THE COUNTRY HOME

Women on the Farm

Conducted By Mrs. W. H. Felton.

******* Correspondence on home toples or subjects of especial interest to wo-men is invited. Inquiries or letters should be brief and clearly written

in ink on one side of the sheet. Write direct to Mrs. W. H. Felton, Editor Home Department Semi-Weekly Journal, Cartersville, Ga. No inquiries answered by mail.

Collecting Laws Should be Passed.

Dear Mrs. Felton:
I sm so much interested in a subject of great importance, not only to me, but to a great many others, that I do want to bespeak your hearty and sympathetic co-Dear Mrs. Felton:

If I can enlist your trenchant pen and the hearty interest, I shall indeed count myself fortunate. Let me lay the case be-

fore you and see if you have ever thought The many measures that are passed

the many measures that are passed for the farmer-landlord are all right and proper and necessary, but the town land-lord of small tenement houses is absolute-by at the mercy of the shiftless, ever-changing class of tenants that choose to rent, but who move continually without

Me are absolutely helpless, my dear Mrs. Felton, for there is no law passed for our protection. I can speak from bitter personal experience. We have some small

tenement houses, and the collecting of the rents falls upon me.

It is putting it very mildly to say I rarely ever get what is due me by three-fourths. They plead lack of work, sickness of some member of the family, but if we will be take out a distress warrant they of some member of the family, but it we tried to take out a distress warrant they can retaliate and take out what is called a pony homestead after a levy is made, and with the sum of \$2 defeat any operation of the law. I have never made a levy yet, because I know it would be playing a losing game. We simply can't do anything with these tenants. They are heard to say "It is cheaper to move than to "It is cheaper to move than to

To give you an illustration of my trials and a reason for my disgust, I had an able-bodied negro tenant who had a good position in a plow factory, and who agreed to rent a house to live in. He paid tolerably well until he had an accident. He went to bed and stayed indoors for the ment by Beguse I was sorry for him. He went to bed and stayed indoors for five months. Because I was sorry for him I allowed him to live in the house, and being sorry for him, I helped to feed him and his family, reminding him occasionally that I expected him to act like a man and pay the rent when he went to work again by degrees. His protestations of gratitude were loud and reassuring, but the result! When he got able to mark the result! When he got able to work he moved out of my house, saying he would remember me in his prayers,

But it took five years, in which he paid only \$9 of the \$5 due me, although he gets \$30 a month as wages. He lives in plain sight of me and is buying him a home, and has become, in a measure, impertinent in action, if not in spirit, when asked

to pay the debt.

It is the same with others. One is behind \$120, another \$58, another \$54, and a fourth one \$35.

fourth one \$35.

I did not have the heart to turn them out of doors when they were sick or out of work, and thus the story goes.

I have no power to compel them to pay or act honestly. This is not right. Should there not be some redress or some authority to collect this rent money? The lawyers tell me no law will touch them. In some counties the landlords agreed upon a pian among themselves and placed a lock and chain on the door, refusing to let their goods go until the rent is paid.

Our law-makers have been so timid about the negro vote that we are helpless. Will our white primaries overcome their

Will our white primaries overcome their timidity? (I'm afraid not.—Editress.) I am sick to death of this wretched business. sick to death of this wretched business.
The houses must be rented or stay idle.
Dear Mrs. Felton, do write it up, talk
to your representatives, use all your influence for relief. Some relief must come

to property owners. These tenants of mine are well-to-do negroes, and are doubtless laughing in their sleeves at my discom-

The whole renting system, in town and what is coming to you in rents almost runs one crazy, and I see no way, except to hire a sharp collector and save some of the rent instead of losing all.

This is truly a grievance, and something

uld be done by the next legislature. Our Commencement Occasions.

President Roosevelt made a fine talk lege in regard to the true aim and purpose of education. His words are worthy of attention, Said he:

"The work our colleges can do is to fit their graduates to do service; to fit the bulk of them, the men who cannot go into the higher type of scholarship to do the country as a whole and fit them for service only by training them in character, and to train them in this character means that they have got to train them not only to possess the softer and gentler virtues, but to possess the virtues proper to a race of vigorous men, the virtues of courage and honesty and not only the honesty which refrains from wrong doing, but the virtue that wars aggressively for the right, and finally the virtue of hard common sense." The president was eminently correct. It

is the character building that makes education. The cultivation of the spirit which wars aggressively on whatever that is wrong and defends whatever is inherently

right.

In the earder days of this republic there was less education in books, but far more education in character. We had a hardy, sturdy race of men, whose word was as good as their bond. They felt the need of education in books and they determined their children should have better opportu-nities than they had themselves enjoyed, without appreciating the fact that their own education in character was the basic sione of the nation's progress in the cul-tivation of the country's best acquire-ment, namely, common sense.

Deery commencement occasion should

elaborate the idea that is found in the It is character that upholds the nation.

out character the education of man oman tends to injury, because it gives

A bad man who is also ignorant passes for what he appears to be. A bad man who is learned has the opportunity to deceive as well as betray.

In alluding to the commencement at Columbia college this summer one writer called attention to the fact that a large part of the audience were young men from the college and young women from Barn

prominent a fact escaped every

saker's attent.on, yet less than one mured years ago there was not a high nool or college for women in the whole A Great Discovery



DROPSY

world. As late as 1819 no building for such a purpose had been erected anywhere. Now the question of the hour is "whethuniversity equeation will make all less students, men and women, stronger oller, purer and better than the men and omen of fifty or seventy-five years ago?" We have no real use for an educatio

The fault with common school educatio in the southern states is the adherance to text books in these schools and the laci f character training in the homes of an oferior race among us.

We have been pulling at a laboring oa

for thirty-five years, beginning at the end farthest from the proper beginning.

There must be a revival of interest in character building and if the men and women who attend colleges and university. sities are not made stronger and better

these methods should be changed. We Heartily Agree to It. An Associated Press dispatch has th

A NEGRO SCHOOL AT THE PIER.

Gordon Mackey Makes Gift for College at Narragansett. Narragansett Pler, R. I., May 1.—Th

lower hill house on the top of Tower Hill, South Kingston, has been donated by Gordon Mackey, of Newport, for a manual training school for colored chil-dren. Included in the gift of the hotel property are ten acres of land and four cottages.

The principal of the school will be Rev. Mr. Holy, of Philadelphia. Dr. Buchanan, of New York, and Booker T. Washington will be named as trustees. Mr. Holy will open the school in September with many

This is exactly as it should be. This is one of the proper places to start up the colored schools, which are supported by northern philanthorphy. It is a fine, brave beginning—and I accord to Mr. Mackay the privilege of selecting the race he wishes to improve by education, juts as I accord to him and others the liberty to select their own black associates.

If Mr. Mackay will now insist that ne-gro office-holders must also be appoint-ed for Rhode Island, the capstone of fir-ness will have been supplied to this fine beginning of practicing what he and his neighbors have been preaching for a long

It was a mistake to put their school money in the south while the opening was so good in the north for education of the colored race. I have long wondered why they did not equalize themselves to such social equality, while they were persist-ent in ordering that such intimacy down south should prevail.

Mr. Mackay is to be commended for his candour. He has taken the cow by the horns and placed the negro school exactly where it ought to be, and it is entirely true that both races will under-stand each other better after such ordi-nary acquaintance, with an absence of extraordinary sensationalism in the south.

The white man who prefers to give his money to a negro school, rather than aducate the poor of his own race, should be gratified by perfect liberty in such matters, only he should be expected to locate it in the north.

Some Things Worth Remembering.

If you do much walking around your feet will pain you, especially in the first coming of warm weather in the spring

of the year.

Change your shoes after the hardest of

in the oven, grease the pan, and then dust it with a little flour before pouring in the batter. The cake will turn out

Buy your bluing by the ounce, and put it in a quart bottle for convenient use. It will come much cheaper than in the shallow little nickle boxes.

When one of your family takes sor throat, don't allow the others to drink from the same cup or dipper; don't let the sick one sleep with anybody else and burn all the sputem that is gathered in the spittoons. It is equally proper to put all solled handkerchiefs or towels that have been used by the sore throated one in a separate place or clothes bag, and they should be washed separately. Since the germ theory has become so well estab-lished it is now understood that many diseases have been carried into othe homes by contact with wearing apparel or the use of same drinking vessel.

Diphtheria is a dangerous germ diseas and is easily communicated by sleeping with other members of the household.

SOME RECIPES.

CLEAR SOUP.

Five pounds of beef cut from the lower part of the round, five quarts of cold water; cut the beef into small pieces, add the water and let it come to a boil gradually; skim it carefully and place it where it will keep at the boiling point six or eight hours; then strain it and set away to cool; in the morning skim off all the fat, pour the soup into a kettle, using care to keep back all the sediment; add to this liquor one onlon cliced, one large stalk of celery, two sprigs of parsley, half a teaspoonful of sage, as teaspoonful of pepper, and sait to suit the taste; boil gently for half an hour, then strain through a napkin and serve with toasted crackers.

FRIED CELERY.

at taste; boil gently for half an hour, then strain through a napkin and serve with toasted crackers.

FRIED CELERY.

Cut firm white celery into pieces two inches long, rut them into boil in salted water and cook is minutes; remove them from the boiling water with a split spoon and drop into ice water; let them remain there ten minutes, then take them out on to a dish and sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip each piece in a beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs, and fry in salted lard; drain well and serve bot.

BREAKFAST DISH.

Core and slice tart apples, but do not peal them; fry thin slices for breakfast bacon until clear and ruffled, take them up and keep them warmed while frying the sliced apples in the fat to a light brown; place the apples in the fat to a light brown; place the apples in the slices of bacon; drain both apples and meat in a hot colander before dishing; serve with baked potatoes and hot muffins.

COLLEGE CROQUETTES.

Put a large tablespoonful of butter into a stew pan, add raushrooms and parsiey chopped very fine, two tablespoonfuls of four, salt, pepper and grated nutmeg, and a little sage or summer savory; let this boil until it thickens, then add a third of a cupful of cream and two tablespoonfuls of broth or gravy; let thia mixture be of a consistency of griddlecake batter, then take cold fowl or veal, cut it into dice-like pieces, and add to this sauce and let it stand until cold; then pour into shapes into the bowl of a spoon, roll them in bread or cracker crumbs and fry until micely browned; serve garnished with fried parsley.

SAVORY EGGS.

Hard boil four eggs and cut them in two; cut a bit from the ends to allow them to stand; remove the yolks and fili the center with a mixture of chopped tongue, olives, beet and capers, moisten with salt and pepper; after filling the cavities grate over the top the yolks of the eggs; serve on some crisp dry toast cut in tiny squares or circles.

BLACKKBERRY SPONGE.

Cover an ounce of gelatine with half a cupful of cold water, and soak for twenty minut

he Leopard's Spots

THE FIRST KISS. "Why didn't you ask him yesterday?" ried Sallie, as she entered the parlor the He went to the postoffice on the next "Then look again, you may have dropext morning.

"Darling, I was scared out of my wits.
We got crossways on some questions we
were discussing, and he started at me
once, and every time I tried to screw up my courage to speak, a lump got in my throat and I gave it up. I thought I'd wait a day or two until he should be in a 'He's gone away today," she said with

sapopintment.
"I'm glad of it, I'll write him a letter. "If you had asked him yesterday it would have been all right. He told me so when he left this morning, with a very

CHAPTER XIII.

when he left this morning, with a very tender tremor in his voice."
"But it will be all right, sweetheart, when I write."
"I wanted my ring," she whispered.
"You shall have it," he said, as he scized her hand and led her to a seat.
"Have you got it with you?" she asked with excitement. "Let me see it quick." He drew the little box from his pocket, withdrew the ring, concealing it in his hand, slipped it on her finger and kiesed it. She throw her hand up into the light to see it.

"Oh! it is glorious! It's the big green dia mond Hiddenite I saw at the exposition! It is the most beautiful stone I ever saw, and the only one of its kind in size and color in the world. Prof. Hidden told me so. I tried to get Papa to buy it for me.
But he laughed at me, and said it was childish extravagance. Charlie, dear, how could you get it?"

"That's a 'ittle secret. But there are to

e no secrets between us any more. I had a little heard saved from my mother's estate for the greatest need of my life. I confess my extravagance."

"You are a matchless lover I'm the coudest and happiest girl wat broatnes."
"Nothing is too good for you, I wish I could make a greater sacrifice."
"Wait, till I show it to Mama." and she lew to her mother's room. She returned mmediately, looking at the ring and kiss-

"Couldn't show it to her, she had com-pany," she said. "Allan is talking to her." "Let's get out of the house, dear. I hate that man like a rattlesnake."
"Don't be silly, I never cared a snap for

"I know you didn't, but there is a pol-son about him that taints the air for me Get your horse and let's go to our place at the old mill.'

They scon reached the spot, and with a laugh she sprang upon the rock and took her seat against the tree.
"Now, dear, hunor this whim of mine. I've grown superstitious since you've made me happy. I have a presentiment of evil because that man was in the house. evil because that man was in the hous I am going to take the ring off and put it on your hand again out here where only the eyes of our birds will see, and the

river we love will hear."
"That will be nicer. I somehow feel that
my life is built on this dear old rock," she

answered soberly.

He took the ring off her finger, dipped it in the white foam of the river, kissed it, and placed it on her hand.

"Now the spell is broken, isn't it?" she cried, holding it out in the sunlight a moment to catch the flash of its green diamond death. mond depth.

"I've another token for you. This, you will not even show to your mother or father." She bent low over a tiny package

me unfolded.

"This is the first medal I won at college," he continued—"the first victory of my life. It was the force that determined my character. It gave me an infexible will. I worked at a tremendous disadvan-"And you engraved something on the back to me!"

"Yes, can't you read it?" "My eyes are dim," she whispered.
"It is this—In the hand of manhood's tenderest love I bring to thee my boyhood's brightest dream.' I was a man when I woke, but I have never lived till you taught me. Keep this as a pledge of eternal love. It's the only little trinket I ever possessed. The world will see our

ring. Don't let them see this. It is the seal of your sovereignty of my soul in life, in death, and beyond. Will you make me this eternal pledge?"
"Unto the uttermost!" she murmured.
"Unto the uttermost!" he solemnly ech-

"And now, what can I say or do for you when you show me in this spirit of prodigal sacrifice how dear I am in your

"Those words from your lips are nough," he declared. nough," he declared.
"I'll give you more. I'm going to giv you just a little bit of myself. I haven't sked Mama, but we are engaged now-

She placed her beautiful arms around his neck and pressed her lips upon his in the first raptuous kiss of love. "No-no more. It is enough," she pro-

CHAPTER XIV.

A MYSTERIOUS LETTER. He was at home now, waiting impatient-y for the general's answer to his letter. I wo weeks had passed and he had not received it. But she had explained in her letters that her father had returned the day he left, had a talk with McLeod, and left on important business. They were ex-

pecting his return at any moment.

It was a new revelation of life he found in their first love letters. He never knew that he could write before. he sat for hours at his desk in his law office and pource out to her his dreams, hopes and ambitious. All the poetry of youth, and the passion and beauty of life, he put into

wered every other day. She wrote in half tearful apology that her mother disap-proved of a daily letter, and she added wistfully, "I should like to write to you twice a day. Take the will for the deed. and as you love me, be sure to continue yours daily."

And on the days the letter came, with ager trembling hands he selzed it, with-out waiting for the rest of his mail or his papers. With set face, and quick nervous step, he would mount the stairs to his office, lock his door and sit down to evour it. He would hold it in his hands ometimes for ten minutes just to laugh and muse over it and try to guess what new trick of phrase she had used to express her love. He was surprised at her brilliance and wit. He had not held her so deep a thinker on the serious things of life as these letters had showed, nor had he noticed how keen her sense of humor. He was so busy looking at her beautiful At the end of two weeks when the general had no answered his letter he began to grow nervous. A vague feeling of fear grew on him. Something had happened to darken his future. He felt it b a subtle telepathy of sympathetic thought. He was gloomy and depressed all day after he had received and feasted on the wittiest letter she had ever written. What could it mean he asked himself a thou-sand times—some shadow had fallen

across their lives. He knew it as clearly day he was to receive a letter, crushe as if the revelation of its misery were already unfolded.

ped it."
Sam turned and looked carefully over the floor, over and under his desks and tables

and returned. and returned.

"No, but it may have been thrown into the wrong beg by that feel mail clerk on the train. You may get it tomorrow."

He turned away and walked to his office, forgetting his key in the open box. The vague sense of calamity that weighed on his heart for the past two days, now became a reality.

came a reality.

He sat in his office all the afternoon in a dull stupor of suspense. He tried to read her last letter over. But the pages would get blurred and fade out of sight, and he would wake to find he had been staring at one sentence for an hour.

He knew his foster mother would be all sympathy and tenderness if he told her, but somehow he hadn't the heart. She had came a reality.

but somehow he hadn't the heart. She had led him to his love. He had been so boy-ishly and frankly happy boasting to her of his success, he sickened at the thought of telling her. He went out for a walk

of telling her. He went out for a walk in the woods, and lay down alone beside a brook like a wounded animal.

The next day he watched his box again with the hope that Sam's guess might be right, and the missing letter would come. But, instead of the big square-cut envelope he had waited for, he received a bulky letter in an old-fashioned masculine handwriting with the post mark of Independence, and a mill mark in the upper left hand corner.

He did not have to look twice at that

He did not have to look twice at that letter. It was the scaled verdict of his jury. He locked his office door. It was long and rambling, full of a kindly sym-pathy expressed in a restrained manner. He could not believe at first that so out. spoken a man as the general could have written it. The substance of its meaning, however, was plain enough. He meant to say that as he was not in a position to make a suitable nome, at present for a wife, and as he disapproved of long engagements, it seeined better that no engagement should be entered into or ansourced.

He stared at this letter for an hour, try ing to grasp the mystery that lay back of its halting, half-contradictory sentences. He did not know till long afterwards that the general had written it with two blue eyes tearfully watching him, and waiting to read it; that now and then there was the sound of a great sob. and two arms were around his neck, and a still white face lying on his shoulder and that tears had washed all the harsh

and that tears had washed all the harshness and emphasis out of what he had meant to write, and all but blotted out any meaning to what he did write.

But withal it was clear enough in its import. It meant that the general had haltingly but authoritatively denied his suit. He instently made up his mind to ask an interview at his home, and know planky all his reasons for this change of plainly all his reasons for this change of attitude. He wrote his letter and posted it immediately by return mall. He knew that the request would precipitate a crisis and he trembled at the outcome. Either her father would hesitate and receive him, or end it with a crash of his imperious

CHAPTER XV.
A BLOW IN THE DARK.
The noon mail brought, Gaston no an swer. At night he felt sure it would come When the wagon dashed up to the post office that night it was 15 minutes la He was walking up and down the stre on the opposite pavement along the square, keeping under the shadows of the trees. He turned, quickly crossed the street, and stood inside the office, listen ing with a feeling of strange abstraction to the tramp of the postmaster. Change your shoes after the hardest of your day's work is past, and at night bath is refreshing to tired feet. If you have corns, try a drop of water on the corn, which hangs from a stick of lunar caustic—otherwise, nitrate of sliver. The drop of water will be quite strong enough to ease the pain in the toe. If you have soft corns, a soft rag dipped in turpentine and applied to the corn will take out much of the pain and perhaps take the corn away.

Will. I worked at a trementation and a trementation and at a trementation and a trementation and at a trementation and and the work is past, and at night tage. Others were two years ahead of me in study for the contest. I locked mysen in study for the months. I locked mysen in study for the months, and took just enough food and sleep for strength to work. I worked 17 hours a day, except Sunday, for ten months without an hour of play. I won it brilliantly. Every line cut on its gold surface stands for a thousand aches of my body. Every little pearl set in it, grew in a pain of that struggle which set its seal on my inmost life. I came out of those ten months a man. I have never known the whims of a boy since."

If you are in a hurry to get your cake

"And you engraved something on the brushed a tear from his of the contest. I locked mysen in study for ten months. I locked mysen in study for ten months, and took just enough food and sleep for strength to work. I worked 17 hours a dead of me in study for ten months, and took just enough food and sleep for strength to work. I worked 17 hours a dead took forth as he distributed the mall. He never knew before what a trement of the back and forth as he distributed the mall. He never knew before what a trement of the tramp of the postmaster's feet back and forth as the britished and sleep for strength to work. I worked 17 hours a day, except Sunday, for ten months, and took just enough food and sleep for strength to work at the mouth of the pain and sleep for strength to work at the mouth of the pain and stook individual to eyes, glanced timidly at the window of the general delivery, starting at every quick movement inside as though afraid the window had opened. Gaston had gone up close to the old man, drawn by the look of anguish in his dignified face. The stranger intuitively recognized the sympa thy of the movement, and explained tren blingly: "My son. I am waiting for a mes sage of life or death"—he faltered, selze his hand, adding, "and I'm afraid to se

Just then the window opened and he clutched his arm and gasped, with dilated

"There, there it's come! You go for me, my son, and ask while I pray!—I'm afraid!" How well Gaston remembered now with what trembling eagerness the old man had broken the seal, and then stood with head bowed low, crying.
"I thank and bless there, oh Mother of "I thank and bless thee, oh, Mother of

Jesus. for this hour!" And looking up into his face with tear-streaming eyes he cried in a rich low voice like tender mu-sic, "How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings!"

He could feel now the warm pressu his hand as he walked out of the office

with him.
How vividly the whole scene can rushing over him! He thought he sympa-thized with his old friend that night, but now he entered into the fellowship of his sorrow. Now he knew.

sorrow. Now he knew.

At last he drew himself up, walked to his box and opened it. His heart leaped!

A big square-cut envelope lay in it, addressed to him in her own beautiful hand! He snatched it out and hurried to his of fice. The moment he touched it, his hear sank. It was light and thin. Evidently there was but a single sheet of paper

He tore it open and stared at it wit parted lips and half-seeing eyes. The first word struck his soul with a deadly chill. This was what he read: 'MY DEAR MR. GASTON:

"I write in obedience to the wishes of my parents to say our engagement must end and our correspondence cease. I can-not explain to you the reasons for this. I have acquiesced in their judgment, that it is best.

"I return your letters by tomorrow's mail, and Mama requests that you re turn mine to her at Oakwood immediately "I leave tonight on the Limited for At lanta where I join a friend. We go to Sa vannah, and thence by steamer to Bostor where I shall visit Helen for a month Sincerely, SALLIE WORTH." Sincerely, SALLIE WORTH."

For a long time he looked at the lette a stupor of amazement. That her fa ther could coerce her hand into writing such a brutal commonplace note was a revelation of his power he had never

dreamed. And then his anger began trise. His fighting blood from soldier an cestors made his nerves tingle at thi He took up the letter and read it again curiously studying each word. He opened the folded sheet hoping to find some deface, and drinking the live-light from her eyes, he had overlooked these things when with her. Now they flashed on him as a the sheet a lot of indentures as though new treasure that would enrich his life.

made by the end of a needle. He threat the back and studied these dots under different letters in the words made by the needle points. He spelled—
"My Darling—Unto the Uttermost!"
And then he covered the note with kisses, sprang to his feet and looked at his

It was now 10:30. The Limited left Inde pendence at 11 o'clock and made no s for the first hundred miles tonward lanta. But just to the south where the with a sense of foreboding. He waited until the mail was all distributed and the general delivery window flung open before ne approached his box. He was afraid to look at her letter. He slowly opened the

By REV. THOMAS DIXON, JR.

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There was nothing in it! "Sam, you're not holding out my letter to tease me, old boy?" he asked pathetic-

Sam was about to joke him about the uncertainties of love, when his eye rested

on his drawn face.

"Lord, no, Charlie," he protested, "you know I wouldn't treat you like that."

railroad skirted the foot of King's Moun-

raincad skirted the foot of king's Mountain, there was a water tank on the mountain side where he knew the train stopped for water about midnight.

With a fast horse he could make the 18 miles and board the Limited at this water station. The only danger was if the sky should cloud over and the starlight be lost it would be difficult to keep in the payour road that would over the seminarrow road that wound over the semi-mountainous hills, densely wooded, that

must be crossed to make it.
"I'll try it!" he exclaimed. "Yes, I will do it!" he added setting his teeth.
"I'll make that train."

He got the best horse he could find in the livery stable, saw that his saddle girths were strong, sprang on and galloped toward the south. It was a quarter to 11 when he started, and it seemed a doubtful undertaking. The Limited would make the run from Independence, 52 miles. in an hour at the most. If she were on time it would be a close shave for him to make the 18 miles

The sky clouded slightly before he reached the mountain. In spite of his vigilance he lost his way and had gone a quarter of a mile before a rift in the cloud show ed him the north star suddenly, and he found he had taken the wrong road at the crossing and was going straight back Wheeling his horse, he put spurs to him

and dashed at full speed back through the derse woods.

Just as he got within a mile of the tank
he heard the train blow for the bridgecrossing at the river near by.

"Now, my boy," he cried to his horse, patting him. "Now your level best!"

The horse responded with a spurt of desperate speed. He had a way of handling a horse that the animal respond to with almost numan sympathy and in telligence. He seemed to breathe his own will into the horse's spirit. He flew over the ground, and reached the train just as the fireman cut off the water and the engineer tapped his bell to start.

He flung his horse's rein over a hitching post that stood near the silent little station house, rushed to the track, and sprang on the day coach as it passed.

He had intended to ride 50 miles on this train, see his sweetheart face to face— learn the truth from her own lips—and then return on the uptrain. He hoped to ride back to Hambridge before day and keep the fact of his trip a secret Now a new difficulty arcse—a very sim— he one that he had not thought of for a

ple on that he had not thought of for a moment. She was in a Pullman sleeper of course, and asleep. There were three sleepers, one for Atlanta, one for New Orleans and one for Memphis. He hoped she was in the Atlanta sleeper as that was her destination, though if that were crowded in its lower berths she might me in either of the oth-ers. But how under heaven could he lo-cate her? The porter probably would not know her.
"I've an important message for

"I've an important message for a passenger in one of these sleepers, Captain," he exclaimed. "I have ridden across the mountains to catch the train here."
"All right, sir," said the genial conductor. "Go right in and deliver it. You look like you had a tussle to get here."
"It was a close shave," Gaston replied. He stepped into the Atlanta sleeper and encountered the dusky potentate who presided over its aisles.

sided over its aisles.

The porter looked up from the sh he was shining at Gaston's dishevelled hair and gave him no welcome. Gaston dropped a nalf dollar into his

hand and the porter dropped the shoes and grinned a royal welcome. "Any ting I kin do fer ye, boss?" "Got any ladies on your car?" "Yassir, three un 'em. Young, or old?" "One young un' en two ole uns." "Did the young lady get on at Independ

"Going to Atlanta?"

"Is she very beautiful?" "Boss, she's de purtiess young lady ber laid my eyes on-but look lak she en cryin'."
"Then I want you to wake her. I mu see her.

"Lordy, boss, I cain do dat. Hit ergin de "But, I'm bound to see her. I've ridden 18 miles across the mountain and scratched my face all to pieces rushing through those woods. I've a message of the utmost

importance for her.'

'Cain do hit boss, hits ergin de rules But you can go wake her yoself, ef you'se er mind ter. I cain keep you fum it. She's dar in number seben. Gaston hesitated. "No, you must wake

her." he insisted, dropping another half lollar in the porter's hand. The porter got up with a grin. He felt he must rise to a great occasion.
"Well, I des fumble roun' de berth en
mebbe she wake herse'f, en den I tell her."
Just then the electric bell overhead
rang and th index pointed to 7. "Dar now,

dat's her callin' me, sho!"

He approached the berth. "What kin I do fur ye, M'am?" he whispered. "Porter, who is that you are talking to? It sounds like some one I know."
"Yassum, hit's young gent name er Gas-

ton, jump on bode at the water station ay he got 'portant message fur you."
"Tell him I will see him in a moment."
The porter returned with the message. "You des wait in dar, in number one hits not made up-twell she come,"

There was the soft rustle of a dressing gown—he sprang to his feet, clasped he hand passionately, kissed it, and silently she took her seat by his side, He still held her hand and she pressed his gently in response. He saw that she was crying and his heart was too full for words for

He looked long and wistfully in her face. In her disheveled hair by the dim light of the car he thought her more beautiful than ever. At last she brushed the tears from her eyes and turned her face full on his with a sad smile. "My own dear love!" she sobbed. prayed that I might see you somehow be fore I left. I was wide awake when first heard the distant murmur of you

voice. Oh! I am so glad you came!" and she pressed his hand "I got your letter at ten-thirty"—
"Ch! that awful letter! How I crie over it. Papa made me write it, and read and mailed it himself. But you saw my

message between the lines."
"Yes, and then I covered it with kisses But what is the cause of this sudden change of the general toward me? What nave I done?" "Please don't ask me. I can't tell you,"

she sobbed, lowering her face a moment to his hand and kissing it. "Don't ask "But, my dear, I must know, There car no secrets between us."
"My lips will never tell you. have been a thousand slanders breathed against you. I met them with fury and scorn, and no one has dared repeat them in my hearing. I would not pollute my

ips by repeating one of them. "But who is their author?" wouldn't She loves you and she is on our 900 DROPS The Kind You Have

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Philadelphia North American. again at work, another member of royalty is diverting himself by purchasing large quantities of wine for American chorus girls and quaff-

ing it from their slippers. This time it is the Grand Duke Boris, of Russia, who has recently blazed a violently festive way from the Orient to Chi-

lently festive way from the Orient to Chicago, including a bolsterous stop-off at San Francisco. It was in Chicago that he acquired the chorus-girl habit.

With a party of retainers his Highness went to see a comic opera, the name of which is given a conspicuous place in the dispatches. It is evidently an opera company addicted to the blondes, and the curtain had not been up long before the Grand Duke followed the example of the opera company.

opera company.
Summoning the Baron Schlippenback, who is Russian Consul in Chicago, he directed him to go behind the scenes, gather together the ladies of that complexion, This required a more delicate than even the astute Schlippenback was accustomed to, for there were brunettes in the company, too, but he executed the embassy with skill and address, as the

Royal Supper to Actresses. Six golden-haired footlight nymphs were at the table at the appointed hour, and it is said that their entertainment lacked nothing in royal hospitality. There was wine and crystal to drink it from. but the Grand Duke, either conscious of precedent or instructed by the press agent, made the customary speech con erning the superior flavor of wine when drained from a chorus-girl's slipper, and

presently he was trying to perform the difficult task of drinking champagne from twelve slippers at the same time.

That he was impartial in the bestowalof his favors is evident from the state-ment that nearly an the girls returned to their carriages in their stocking feet, and that the Grand Duke did not arise next day until 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

His last recorded utterance on that occa ion was to the effect that it would be the

brunettes' turn in New York, to which city he is now bound.

The peculiar allurement to which the Grand Duke Boris has succumbed is no by any means new. Strangely enough, liar allurement to which the appears only to those of the highest circles of society, chiefly royally and nobil-ity. Therefore he has had many illustrious exemplars. It is not on record ...at they all drank wine from the slippers of their charmers, but they certainly all bought it, and in almost every case the

siren was a stage person. Charles II. and Nell Gwyn, Napole and Mile. Mars, the Duc de Reichstadt and Fanny Ellsler, and Louis of Bavaria and Adah Isaacs Menken are, perhaps, the most notable cases in point, but they are almost ancient history, and one does not have to go back so far.

Some Modern Precedents. In our own time, there is King Leopold of Belgium, whose favorite relaxation is to disguise himself as a "common" person and frequent the Parisian cafes with the particular lady of the moment. For long time, she was Cleo de Merode. King Milan, of Servia, was a more n torious example because he was quite careless of public opinion. Besides, he

carried his eccentricities quite too far. oven for royalty.

Other affairs of the kind have been more respectable in the sense that they have not acquired so much publicity of detail. Lord Sholto Douglas, son of the Marquis

of Queensbury, married a concert hall singer out in our woolly west. The King of Greece is almost always entertaining one or two comic opera con panies in Paris or elsewhere, and it is ru-mored that he intends to organize a the-

Lord Francis Hope's melancholy esca-pade with May Yohe is contemporary. The Duke of Manchester completed his

up his mind to break our engagement for-ever. And I defied him. We had a scene. didn't know I had the strength of wil that came to me. I said some terrible things to him, and he said some very crue things to me. Poor Mama was prostrated Her heart is weak, and I only yielded as last as far as I have because of her tears and suffering. I could not endure her pleadings. So I promised to do as he wished for the present, leave for Boston, and cease to write to you."

(To be Continued.)

noneymoon and a breach of promise suit with an actress at about the same time, the one probably costing him more than the other.

Belle Hilton, once an ornament of the English vaudeville stage, is now Lady Clancarty. She recently appeared in the cast-of the coronation ceremonies. Mraquis Fond of Actresses. The Marquis of Anglesey is so much devoted to the ladies of the stage that he recently had an entire company at his castle in Wales, where they held car-

nival for several weeks. The Marquis is himself something of an actress. He fre-

quently took prominent parts in the fes-tivities, dressed in feminine garb, and the cables said that he was very charm-Then, there is Edna May, lately of New York, now of London. So many royalties and noblities have paid their devoirs, usually acompanied by diamonds, to Edna that they can scarcely be counted. She is now captor of the heart of a hereditary Indian Prince, who is quite young.

These are only a few of the more conscious cases, but they are enough to finese are only a few of the more conspicuous cases, but they are enough to justify the course of Grand Duke Boris of Russia, in his own opinion, always supposing that he is looking for justification.

MERE OPINION.

Chicago Record-Herald. The world may owe every man a living, but it is too busy to hunt him up and tell him

The most successful lawyers now are the ones who can keep their clients out of court. The child is father to the man and the college graduate is his grandfather. Some of the new millionaires seem to have of ahead by thinking with their elbows.

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