

SHE DISCOVERS STARS.

Mrs. Williamina Fleming's Fine Record as an Astronomer.

Mrs. Williamina Paton Fleming, who recently located a new star, is already famous for her discoveries of celestial bodies.



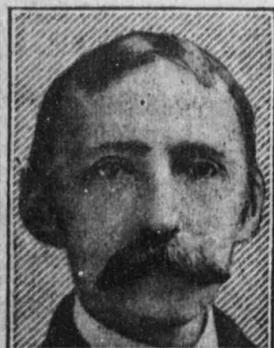
MRS. WILLIAMINA PATON FLEMING.

lasted find, and eight of these were detected by her. When it is announced that Mrs. Fleming has captured a new star it does not mean that in searching the heavens through the telescope one fine evening she ran down a new member of the stellar family or that any one by looking in the right place at the right time could observe it.

A NEW NOVELIST.

Theodore D. Jervey, Author of "The Elder Brother."

Theodore D. Jervey, author of "The Elder Brother," a novel dealing with life in South Carolina during the reconstruction period, is the recorder of the city of Charleston, in which city he was born in August, 1859.



THEODORE D. JERVEY.

bar. Since that time, with short intervals, Mr. Jervey has practiced law for several years and was also connected with daily journalism in Charleston as an editorial writer.

In Simple Charity

By EVERETT HOLBROOK

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It is generally conceded that Chester Allen is a soulless brute, and this conviction in regard to him grows deeper and deeper as one learns more about his view of life.

And yet I have known Allen to act with great kindness and delicacy. I have seen him express by deeds a sympathy which he seems entirely incapable of feeling.

He has an unsymmetrical face, the left side being so much better than the right that even a photographer could hardly fail to prefer it.

It will puzzle a physiognomist to decide why a man who answers to such a description is often called handsome.

Allen has been a reporter for a dozen years, though he enjoys an income from property in trust that would enable him to live without work.

It was in the way of his profession that he met Kitty Maginley. Kitty was a very pretty young woman who worked in a candy store for \$5 a week.

One day Maginley went into the store where Kitty worked and asked her for some money. Except in one particular stage of intoxication, he knew better than to do this, but she fates conspired, and he did it.



HE THREW IT AT HER.

ed away, and while she lay upon the floor behind the counter the hand of the law was laid upon her parent.

Allen had been passing the store at the time of this occurrence. He went in with the crowd and remained from professional considerations.

The first thing that Kitty said on being restored to consciousness was that she would pay for the broken glass. This variation of the conventional "Where am I?" so amused Allen that he gave the storekeeper \$15 and received in return a receipt in full for all damages and a promise not to prosecute Maginley or discharge Kitty.

He called the next day, however, to assure himself that the candy man had kept his word. He had. But he confided to Allen that he was afraid Maginley would come in again and make more trouble.

As to what occurred in the shop, I have obtained my facts from the proprietor, a little womanish man with an ear for everything. It appears that Kitty's colleague, an experienced young woman who had been married and deserted, told Kitty one day that Allen was "mashed."

"Of course he is," said the grass widow. "What does he come in here for every day buying candy? Do you

suppose he eats it? Why, I've seen him throw it into the ash can outside the door. He comes here to see you."

Kitty did not believe it, but the next time Allen came in she was so nervous that she spilled candy all over the floor, and when he had gone she was obliged to sit down in a corner and fawn herself, whereas the woman of experience laughed.

One day when Allen called Kitty had a large piece of court plaster on the side of her forehead. She was so painfully ashamed of it that there could be no doubt about the cause of the injury, though she tried to tell Allen that she had bumped her head against a door.

By a singular coincidence, when Kitty left the store that afternoon at 6 o'clock she met Allen on the nearest corner. He said that he happened to be passing, and if she didn't mind walking a little way— Why, of course. It all looked perfectly natural to the grass widow, who was a witness of the occurrence.

"I'm afraid your father hurt you pretty badly," said Allen. And Kitty stopped suddenly, with her face flaming. "Does he often do it?"

The tears began to force their way out of Kitty's eyes. She was ashamed of them, ashamed of the wound, ashamed of everything in the world.

"Sometimes those little injuries leave a scar," continued Allen, "and that's bad for a pretty girl who wants to find a rich husband some day and be an ornament of society. But a good doctor can prevent it, you know, and I happen to be going right now to see the best man in the business. If you'll come along he'll look at your head, and he won't charge you a cent because you're a friend of mine."

For some strange reason this proposition seemed to Kitty to have an adverse moral aspect, but Allen persuaded her.

Kitty went to see the doctor, and he told her that she would have to come every day for a week at least if she wished to avoid a bad scar. He was a clever man, and he saved her from disgrace, but he did not treat her for an affection of the heart that was getting worse and worse all the time. She was seeing Allen every afternoon—seeing him in her dreams, both sleeping and waking, too, poor child—and she knew that she was in love with him, but she would never have believed that he could care for her if it had not been for the wise woman in the shop.

"He's dead stuck on you," said this sapient person. "Anybody could see that."

"But he hasn't said a word about it," protested Kitty. "He doesn't even look at me, or when he does he looks right through me. And he talks right through me, too. I don't know half what he says. I might just as well be a telephone for all he cares about me."

The wise woman laughed. "You'll find out," she said. "I'll bet you could make him marry you if you had any sense."

At this suggestion Kitty nearly fell in a faint, but she fancied that Mrs. O'Neil did not notice it.

Kitty's wound was almost mended, Maginley, who had noticed that his daughter was not coming home quite so early in the afternoons, got into a quarrel with her about it and struck her again. Allen told me of this occurrence, and he seemed to be interested in the coincidence that the injury was precisely similar to the former one, except that it was upon the other side of the girl's head.

"Queer, isn't it?" he said. "Allen," said I, "what are you going to do with this girl?"

"Nothing," he said indifferently. "I'm going to Europe in July."

Later he told me that he had advised Kitty to run away from home.

"I've seen her father," he said. "There's no doing anything with him. He's not responsible. He ought to be in an asylum."

"Then why don't you send him there?" I inquired.

"Too much trouble," replied Allen. "When the experienced Mrs. O'Neil heard that Allen was suggesting flight she asked Kitty what she was going to do."

"I haven't got any place to go," said Kitty. "He'll find you a place," said Mrs. O'Neil.

"Goodness!" cried Kitty. "I couldn't let him do that. He's done enough for me as it is. He asked me once where I could go, and I was ashamed to tell him that I didn't have a friend in the world, so I said I had an aunt in Buffalo. I used to have, but she's dead."

"Don't you worry," was the response. "When he says so, go. I tell you he's in love with you. He really means it. He'll marry you."

One day Kitty came to the store as white as a ghost. She was almost half an hour late and was breathless with running.

"I've been over to the Children's society," she said. "They're going to take Lottie and Jane. Father's so rough with them now that I had to do something. Mr. Allen told me what to do. And I'm going away. It seems awful to leave father, but Mr. Allen says there isn't anything else to do. I've got to. That's all there is about it."

"I'm glad you're getting a little sense," responded Mrs. O'Neil. "There was a pause, and then poor, distracted Kitty seized the woman's hand."

"Are you sure he cares about me?" she demanded in a choking, agonized whisper. "It doesn't look like it to me. He never said a word of love to me or tried to kiss me. He never even took hold of my hand."

"That's all right," replied the wise woman. "He doesn't want to frighten you. He's a gentleman, but he's crazy about you, and you can twist him around your finger if you want to."

"If he doesn't ask me to marry him what'll I do?" pleaded the girl. "Suppose he tells me to go to my aunt?"

Mrs. O'Neil laughed. "You don't suppose he really believes you've got an aunt?" said she. "He knows you're lying to him, but he doesn't care. All he wants is to get you away from home. He's afraid your father'll kill you. You'll be his wife in a week if you don't make a fool of yourself."

That afternoon I saw Allen, and he told me that Kitty was going to her aunt. He had bought her a gray traveling dress during the luncheon hour and had a very amusing time persuading her to take it.

"She has a holy horror of my spending money for her," he said. "I'm go-



HE LOOKED AT THE GIRL.

ing to have a tussle when it comes to buying her ticket and giving her something for her journey. But she's got to be sent out of this town for her life."

"Won't you ever see her again?" I asked.

"You seem to think this is a sentimental affair," said he. "If you saw a woman drowning and pulled her out of the water you would expect to spend the remainder of your life in her society?"

"That depends upon the woman," said I. And he replied that they were all alike to him.

Then he told me that he had made arrangements for her to have a room at the Central Depot hotel for the night and that she would leave for Buffalo in the morning.

"I was going to take her to dinner," he said, "but things have suddenly come around in such a way that I can get out of town at once. I'm likely to sail for Europe tomorrow, and in that case I may not see her again."

In fact, he wrote a note to her later telling her to go to the Central Depot hotel and take the room engaged in a fictitious name. She would either see him or hear from him in the course of the evening.

So poor Kitty, in her new dress that she had expected to be married in, went to the hotel to wait for the man whom she worshipped with an all-absorbing, dumb animal intensity. I can fancy her sitting in that room alone, trembling with fear and hope.

And Allen, that student of humanity, thought of her only as a poor girl who was running away from a brutal father to a kind old aunt in Buffalo.

About 9 o'clock in the evening he wrote her a note telling her of his sudden change of mind and pleading his hurry as an excuse for not seeing her. He told her all about trains and time tables with great particularity and enclosed a fifty dollar bill for her expenses. The note was colder than the inscription on a tombstone and Kitty's heart died in her bosom. She had given up everything, even her little sisters, for this man, and he was going away without saying goodby.

How complete was her desolation may be judged by the fact that she did not leave a single written word, even for him. They found her the next morning dead upon the bed. She had taken off the gray dress and it was clasped in her arms as if it had been a doll and she a child asleep.

Allen changed his mind about going to Europe during the night and he reported for duty as usual at 10 o'clock. The city editor sent him over to the Central Depot hotel in the matter of the suicide of an unknown girl by poison. I met him on the way.

We found the coroner in charge, while a couple of detectives were considering the question of the girl's identity. The clerk had said that a man of very respectable appearance had engaged the room for the girl, but he could not give a good description of him or furnish any other information. This showed the clerk's discretion, for he had known Allen about nine years.

We went up into the room of death. My heart burned within me and my knees trembled with nervous excitement. Allen was perfectly calm. He looked at the girl and then at the little pile of her belongings on the dresser, from which he secretly abstracted his own note, that was signed simply "A."

The coroner some days afterward accused him of the theft, though without any suspicion that the letter was his own. Allen squirmed him with question, "If I'd got the thing done suppose I wouldn't have printed it?" The case was hushed up, and I cost Allen a few hundred dollars in managing it.

"The queer thing about this story," said Allen to me, "is that I should have known that she was deceiving me about her aunt. I blame myself that. It was stupid of me."

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