# Mr. Barnes, American

By Archibald Clavering Gunter

Author of Mr. Barnes of New York, Mr. Potter of Texas, That Frenchman, etc.

A Sequel to Mr. Barnes of New York

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### SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young English lieutenant, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina, daughter of the Paolis, from the murderous vendetta, understanding that his reward is to be the hand of the girl he loves, Enid Anstruther, sister of the English lieutenant. The four fly from Ajaccio to Marseilles on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursues and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at Marseilles, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey. Barnes and Enid are married. Soon after their wedding Barnes' bride disappears. Barnes discovers she has been kidnaped and taken to Corsica. The groom secures a fishing vessel and is about to start in pursuit of his bride's captors when he hears a scream from the villa and rushes back to hear that Anstruther's wife, Marina, is also missing. Barnes is compelled to depart for Corsica without delay, and so he leaves the search for Marina to her husband while he goes to hunt for Enid. Just before Barnes' boat lands on Corsica's shore Marina is discovered hiding in a corner of the vessel. She explains her action by saying she has come to help Barnes rescue his wife from the Corsicans. When Barnes and Marina arrive in Corsica he is given a note written by Enid informing him that the kidnaping is for the purpose of entrapping Barnes so the vendetta may kill him. Barnes and Marina have unusual adventures in their search for Enid. They come in sight of her and her captors in the Corsican mountain wilds just as night approaches. In seeking shelter from a storm the couple enter a hermitage and there to their amazement they discover Tomasso, the foster father of Marina, who was supposed to have been killed by De Belloc's soldiers, and for whose death Barnes had been vendettaed. Tomasso learns that Marina's husband did not kill her brother. Many wrongs are righted. Barnes is surprised in the hermitage by Rochini and Romano, the two detested bandits, who had been searching for him to murder him for his money. The bandits attempt to take away Marina. Barnes darts out the door. The bandits start to pursue, but as they reach the door both are laid low by Barnes' revolver. Members of the Bellacoscia enter and Barnes is honored for his great service to the community in killing the hated Rochini and Romano. The release of Enid is promised. Barnes is conveyed in triumph to Bocognano. Marina acquaints the Bellacoscia with Saliceti's plot against her husband and the people are instructed to vote against him at the coming election. Barnes is taken to the mansion of the Paolis to meet Enid. Marina receives a telegram. She starts for Bastia to meet her husband. Entering the room to greet his wife Barnes is bewildered to find the adventuress La Belle Blackwood, but not Enid. She had been substituted for the American's bride by a shrewd plot.

### CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

This is spoken as he springs off the horse, tosses the bridle to the boy, and runs up the stairs. "Marina is inside, I imagine," he says, and calls through the doorway.

"Marina left for Bastia over an hour ago," says Barnes.

"Why did she leave for Bastia?"

"A telegram," answers Barnes, "purporting to come from you stating that you would be at that place to-morrow morning. Notwithstanding her fatigue, she went on by carriage to meet you."

"A telegram? Impossible! Bastia is at the north end of the island. I arrived at Ajaccio, the south end. Besides, I sent no telegram."

Edwin is interrupted by a short cry from Barnes: "Cipriano Danella!"

With an execration Anstruther asks hoarsely: "Do you think he has aught to do with this?"

"I am pretty certain of it. You do not realize that fellow's passion for—"

"For my wife? By heaven, I'll kill him!" and the young English officer looks round to call the boy who has come with him, but the urchin, being eager for bed, is already out of hearing with the horse. Suddenly he cries: "Barnes, you're not going to leave Enid here unprotected," for the American is almost running down the avenue, Edwin after him.

"I haven't found my wife."

"The lady upstairs, whom I heard?"

"Was not Enid. It was that infernal La Belle Blackwood, and yet I forgive her, for she told me the direction she thought Enid had taken," and as they half trot, half stride down the avenue under the chestnut trees, Burton epitomizes his adventures of the day.

"What are you going to do now?"

"Get horses and follow your wife. She is the one to which we have a clew. We must prevent her falling into Danella's hands. Perhaph—I pray God—in following her we may find also the way to my wife."

"Why?"

"Because Cipriano is the real brains of this infernal outrage."

As they reach the gateway of the grounds they are abruptly intercepted. One of the young Bellacoscia, hidden in a tree, springs out to them, gun in hand, but recognizing Mr. Barnes, the young man says: "I am one of those watching that no Saliceti troubles you. I let this man pass because I saw he was a foreigner."

"That's all right," replies Burton, "but could you show me the telegraph station and where to get horses?"

"Beside Hotel Mouvrages in the main street is the telegraph station," answers the young man, "and a stable to hire horses is at the inn."

"Thank you. Also I want to see your chief, if he hasn't already gone to the mountains."

"Is it important?"

"Very."

"Then Signore Antonio will be here in a few minutes," answers the young fellow and speeds off through a neighboring lane.

The two hurry to the inn, but Bocognano has gone to bed. Its houses are all unlighted, their doors are locked.

There will be no chance to telegraph to Bastia or any way station on that road before to-morrow morning. It is nearly an hour before they succeed in arousing a somnolent hostler at the inn stables, who mutters all the horses are tired and must have a night's rest. But stimulated by a gold piece placed in his sleepy hand the man finally awakens sufficiently to saddle two horses, which he says are the liveliest of any in the stable.

On two sorry beasts they dash up to Marina's home and find waiting on its steps the great bandit and one or two of his men.

"I have a favor to ask you, Signore Bonelli, in addition to the others you have done me; that you will escort to the yacht at Sagone the lady within this house and get her safely out of Corsica."

"Oh, you needn't ask that, Mr. Barnes of New York," cries La Belle Blackwood, stepping airily onto the veranda. "I have already petitioned the great Bellacoscia, and I think he will protect me against any man; won't you, Signore Bonelli?"

"Sapristi, will not I!" says the magnificent man, his hawk's eyes flashing as they look upon the loveliness of the entrancing American adventuress. "Count on Bonelli to his heart's blood." Then he asks moodily: "But why are you compelled to leave your wife, Signore Barnes?"

"This lady is not my wife."

"Santa Maria, not your wife! Gran Dio, whose spouse is she?"

"Nobody's."

"Diavola suprema!" cries the great bandit, a tremendous joy flying into his face. "And you—you leave this loveliness?" he adds.

"Her loveliness is not mine, Signore Bonelli," remarks Burton, coldly. "Besides, it is a matter of life and death

"Thank the Saints, You Got Here Alive in Time to Drink the Water of Orezza."

that calls me. This gentleman—" Barnes introduces Edwin—"is the husband of Mademoiselle Paoli, who has been lured from here by a lying telegram to Bastia. We journey to protect her against a design upon her safety—upon even her honor. Lieut. Anstruther, unused to the language, would be of little use."

"Design against the honor of the daughter of the Paoli!" snarls Bonelli. "Impossible! I will go with you upon this errand myself."

But the enchanting tones of Sally Blackwood make him pause; she is pleading: "What, and desert me among your wild mountains?"

"No, 'tis best I go not," remarks the bandit chief. "Gendarmes, with me in your company, would be an embarrassment, and they in their bungling way may doubtless aid you. And your wife, where is she, Signore Barnes?"

"Still in the hands of Saliceti or his friends."

"They did not surrender her as they agreed?"

"No. They substituted this lady."

"Corpo di Diavolo, Saliceti has tricked me! I proclaim a vendetta against Bernardo Eduardo Saliceti."

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### Along the Cyclamen Path.

Both young men are riding light; Barnes for this speedy dash has left his rifle and his field glasses behind him, and they gallop up the pass of the Force. But the ascent is so steep they are soon compelled to walk their horses. A precipice is on one side of them and the great flanks of Del Oro are on the other. Both Edwin and Burton have been silent, thinking of their wives. The latter now remarks, pointing to a deep gorge running up the mountain side: "That, I believe, leads to La Pintica, the home of the Bellacoscia, which the gendarmes never dare to visit."

But they having reached the summit of the Col, now speed their horses sharply down the declivities into the great forest of Vizzavona, the road leading them through pines, beeches and the inevitable chestnut trees.

They have passed no one in the darkness. In fact, they have not yet gone far enough to have any hope of overtaking Marina unless accident has befallen her vehicle. Besides, her horses were fresh; theirs, according to the hostler, had been ridden during the preceding day.

Soon after, they dash through the village of Vivario, announced by the barking of some curs and the grunting of some pigs. "Every house in the village is closed and no one would open for us in the dead of night in this land of the vendetta," remarks Barnes.

They go to climbing again, and soon after descend through the gorge of the rapid Vecchio, the river foaming far beneath the road, while rocky hills and sharp mountains rise on either side.

They have knocked at no doors; they have made no inquiries; they have only hurried on. But some hour after the red-tiled houses of Corte loom up before them and a few minutes later they jog their tired steeds up one of the principal streets of the central inland town of Corsica, the great Monte Rotondo now looking down upon them.

Above them are tall elm trees that catch the rays of the rising sun. Flanked on each side by white stone, red-roofed houses, they pass between the hotels Pierracci and Paoli, almost deserted now, this being the beginning of the hot summer season. Along the street are many placards indicating the approaching election. Every time he sees the name of Saliceti, Barnes, compressing his lips, thinks of his lost darling.

At the Pierracci they learn from one of the waiters that a lady had paused to obtain a relay of horses, and had brought out to her at her request a cup of coffee.

"Was she driven by an old man?" questions Edwin, hurriedly.

"Yes, with a beard like a bandit," answers the man with a grin. "The carriage was full of cyclamen flowers. You could smell them all over the street."

"It's your wife," whispers Barnes, giving the man a 20-franc piece that makes him look almost as happy as this news does Anstruther.

"Only an hour ago! We will overtake Marina long before she reaches Bastia," cries Edwin.

They ride hurriedly, the road skirting the torrent of the foaming Vecchio until considerably over an hour after leaving Corte they reach Ponte-alla-Lecchio, where the big bridge crosses the river Golo. During this the horsemen note more signs of the coming casting of votes.

Some of the "Lucchese" workmen from Italy are throwing stones at an election placard that displeases them. "The pests from Lucca," mutters a Corsican shopkeeper as they buy a glass of wine from him, "are always riotous, and at election times batter every one's heads with stones—their own included. They've been here since sunrise fighting and brawling. I heard their shouts when I was in bed. But everyone pardons the 'Lucchese;' they do all our hard work," adds the man with a grin, pocketing the coin Edwin hands him.

But the wine shop keeper can tell them nothing of a woman traveling, and to their astonishment, though they make many inquiries, they hear of no lady in a carriage passing through the village this morning.

"It's quite possible," says Edwin to Barnes, "she didn't stop here. Her horses were fresh. She's gone on. No one has noticed her."

"That's very true," answers Burton, though his face grows more concerned and gloomy.

Therefore they ride rapidly along over the now well-kept road, which generally skirts the Golo. Turning north, they spur on over the causeway that crosses the great lagoons and soon after passing through some small villages, they come out upon the sea and ride almost straight along its shores, to enter that miniature Genoa, called Bastia, some two hours before midday.

Barnes pilots his companion to the Hotel de France. "You should like this inn," he observes; "it's on the Boulevard Paoli."

Catching sight of a gentleman in tall hat and a swallowtail coat, Barnes says: "These are the only ones in Corsica, I think, and that's Monsieur Staffe, the head of the hotel. I know him. Now we'll get news of your wife; she's probably put up here."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# ROAD AND FARM IMPROVEMENT

### COMPRESSED AIR SERVICE.

**Suggestion for Securing Running Water in the Farm House.**

A farmer of Milton, Ind., thinks that he has invented a novel and superior form of compressed air water service system. As water in wells is often found within slight distance from the surface, from 12 to 30 feet, he would dig the well of good size and immerse an air-tight reservoir directly in the water. This would fill by merely opening a valve, and the water he would force out by pumping air into the reservoir. The air pump could be located anywhere and connected by small pipe. Wind or gasoline would work the pumps. He presents a diagram of the idea.

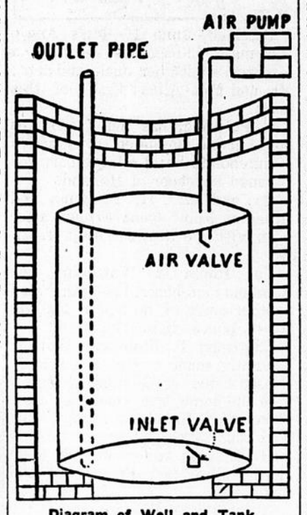


Diagram of Well and Tank.

Doubtless this would work quite well, remarks Breeders' Gazette. In order to have a continuous flow of water there should be two of these reservoirs, and if above them there was a separate reservoir for compressed air, all the better, since the windmill would not always operate. The main difficulties are two: it is costly to open a large well and most modern wells are drilled ones, and air is not a real easy thing to pump with a windmill, since a slow motion is very wasteful in operating an air pump. As a matter of fact, a great deal of thought and experiment has been expended on this and similar problems, and thus far little use seems to have been made of the idea.

### THE OLD ORCHARD.

**It Can Often Be Made Productive by Manuring.**

Often the old orchard can be made again productive by heavily manuring it, both with barnyard manure and with fertilizers purchased in various forms for potash and phosphorus. It must be remembered that the old trees have, to a considerable extent, lost their power of taking in food and utilizing it. Therefore, it should be supplied in the greater abundance.

One farmer says that he was hauling manure through an old orchard into a field beyond when the manure wagon broke down at the foot of an old apple tree. He was too disgusted to reload the manure and left it at the foot of the tree supposing that it would finish the tree. But the result was a rejuvenated tree. The hint was taken and the rest of the orchard was manured the next year, the application being a very heavy one.

That orchard was reported to be producing good crops years afterwards. In the putting on of this manure much risk was taken of overdoing the matter. The owner did not dare plow it in, as the roots of the old trees were so near the surface that too many roots would have been killed.

During the summer a great deal of extra manure made in the barns and barn yards is lost through not being applied to the land shortly after being made, says the Farmers' Review. This is a good source from which to fertilize the old orchard, if the roots lie deep enough to permit getting the manure under the surface of the ground. When the roots lie near the surface and top-dressing must be resorted to, this had better be done in the winter to save loss of manure.

### DRAGGING ROADS.

**Points Which Must Be Remembered to Do Good Work.**

The following points are to be borne in mind in dragging a road:

Make a light drag, which is hauled over the road at an angle so that a small amount of earth is pushed to the center of the road.

Drive the team at a walk.

Ride on the drag; do not walk.

Begin at one side of the road, returning on the opposite side.

Drag the road as soon after every rain as possible, but not when the mud is in such a condition as to stick to the drag.

Do not drag a dry road.

Drag whenever possible at all seasons of the year. If a road is dragged immediately before a cold spell it will freeze in a smooth condition.

The width of traveled way to be maintained by the drag should be from 18 to 20 feet; first drag a little more than the width of a single wheel track, then gradually increase until the desired width is obtained.

Always drag a little earth toward the center of the road until it is raised from ten to twelve inches above the edge of the traveled way.

Remember that constant attention is necessary to maintain an earth road in its best condition.—Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey.

# FROM CITY TO FARM

"Ye who listen with credulity to the whisperings of fancy; who pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow;—attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia."

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

*Author of "Poems of Gun and Rod," "Outdoors," "Poems of the Town," Etc.*

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## *County Seat Attractions*

In living in the country, it is a decided advantage to live somewhere near the county seat. There is always an intense rivalry among the towns in every county as to which town shall occupy this proud eminence, and in the frontier states the "county-seat wars" have been distinctively and bloodily American. To live near the county seat is to reside close to the "hub" of county happenings; and to be able to attend all important trials which are held during the year, and in many other ways to keep in touch with local affairs and to enjoy the privileges of the county seat band concerts and other diversion. The county fair is almost invariably held at the county seat, and the horse races flourish there. Likewise the old soldiers' reunions are there found flourishing with greater vitality than elsewhere. And where we lived, the memory of the great battle to secure the county seat had not yet quite faded away from the minds of the residents of the county, and local pride still stiffened its bristles at the thought of the contest.

The county seat was situated among rows of splendid maples, and was guiltless of any modern fripperies of an effete taste such as paved streets. In the summertime a paralytic sprinkling-cart dribbled a few random squirts of water on the thick dust that blanketed the various thoroughfares of the town; but every passing wheel stirred up a cloud of it over the loungers or passersby. At the crossings there were walks laid, sometimes of brick, sometimes of stone, and in dry weather these were not entirely covered by the dust. In wet weather they were navigable, and that was about all.

There was not much architectural grandeur visible, even the courthouse, which was the monument of the triumph of the citizens, being a very moderately ornate structure. But as it was the house of the county archives, as well as the temple of justice, it served to point the moral of success and it was the scene of many hard-fought legal battles during the year. Court terms were about once every three or four months, and there were always one or two murder cases on the docket; and these could be depended on to bring nearly the entire county over to hear the evidence and listen to the eloquence of opposing counsel.

Court week was a real institution. The various restaurant keepers took on a more optimistic view of existence, and the farmers would even lay aside work in the fields to sit and listen to some one of the more celebrated local orators split the empyrean with his impassioned harangue. Sometimes these cases would last for a week, and the courtroom was always crowded to the very doors to hear the passages-at-arms between opposing counsel. The chief delight in a country audience is to listen to some lawyer who has a reputation for wit in the county, and his sallies are always greeted with hearty laughter that even the surly raps of the sheriff's gavel can only curb, but not suppress.

Men, women and children flock to these trials, and they even bring their lunches with them and eat them in the courtroom during the dinner hour, when some important trial is in progress, rather than to lose the chance of not getting their seats again when the trial is resumed in the afternoon. Some very dramatic battles were fought there during our stay on the farm, and once we attended a trial for two days where the relatives of the dead man, and of the defendant, sat looking daggers at one another from opposite sides of the seats reserved for spectators; or leaned forward listening hungrily to the charges and counter-charges that fell from the lips of the respective attorneys for the state and for the defense.

During court week the hotels at the county seat were always crowded, and at the most pretentious of these the judge always had his headquarters. The stray "drummers" who stopped off during this time were not so much in evidence as on quieter weeks, and they sat around mostly playing solitaire in the corners of the "corridor" at little desks that had been placed there, or stood on the street corners eyeing the crowds that drifted up and down the streets.

In the drug stores, on the corners, at the livery stables, at the hotel, and even in the courtroom itself there was constant debate on the rights and wrongs of the case that was being tried, and on the respective abilities of the men who were conducting the case. Each lawyer had his champions, and wonderful reports of one or the other's masterly eloquence were handed about with picturesque additions of assertion and emphasis.

It was something that stood in place of the drama, and to follow a murder trial from start to finish is much in the nature of some staged tragedy, only the court scene is stripped to the bare and harsh realities, and you feel that the waits between the acts hold more significance than the shifting of scenery, or the makeup of the actors.

The county seat also has the distinction (sometimes a doubtful one) of having the best band in the county. It always has a band, and sometimes it has the best band, and occasionally the best is not anything to boast of. On the public square in front of the courthouse, the band stand in the county seat had been erected, and architecturally it was not anything to speak of, but it was roomy enough to seat the band.

Concerts were on Saturdays, generally, and commenced in the afternoon and wound up about nine o'clock in the evening. Selections from the latest classic ragtime were mostly in demand, and while the music was not at all intricate, some of it was played very well, and with invariable earnestness.

Saturday afternoon at the county seat was always the social clearing house for the entire county; for if you owed anyone a call, and did not have time to go over and see him, you could count on it as almost a sure thing that you could find him in town Saturday some time, and usually in the afternoon. So the streets and corners were lined with men, and the stores were crowded with women who were not only doing their weekly shopping, but were meeting friends and neighbors and exchanging news and gossip of their respective neighborhoods.

In the summertime, too, the local baseball club held its celebrations, in the way of doughty contests with the nine of some nearby town; and the excitement was always intense among the adherents of the respective champions. As there were no street cars in this particular county seat, and no means of transportation to the scene of the fray except by one small "bus" the spectators generally went in buggies, or even by foot. There was just as much interest displayed as at a metropolitan game, and excitement was always at a white heat until the games terminated. The county seat papers had elaborate accounts of the games and the playing of this or that local favorite was gone over with the same attention to detail and the identical phraseology used as the dailies in the great cities used in their columns.

Shopping at the county seat was a great institution on Saturdays, especially in the afternoons; the farmers driving in from miles around to make their purchases. Most of the stores were general stores, with merchandise of all sorts, but there were some that stuck closely to one line of goods. I recollect being in one general store where they sold among other things stoves and carpets and hearing a farmer and his wife who had just bought a stove, discussing the buying of a covering for the floor on which the stove was to be placed. The wife wanted oil cloth, and the storekeeper, either to please her, or to get rid of the oil cloth, talked long and enthusiastically on the beauty and desirability of oil cloth for the room.

But the farmer was obdurately in favor of a rag carpet. To the remonstrances of the storekeeper and the protests of his wife he retorted with the remark, "Well, by gum, I ain't goin' to step around barefoot on no oil cloth with the thermometer pintin' to 15 degrees below zero, and make fires ever' mornin' an' git out ashes. I tried that one winter, an' I want a carpet, so'st I can make fires barefoot, an' climb back in bed till the old woman gits coffee ready." They compromised on rag carpet to please the old man.

In the summertime there are the horse races occasionally, and there is just as much juggling, and working in "ringers" at a county horse race, as there ever was at a big race track. I don't know of any easier way in the world to lose money than to bet it on a country horse race; unless it is to play poker with total strangers. There was a good track at our county seat, and the best way to enjoy it was to go out and see the horses run, and let the other fellows do the betting.

When the county fair came, there were all the old and time-honored institutions of the side show, the prize bull, the largest pumpkin, the three card monte man and the little pea that held the shell where you always guessed it wasn't. Here was pink lemonade and the harmless, necessary peanut; here were the proud and haughty stallions and curly-necked bulls. Here at any time you could hear the lowing of the herds, the crowing of roosters and the baaing of silly sheep. Here the farmers leaned over the pens and stalls, over the stys and boxes that held the cattle, hogs, poultry and various paraphernalia of the exhibits, and talked, gesticulated and affirmed loudly about the merits and demerits of different breeds and crosses.

And here the inevitable girl and her "fellow" promenaded, with balls of pop corn and bags of peanuts in their hands, happy in their ignorance of responsibility, basking in the "foolishy" time between freedom and matrimony.

In the evenings, the band, now occupying a position of local prominence, discoursed from their instruments the wild and fluctuating notes of various misfit strains, and the bearded lady and the headless wonder divided honors with the enormous python and the beautiful albino of the side tents.

"Barkers," blatant of voice and brazen of demeanor, tore off strips of verbal dissonance in praise of their wares or exhibits, and many a hard-earned quarter was beguiled to their cavernous pockets. Kerosene lights flared wildly, and all went merry as a marriage bell until time came to douse the lights and prepare for tomorrow. The marshal, an imposing spectacle with his glittering star and awful air of authority, drilled up and down through the crowds, and represented, with an imposing length of whisker, the inviolable majesty of the law.

At the county seat the oldest settlers always lived. Those who had been in the legislature with Lincoln; those who had listened to the antebellum debates. Old settlers, indeed; the grass itself was old on their graves, the mossy lichens were ancient on their tombstones.

At the county seat the revivals were usually held, and all the people from the surrounding country crowded in to hear the noted evangelists. Here, too, of course, the principal papers of the county were printed, one of them having been published by the same man for 50 years. A very ably edited paper, too. Its editorials were full of fire and energy, and its makeup, and selection of news denoted the possession of ability and journalistic prescience of a high order.

Here was also the hot-bed of political intrigue, for here the plans for the elections were consummated, and here the offices were distributed to the successful aspirants. The county seat had once been a manufacturing point, but its rival to the west had long since outstripped it in material power, and had manufactories that sent their products to the ends of the world. And each year this growing rival perfected little by little its plan to wrest away from the present county seat its importance as the real "hub," and there was a slow, insidious feeling in and about the town that eventually its hated opponent would capture the coveted honor and leave the present courthouse a mere barracks in the public square, a melancholy reminder of the days that were.

Every year the old soldiers held their reunion at the county seat, and their march past the courthouse, and their meeting in the evening was one of the occasions for oratory and the revival of the days when the call for volunteers came. But each year the line grows thinner; each twelve-month makes gaps in the ranks. And to the children of those who marched to the front the recollections of those times is dim indeed; to their grandchildren it is a holiday.

There is always, about a county seat which is losing its grip, some sense of self-preservation, some spasmodic attempt to revive public spirit, and send a current of action along the veins of the town. But no town can advance without a restless activity and a steady plane of public spirit, and in our county seat the spirit of Sleepy Hollow was rampant. Its streets were unpaved from year to year; its sidewalks barely kept out of the mud during favorable conditions; its electric service was sputteringly inadequate; its water works primitive and subject to breakdown; its revenues uncertain and insufficient.

And yet from the clarion-voiced columns of the one real paper in the town there was always the note of courage, the herald of warning, the tocsin of encouragement. But as it was in the beginning, so now, and so it should ever be that this county seat was doomed to dry out and disappear from sight as an entity and a social community, and sink into the shadows, a forgotten hamlet. It was off of the main traveled tracks of the steam highways, and it was far from any river that might give it a hint of reviving power. It was shunned of manufactories, and its commerce depended largely on its position as the county seat.

And yet inch by inch the encroaching advances of the nearby town came seeping and gnawing at the foundations of its power, and month by month its citizens either heedlessly or slothfully ignored the rising tide, and issue by issue the sentinel at the gate, the editor of the weekly paper, sought in vain to arouse a healthy flow of public spirit which should give the town a renewed vitality, and check the approach of its impending dissolution.

But with placid and cow-like complaisance the citizens ate, slept and put on clothes. They did not and do not now know the doom that encompasses them around about. We saw it with every day that dawned; for the election which deprives it of its courthouse means the funeral of the town.

For then will the "shouting of the captains and the tumult die" indeed within its precincts. Then will the gaudy trappings of the county fair and the spangled garishness of the street fakirs wither and be not. Then will the dust pile ankle high in the streets, and no dabbling of occasional jets of water disturb its muffled folds. Then will the courthouse be boarded up and left to the wind and rain. Then will their inhabitants creep Rip Van Winkle like from their gardens to their houses, intent only on the almanacs for their mental pabulum, and the church bells for their final summons. Then will the "glory of Ichabod," such as it was, be entirely departed, and legend and reminiscence only be left to tell of the departed activities of the deserted county seat.

### Fire Dogs and Screens.

New fire sets are shown where the screen fits inside the andirons, thus preventing any log from falling out on the hearth and smoking into the room. The "fire dogs," too, keep the screen steady, while an empty fireplace is always an unsightly thing, and the inside screens seem to make it as unobtrusive as possible.

The wire netting is plainly bound in a rim of the same material, brass if the screen is brass, iron if a castiron set is used, and just below the frame are two handles. At the bottom it has slits made and bound, which fit over the andirons, and to keep it in place the latter must always be the same distance apart, otherwise the screen cannot be used.

### Humorist the True Philosopher.

Stephen L. Colville of the University of Illinois has said that the true philosopher is neither an optimist nor a pessimist; he is a humorist. The teacher, he declares, can have no higher ideal than that of teaching his pupils to laugh aright. For he who laughs well laughs wisely, laughs magnanimously, laughs highly.

He who laughs well has knowledge, sympathy and philosophic calm. His faculties are balanced and his soul at peace.

The tittering schoolgirl and the boisterous youth have learned to laugh, but unwisely! To educate in humor is to furnish a liberal training.

### A Mutual Embarrassment.

The more embarrassed a man's finances are the more ashamed his wife is to wear her old hat.—Dallas News.

# Practical Fashions

### LADIES' YOKE DRESSING-SACK.

Paris Pattern No. 1938, All Seams Allowed.—A delightfully convenient negligee is this pretty example of pink figured challis ornamented with a self-colored belt ribbon, tied in front, and a narrow edging of Torchon lace on the deep pointed collar and sleeve-band. This deep lay-down collar may be omitted if desired. The sleeves are in three-quarter length. There are lines of shirring in the front and back, held in place by the inside band. The pattern is in seven sizes—32 to 44 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust the dressing-sack requires 5½ yards of material 20 inches wide, three yards 36 inches wide, or 2¾ yards 42 inches wide; two yards of ribbon for ties and five yards of edging to trim.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 1938. SIZE.....

NAME.....

TOWN.....

STREET AND NO.....

STATE.....

### CHILD'S ROMPERS.

Paris Pattern No. 2394, All Seams Allowed.—Blue, red, green or brown-and-white checked gingham, plain-colored chambray, galatea or denim are all suitable materials for this serviceable little garment. They are roomy and comfortable, gathered into a square yoke at the front, and fastened down the center-back. A low turn-down collar finishes the neck, and the full sleeves are gathered into narrow wrist-bands. A square pocket ornaments the left front, and this, as well as the belt, cuffs, yoke and collar, is trimmed with white cotton serpentine braid. The pattern is in five sizes—two to ten years. For a child of four years the rompers require 2⅞ yards of material 27 inches wide or 2½ yards 36 inches wide; 2¾ yards of serpentine braid to trim.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 2394. SIZE.....

NAME.....

TOWN.....

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STATE.....

### A Good Wedding Innovation.

An innovation in wedding gifts has been introduced abroad—an excellent innovation that no doubt soon will appear here.

In London, if Lady Brown, a guest at the Smith-Miller wedding, is a friend of Lord Smith instead of his bride, it is to Lord Smith, not to the lady, that she sends her present, which takes the form of a set of pearl studs, a gold cigar case or a long cigarette tube of platinum and amber. The fashionable intelligence of the London papers at this season has such announcements as these: Countess Jackson's gift to the bridegroom was a wristwatch; Lady Brown gave a gold smoking set; the Hon. Mrs. Muldoon's remembrance was a dozen razors with mother-o'-pearl backs; the Marchioness Jones gave a cigar cabinet of ebony and silver, and Lady Wright's good taste was manifested in a motoring coat of ponyskin.

### Mobility.

Mrs. Vick-Senn's eyes flashed.

"Johnnie doesn't get that weak chin of his from my side of the house!" she exclaimed.

"No, my dear," meekly responded her husband, "Johnnie has my chin, but he inherits his mother's tireless capacity for keeping it in motion."