frames are placed on the top of each other, and a given quantity of mixed silver is emptied in on to the topmost. Shake the latter and all the pieces except the half crowns will disappear through the wire net arrangement on to the frame below. Shake frame No. 2 and everything goes through except the florins, and thus the coins are eventually exhausted down to the threepenny pieces.

A Desperate Character.

First Henpecked Husband—Well, sir, I've been gone and done it. My wife wouldn't give me the latchkey again this morning, so I took it by force—by force, do you hear me?

Second Ditto (admiringly)—Say, old man, don't let my wife hear that. She'll never let me go out with you again.

One He Couldn't Lose.

Peddler—Want to buy an umbrella cheap, boss?

Merchant—No; what's the use? Whenever I buy an umbrella somebody steals it.

Peddler—Well, this one ain't worth stealing.—Exchange.

The Reminder.

"Mamma," said Bennie as there came a brief pause in the conversation on the part of the callers, "isn't it time for you to ask me what I learned at the kindergarten today? If you don't do it pretty soon I'll forget what you told me to say."—Chicago Tribune.

Wouldn't Show.

Mistress (greatly shocked)—Is it possible, Mary, you are making bread without having washed your hands?

New Girl—Lor', what's the difference, mum? It's brown bread.

A man is at his best when he is attending to his own business.—Dallas News.

His Excuse.

"No," said a citizen when asked if he would contribute anything to the relief of the flood sufferers; "I don't think I will."

"Can't afford it, eh?"

"It isn't that, but the last time I gave something for charity one of the papers spelled by name wrong."

Nothing Done.

"I don't think I'll wager with you," said the baker. "You haven't the dough."

"That may be," replied the butcher, "but I don't see you putting up any stakes."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Went Too Far.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he had lost the object of his affections.

"Alas," he said, "I flattered her till she got too proud to speak to me."

Woman's Way.

She—Time will heal the wound I've made in your heart.

He—Yes; but you'll be mad at me if it does.—Detroit Free Press.

Used for Pneumonia.

Dr C. J. Bishop of Agnew, Mich., says, "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar in three very severe cases of pneumonia with good results in every case." Refuse substitutes.—Denton & Ward.

When does a farmer double up a sheep without hurting it? When he folds it.

A New Jersey Editor's Testimonial.

M. T. Lynch, editor of the Philipsburg, N. J. Daily Post, writes: "I have used many kinds of medicines for coughs and colds in my family but never anything so good as Foley's Honey and Tar. I cannot say too much in praise of it.—Denton & Ward

When did Moses sleep with five in bed? When he slept with his forefathers.

Cured Hemorrhages of the Lungs.

Several years since my lungs were so badly affected that I had many hemorrhages," writes A. M. Ake of Wood, Ind. "I took treatment with several physicians without any benefit. I then started to take Foley's Honey and Tar and my lungs are now as sound as a bullet. I recommend it in advanced stages of lung trouble."—Denton & Ward.

Why is a newspaper like an army? Because it has leaders, columns and reviews.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes the diseased kidneys sound so they will eliminate the poisons from the blood.—Denton & Ward.

Why are the pages of a book like the days of man? Because they are all numbered.

Avoid serious results of kidney or bladder disorder by taking Foley's Kidney cure.—Denton & Ward.

Why is an acquitted prisoner like a gun? Because he has been charged, taken up and then let off.

Doctors Could not Help Her.

"I had kidney trouble for years," writes Drs. Raymond Conner of Shelton, Wash., and the doctors could not help me. I tried Foley's Kidney Cure, and the very first dose gave me relief and I am now cured. I cannot say too much for Foley's Kidney Cure."—Denton & Ward.

Notice to Patrons of the Manchester & Oneida Railway Company at North Manchester Ia.

I wish to call your attention to the fact that a great number of passengers are boarding our trains at that point without procuring tickets at our down town office, and thereby causing a great loss of revenue to our Railway.

This is to notify you that unless you procure your through tickets from this station, which may be done by calling here or telephoning us to send tickets with conductor for your destination, I will be obliged to discontinue that point as a stop for our trains to pick up passengers.

This I do not wish to do, but unless you co-operate with me in this matter it will be necessary to come to our station to board our train.

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The Genuine vs. Counterfeits.

The genuine is always better than a counterfeit, but the truth of this statement is never more forcibly realized or more thoroughly appreciated than when you compare the genuine Dewitt's Witch Hazel Salve with the many counterfeits and worthless substitutes that are on the market. W. S. Ledbetter of Shreveport. La., says: "After using numerous other remedies without benefit, one box of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me." For blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles no remedy equal to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by Smith Bros.

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