

Sequachee Valley News-Banner.

VOL. VI.

SEQUACHEE AND SOUTH PITTSBURG, TENN., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1898.

NO. 21.

MISS BIGGS' LEGACY.

By EMILY S. WINDSOR.

Copyright, 1898.

MISS BIGGS had always said that she did not like surprises, for they were "mostly unpleasant;" but this one was decidedly not of that category. It had come by the eight o'clock mail the previous morning, and Miss Biggs was still in a state of the greatest amazement. It was only when reading the plainly typewritten lines that she felt that she was not dreaming.

She took up the letter again, although she now almost knew it by heart. There, after a number of legal phrases, was the gist of it all.

"Which estate, after all lawful debts are paid, consists of a mortgage of \$4,000 on a property in the neighboring village of Bendor. The said mortgage is overdue, and foreclosure was about to have been made by the late Mr. Biggs."

Yes, there it was, and there was the signature in his own handwriting, of Lawyer John Penny.

Four thousand dollars, and left her by a cousin with whom she had not been on friendly terms for years.

Why, it seemed a fortune! Miss Biggs glanced around the room. The colors in the carpet had all faded to a dull gray, but she could have a new one now. Some of the chairs were going through in the seat; they should be replaced. And she would buy a new lounge like the one in Dawson's furniture shop, covered with maroon leather. But, best of all, she could have a headstone put to her father's grave.

She was still absorbed in her contemplated expenditures when a knock came at the door. Miss Biggs hurriedly thrust the letter into the pocket of her gown before admitting her visitor, who proved to be Mrs. Sprague. Her plump countenance was flushed from rapid walking.

"La, Susan!" she exclaimed in a

high-pitched voice; "I met Deacon Gosset a few minutes ago, and he told me that he'd just got back from Plainville, where he heard that your cousin Hiram had died and left you all his money—so I just ran right over," and she sank into a rocking chair.

"Do tell me," she went on, as Miss Biggs closed the door, and sat down opposite her, "if it is true."

Miss Biggs replied stiffly that it was. Martha Sprague's loud voice and love of news had always annoyed her.

"Well, to be sure," exclaimed Mrs. Sprague. "What luck! To them that hath shall be given, as the Scripture says. When did you hear about it?"

"I received a lawyer's letter yesterday," replied Miss Biggs, coldly.

"La, to think of Hiram Biggs leaving you his money when you were not friends for so long. This is a strange world." And Mrs. Sprague shook her head thoughtfully.

Miss Biggs made no reply to this profound statement. She sat stiff and upright, her eyes fixed in cold politeness on her visitor's face. "Hiram was counted pretty rich," said Mrs. Sprague, tentatively.

She had a burning wish to know the amount of money which Miss Biggs had inherited, but she did not dare to ask plainly.

"I believe so," assented Miss Biggs, indifferently. Mrs. Sprague rocked back and forth. It was plain that Miss Biggs was not going to give her any information on the subject of her legacy, so after a few desultory remarks, she rose reluctantly to go. As she reached the door, she turned suddenly.

"O, Susan," she said, her black eyes snapping spitefully; "guess whom Deacon Gosset saw in Plainville. Sallie Mayhew! Don't you remember her? But, la, I forgot, of course you do," and she laughed meaningly. "You know," she went on, "everyone wondered where she and Jim went. Well, it seems they went out west, where Jim made money. They came back to this state about ten years ago, and Jim bought quite a fine place not far

from Plainville. But he lost most everything just before he died a year ago. Deacon Gosset said that Sallie looks so poor and miserable. And she's got a lot of children, so you didn't miss much by not getting Jim," and with another laugh Mrs. Sprague went away.

Miss Biggs had arisen with her visitor, and listened to her with apparent unconcern, a dull red which crept into her cheeks being the only sign that Mrs. Sprague's words aroused any interest.

But when the latter had gone, she threw herself into a chair, and buried her face in her hands. A tumult of feeling took possession of her, aroused by the memories which those names had stirred up. She had not heard them for so long, and no one but Martha Sprague would have dared!

It was all so long ago—20 years—that the pain and shame of it had grown dim. And he was dead! Yet was it so long ago? It seemed but yesterday that he was with her talking of their coming marriage. She had loved him so, and had been so proud of him, though she had not said much about it; it had never been her way to talk a great deal. Then came that dreadful day when they told her that he had gone away and married Sallie, with her yellow hair and pink cheeks. That awful day—she could remember the shame and agony of it yet! And now he was dead—had been dead a year. There was no feeling of anger in her heart toward him; there never had been much. She had known that he was weak—and Sallie had led him on. But for her—how she hated her! It gave her pleasure to recall Mrs. Sprague's words about her looking poor and miserable.

She was glad that she was suffering; it was but just.

The next morning Miss Biggs donned

believe I need remain no longer this morning. You will foreclose at once, as you were about to do for my cousin Hiram. Good morning," and she walked quickly out of the office.

Miss Biggs had walked some distance when she remembered her intention of ordering the stone for her father's grave, but she had passed the stone cutter's shop, which was "several blocks back." She would not retrace her steps, for she felt strangely tired and weak. She had eaten scarcely any breakfast that morning. She would return home on the noon train instead of passing the day in Plainville, as she had intended. So she turned in the direction of the station. When she reached it a suburban train had just come in, and the passengers were hurrying across the platform. One of them, a woman, was pushed heavily against Miss Biggs. She began to apologize, but stopped suddenly, as Miss Biggs looked up at her with a quickly suppressed exclamation. The two women stared at each other a few moments, and then Miss Biggs brushed past with a brusque movement, and hurried into her train.

Sallie Mayhew! And so thin, pale, and aged! The blue eyes dim and the yellow hair faded. How different from the pink and white face which had tempted Jim.

The weather changed suddenly that evening. A cold and steady rain set in. Miss Biggs found it so depressing that she lit a fire on the broad hearth of her sitting-room, reflecting as she did so, that with those \$4,000, it was no longer necessary to deny herself such little comforts. She settled herself to enjoy the blaze, but she could not rest. She felt peculiarly uneasy, and tried to account for it by telling herself that she was tired out after her trip to Plainville, but as her unrest increased, she gave up the attempt of trying to conceal from herself its true cause. Finally she put into shape a resolution which had been trying to force itself upon her all afternoon, and then going to bed, slept peacefully.

Among Lawyer Penny's letters the next morning was the following:

"Mr. J. B. Penny—Dear Sir: You will not foreclose that mortgage. I wish you to make whatever arrangement will best suit Mrs. Mayhew. Very truly yours,

"SUSAN BIGGS."

"I declare," said Mrs. Sprague during the winter: "Susan Biggs ought to be ashamed of herself to go on wearing those shabby old clothes when she has so much money. She got all that property of Hiram's, and she is just as saving as ever. And it is a disgrace for her to leave her father's grave without a stone. I've no patience with such people."

VICOMTE AND DENTIST.

An Unvoiced-For Tale from Paris Has a Good Moral to Recommend It.

A misadventure is said to have befallen a gentleman who had been paying his addresses, with what success will be presently seen, to a lady who had fascinated him by her bewitching appearance on a bicycle. He had no time to get her in his frequent excursions on his motor car in the neighborhood of this city, and being deeply smitten by her attractions had followed and made inquiries about her. The vicomte had ascertained that she was the wife of a dentist in practice here, but this discovery had not had the effect of cooling his ardor. On the contrary, he had pursued the bicycle and its fair rider with more zeal than ever until one day he availed himself of an opportunity to enter into conversation, and was informed, to his infinite delight, that he might call. Day after day he paid a visit to the object of his admiration, always selecting the moment when her husband happened to be away from home.

At last, however, he became so pressing in his attentions that the lady grew alarmed at her impudence, and promptly confided her adventure to the partner of her joys and sorrows who, quite understanding the position in which she had thoughtlessly placed herself, sat down to concoct a little scheme of revenge. The next time the gentleman put in an appearance he was admitted as before, but he had scarcely begun to pay the usual compliments when the husband walked quietly into the drawing room and blandly asked whether the visitor had not come for a consultation.

Fancying that he saw his way very neatly out of the scrape, the vicomte replied that one of his teeth was giving him a good deal of trouble, and soon he was closeted with the dentist in the operating room. A glance into the mouth of the extemporized patient revealed the fact that there was no slightest cause for a tete-a-tete of this kind, but a perfectly sound molar having been pointed out to him as the offender, the dentist, rising to the occasion, declared that it was beyond a cure. A moment later there was a sharp cry. "Well! that did not take long to do. My fee is 20 francs," the operator calmly said. Paying the money, the vicomte holted out of the house a sadder and a wiser man, and soon afterward penals of merry laughter were ringing in the drawing room which he had entered with a triumphant air, only a few minutes before.

Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

FOOLED OLD BARNUM.

Old Bill Hardy's Tough Story of How He Kept a Trout Alive with Whisky.

"There goes a man who once fooled the late P. T. Barnum," said a commercial traveler for a New York drug house. As he spoke a powerful-built man of 70 years came in the hotel and sat down.

"Tell him about it, Bill," said the drummer. The old man, whom everyone hereabouts knows as old "Bill Hardy," began and told the following story:

"It was back in '49 that I saw that P. T. Barnum had offered \$500 for a trout that weighed five pounds or more. I made up my mind to get the money. I was fishing one day at Shin Creek, now called Lew Beach, when I caught a dandy trout. I won't tell you how long it was, but it weighed 3 1/4 pounds. The question was how to get that fish down to the Crystal palace in New York. It was 'fore the Midland was built, and the nearest station was Coshocton, on the New York & Erie road, over 40 miles. I got a pail, though, that was oblong and filled it with water. I placed the fish in it and filled it full of spring water. I managed to get to Coshocton all right, but I had a hard time on the train. I arrived in New York about nine o'clock at night and changed the water in the pail, which was heavy, but I was strong in those days.

"I went direct to the Crystal palace and asked for Mr. Barnum. The manager told me he'd be in at nine o'clock the next morning. I was put out at that, as the fish was getting distressed and seemed to be sick. I went to the old Bull's Head hotel and all night I worked on the fish. The next morning he seemed better. At nine o'clock I was waiting for Barnum. He came in and immediately began to dispute about it. 'I never made such an offer,' he said; 'and more than that, it won't weigh five pounds.' I just hauled out a wad of bills and offered to bet him him \$100 it did weigh five pounds.

"Well, anyway," said Barnum, 'you bring it around to-morrow morning, and if it is alive, I'll pay you \$125.'

"I went back to the hotel and began to think about it. The fish was dying, I thought. How could I keep it till the next morning? It would lean over and turn over. I worked hard on that fish. I changed the water every hour, and about eight o'clock I put a pint of whisky in the water. Well, talk about a frisky fish! He was as game as though he were only five minutes out of the Beaverkill. While he was this way I took him around and Barnum grudgingly gave me the money. I called around that afternoon and found the fish was dead. Barnum told me I was a fraud. I don't know how whisky affects fish now, but what do you say if we have some at present?"

—N. Y. Sun.

FRESHENING HATS.

It Is Now Time to Substitute Ribbons for Faded Flowers—Some Helpful Hints.

Hats are easily done over if one has any taste in millinery. Faded flowers, or flowers that are ragged at the edges do not look well, particularly if they are of light colors. It is best, as soon as the weather really is cool, to substitute fresh ribbons for faded flowers, and add a few bright leaves or some darker style of trimming. There is a perfect craze at present for the new style of hat—the rough straw worn down over the face and trimmed with double bows of black ribbon, with a buckle in the center and some bright flowers in the back under the brim. The same shape has been worn all summer with flowers and rosettes of chiffon. These can easily be ripped off, and the black ribbon bows make the hat look as though it had just come out of a bandbox. Some of the darker colored flowers can be freshened again by cutting off the edges with sharp scissors. Of course, if they are faded, the only thing to do with flowers is to throw them away, for they are the poorest kind of tawdry finery that can be worn. Chiffon and mousseline-de-sie that have become soiled and dusty should share the same fate. There is nothing that can be done that will make them possible to be worn again, but they can be replaced by fresh ribbon and stiff quills. Ostrich feathers that have gotten shabby would best be sent to the cleaner's and recurred, and are then a good trimming for the autumn. The long quills curled over at the ends cannot have much done to them. They must follow in the path of the faded flowers and the dirty chiffon. It does not cost a great deal to have hats cleaned, and as there are several weeks when straw hats are to be worn, it will often pay, if the hat has an expensive one, to send it to the cleaner's. Both black and white straws come back very much the better for the trip; but on the other hand, just now a great many pretty little shapes can be bought for very little money, and it is perhaps better to buy one smart hat again than to do over several that are shabby. At all the large shops there are still some hats to be had, and these are sold for almost anything that one will give, for milliners never care to carry over a stock for another season.—Harper's Bazar.

FALL FASHIONS.

Materials That Are Being Used in Wraps and Gowns of the Season.

The three-quarter coat, with a skirt that falls just easily above the dress-skirt, is a very graceful garment on a tall, well-formed woman. It is oftener, however, more unbecoming than the reverse to the majority, and a coat or basque-bodice that is slashed adapts itself better to figure exigence than the straight edge, which has either too much way fullness in the skirt part for elegance, or otherwise being too light, as is often the case with coats cut with an arched hip or waist-seam. Bodices shaped with points or long slender tabs give length to the figure, and a useful and graceful spring, and avoid extremes.

Go where the shopper may, tweeds and chevils, both smooth and shaggy, and of almost every conceivable color, thickness and quality, meet the eye. For utility costumes these materials are in as great demand as ever, and with good reason, for they are at once natty in effect, useful and stylish in pattern, and have the additional advantage of requiring but little trimming. Notwithstanding the rage for elaborate decoration, there is no radical change this season in the style of making the tailor gown, and good taste is still shown in the construction of both skirt and bodice. In the first place, elaborate effects would be out of place on a tailor gown designed for any sort of practical wear, and then there are certain limitations due to the weight of the fabrics composing them, even supposing that trimmings were allowable.

For elderly women are some new shawl-shaped capes, almost as long as a shawl proper, formed very much like the newest fur capes. These are made variously of corded silk, plain satin, or brocade, and are trimmed with a deep graduated ruffle of the same, or with rather wide lace. These capes add greatly to the beauty and effect of a black costume, and although only silk-lined have considerable warmth, without being heavy. These wraps have not been generally displayed in the shops, but leading modistes are making them up, after designs obtained from importers of French patterns, or from models they have themselves brought from the other side.

The new autumn weaves in drap d'ete, double-faced cashmere, and camel's hair are exceedingly handsome, and prove a great temptation to those in search of fine goods for the fall and winter. The finest grades in camel's hair are said positively to come from India looms. They are rather expensive compared with other qualities, but they pay for themselves in the end. They are shown in delightful colors, rich and deep; so, also, are the dyes in drap d'ete and cashmere. Among these are shades and semi-tones in plum, dahlia, Cuban, geranium, military and damask red, nasturtium, chestnut-brown, the new shades of green, and in light tints, almond, fawn, frost gray, violet, blue and stem green.—N. Y. Post.

CULTURE OF MIND AND BODY.

The One Is No Longer Developed at the Other's Expense—Rational Education.

"What does the accumulation of knowledge profit a person, if in amassing it he loses the still more valuable gift of health?" asked a New York school-teacher the other day. "The mind up to comparatively recent years," she added, "has been developed at the expense of the body. A number of delicate, highly-strung children have broken down under the strain and the monotonous grind of the cramming system, which has induced many of the nervous ailments to which the present generation is peculiarly susceptible.

"But the people of America are beginning to appreciate that the more rational mode of educating the young is to train the body and mind in such fashion that both may advance, as far as possible, at an equal rate. This, if a child be mentally active, but possessed of a weak physical constitution, the teacher should aim to invigorate the physical powers and let the mind take care of itself for awhile. And vice versa.

"For the last ten years, ever since German gymnastics were introduced in the public schools, physical training has held a place in the curriculum of almost all the large eastern towns. The gymnasiums of ancient Greece reached, perhaps, in their methods of training the athlete a higher ideal than have any of the educational systems now in vogue; but the introduction of physical exercise into the public schools of America, if intelligently carried out, will bring about a stronger, mentally and physically, and a lasting effects will be felt in the coming generations."—N. Y. Tribune.

Foam Sauce.

Beat one tablespoonful of butter with three teaspoonfuls of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of corn-starch. Stir into half a pint of boiling water; flavor with vanilla or lemon.—Ladies' World.

A CHINESE LAW COURT.

Trials Are Simply Battles of Vituperation—One Magistrate for All Courts.

For a peaceful people the Chinese appear to be a most litigious race. The moment that a quarrel begins to become serious one or the other of the parties is likely to shout excitedly: "I will go to the city!"—that is to present his formal accusation at the yamen. The other side threatens the same, and while in a large percentage of cases outsiders contrive to suppress the immediate execution of the menace, everyone recognizes that the trouble is only temporarily patched up, and may break out in an aggravated form at any time. If the accusations presented in Chinese courts were confined to anything like the facts in the case there would be no case at all for nine-tenths of them. Therefore it is considered indispensable to blend with the real grievance from 70 to 95 per cent. of fiction. The plaintiff does this as routine practice. So does the defendant. When the magistrate happens to feel in a good humor he calls up the case, or quite as likely he does so when he is in a very bad humor, which hodes ill for both. The first part of a Chinese trial is likely to be something like the proceedings in one of our own courts, a great deal of formality and an apparent respect for the majesty of the law and especially for its representative, the district magistrate, who is the Chinese unit of government. But it is not long before all resemblance to occidental procedure fades into thin air. There are no lawyers to protect the clients. If there really is any law bearing on the case in hand, no one but experts such as the yamen secretaries knows what it is. The magistrate is himself civil and criminal judge, jury and practically the appellate court. There is no manner of restraint upon him in his mode of asking questions in the subject of his inquiries or in his treatment of the principals or witnesses. The greater part of the matter brought into a Chinese lawsuit would be entirely irrelevant of any British court as totally irrelevant to the main issue. But in a Chinese case there often is no main issue, or issue of any kind, except the impatient shout of the official: "Get out with you!" (hsia-ch'u ia), whereupon all the parties retire and not improbably not one of them has the smallest idea where the case has now got to. Neither, perhaps, has the magistrate, but for the time he has had enough of it, and wants to smoke a pipe or two of opium, and will hear them again when he has a more convenient season.

But before the case has been dismissed the respective parties have by no means been idle. Each of them has told falsehoods enough to shock a company prospectus-maker, and each party delivers himself of these fabrications to the other finds it impossible to restrain himself, and hoarsely bawls: "That is a lie!" To this it is necessary to reply, which is done with a volubility greatly in contrast to the quiet of the preliminary stages, when each replied in a few monosyllables only. From ejaculatory interruptions giving the other party the lie, it is but a stage to angry colloquies of some length, in which each party struggles to be heard, each replies the other vociferously, and neither party is interrupted or reproved by the magistrate, who is now engaged in the process of making up his mind on the basis of what he sees and hears as to which side has the most of it, or reason. In the worst stages of a case it often happens that the magistrate himself does the reviling, and Chinese human nature being what it is, it also sometimes occurs that the worsted party in the suit revile the magistrate, although this is rash, for he may beat them severely for so doing, and then decide the case against them.—North China Herald.

Celebrate in Silence.

There is much talk of the tumultuous welcome to be given the sailors and troops returning from Cuba, Puerto Rico and Manila. That highly civilized people, the Japanese, believe that extreme pleasure is best expressed by perfect silence. M. Lafcadio Hearn tells of two impressive silences in Kobe during 1895: "The second was on the return of the victorious troops from China, who marched under the triumphal arches received to welcome them without hearing a syllable from the people. I asked why, and was answered: 'We Japanese people think we can better express our feelings by silence.'"—Boston Journal.

His Proposal.

Lawyer (in cross-examination)—Witness, are you willing to swear that the prisoner was smoking a pipe at the time?

Witness—No, sir; I never swear. But I am willing to bet you two dollars to a dime that he was.—Illustrated American.

Coming and Going.

"They say Miss Eastly has married a coming man."

"Yes; but it is the general supposition that she'd never have got him if she hadn't gone after him with all her might."—Chicago Evening News.



"YOU WILL FORECLOSE AT ONCE."

high-pitched voice; "I met Deacon Gosset a few minutes ago, and he told me that he'd just got back from Plainville, where he heard that your cousin Hiram had died and left you all his money—so I just ran right over," and she sank into a rocking chair.

"Do tell me," she went on, as Miss Biggs closed the door, and sat down opposite her, "if it is true."

Miss Biggs replied stiffly that it was. Martha Sprague's loud voice and love of news had always annoyed her.

"Well, to be sure," exclaimed Mrs. Sprague. "What luck! To them that hath shall be given, as the Scripture says. When did you hear about it?"

"I received a lawyer's letter yesterday," replied Miss Biggs, coldly.

"La, to think of Hiram Biggs leaving you his money when you were not friends for so long. This is a strange world." And Mrs. Sprague shook her head thoughtfully.

Miss Biggs made no reply to this profound statement. She sat stiff and upright, her eyes fixed in cold politeness on her visitor's face. "Hiram was counted pretty rich," said Mrs. Sprague, tentatively.

She had a burning wish to know the amount of money which Miss Biggs had inherited, but she did not dare to ask plainly.

"I believe so," assented Miss Biggs, indifferently. Mrs. Sprague rocked back and forth. It was plain that Miss Biggs was not going to give her any information on the subject of her legacy, so after a few desultory remarks, she rose reluctantly to go. As she reached the door, she turned suddenly.

"O, Susan," she said, her black eyes snapping spitefully; "guess whom Deacon Gosset saw in Plainville. Sallie Mayhew! Don't you remember her? But, la, I forgot, of course you do," and she laughed meaningly. "You know," she went on, "everyone wondered where she and Jim went. Well, it seems they went out west, where Jim made money. They came back to this state about ten years ago, and Jim bought quite a fine place not far

from Plainville. But he lost most everything just before he died a year ago. Deacon Gosset said that Sallie looks so poor and miserable. And she's got a lot of children, so you didn't miss much by not getting Jim," and with another laugh Mrs. Sprague went away.

Miss Biggs had arisen with her visitor, and listened to her with apparent unconcern, a dull red which crept into her cheeks being the only sign that Mrs. Sprague's words aroused any interest.

But when the latter had gone, she threw herself into a chair, and buried her face in her hands. A tumult of feeling took possession of her, aroused by the memories which those names had stirred up. She had not heard them for so long, and no one but Martha Sprague would have dared!

It was all so long ago—20 years—that the pain and shame of it had grown dim. And he was dead! Yet was it so long ago? It seemed but yesterday that he was with her talking of their coming marriage. She had loved him so, and had been so proud of him, though she had not said much about it; it had never been her way to talk a great deal. Then came that dreadful day when they told her that he had gone away and married Sallie, with her yellow hair and pink cheeks. That awful day—she could remember the shame and agony of it yet! And now he was dead—had been dead a year. There was no feeling of anger in her heart toward him; there never had been much. She had known that he was weak—and Sallie had led him on. But for her—how she hated her! It gave her pleasure to recall Mrs. Sprague's words about her looking poor and miserable.

She was glad that she was suffering; it was but just.

The next morning Miss Biggs donned