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I. THE BEGINNING OF THINGS. In the days before the new era, Allacoochee was a dead-alive village with a single street climbing from the ferry landing on the river bank up to the weather-beaten courthouse on the first slope of John's mountain. If it differed from other inland county seats in northern Alabama it was on the side of drowsiness and shabby inconsequence. Its reason for existence was purely geographical; the Chivassee valley divides Chilmath county into halves, and the ferry was a point accessible to the farmers in the valley and to the dwellers on Jubal mountain on the east and John's mountain on the west. In the sprinkling of weather-worn buildings strewn upon the hillside facing the river, but three were relatively notable. One was the courthouse, wooden, two-storied, with a classic porch out of which tumbled a cataract of steps flowing down to the head of the street. Another was Catron's store, low and windowless in the rear and self-assertive and pretentious in front, with a high forehead of weather-boarding rising above the wooden awning over the sidewalk. The third was the Mountain house, just across the street from Catron's. It had been a planter's mansion in the days of masters and slaves, and in falling from its better estate the square brick house had brought down some reminders of ancient staidness and solidity. There was a suggestion of comfort in its deep verandas, roomy hallways and wide fireplaces, but the hint was lost in the general aspect of decay and neglect, and the Mountain house, together with everything else in the village, pointed toward a gradual and painless relapse into a condition of moribund disease. In the nature of things, the old Allacoochee saw few visitors. It was 20 miles down the valley to Prattville, the nearest railway town, and Abel French's buckboard was the only means of communication. French drove down twice a week for the mail, but he seldom brought back a passenger, and, save on "First Mondays" and other court days, the Mountain house was usually without guests. One pleasant evening in February, however, French broke the record. He brought two strangers up with him from Prattville, and there was a consequent stir of speculative curiosity among the loungers whose rallying point was the shelter of Catron's awning. French, being promptly interrogated, confessed, reluctantly that he had been unable to find out his passengers' business; and, having run a 20-mile gauntlet with the inquisitive mail carrier, the strangers had no trouble in evading the less skillful approaches of the townsfolk. For two weeks they spent their days driving up and down the valley, and their evenings sitting upon the veranda of the Mountain house, asking questions of everyone and contriving to dodge all inquiries aimed at the object of their visit. One evening when the sun had gone down behind John's mountain the newcomers took their accustomed places on the veranda, drawing their chairs together and lighting their after-supper cigars in full view of the open-air court in session under Catron's awning. One of them was a heavy-set man, with a smooth-shaven face, hard but unreadable. He had the mannerism of quiet aggressiveness which belongs to physical superiority, but the bully in him was a force rather than an expression. Certain little idiosyncrasies, such as the habit of slipping his hands into his pockets and rocking his chair gently on two legs as he talked, suggested the lawyer cross-examining a witness, and the hint pointed truthfully to the gentleman's profession. Among his legal associates in New York, Lawyer Sharpless was respected as an able attorney and one whose loyalty to his clients was never hampered by inconvenient questions of conscience. His companion was a wiry little man whose clothes were shabby with the wear of activity. He talked volubly, punctuating his speech with a lean finger laid in the palm of the opposite hand, and throwing one leg over the arm of his chair as he warmed to his subject. His calling was not so obvious, but that was because he had followed so many occupations that none of them had left its impress upon him. A pettyfogging lawyer, a land agent for a railway company, a broker in real estate, and latterly a professional boomer, Mr. Jenkins French was a man of many parts, well qualified to bear his share in the enterprise in which he was at present associated with the New York lawyer. Sharpless enjoyed the first inch of his cigar in silence before he nodded to the group across the street. "The guessers are hard at it again over there; you don't suppose they have heard anything, do you?" "Hardly," replied French; "there hasn't been anything they could get hold of, yet."

"No—not unless Cates has been talking." "He hasn't anything to talk about. All he knows is that we want to buy his land, and that proves nothing." "Perhaps not, to these people," rejoined the lawyer, tipping his chair to the cross-examination angle. "What do they say about the engineer's camp up on the Little Chivassee?" French chuckled. "They think it's an exploring party for a new railroad; even Cates don't suspect that the men have anything to do with us." "It's been pretty carefully worked, so far. Portheroe's a sharp fellow, and he knows how to keep his mouth shut. He was the best man you could have found to handle the exploring party. Where did you run across him?" "Out west, when I was booming a town for a Nebraska syndicate. He was the engineer for the railroad company, and I spotted him. Did I show you his last report?" "No. What does he say?" "He says we're all right. The mountain on the other side of the Little Chivassee is full of iron, and there's plenty of coal in this one"—indicating the shadowy bulk of John's mountain rising like a black cloud-bank above the roof of the courthouse. "Well, I guess that settles it. We'll have to have Cates' land before we make another move. Have you fixed up your map?" "Did that to-day; the town-site will take in the strip between the river and the mountain, running down this way as far as we can get options. Cates' farm covers the best part of the tract up there at the mouth of the Little Chivassee, and I suppose we'd better buy that outright. Does he still want two thousand for it?" "He did yesterday, but I think I've scraped together a few details that'll help him change his mind. You know everything has a history, if you can only get at the facts." "Of course. What did you find out?" "I got the whole story of the property. It seems that the place used to belong to an old fellow by the name of Kilgrow, who lived on the mountain and made moonshine whisky or apple brandy, or something in that line, that got him into trouble with the revenue people. Cates, who was a fence for the moonshiners, held the land as a tenant under Kilgrow for some years, and never claimed it until after the revenue officers had run Kilgrow out of the country. That was six years ago, and after the old mountaineer was well out of the way, Cates gave it out that the land was his—that he bought it some time before the raid. Nobody seems to have questioned his title, though there is no record of any transfer from Kilgrow." "Then Kilgrow is probably the rightful owner now?" "He would be if he were alive; but he died in Texas three years ago, and, so far as I can find out, there are no heirs in sight." "Oh, then it don't make so much difference, after all," said French. "No, except that it gives us a good leverage on Cates. It leaves a gap in the title; but I guess I can do that up." "Yes, easy enough. We'll go and see Cates in the morning, if you're ready." Lawyer Sharpless had not overestimated the value of his discoveries. When the leverage was applied to James Cates on the following day, the farmer promptly produced a witness who claimed to have been present when the purchase was made, and who confirmed the rumor of Kilgrow's death by asserting that he had helped bury the old mountaineer three years before on the Texan frontier. Sharpless ignored the witness, and pointed obstinately to the faulty record, insisting that Cates should produce the original deed. The farmer declared at first that the document was among his papers, and that it had been lost. Pushed to the wall, he wavered, cut his price in half, and disappeared from the valley as soon as the transfer was made to the new owners. If Sharpless doubted the asseverations of Cates and his opportune witness, he made no sign; nor was he disturbed by the significant fact that the witness vanished with Cates. The attorney had assured himself beforehand upon two points—the certitude of Kilgrow's title to the land, and the absence of heirs who might become troublesome future claimants. With these two premises in reserve, he believed that the title acquired from Cates could be made as good as valid. After the purchase of the Cates farm, Sharpless and French spread a report that they were about to try an experiment in tobacco raising on a large scale; and with this ostensible object in view they proceeded to secure options upon other tracts in the valley. Since they offered good prices for poor land, there was little haggling; and in a few days the required acreage was under control. This was the first move in the complicated game of evolution, and when it was made the promoters celebrated their success with a fresh box of cigars and a bottle of rather sickish native wine in their room at the Mountain house. "We're in great luck, so far," said Sharpless, examining the map spread out on the table between them. "You'd better write them to go ahead in New York with their articles of incorporation. I wonder if Birkmore is ready to begin on the railroad extension?" "He ought to be; he was to send Raymond up to let us know when the strings were ready to pull." The answer to the question was coming up the stairs while French was speaking, and presently entered the room in the keeping of a man whose clothes gave evidence of hard riding over muddy roads. "Hello, Raymond," said French; "we were just talking about you. How's everything down below?" "All right," replied the newcomer. "The material is all up, and Birkmore's waiting for the word to begin." "That's the talk!" exclaimed the manager. "Can you find your way back to Prattville to-night?" "Why, yes, I suppose so—I have to. I'm dog-tired, though." "Well, time's precious; I guess you'd better get a fresh horse and go. Tell Birkmore not to lose a minute. Is he fixed to work a night gang by electric light?" "Yes." "Good enough! Tell him he can't get a locomotive into Allacoochee any too quick to please us now. Have a drink, and put some cigars in your pocket to smoke on the way." When the messenger left the room Sharpless leaned back in his chair and put his hands in his pockets. "The Jethro deal cleans it all up excepting the title to the Cates tract," he said. "I suppose we might as well fix that now as any time. Have you got a blank deed?" French rummaged in his pockets for the paper. "Where's Cates' deed to us?" he asked. "Here it is," Sharpless said, handing it across the table. "Better change the wording a little, so it won't look suspicious." "You let me alone for that." French wrote rapidly for a few moments, pausing when he came to the date. "Make it about May 20, 1885." The lawyer made a rapid calculation in dates. "Yes, that'll do. As nearly as I can locate it, the raid on the moonshiners was made in June or July of that year; it'll be safe enough to call it the 20th of May." French went on writing, and presently handed the two deeds to Sharpless. "How will that do?" "That's about it," replied the attorney. "I wonder if the old moonshiner would recognize his signature?" "I'd risk it. What are you going to do about the notary's acknowledgment?" "I'll fix that. I've been making myself solid with an old fellow across the street who calls himself a lawyer. He doesn't know enough about the law to hurt him, but he is a notary public. He'll do it—for a consideration—and he won't be too particular about the exact date." "Is it safe to trust him?" "I don't mean to make the experiment; I shall simply tell him that Cates has had this deed kicking about the house all these years without having it recorded." "Oh, that's the scheme, is it?" said French, screwing up one eye until all the craftiness in both seemed to peer out of the other. "Give me that deed a minute." He went to the fireplace, and, taking a pinch of soot, rubbed it into his hands until they were black and grimy. Then he folded and crumpled the deed until it had the requisite appearance of age and ill usage. "You're an artist, French!" was the lawyer's admiring comment when the paper was handed back for inspection. "Nobody will ever suspect now that it isn't as old as it claims to be. Wonder if I could find old Squire Pragmore to-night?" "Perhaps," said the manager, washing the grime from his hands. "While you're hunting him I'll write to New York." Sharpless came back in a few minutes and threw the forged deed on the table. "That's settled," he said. "When it's recorded we'll destroy it." "Did Pragmore object?" inquired French, looking up from his letter. "He balked a little at first, but I've given him a lot of business in the last two weeks, and a \$20 fee was too much for him." A week later Lawyer Sharpless called at Judge Wilkinson's office in the courthouse and asked for the Kilgrow-Cates deed. He took the paper that was given him and put it into his pocket without examining it further than to glance at the judge of probate's certificate of record. Being by this time burdened with many matters of greater importance, he did not think of it again until evening, when he took it out with some other papers in the office of the Mountain house. A cold rain had been falling during the day and a wood fire was blazing in the fireplace. Sharpless singled the deed out of the bunch of papers and thrust it between the logs, ignoring the summons to supper until he had seen the crisp cinders whirled up the chimney in a winding sheet of flame. Then he went to the dining-room and took his seat opposite French at the table reserved for their use. One morning, not many weeks later, Allacoochee the inert became a thing of the past. A many-handed demon of activity had suddenly invaded the peaceful valley, transforming it into a dusty battlefield whereon labor pitted itself against chaos. Snorting locomotives rumbled back and forth with trains of building material. Shouting teamsters guided the plows whose furtrows marked the lines of new streets or loosened the soil in advance of battalions of laborers establishing the grade. Armies of workmen wrought miracles of handicraft, turning unsightly heaps

of brick and stone and lumber into stately buildings which seemed to spring up out of the red soil as if by magic. And into the midst of the clamorous turmoil the daily passenger trains soon began to pour their crowds of adventurers and investors to submerge the single street of the old town and to elbow and jostle the bewildered natives as they fought for accommodations at the Mountain house or struggled for standing room around the temporary rostrum from which Mr. French dispensed bargains in real estate to the highest bidder. And so began the new era in Allacoochee.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FEMININE SHREWDNESS WON.

How It Happened That the Pretty Girl's Musical Talents Reacted Against Her. She was visiting in the city, and she was the prettiest girl in the room. When she stood up to sing the other girls regarded her enviously. A pretty girl who can sing is doubly dangerous, and they considered that the visitor had already received more than her proper share of masculine attention. While she was arranging her music and whispering to the accompanist the two girls just behind the piano were exchanging confidences. "I do think it's a shame," said the first girl, vexedly. "She's captured all the men already with her airs and graces, and if she sings well—and I just know she does—we won't have a bit of fun to-night."

"O, yes, we will," answered the second girl, smiling happily. "We'll be all right."

But the other wasn't to be so easily consoled. "I wonder who asked her to sing?" she fretted. "It must have been some one who knows all about her little tricks, too, for all the girls in the club are talking about it."

"I asked her," said the second girl, calmly. "You'll know why in a minute. Just wait a bit."

Two minutes later the first girl leaned over the other and touched her arm. "Why, she makes awful faces," she whispered, delightedly. "She's positively ugly when she opens her mouth that way."

"I know it," responded the second girl, with a satisfied smile. "That's why I asked her to sing."

"You clever darling!" exclaimed the first girl; and only the fact that there were others present kept them from hugging each other as they urged the visitor to sing again.—Chicago Tribune.

Faithful. In Mrs. Moulton's "Lazy Tours" is an amusing incident typical of the too literal German handmaiden. These Madchen are honest as the day and absolutely faithful; but they are of a placid stupidity which it would be hard to match.

It was about to leave Carlsbad, and therefore rules were somewhat relaxed for me; but as I had a slight headache last night, I thought I would take a little longer rest in the morning.

"Teresa," I said, "I don't want to get up at 6:30 to-morrow. Don't call me. Order a warm bath for me at eight o'clock, and call me then."

"Yes, madame, at eight o'clock." She departed, and as she went out of the door, I called: "Not until eight, Teresa!"

She vanished with a final "Yes, madame."

I read late; I was to have a good long sleep in the morning. Had morning come when my door opened? It was so dark I could hardly see Teresa.

"Is it eight o'clock, Teresa?" "Oh, no, ma'am; it is 6:30."

"But I told you not to call me until eight o'clock!"

"But I don't call madame!" And such a hurt look came into her eyes. "I only bring the hot water that madame has said is always to come at 6:30!"—Youth's Companion.

Author and President. All the testimony in regard to Hawthorne is that he was not only shy, but very reserved. Frank Preston Stearns says that on the occasion of Hawthorne's last visit to the Isles of Shoals, in company with his friend, ex-President Pierce, there was also a party of New Hampshire business men who tried to make his acquaintance, but without much success. Their after comments were very amusing. "Nathaniel Hawthorne is a very reserved man," said one. "There's Franklin Pierce, he's been president of the United States, yet any one could go up and speak to him. We found Hawthorne very different."

This conversation was repeated to Hawthorne's acquaintances at the Shoals, and the poet Whittier was among those who laughed heartily. "Reserved is no word for it," said Mrs. Thaxter, and Whittier added, in words which not only seemed to describe the case, but were in themselves epigrammatic: "Hawthorne was a strange puzzle. I never felt quite sure whether I knew him or not. He never seemed to be doing anything, and yet he never liked to be disturbed at it!"—Youth's Companion.

As Good as Most Prescriptions. "Good morning, Heinrich. What calls you out at such an early hour?" "I'm on my way to the apothecary; my wife was sick all night." "Have you had a doctor already?" "No, but I have a prescription that I picked up in the street the other day, and I'm going to give it a trial; hope 'twill fit her case."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Misunderstood. An English writer suggests that Scottish pronunciation is misleading. "Do you like buns?" asked the governess. "Yes," said he, "if they are made with sultana raisins and not currants." Whereupon she blushed and explained that she meant the poet "Buns."—Youth's Companion.

Haller has noted 1,000 cases of centenarians, 62 of from 110 to 120 years, 29 of from 120 to 130 and 15 who had attained from 130 to 140 years.

CAREER ENDED. Venerable Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, Expires. Congressional Career Began Earlier Than Any Member of Either House. Antedating Morrill and Sherman by Seven Years and Grew One Year.

WASHINGTON, July 9.—Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, died at his home in this city late Thursday afternoon. Probably no man in public life had been identified with more of the history of this country than had Senator Harris. He had almost completed his 79th year, having been born in February, 1818, and first became a member of congress in 1849. His congressional career thus began earlier than that of any member of either house, antedating Senators Morrill and Sherman by seven years and Hon. Galusha A. Grow, now a member of the house from Pennsylvania by one year.

Mr. Harris had, when he was elected to the national house of representatives, already become a man of state reputation in Tennessee, having the year previously served as a presidential elector on the democratic ticket and two years before been elected a member of the legislature of the state. Mr. Harris represented the Ninth Tennessee district in congress for two terms, ending in 1853, when he declined a re-nomination. He then moved to Memphis, where he has since resided. Here he was engaged in the practice of law until 1857, with the interruption necessary to allow him to become a presidential elector in 1856. He was three times in succession before the war, beginning in 1857, elected governor of his state, and was serving in that capacity when the war broke out. He took a pronounced stand for the southern confederacy and was known as one of the southern war governors. The vicissitudes of conflict rendered a frequent change of residence necessary and he was often with the army in the field. He attached himself at different times to the staffs of Gens. Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, Beauregard and Bragg. Albert Sidney Johnston fell from his horse into Senator Harris' arms when he received his death wound.



ISHAM G. HARRIS.

After Lee's surrender, Mr. Harris was one of a small party of political refugees who escaped to Mexico, going across country on horseback. Farson Brownlow, who had been the military governor of Tennessee, offered a large reward in a characteristically worded poster for the capture of his predecessor, but the latter remained absent from the country until his return was safe. He remained in Mexico for several months, going thence to England, where he remained until 1867, when he returned to Memphis and resumed his practice of the law.

Mr. Harris was allowed to follow the pursuits of the private citizen until 1877 when he was elected to the United States senate, defeating Hon. L. L. Hawkins, republican. He has remained a member of the senate ever since and would have completed his twentieth consecutive year in that body on the fourth of next March if he had lived to that date. He had been four times elected to the senate, the last time in 1895, and his term would not have expired until 1901.

The remains will lie in state in the marble room of the senate on Saturday morning and during the afternoon funeral services will be held in the senate chamber. Accompanied by committees of the senate and house, the body will be taken to Memphis, leaving here after the senate ceremonies.

On Monday the remains will lie in state for a few hours at Nashville. Interment will be in the Elmwood cemetery at Memphis.

Volcano Kilauea Active. HONOLULU, July 9, via SAN FRANCISCO, July 9.—The volcano of Kilauea attracted notice on the evening of June 24 with terrific explosions, which were felt for 30 miles away, and almost immediately after fire was seen by persons living along the Kau coast. Several lava fountains are in operation and the lava lake continues to rise rapidly. It is now about 500 feet deep and increasing in activity.

But Two Persons Killed by the Cyclone. ST. PAUL, Minn., July 9.—The latest report from Tuesday's cyclone at Lowry, in Pope county, is that but two persons are dead, Sam Morrow and his seven-year-old daughter, although two others of the Morrow children may not recover. The path of the storm was not over twelve miles long and not wide. The aggregate money loss is great.

A Complete Shut Down. PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 9.—It is safe to say that the amount of coal dug Thursday on the Wheeling division of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad would not fill one flat car. Such a complete shut down as exists in this district so soon after the inauguration of the strike is admittedly a surprise to the people living in that section. A number of miners were at work Wednesday, the majority of them in the pits of the Pittsburgh & Chicago Gas Coal Co. at Snowden and Gastonville, but Thursday it is doubtful if the diggers at work along the whole line would number fifty.

IN THE SENATE. The General Deficiency Bill Will Be Taken Up and Passed. The Disposition is to Do Little in the Way of General Legislation Outside of Finishing Up the Tariff Bill.—The Conference May Report Thursday.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—Beyond the fact that the general deficiency appropriation bill probably will be passed and that the senate will stand ready to take up the tariff bill at any time that a report may be brought in by the conference committee, little can be predicted of the course of events in the senate during the present week. The disposition is to do little in the way of general legislation, and there is a proposition under consideration by the leaders of the two sides of the chamber to adopt the plan now in vogue in the house for sitting only every third day after the deficiency bill shall have been disposed of.

This suggestion has been made in view of the possibility of pressure to take up the matter of the appointment of a currency commission. The general impression about the senate is that the house will pass such a bill on this subject as the president may recommend, but that there is no probability that the senate will take the matter up seriously. The desire is to make this intention clear by infrequent meetings.

There are, however, some matters on the executive calendar demanding attention, and there may be an effort to clear this calendar off during the week. If such should prove to be the case there would be more or less discussion in the executive sessions over the McCord, Warner and Goodnow nominations. The friends of the Hawaiian annexation treaty on the foreign relations committee also hope to be authorized to report a ratification resolution at their meeting next Wednesday, but it is by no means certain that the committee will be able to reach an agreement so soon.

Monday will be devoted to the general deficiency bill, particular attention being given to the provision for the purchase of armor plate at \$425 per ton. This portion of the bill will be seriously antagonized and quite fiercely debated. Senator Harris, of Kansas, will endeavor to get up his resolution regarding the re-organization of the Union Pacific railroad during the week, but in this he will be opposed, and is not likely to succeed.

The tariff conferees confidently expect to bring in the tariff bill by Thursday. The length of the debate on the report will depend upon how well the senate conferees may have succeeded in maintaining the integrity of the senate bill. The democrats and other opponents of the bill make no secret of their intention to oppose the adoption of the report if it appears that the amendments which they were instrumental in securing, putting cotton bagging, cotton ties, burlaps, paris green, etc., on the free list have been repealed from.

The senate will insist upon final adjournment as soon as the tariff is disposed of.

The house will adjourn on Monday until Thursday. Its course thereafter will depend on the condition of the tariff bill.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—The president has granted pardons in the following cases:

George Day, sentenced in North Dakota to three months' imprisonment for illegal timber cutting.

John Redmon, sentenced in Kentucky to 18 months for possessing counterfeit coin.

G. W. Tilley, sentenced in Georgia to three years and fine for pension frauds.

William Mims, sentenced in Alabama to 18 months and fine for illicit distilling.

Louis Flowers, sentenced in Indian territory to two years for cattle stealing.

Dave Hunt, sentenced in Tennessee to five years for post office stealing.

Pardons have been denied to James Pendleton, sentenced in Indian territory to eight years for theft.

Frank Callahan, sentenced in the District of Columbia to three years for larceny.

Justine M. Dudley, sentenced in Utah to 15 years for incest.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—The order of President Cleveland, issued last February, reducing the number of pension agencies in the United States from 18 to 9, will be revoked by President McKinley within a few days, probably early next week. As the original order was not to go into effect until September 1 next, the only result of the revocation will be to continue in force the present arrangement, allowing all 18 of the agencies to remain in operation.

Another Record-Breaker. BALTIMORE, July 12.—Elmer C. Davis, of this city, Sunday succeeded in breaking the American 24-hour bicycle record which was held by Henry Smith, also of Baltimore. Davis covered 316 miles in the 24 hours ending at 5 p. m. Sunday afternoon, which is just two miles more than Smith's record breaking performance of May 9 last over the same course. Although breaking the 24-hour record, Davis did not succeed in getting any of the smaller records that have been made by Smith. Davis' riding of the last 100 miles is regarded as a wonderful exhibition of nervous energy. He is 25 years old, and weighs 105 pounds.

Whipped and Tared and Feathered. OMAHA, Neb., July 12.—A special to the Bee from Beatrice, says: A. M. Winebrenner, who was arrested Saturday for cruelty to his stepdaughter, was taken from jail Sunday morning by a mob, horsewhipped and tared and feathered.

Three More Heat Victims. PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 12.—There were three deaths and several prostrations from heat Saturday. The dead were: Bridget Keenan, Michael Hart and Joseph Dauchnowic. At 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon the mercury registered 91 degrees.