

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Short Story Each Week for The Dispatch's Younger Readers—This Week, The Old Musician.

Charles Francis Gounod, whose loss the musical world so deeply mourns, possessed a kind heart as well as the genius of a great composer. The following story told of him has the merit of being strictly true in every detail.

On Christmas evening, 1837, an old man with a stout stick walked slowly through the most fashionable quarter of Paris. His right arm pressed to his side an oblong object wrapped in a chequered cotton handkerchief. He was thinly clad, shivering, and emaciated. He was buffeted about by the skurrying crowds, apparently at a loss which way to turn. He untied the chequered handkerchief and disclosed a violin and bow. He raised the instrument and started to play a sentimental strain, but the result was only harsh and inharmonious sounds. The street gamins chaffed him. With a sob he sank down upon the steps, resting the instrument upon his knees. "My God!" he cried, "I can no longer play!"

Three young men came down the street, singing a tune then popular among the students of the Conservatoire de Musique. One of them accidentally knocked off his hat, and a second stumbled against his leg. The bare-headed old violinist rose proudly to his feet.

"Pardon, monsieur," said the third man. "I hope we did not hurt you." The speaker picked up the old man's hat.

"No," was the bitter answer.

The young man saw the violin. "You are a musician?"

"I was one." Two great tears trickled down the old man's cheeks.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?"

The old man faltered for a moment, then held out his hat to them.

"Give me a trifle for the love of God. I can no longer earn anything by art. My fingers are stiff, and my daughter is dying of consumption and want."

Down in his pocket went each one of the trio. They were but poor students, and the result was only sixteen sous. This was the combined capital of the two. The third had only a cake of resin.

"This won't do," declared the one who had apologized for the accident. "We want more than that to relieve our fellow artist. A pull together will do it. You, Adolphe, take the violin and accompany Gustave, while I go around with the hat."

A ringing laugh was the answer. They pulled their hats over their faces and turned up their coat-collars to avoid recognition. Adolphe took the violin from the man's trembling hands. Gustave straightened out his shoulders. In another moment the first notes of the "Carnival de Venise" were floating out upon the night air. Such masterful music did not customarily come from the instruments of street players. Windows of the palatial houses flew up and heads were thrust out of the openings. Strollers coming down the street stopped, and those who had gone on retraced their steps. Soon a good-sized crowd had gathered. Gustave sang the favorite cavatina from "La Dame Blanche" in a manner that held the audience spellbound. It rained money when the song was finished.

"One more tune," whispered the

old man.

"Your names, your names," the old man gasped. "Give me your names that I may bless them on my deathbed."

"My name is Faith," said the first.

"And mine Hope," said the second.

"And mine Charity," said the treasurer of the enterprise.

"You do not even know mine," continued the old man, regaining his voice. "Ah, I might have been an impositor, but I am not. My name is Chapuce. For ten years I directed the orchestra of the opera at Strasburg. It was I who led in 'Guillaume Tell.' Since I left my native Alsace misfortune has followed me. With this money my daughter and I can go to the country, and there she will regain her health, and I shall find a place to teach when she can no longer perform. You—all of you—will be truly great."

"Amen!" was the hearty response of the students, as they shook the good man's hands.

Despite their attempt at disguising, the young men had been recognized by one who afterward told the tale.

They were known to fame in later years as Gustave Roger the great tenor; Adolphe Herman, the great violinist, and Charles Gounod, the great composer.

So the old man's prophecy was fulfilled.—The Standard.

S. H. Clarke, night operator at Chamberlain, Ga., went crazy suddenly one day last week and started on a rampage. He shot and killed two men and wounded several. With two revolvers, a rifle, and two hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition he took to the woods, burning one house and raising Cain generally. Finally he committed suicide. A large posse was after him.

A WOMAN'S ORDEAL
DREADS DOCTOR'S QUESTIONS

Thousands Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and Receive Valuable Advice Absolutely Confidential and Free

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions in regard to her private life, even when those questions are asked by her family physician, and many



continue to suffer rather than submit to examinations which so many physicians propose in order to intelligently treat the disease; and this is the reason why so many physicians fail to cure female disease.

This is also the reason why thousands upon thousands of women are corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. To her they can confide every detail of their illness, and from her great knowledge, obtained from years of experience in treating female ills, Mrs. Pinkham can advise sick women more wisely than the local physician.

Read how Mrs. Pinkham helped Mrs. T. C. Willadsen of Manning, Ia. She writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that you have saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude in words. Before I wrote to you telling you how I felt, I had doctored for over two years steadily, and spent lots of money in medicines besides, but it all failed to do me any good. I had female trouble and would daily have fainting spells, backache, bearing-down pains, and my monthly periods were very irregular and finally ceased. I wrote to you for your advice and received a letter full of instructions just what to do, and also commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I have been restored to perfect health. Had it not been for you I would have been in my grave to-day."

Mountains of proof establish the fact that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for restoring women's health.

treasurer of the enterprise. "Bring out those bass notes of yours, Adolphe. I'll help you out with the baritone part, Gustave, my brave tenor. We'll finish up with the trio from 'Guillaume Tell.' And mind, now, we're singing for the honor of the Conservatoire, as well as for the sake of a brother artist."

The young men played and sang as probably they never played and sang in their life after. The most critical of the audience were enthralled.

Life came back to the old man. He grasped his stick, and adapting it as a baton, used it with the air of one having authority. He stood transfixed when they had done; his face lightened up, his eyes glistened.

The proceeds of the entertainment netted five hundred francs. Many of the wealthy listeners had thrown gold pieces into the old battered hat.

Then they gave him back his hat, and its contents, and wrapped up the instrument in the old chequered handkerchief.

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Well Slid Down Hill.
The residents of Bainbridge, Ohio, are much excited over a remarkable landslide which has taken place on the south side of that village during the last few days, for sections of the hill continue to slide away at intervals. The slide is on what is known as Higgins' Hill, where a stone quarry has been operated for many years.

The hill was over forty feet high and a great deal of valuable rock has been removed from it during the last few years, but the greater part of the broken stone and earth has been dumped on the hillside. The recent wet weather caused this to loosen a portion of the hill commencing to slide on Thursday night and has been going down ever since.

A mud roadway, which was used by teams to bring down the stone was entirely obliterated, but the remarkable part of the slide is that an old stone well, which was on the top of the hill, slid down the embankment for a distance of twenty-two feet and was not destroyed.

The well which is sixteen feet deep, has always had from twelve to fifteen feet of water in it, and there is an old windlass on the top. As has been stated, the well slid down the side of the hill, windlass, stone and water, and it did not even cause turbidness of the water. The windlass, which is nearly worn out, appears as good today as it was before the well moved.

The naval appropriation bill carrying nearly one hundred million dollars was passed by the house last week. One item in it is for the construction of the largest battleship afloat. England recently built the "Dreadnaught," which is now the biggest warship in the world. Congressman Williams suggested that the big American ship be named "Skeered o' Nothing," and that a contest between the English ship and this one be arranged, with the president and cabinet aboard.

Have you pains in the back, inflammation of any kind, rheumatism, fainting spells, indigestion or constipation, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea makes you well and keeps you well. 35 cents. J. B. Smith.

Love in Later Life.

It is a shame to any man who has courted and persuaded some girl in the freshness of her youthful beauty to leave her home and go with him, and then after years of toil and worry, child-bearing and heartaches, when the shoulders begin to stoop, the wrinkles begin to appear in her face, and her hair shows streaks of gray, it is a shame that can never be put into words strong enough to express it, for the husband to show any waning of his love for her, or his loyalty to her, because of her fading beauty or diminishing intellect. It is the most pathetic tragedy that the world furnishes, to see a man treat his wife rudely, or pass her by in cold neglect, when once he has made all sorts of professions of constant love and never-ending affection. How can such a man look such a woman in the face!

If he really loved her when she was young he would continue to love her when she is old. If his love was anything but animal passion when she was fresh and dimpled and rosy, it would abide the changes that have come to her through the toil and stress of trying to make her home a happy place.

A man ought to be horsewhipped who would go back on that woman who has been true to him, and given him the best part of her life. He ought to be horsewhipped in public. There is no crime he could commit the equal of this one. He doesn't deserve to be called husband. He is not worthy of the name father. He is simply a low-down ruffian, and the wonder is that any woman can continue to drag out a miserable existence trying to be true to such a man. He is unworthy of the respect of all self-respecting men and women.—C. S. Carr, M. D., in the Purity Advocate.

JUST ONE WORD that word is
Tutt's,
it refers to Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills and MEANS HEALTH.

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Troubled with indigestion?
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Vertigo?
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ANY of these symptoms and many others indicate inaction of the LIVER.

You Need
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Take No Substitute.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS

Short Accounts of Incidents and Events Gathered From Every Source.

The senate committee on the Panama canal has decided by a vote for a sea-level canal. The minority will report for a lock canal.

Eight car loads of shoes for San Francisco sufferers were sent from Boston last week. In all 50,000 pairs were shipped. These shoes were given free to the destitute.

Judging it by the number of bills passed, the present congress is howling success. It has made more laws than any congress ever did. Up to last week more than 3,000 laws had been made, some 800 more than ever before.

The general conference of the Methodist church had before it last week a proposition to make the limit of a preacher's term on any one charge six years instead of four, as now. This was defeated, by an overwhelming majority.

It is stated that it will take the San Francisco people five years to rebuild the city. One and a half years will be consumed in removing the debris. The people have very courageously begun to work on the vast undertaking.

In October, 1904, \$30,000 was stolen from the Forepaugh-Sells circus at Tarboro, this state. Last week William T. Spait, who was treasurer of the circus at that time, was arrested in Ohio at the instigation of the sheriff of Edgecombe county, and will be brought back to this state for trial. Spait, of course denies he is guilty.

Father Gapon, a leader of the Russian revolutionists, disappeared some time ago and nothing more was heard of him until recently when a body was found that has been identified as his body. He is supposed to have been killed by revolutionists because he confessed to being an emissary of the government.

The supreme court of the United States has decided that a state has the right to permit or prevent an outside insurance company from doing business within the state. This is clearly a state right and is not in conflict with the federal constitution. It had previously been decided that insurance was not interstate commerce.

EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD WOMAN CURED

Had Suffered Tortures From Rheumatism for 20 Years.

No matter how long you have been sick, no matter how discouraged you are from having tried so many remedies in vain, there is at last hope of a complete cure for you. The new scientific remedy, RHEUMACIDE, has cured hundreds of cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, Catarrh, Indigestion, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Trouble, La Grippe and Contagious Blood Poison, after all other remedies have failed.

RHEUMACIDE cured James Kennedy and J. F. Kline, of Baltimore, of terrible cases of Rheumatism, after all the specialists at the famous Johns Hopkins Hospital had failed. RHEUMACIDE cured W. H. Hughes, of Atkins, Va., after noted New York doctors had failed.

Here is the case of a woman eighty years old who was cured by RHEUMACIDE after she had suffered for twenty years:

"High Point, N. C., July 18.
After suffering for about 20 years with Inflammatory Rheumatism, I was induced to try a bottle of RHEUMACIDE. After taking one bottle I have felt five years younger. I am now 80 years of age, and wish to testify that I believe RHEUMACIDE is the best remedy for Rheumatism. And I heartily recommend it to all who are suffering with any of the forms of this dread disease.

"Very truly,
"Mrs. MARY E. WELBORN."
Your druggist sells and recommends RHEUMACIDE.

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A housecleaning time try Liquid Veneer. It makes everything look new. There will be no old, dull looking furniture or dingy woodwork in homes where this wonder-worker is used. No refinishing or revarnishing necessary. Liquid Veneer is not a varnish, but a surface food and cleaner that builds up the original finish and makes it brighter than ever.

It instantly restores the brilliant newness and finish of Pianos, Furniture, Picture Frames, Interior Woodwork, Hardwood Floors and all polished, varnished or enameled surfaces. Removes scratches, stains, dirt and dullness.

A child can apply it. Nothing but a piece of cheese cloth is needed and there is no drying to wait for.

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HEACOCK-KING PAT. VARIABLE FEED WORKS will increase the cut of the mill 25 to 50 per cent. Can be instantly changed from slow to fast or vice versa while saw is in the cut. Requires no change of friction or movement of the body. Is nearly automatic in operation and is controlled altogether by a slight pressure on the lever. For small mills it is superior to a steam-feed. Is attached to all of our mills.

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