

A Cure for Melancholy

By R. RHODES.

"MORNIN', Si," said Hiram Peters, cheerily, as, on the way to his potato patch with a hoe over his shoulder, he came upon Silas Binkley, who, seated upon a log some 200 yards from his domicile, with his elbows on his knees and his chin resting in his hands, was looking moodily at the ground.

"Mornin'," responded Si, rather grumpily.

Hiram stopped and surveyed him critically for a moment.

"What's the matter?" he queried.

"Mother dead?"

"No," answered Silas.

"Father?"

"No."

"Sister?"

"No."

"Brother?"

"No."

"Uncle?"

"No."

"Aunt?"

"No."

"Grandmother?"

"No."

"Grandfather?"

"No."

"Steal anything?"

"No."

"Tell a lie?"

"No."

"Then what under the sun is the matter with ye?" demanded Hiram, pushing his hat back on his head, and looking at Silas with a puzzled air.

"I dunno 'zactly," answered Silas, removing one hand from his chin and resting the side of his head in the palm of the other; "seems as ef I sort o' got the meloncolly."

Hiram removed his hat, scratched his head, then put his hat back on. Then he asked, somewhat irrelevantly: "What're ye doin' now, Si?"

"Nothin'," answered Silas, still keeping his eyes on the ground.

"Got a wife, ain't ye, Si?"

"Yes."

"An' a family?"

"Yes."

"That reminds me," said Hiram, stroking his beard, "o' a man I knowed in the town where I was raised. He had the meloncolly fer awhile—till he got cured. Want me to tell ye about him, Si?"

"Suit yerself," answered Silas, expectorating a mouthful of tobacco juice on a large green worm that was crawling across the toe of his right boot.

"Then I'll tell ye. I reckon there never did live a crittur that the world could have got 'long without easier fer 40 years than Job Prince," began Hiram, removing the hoe from his shoulder and using it as a sort of prop to lean upon. "How he ever managed to grow up is a consid'able o' mystery to me, fer he was the most indolent, no-count boy I ever see. But grow up he did, though it wasn't no fault o' his'n—ef he'd 'a' had to exert himself any to grow he'd 'a' never growed—an' then he got struck with what the poets call the tender pashun, an' got married. Seems as ef a man never gets so onery 'that he can't git married."

Here he paused and looked hard at Silas, who went on chewing his tobacco and expectorating the juice.

"Now, I ain't no objections to a man's gittin' married," Hiram resumed, "ef he's got a sack o' flour laid up fer the future, an' got money enough to pay the preacher, an' a hull lot o' energy o' soul an' body. But I do hate to see a man a-enterin' into wedlock that's 'fereed o' exertin' hisself. Becuz, somebody's got to do some exertin' after the wedding bells is rung; an' ef it ain't the man it's morally sartin to fall on the woman."

"Wall, as I said, Job got married. Fer awhile he lived easier than he ever did, I reckon, fer she was a splendid worker, an' kept herself an' Job without much trouble. But one day Job came home an' found that the weight o' his family was increased by ten pounds. Natchurly times got harder fer Job after that, an' as he had to do a little sum in addition 'bout every year 'frum that time on, supportin' the family became a matter o' consequence. But Job didn't undertake the task. He shifted the hull responsibility off onto his wife's shoulders, an' took to wanderin' through the woods or 'long the river with his gun or fishin' pole, or a-loafin' 'round town, always a-lookin' as ef he was the most abused crittur on earth. But he always managed to be home punctually at meal hours.

"But finally one day he didn't come home fer dinner. This bein' a most extr'ordinary thing, Mrs. Prince was sure that somethin' was wrong with him, an' commenced a-frettin' an' a-worryin'—jest as ef he was with frettin' an' worryin' 'bout. An' when two o'clock came, an' Job hadn't put in an appearance, she put on her bunnet an' went down town an' told everybody she met that Job hadn't come home fer dinner; an' she axed every man she came across to look fer Job. Most o' 'em laughed, an' said that it was 'good riddance o' bad rubbish'; but Mrs. Prince answered right back at these real mad, an' told 'em that he was her husband all the same—no matter what he was. Jest like a woman; seems as ef the onerier husband one of 'em grins, the harder she'll stay by him. But finally she got five or six men to go on a hunt fer Job.

"Josh, Vaughn found him. He was a-settin' on the edge o' the river bank, with his elbows on his knees an' his chin a-restin' in his hands—jest like you're a-settin', Si—an' his face drawn down like he was the most ferlorn crittur that ever was."

"What's the matter, Job?" says Josh.

"Meloncolly," says Job.

"What're ye meloncolly 'bout?" asks Josh.

"Everything," answers Job; "the world's agin me. An' ef it wasn't fer my self-respect," he says, a-lookin' real earnestly at the water below, "I'd tumble off o' this bank an' let the water swaller me."

"But he didn't more'n git it said than the bank caved off, an' the water did swaller him; an' he swallered a good deal o' water. In about ten seconds his tow-head came up, an' he managed to splutter out fer help—fer he couldn't swim; he'd never l'arned how becuz it required too much exertion.

"But ye was meloncolly, an' wanted to drown yerself; now go it," says Josh.

"But I ain't meloncolly now," hollers Job as loud as he could between his gasps. Then he went under ag'in.

"Wall, the water kept a-swallerin' Job, an' Job kept a-swallerin' the water, until by the time Josh fetched him out he didn't have morn'n 25 or 30 heart-beats left o' this life. But Josh rolled him across his knee, an' pulled out his tongue, an' blowed down his throat, an' poundd him till he was almost black an' blue, an' brought him 'round all-right.

"Some two or three days after this Job was a-settin' on the edge o' a sidewalk a-lookin' between his knees, when Josh an' four or five other men happened along. Josh turns 'round, an' says: 'Gentlemen, I per-



HE PAUSED AND LOOKED HARD AT SILAS.

ceive that our esteemed feller-citizen, Mr. Job Prince, has the meloncolly. A few days ago he was afflicted with the same disease, an' was instantly relieved by complete immersion in cold water. I move that we give him a similar treatment now."

"Almost before Job knowed it they pounced down upon him, an' packed him down to the river an' soused him under, an' kept him there fer a minute or so. Then they turned him loose, an' give him this advice: "Go to work an' help support that family o' your'n, an' maybe ye won't have the meloncolly."

"Job was a little tardy about mendin' his ways, but findin' that he got ducked every time he was ketchd a-lookin' meloncolly, he finally seen the p'int an' went to work. He never had the meloncolly no more after that, an' when he died he was well-to-do.

"Mebbe my judgment's in error," concluded Hiram, again shouldering his hoe, "but in my opinion what causes most o' the meloncolly in the world is not havin' nothin' to do. An' ef I was ye, Si, I'd try a little rustlin' fer that family as a cure fer dejected sperits."

Then he passed on, chuckling, leaving Silas engaged in watching the vain attempts of an ant to pull a crooked stick into its hill.—Woman's Home Companion.

He Was Satisfied.

It was at the Thanksgiving dinner given to the newboys, and one of the men who had arranged the matter started to say a few words to the boys. He had not said very much, when one little fellow whispered to the next one: "Oh, pahaw, I wish that bloke would hurry up and get through."

"Oh, I don't know; the longer he keeps on the hungrier I get, and then the more I'll be able to eat."—Brooklyn Life.

Why She Was Good.

Ethel used to play a good deal in her Sabbath-school class. One day she had been very quiet. She sat up primly and behaved so well that after the recitation was over the teacher remarked:

"Ethel, my dear, you were a very good little girl to-day."

"Yes'm, I couldn't help being good. I've got a stiff neck."—Chicago Little Chronicle.

Taxing Woman's Dresses.

To raise money for the French treasury the municipal council of La Cour-tine gravely proposes that a tax should be levied on every dress a woman possesses over and above one for everyday wear and one for Sundays and fete days.—London Mail.

How It Would Be.

Edith—Tell me frankly, George, if you were a rich man, do you think you would ask me to marry you?

George—I don't think it would be necessary, Edith; in that case you would probably do the asking.—Tit-Bits.

OUR STORE IS Fairly "Teeming" WITH GIFT GOODS

Of all kinds and at all prices. Your mother would appreciate a BUCK'S STEEL RANGE for Xmas Your father would be tickled with



A Hunting Outfit or a Nice Lamp

by which he could read. The little children want many things but no matter how large and many their wants may be we can

Satisfactorially Supply Them.



F. F. HOBSON,
—PROPRIETOR—

THE MODEL BAKERY.

Guarantees his Bread as Good and as Wholesome as any ever made.

LUNCH & SHORT ORDERS. | **FINE CAKES!**
In this department we are always prepared to serve all promptly with the best the markets afford. | We carry at all times full line, and bake special orders, when wanted, on short notice. Try us.

REDUCTO

It is a perfectly harmless vegetable compound. It positively and permanently eliminates corpulency and superfluous flesh. It is a

Cure Absolute and as harmless as fresh air. Thousands of patients have used this treatment. Physicians endorse it. Write to us for sample treatment. Send 10 cents. Correspondence strictly confidential. Everything in plain sealed packages. You can make "Reducto" at home if you desire. Need have no fear of evil effects. Address

GINSENG CHEMICAL CO.
3701 S. Jefferson Ave.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

REDUCTO

WARD DAWSON,

HANDLES THE

Cheapest and Best Groceries,

OF ANY HOUSE IN THE CITY

Stock always fresh, large and complete. Meat, flour and lard, handled in large quantities. Fancy Groceries a specialty. Fruits and table delicacies of the Best Quality.

Country Produce Bought and Sold.

FOR ANYTHING IN THE GROCERY LINE, CALL AND SEE ME,

PHONE 28. OPPOSITE MAYOR'S OFFICE, OKOLONA, MISS

QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE

NEW ORLEANS & NORTH-EASTERN R.R.
ALABAMA & VICKSBURG RY.
VICKSBURG, SHREVEPORT & PACIFIC R.R.

—THE—
Best line to all Western points, including

Dallas, Fort Worth,
Texarkana, Waco,
San Antonio and El Paso.

Dining cars enroute via Shreveport.

SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS,

Elegant sleeping cars to New Orleans and Shreveport, also Buffet parlor cars and day coaches to Shreveport without charge.

Double Daily Service.

For full information call upon your nearest Ticket Agent, or address:

GEO. H. SMITH, G. P. A.,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
R. J. ANDERSON, A. G. P. A.,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
R. W. BONDS, T. P. A.,
Meridian, Miss.

WARD DAWSON

FRISCO SYSTEM

FOR

Low One Way Colonist Rates.

OCT. 21ST, NOVEMBER 4TH AND 18TH, DEC. 2ND AND 16TH.

TO POINTS IN
Missouri, Arkansas, Texas,

Indian and Oklahoma Territories,
WRITE FOR DISSCRIPTIVE LITERATURE.

J. N. CORNATZER, D. P. A. Memphis, Tenn.

A NEW FAST TRAIN

Between St. Louis and Kansas City and

**OKLAHOMA CITY,
WICHITA,
DENISON,
SHERMAN,
DALLAS,
FORT WORTH**

And principal points in Texas and the Southwest. This train is new throughout and is made up of the finest equipment, provided with electric lights and all other modern traveling conveniences. It runs via our new completed

Red River Division.

Every appliance known to modern car building and railroading has been employed in the make-up of this service, including

Café Observation Cars,

under the management of Fred. Harvey. Full information as to rates and all details of a trip via this new route will be cheerfully furnished, upon application, by any representative of the

FRISCO SYSTEM

Illinois Central

Railroad. Effective November 2, 1902, there will be inaugurated by the Illinois Central R. R. Co. a

NEW LINE FROM CHICAGO TO

**MINNEAPOLIS
AND ST. PAUL**

via Rockford, Freeport, Dubuque, Waterloo and Albert Lea, over which

FINE PASSENGER SERVICE

will be maintained, consisting of a fast vestibule night train, the "Limited," handsomely equipped with

THROUGH SLEEPING CAR,
THROUGH BUFFET-LIBRARY CAR,
THROUGH RECLINING CHAIR CAR,
DINING CAR SERVICE EN ROUTE.

This line will be convenient for patrons of the Illinois Central's lines in northern Illinois and eastern Iowa, and particularly so for those from south of Chicago, as it connects in same station at Chicago with trains of the Central from the South. A special descriptive folder of this new service as well as full particulars concerning the above can be had of agents of the Illinois Central and connecting lines.

A. H. HANSON,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, CHICAGO.

Illinois Central R R

EFFICIENTLY SERVES A
VAST TERRITORY.

By through service to and from the following cities:

| | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Chicago, Illinois. | Cincinnati, Ohio. |
| Omaha, Nebraska. | New Orleans, La. |
| Minneapolis, Minn. | Memphis, Tennessee. |
| St. Paul, Minn. | Hot Springs, Ark. |
| Kansas City, Mo. | Louisville, Kentucky |
| Peoria, Illinois. | Nashville, Tennessee. |
| Evansville, Indiana. | Atlanta, Georgia. |
| St. Louis, Missouri. | Jacksonville, Fla. |

Through excursion sleeping-car service between Chicago and between Cincinnati and

AND THE PACIFIC COAST.

Connections at above terminals for the

East, West, South, North.

Fast and Handsomely Equipped Steam-Heated Trains—Dining Cars—Buffet-Library Cars—Sleeping Cars—Free Reclining Chair Cars.

Particulars of agents of the Illinois Central and connecting lines.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., CHICAGO.

Southern Railway.

6888 Miles One Management.

Penetrating Eight Southern States, Reaching Principal Cities of the South with its own Lines. Solid Vestibuled Trains. Unexcelled Equipment. Fast Schedules.

DINING CARS

are operated on Southern Railway trains.

OBSERVATION CARS

on Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited, and Washington and Chattanooga Limited, via Lynchburg.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS

of the latest pattern on all through trains.

J. H. OULF, Traffic Manager,
Washington, D. C.
W. A. TUCK, Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Washington, D. C.
O. A. REYNOLDS, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chattanooga, Tenn.

\$15 to \$18 a Week

salary for an intelligent man or woman in each town. Permanent position. 30 cents per hour for spare time. Manufacturer, Box 78, Philadelphia