

The Major.

BY CHARLES EDMUND BARKER.

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He was one of the kind of people who come naturally by a nickname.

The major was one of the most methodical of men. Promptly at nine o'clock he came down fresh and pink from breakfast, read his mail in the comfortable seclusion of the writing room, dictated the answers to his letters to the hotel stenographer, lit a fresh cigar at the cigar stand, and then dull business cares were brushed aside and he repaired with sprightly steps to the bar, where he seated himself in a favorite corner and began the serious occupation of the day by ordering a "gentleman's drink of whisky." Other drinks followed at intervals during the morning, varied in strength and frequency by the character and numbers of the other visitors.

By the hour of noon he had reached a stage of mellowness that developed a rare play of rich and spicy wit.

It was beneath the manhood of the major to approach the dining-room while in his cups. When six o'clock came, his dinner was served to him at his particular table in the corner of the bar, and the sitting, more often than not, was continued until midnight.

With all his roystering habits, it should not be hastily concluded that the major led an entirely useless or purposeless existence. Many were the tales of his generosity. When "Dab," the old head porter, was laid up with rheumatism, it was the major who visited him in his little hotel of a home on "The West Side," provided for his family and paid his doctor's bill. Then every one knew of his kindly and sympathetic interest when Miss McFee, the old-maid stenographer, took pneumonia and died.

And then the new stenographer came.

She was a lump of a girl, as round as a pigeon, with frank, brown eyes that seemed to challenge respect and chivalry by their very innocence. Her voice was soft and respectful, and it was an inspiration to see her personal and complete interest in her patrons. Miss Mitchell was her name, and it was hard to keep from becoming confidential with her at the very first interview.

Almost from the first, the sharp observers among the frequenters of the Windsor, noticed that it took the major somewhat longer to dictate his mail to Miss Mitchell than it had to Miss McFee, and, moreover, he did not hurry away to the bar quite so precipitately.

One day in the midst of the letters, Miss Mitchell looked up for an instant at a lady who was passing through the lobby.

"What an exquisite bunch of violets," she said.

"Very pretty," replied the major, following her glance, and then they went on with their work.

The next morning a neighboring "orfista's" boy placed a fine bunch of English beauties in the little bud vase that had been Miss McFee's, on Miss Mitchell's desk, and morning after morning this was repeated.

After the morning dictation during one of the little chats which the major had come to allow himself, Miss Mitchell, one day expressed a very adverse opinion about the men who drank and were "fast."

This speech had a marked effect upon the major.

The very next day, after his business routine, the major left a forwarding address with the clerk on duty and registered out. His absence was noticed immediately in the bar, and inquiries were made of the clerk.

A month—two months passed, and still the major had not returned to his old corner in the Windsor bar. The only mark of his long residence at the hotel was the little bunch of fresh violets which daily adorned Miss Mitchell's desk.

One day, as unheralded as had been his departure, the major returned to the Windsor. His complexion was whiter and his eyes were clearer, otherwise he was the same old major, careless, lively and jovial.

He dictated his letters to Miss Mitchell as usual the next morning, but it was observed and marked with much special notice that he did not follow his old habit of turning toward the bar immediately thereafter. Instead of this, he stepped into a big automobile that stood at the door, and was away in a trice. He became a devotee of this big machine. A large portion of the day he gave himself to runs and tours. Sometimes he carried a friend or two with him on these excursions; but they were rarely any of his old friends of the bar.

At least once he asked Miss Mitchell to ride with him, but she met the proposal with a cheerful "no, thank you," that left no room for doubt about her decision.

A morning came on which he attended to his correspondence with more than usual care. In addition to the regular grid of business he wrote some long delayed missives to old college friends—dashing, brilliant, unconventional letters they were, full of the boyish spirit which the major still held, notwithstanding his acknowledged 38 years. When he had quite finished, he drew from his pocket an important looking paper.

"Miss Mitchell, I have a very particular matter I wish to speak about—No, you needn't take my words down on paper—I'm not dictating. The fact is—I am—thinking of—well, giving you the chance of dictating some to me, if you think proper."

"Why—what do you mean, Mr. Ebs-

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bourne," she asked, her large, heavy lashed eyes looking the utmost wonder.

"It's a very simple matter, Miss Mitchell—at least I used to think it was when I observed the symptoms in other folks. But—don't look at me like that—you might pretend you are taking notes; some one will see and wonder what we are talking about—"

"Oh, if it's anything—improper, you mustn't say it, Mr. Ebsbourne." She was plainly agitated.

"Not the very least improper, little one, but the most natural thing that ever occurred to me in all my wild, harum-scarum life. No, listen calmly; if what I say is not pleasing you, I will stop, and we will not talk about it any more. I love you. Don't start so, Miss Mitchell. I have loved you ever since the first time you looked at me with those clear, liquid, honest, pure eyes of yours. I have read in their depths more than I ever discovered in my wanderings over two continents. I will not bewilder you by trying to tell you all I feel; for in so doing I would only bewilder myself. I want to give you just the idea and leave you to think it over and get used to it. I can't help loving you, any more than I could help breathing or living if I didn't breathe."

"Why—Mr. Ebsbourne," she replied, "I don't think I care for you in any way like that."

"I didn't expect you to, little one. But you can give me a little hope, can't you? You don't dislike me, do you?"

"I think you are very kind."

"That's enough—that's enough—Don't need to say another word. I'll go now and let you get used to the idea of having a lover."

"Thank you," was all Miss Mitchell could think of to say.

True to his word, the major did not urge his attentions upon the little stenographer.

The sequel was none of the major's planning. He only knew that he was speeding down the river road one afternoon, when a young horse driven by a market gardener took fright and plunged about, backing the heavy wagon directly across his way at the moment when he supposed the driver was going to be able to manage his team without further difficulty.

There was a crash and the major felt a sharp twinge of pain. When he again opened his eyes, they were carrying him in at the ladies' entrance of the Windsor.

Souvenir Post Cards
Are nice to send to friends out of town
Made from negatives taken right here in Okolona, post cards are all the more interesting.
A number of views to select from will be found at the Photograph Galery of—

R. W. Arnold,
OKOLONA, MISS.

A Irish form and white face pushed through the tangled crowd of people about him, and a pair of soft pink arms slipped about his neck. The reactionary pains were settling in, but the presence of those arms seemed to lift the tension from his quivering nerves, and he felt as comfortable as a baby on its mother's breast. And there came flowers every day, and many little home comforts that the major had not seen or thought much about since he was a chunk of a boy.

At last there came a day when the doctor told the major he might see his friends. The major said something in the strictest confidence to his nurse, and after a very long time Miss Mitchell came up accompanied by a sweet-faced, motherly little woman in black, whom the major knew by instinct must be Miss Mitchell's mother.

"Mr. Ebsbourne," said Miss Mitchell, timidly, "I didn't know I cared in that way, but I do."

SOLDIERS HUNT COVER.

Bed Bugs of Southern Texas Are Enemies Warriors Find It Hard to Eout.

Rifle ranges and target practice may be all very fine in theory, declare the regulars at Fort Sam Houston, but the peculiarities of the faunt of south-west Texas conspire to make it somewhat irksome.

In other words, the men are complaining of red bugs. These are so-called in Texas. In other places they are known as jiggers or chiggers. In France they are known as chigres and in other places as cheguas and chegoes, by which latter name they are lexicographically catalogued. They are fancifully known as the Leptus irritans and by others are called the Sarcopscylla penetrans. By the soldiers they are called hell.

It is no uncommon sight to see one of the regulars hunt a secluded spot, unlace his leggings and his much convoluted trousers, lower his summer cottons and then go after the Leptus. It is the legs of the khaki-clad Achilles that are the favorite sojourning spot for the Leptus penetrans. There is smaller chance of continuous disturbance from the owner of the shank and greater opportunity to penetrate.

The Sarcopscylla is an entertaining little animal. His salutes are matutinal and his vespers are nocturnally prolonged. He is with you in your uprising and your down-sitting and is amenable neither to rhyme nor reason. He toils not, neither does he spin, but Solomon with all his proverbs can not sting you into so great a dissatisfaction with life as one of these.

Hence the soldiers are not in favor of target practice when the red bugs come as the perquisites.—San Antonio Express.

City Greenhouse for Mourners.

To encourage the poorer classes to decorate the graves of relatives and friends with growing flowers instead of with artificial wreaths or cut flowers the Hammersmith borough council, of England, has erected a greenhouse near its cemetery gates, where geraniums and other pot flowers may be bought for a few pence. Hitherto graves have been adorned with flowers placed in jars and bottles.

SCIENCE AND THE OCCULT

Possibility That Twentieth Century Knowledge Will Admit Progress from the Unknown.

Will twentieth century knowledge remove the prejudice against the occult? Astronomy and geology and chemistry are permitted to be in the hands of the man of science, but life and mind phenomena are declared to be outside the province of physical science, yet the same was said about astronomy and geology and chemistry not many generations ago. Was not war made upon those who undertook to show that the earth was not more than 6,000 years old, and were not the chemists who showed how organic compounds could be formed believed to be enemies of the truth and bent on misleading mankind? Is it not curious to contemplate that those who know least about a given science should be the ones to set its limits, who know what cannot be done or hoped for so much better than those who devote their lives and their best endeavors to discover what is true and what seems probable? All the progress of science is a progress from the unknown, that is the hidden or the occult, to the known which is not hidden but patent. Perhaps the present century will be able effectually to warn everybody of the danger of setting any limits to knowledge.

HORSE'S LOVE OF HOME.

Heart Hunger One of the Strongest Characteristics of the Animal—Lungs for Familiar Stall.

The strongest instinct in the horse is that of home—all his thoughts and interests lie there—and the most wearing pain he suffers is that of nostalgia—the longing for the familiar stall and the well-loved surroundings, says Outing. What wonder that our pets almost invariably return to us from weak unhappy experiences mere shadows of their former selves and in such wretched bodily condition that it is months before they regain their usual health and spirits. We blame the man in charge, poor feed, bad stabling, insufficient pasturage, etc., and overlook entirely the fact that it is our own fault, and the direct result

The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell.

Bladder troubles most always result from a derangement of the kidneys and a cure is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sized bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail, Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address Binghamton, New York, on every bottle.

of heart-hunger which no grass, grain or root-tree could entirely assuage. Of course the little-used muscles have, from lack of exercise, shrunk and lost their firmness and plumpness; the crest has fallen from the same cause; "poverty lines" appear in the quarters and shoulders; the tall and mane are all out of shape, or all worn away; the feet stubbed off; the coat dingy and sunburnt; the skin full of all manner of scars, cuts and abrasions; all these are the effect, not the cause, of the lack of bodily condition which is two-thirds due sheerly and solely, in the high-bred, nervous, sensitive horse, to simple homesickness.

Sunday Dyspepsia.

"Sunday dyspepsia—that is what you have," said the doctor, smiling.

"Sunday dyspepsia?"

"Yes, and it is not a rare complaint, either. It is due to this habit of eating foolishly and gluttonously on Sunday."

"Through the week you eat like a sensible man—a moderate breakfast early, a light luncheon and a good, substantial dinner at the end of the day."

"But on Sunday you eat a heavy breakfast at 10 or 11. At 1 you sit down to an enormous dinner, stuffing yourself without appetite, and at 6:30, when you are really hungry, you eat light, unsatisfactory food, like Saratoga chips and lettuce sandwiches—in a word, a Sunday supper."

"The result of this change for the worse, made once a week by millions of men, is Sunday dyspepsia, an ailment for which I always prescribe a 6 o'clock Sunday dinner."

PUBLIC WANTS TOO MUCH.

Impossible to Perfect Great Inventions in Short Space of Time—A Story in Point.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, in a series of remarkable experiments, has been sending wireless messages from tetrahedral kites.

In a discussion of these experiments Dr. Bell said:

"It takes a long time to make a new idea practicable and commercial. Most people think the first successful flight of a flying machine should have been immediately followed by the appearance of great fleets of passenger flying machines, or that the first successful wireless message should have been immediately followed by a cheap wireless service to all parts of the world."

Dr. Bell smiled.

"They would have inventions made practicable with a speed that is only possible in suburban toilet-making," he resumed.

"A suburbanite's wife the other morning rushed into the man's room, shook him roughly and said:

"John, John! You've only got three minutes to catch your train."

"All right," said the man coolly, as he leaped out of bed and seized his trousers. "Tell the cook to hurry breakfast."

Chip Off the Old Block.
DeLong—I met your son this morning.

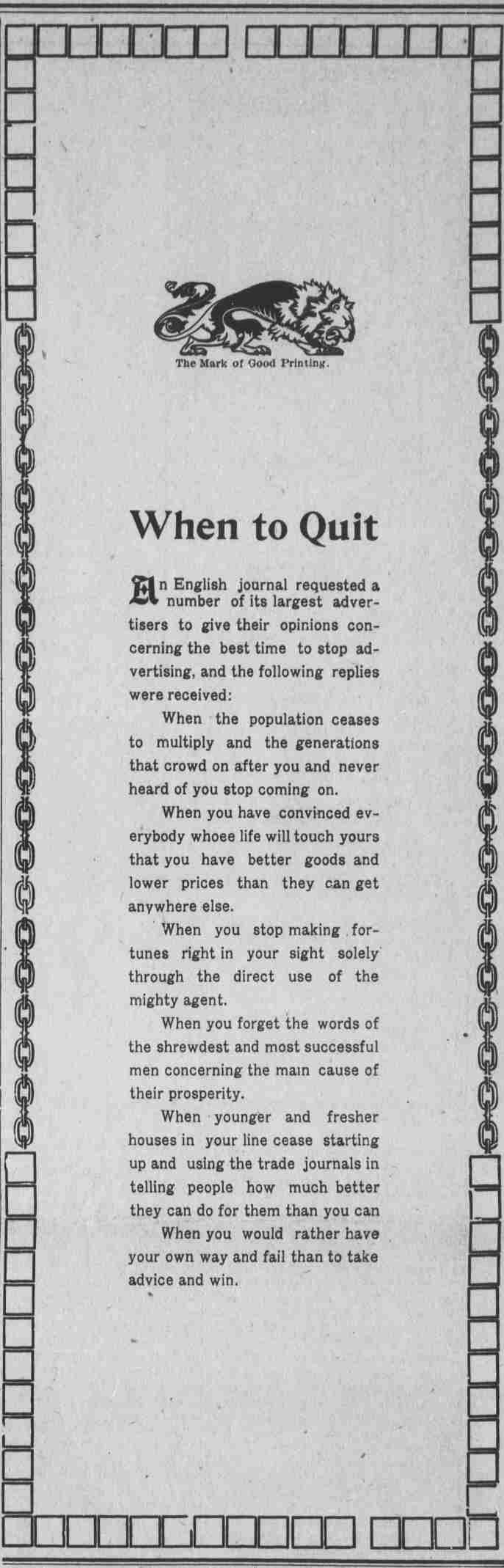
Shortleigh—Don't you think he resembles me a good deal?

DeLong—That's what. He tried to borrow a dollar from me.

Indigestion for 23 Years.

Mr. W. G. Manuel, Biloxi, Miss., says: "I suffered for twenty-three years with a most severe case of indigestion. After I had been treated by three physicians with no benefit, I began to use patent medicines. I used everything I could hear of without result, until I got the wonderful Pa-Nol. It gave me quick relief. My appetite is fine, and I scarcely have any symptom of my old trouble, although I have used only two bottles of it till now. It has done more for me than all I have tried for years put together."

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP
KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE HONEY-TAR
Sole Cloth Store and Show Box on Every Block.



When to Quit

An English journal requested a number of its largest advertisers to give their opinions concerning the best time to stop advertising, and the following replies were received:

When the population ceases to multiply and the generations that crowd on after you and never heard of you stop coming on.

When you have convinced everybody whose life will touch yours that you have better goods and lower prices than they can get anywhere else.

When you stop making fortunes right in your sight solely through the direct use of the mighty agent.

When you forget the words of the shrewdest and most successful men concerning the main cause of their prosperity.

When younger and fresher houses in your line cease starting up and using the trade journals in telling people how much better they can do for them than you can.

When you would rather have your own way and fail than to take advice and win.

THE MODERN NAZARETH.

Boyhood Home of Jesus Is Now an Up-to-Date and Cosmopolitan City.

Nazareth, where Jesus spent his boyhood, calls to mind a picture of a hazy, half-mythical village of the far east. The Palestine of to-day is a network of railroads and telegraph wires. Modern hotels with elevators and bell boys now occupy sacred places of history.

Cafes stand where once the hosts of Israel fought, contending with chariots and horsemen. The awkward camelback is transplanted by the compartment car. One would look in vain for the hospitable villager standing at the door of his humble flat-roofed home. Tall, slanting-roofed buildings predominate, with fresh red tiles imported from France.

In a prominent place on the brow of a hill stands the English orphanage, which provides for the education of the orphans of Palestine. English and Arabic are taught here, as well as housekeeping and needlework.

A telegraph station, with an Armenian operator in citizen's dress, keeps Nazareth in touch with the world. Here, when occasion demands, messages can click their way across to America.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

Man Sought Safety from Lightning by Assuming Position as an Alligator.

The police at No. 4 station are anxiously trying to solve this query: "Why does lightning never strike an alligator?"

During the storm the other afternoon Patrick Lacey, the colored policeman attached to the station, and who is at present engaged in janitor

work, was cleaning the walls, when the lightning struck the gong of the patrol wagon. That was enough for Lacey, who did not stand upon the ceremony of his going, but went.

The attaches of the station searched for him for about two hours, apprehensive that the lightning had got him, but ultimately Inspector R. S. Gray found him lying flat on his stomach on a pile of sawdust in the cellar. On being asked what he was doing there, Lacey put this query to the inspector:

"Did you ever hear of an alligator being struck by lightning?"

"No; why?"

"It is for that reason I am on my stomach."—Pittsburg Press.

Defiance.

Nero as in a fierce mood after the peacock banquet.

"Great forum," whispered the fat senator, "but the boss has a wicked gleam in his eye! Why, he looks as though he had the nerve to defy lightning."

"Lightning?" replied the lean senator. "Why, he looks as though he had the nerve to defy the head waiter."

But after the orange wine the great emperor was observed to toss over a golden tip.

John D. Rockefeller has presented to the University of Chicago a fine collection of fossils. He did not include himself in the exhibit.

Good crop and good prices are the signs of the times and the reasons why you can afford to get that new rig and harness. And we'd make you as close a price as you would expect in a hard year. Come and see us any way.
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Cures Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.