Mr. Dooley's Discourses

THE INAUGURATION OF MR. TAFT BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

thirteen. Takes wanted to be Prisident iv the United States. It looked an aisy way to get the money. But ye cudden't give me the job now at anny price. I thought iv the Prisident ilict the states with a forfeit enclosed, says I. Well, annyhow, I'm glad that the future iv the nation rests on such broad shouldhers. There's only wan thing I want ye to remimber an'that settin' back whin th' returns had all is no come in, lightin' a cigar, remarkin' as toral his face changed grajally fr'm green to red that he had niver been in doubt ly th' issue at anny time an' as soon as his teeth stopped chatterin' he wud make a more extinded state-ment, an' thin settin' down to wondher why th' almanack put so manny days an' nights between Novimber an' March an' made thim iv such onusual lenth. I little knew, Hinnissy. I lit-tle knew. In th' first place Willum Taft was not ilicted at all in Novimber. He was not, I tell ye. Now don't ye get excited an' tillygraft to Willum Jennings Bryan not to give up hope fill th' returns are all in. It won't do anny good. Willum Taft was not ilicted in Novimber but he was ilicted th' other day. He was, I read in th' pa-aper. An' who ilicied him? Sweeney. Yes, sir, Sweeney, th' motorman. Th' fellow with th' red hair an' wan eye gone. That's th' man. It was th' impeeryal suffrage iv Sweeney, that made it possible f'r Willum Taft to speak his piece fr'm th' grand stand in front iv th' White House next Thursday without bein' knocked down be a polisman.

"I'll tell ye how it was. Ye don't know th' constitution iv th' United States. Ye niver read it. Th' first thing ye know, d'ye know what'll happen to ye? Ye'll be an attorney gin' ral or a Sinitor, at laste. Well, anny-how, ye always thought th' constituthe United States said that ivry four years th' mills shud shut th' saloons close up except th' side door (rap twice), an' millions ye an' ye'er frinds shud swarm to th' polls an' defeat a peerless leader Dimocracy while thousands iv fellows ye niver heard iv assimbled elseness inthrests iv th' counthry cud look silf as an independent, says L to an' annyhow Willum Jennings Bry thought ye voted f'r Bryan an' against he. Taft. But who ye ra-aly voted f'r was an Eyetalian be th' name ly Josepy Maoyrooso, high chief iv th' exeycat-ors union an' th' wan ye voted against was none other thin ye'er old frind th' gong elammer, Sweeney.

twist av th' wrist can lift a man iv me weight into th' air an' hurl him th'

frind was held in th' back room by this ly intense excitement. very retail grocery store. th' chairman iv th' caucus, big Carney says, says he, Well, boys, that ought winnin' slate. frinds let's us now adjourn to th' counter an' dhrink success to th' party iv Washin'ton an' Lincoln', says he. 'Hold on there,' says Wiggins, th' lawyer, 'ye haven't named anny prisidin-tyal ilictor.' 'So we haven't,' says Car-'Has anny of ye a chise?' says 'If ye haven't,' he, soys, 'there's a good poor fellow up my way that might be induced to take it. He's th' la-ad that is always a candydate fir coroner an' that th' sicrety ly th' convinsion puts down on th' rool as 'scattering, wan.' 'Is there annything in th' job?' says Schmidt. 'Nawthin' but honor, says Carney. Thin give it to Sweeney,' says th' caucus as wan man. "Iv course Sweeney accipted it. He didn't think so much iv th' job at first till Hogan got a copy iv th' constitution that a judge had sold to sicond-hand bookstore. Hogan cut th' leaves iv it an' told Sweeney what he found out about prisidintyal illetors. Sweeney give up his job an' bought himself a stove pipe hat an' a Prince Albert coat. He said very little durin' the' campaign but he smiled whin th' names iv th' candydates were 'Ye haven't taken a very active part in th' campaign, says L. 'No,' says he, 'I don't think twud be at all becomin' to make a public ut-Annything I might say wud be misundhershtud. But I'm makin' a quite canvass an' I believe I'll lead th' ticket be a city block,' he says. 'D'ye think I ought to get out a few litho-

"Sweeney didn't come out of the house on Illetion day. He thought it wud be undignified. But all day long he cud hear th' thramp ly feet ly citisens all over this fair State marchin' to th' polls to vote fr Sweeney. A, week or so later he come in to see me. Well, says 1. I a pose ye'er glad about laft. 'Well,' says he, knockin' th' ashes off his cigar an' lookin' up at th' cellin', 'Yes an' no,' he says. 'I agree with some iv his utthrances but in other cases he goes too far. I do not care to commit mesilf wan way or th' other. I have written to him. He was not, says he. Thin who was? says I. 'I was,' says he. 'It is thrue he spoke for me an' gave th' use ty his name to th' head iv th' ticket.' citizens who left forge an' facthry, workshop, home an' school-house an'

"Well sir." said Mr. Dooley, "in a dates dispashionately an' ye will not few days me frind Willum Taft will be ashamed iv me choice," says he, begin his vacation an' I must say 'tis wall-desarved. I can see him goin' his thumbs in th' armholes iv march, lockin' th' dure, crawlin' into bed an' sayin'; 'Don't wake me up till iliven o'clock nineteen hunderd an' I suppose, says I. 'ye'd like applications fr th' jeb, says L. They will receive proper considhration, says he interior at the contract of the consideration, says he are till receive proper considhration, says he are till receive proper consideration.

wan ivnr grajated fr'm th' lifetoral colledge into rale pollyticks, says I. 'Go now an' do ye'er duty. Be a fearless man. Vote fr annybedy ye please but don't vote at all onless ye'er sure ye'er th' fastest runner in col-ledge fr'm wan hundherd yards to th' Marathon distance, says L.

"Sthrange as it may seem, Hinnissy, no letters come fr'm Willum Taft to Sweeney. Divvie th' wan, He's a poor pollytician, that Taft. He didn't seem to think it was worth concilyating Sweeney an' yet up to th' very minyit whin th' iliothral colledge met, Sweeney hadn't made up his mind. Wan day he was f'r Elihoo Root. Another day he wud remark that he was considherin' Hinnery Cabin Lodge. Another time he says: 'I wondher if th' dher a good, succissful business man. D'ye know anny such?' says he. ot,' says I, 'ontil Congress stops talkin' about th' tariff,' says I.

"So he went down to the ilicthral

colledge an' I see him whin he come 'Well, me old college chum back. says, 'how was things at ye'er alma mather?' says I. 'I suppose ye had a fine time singin' th' familyar glees an' givin' th' old cheer. Have ye ar-ranged a fut-ball match with th' Corryspondence School? An' who did ye he, 'I looked thim all over an' considhered their qualifications an' decided that, takin' all things into considhration, Taft was th' best that offered among a poor lot,' says he. 'Whin I got down there I found what ye might call th' consinsus iv opinyon was so sthrong that Taft was th' didn't care to express mestif,' he says-'I didn't tell ye what wud've happened where an ilicted a Republican be a prodifous majority. An' how ye cheered whin th' first returns come in fr'm Texas which are th' same as Confederate money, an' how ye groaned whin th' returns come in specific with the same as that?" Th' same that happens to sampwan that thries to exercise his inalyenground with the returns come in sale rights undher th' constitution." to ye if ye'd exercised th' inalyenable fr'm Pinnsylvania, which are th' on'y says I. Th' Republicans wud have first wans that seem to count. An' thin ye chance to give it to ye; if there were wint home an' thought it was all over none iv them around th' Dimmycrata an' p'raps 'twas f'r th' best to have wud give it to ye; an' if th' Dimmy-a man in th' prisidincy that th' busi- crats were slow, I'd hand it to ye meknow what it is, says Sweeney. 'Caran made a good fight an' ye hoped ney told me. I wint to see him befure that wud be th' last iv him. Ye goin' to th' iliothral colledge, says

"So Sweeney voted f'r Taft an' all

was well. Th' proceeding were very dignified. In each State iv th' Union th' illctors gathered-men whose names ye will niver see upon th' walls ly th' Hall ly Fame, or read in histhry "Who told me? Sweeney. I nivver or even in a tillyphone book, but thought much iv Sweeney as a public names that shud be enshrined in our man although he's a pow'rful lad with hearts. They gathered somewhere, th' th' brakes. An atheleet that with wan Lord knows where, an' th' great pulse iv th' nation stopped while they performed their sacred function. Solemnlenth iv a car, is not to be threated by, in an envelope, acrost wood an' with disrespict. But I wudden't plain, fertile farms an' mountain think is enthrustin' th' distinies is th' range, th' tidings were carrid to th' range, th' tidings were carrid to th nation to a man that thinks a sthreet Capitol iv th' nation an' placed revernation to a man that thinks a stareet capitol iv th' nation an' placed revercessin' is in th' middle iv & block.
Yet if it wasn't f'r Sweeney Willum gress iv th' United States. There Taft at this minylt might be packin' was a moment iv dead silence. No wan knew except fr'm th' pa-apers who had been ilicted. Sud-practice law.
"Th' caucus that thrust this terr-rible responsibility on our illusthrees the men." There was another moment dialely set a-wooing. So overjoyed payin' jobs had been disthributed Or some unknown who wud direct th' wendherfully steady as he announced: 'I find that William Haitch Taft has received all th' votes he needs while Wilium Jennings Bryan is shy a large bunch. Therefore I declare Willum Haitch reg'larly ilicted Prisidint iv th' United States. (Laughter an' cries iv: 'Are ye sure?') "I expicted to see crowds in th' sthreet that night blowin' horns, but on'y Hogan, an' me an' Sweeney knew what a close shave Taft had had. "Taft didn't know. He thought he

was Prisidint at a quarter past eight on iliction night in Novimber. If he'd on'y known he might've injyed a month or two iv agenizing but quiet suspinse. But th' foolish popylar returns had not been histed on th' bullytin boords befure lyrybody thought he was Prisidint-lift an' threated him as such. What's he had to do says ye? What hasn't he had to do? F'r th' first thing he was whisked off to see th' Pannyma Canal, whisked off be a twenty-two thousand ton battleship-F'r sivral days he paced to an' fro on th' canal, noting th' progress iv th' splindid wurruk, that will, as Hogan says, wet the Atlantic with the Passyfick-th' houses iv th' coon laborers fr'm Jamaica, th' comfortable quar-ters iv th' ingineers an' th' baffled attimpts iv th' mosquitoes to make their nerts an' feed their fledglings in th' pails iv dhrinkin' wather. He larned to distinguish th' Gatun dam fr'in th' rest iv th' mud; allowed th' Prisidint iv th' haughty little Republic to swing on his watch chain, an'; havin' fully gratified his appytite f'r canals, was whisked back again to th' hospytality iv th' Sunny Southland. Ye have read what th' Sunny Southland done to bim. Talk as ye please, th' South has not fr'got th' war. I thought whin I read th' bill iv fare at Atlanta that I had niver seen annything so tooth-some since 'Th' Jungle' was published. Th' favrite food by th' Republicans iv th' South is a kind iv rat that lives

a three an' is called th' possum.

Prisidint-illet havin' said smid In th' manetime I expict to keep an open mind. There may be others who have akel claims on th' prisidincy.' collected th' savory rodents f'r him. He had pessum roasted, possum fried, while the man ilicted, says I. that he had niver tasted possum He had pessum reasted, possum fried, possum stewed, possum biled. Whin stewed, possum possum stewed, possum biled. Whin he sint f'r his breakfast th' waiter brought him a poached possum on can accuse Peter J. Sweeney iv ingrat-ichood. Annything I can do f'r Taft, brought him a possure accuse the control of the co ichood. Annything I can do f'r Taft, brought him a possum sandwich He in reason, I'll do,' says he. 'But,' says said he niver tasted possum befure. If we I owe a looty undher th' consti- he iver tastes annything else f'r th' Ale. I owe a joury undher the consul-fation as a mimber by the electhral rest by his life he's a lucky man. college, to the thousands by pathriotic "Thin he wint to New Orleans. This college, to the thousands by pathriotic "gapital is renowned throughout the wurruld as th' last refuge ly th' Princh gathered at th' polls on th' ides iv cook. Th' commity met him at th' last Novimber to cast their imperyous thrain an' says they: 'Ye must be hunsuffrage f'r me; an' even me frindship gry afther ye'er long fast in Atlanta. f'r Willum Haitch Taft, even me grat- Come on an' we'll give ye a taste ly ichoed to him fr his onselfish support rale Southern cheer. I won't tell ye iv me cause cannot swerye me wan th' things they hurled at th' Prisidintiv me cause cannot swerve me wan th' things they huried at th' Prisidinti-ota fr'm me path, he sayn. 'Much ilict. It is enough to say that to-day
as I dislike lavin' th' quite iv fam'ly ye could dhredge ivry river in Louislife to mingle in th' larger spear iv yana an' scrape th' bottom iv ivry
naytional poliyticks, me jooty to me barou an' not find anny livin' an' thrustin' fellow citizens must lead me on. If I find that Taft is th' man best think was worth throwin' into th' pot.
multed Pr ih' position I'll give it to Taft. But I will consider all candy- a Frinch cook can make a toothsome

dinner out iv a bar'l tv garlic an' a bone collar button—an' wan that'll

"He tottered back to Augusty an South was avenged. What's he is now? He's playin' goluf an' havin' his pitcher took. He's rayceivin diligations by prom'nent citizens in behalf by Myron T. Herrick. Great dignities are bein' shoved on him. He's been made a Knight iv Pythias un' a Free Mason; honorary captain ly offlow stuffed inside his clothes come in an' announced that he was Taft th' jovial souls recited peems they had wrote in th' back iv a bill of lading. There is no better annywhere thin th' business men iv Cincinnaty,

"He has practically completed his cabinet-which will be ample fr all his needs. As fast as each appintment was made secretly it was announced publicly be th' wife iv th' man who obtained th' coveted honor. It is a good sign iv th' intilligence iv our people that th' Prisidint-ilict has been able to choose twinty-four thousand fi-nanceers to be Sicrety of th' Threasury. There was some throuble about Sicrety iv State. Willum selicted Philander Knox f'r th' job, but some meddlesome fellow run acrost a copy iv th' constitution an' says he: 'Knox can't take th' job. 'Tis against th' constitution.' 'How cud th' constitution say annything against Philander Knox?' says Willum. 'He wass't alive whin it was written. An' annyhow, half th' time th' constitution says what it don't mean. Th' constitution has to be made to soot th' circum-stances, says Willum. An' Philander Knox got th 'job. He is a constitution-al lawyer be thrade.

"An' there ye are, Hinnissy. In a few days now a new hand will be at th' tiller iv th' Ship iv State, as th' pote calls it. But ye won't notice th' Wan captain comes along change. an' sets all th' sail, hollers his ordhere through a megaphone an' knocks down th' crew with a belayin' pin. Another ties down th' tiller an' goes into th' cabin an' plays spile-five with th' mate. It's all wan to us so long as th' old scow floats an' we don't run into annything in th' dark. Th' prin-cipal thing ye can ask iv a boat is does she float. Annything else is ex-thry. An' this wan will float as long as yo an' th' likes iv ye that are th' planks an' bolts in th' hull hold together. Ye may groan an' creak in bad weather, but if ye don't fall out th' ship's safe enough. "Tisn't th' sails th' ship's safe enough. an' spars or th' autymatic planny in captain's cabin that keeps it up but th' planks that niver get their heads above wather.'

"Is there annything in th' law to prevint a man that's been made an illeter fr'm votin' f'r annywan he places?" asked Mr. Hennessy

"Hogan says not," said Mr. Dooley. "Thin why don't he do it?" 'Because there's nawthin' in th'

WOOER TURNS HANDSPRINGS.

After Wedding Rich Old Bachelor Finds His "Bride" is a Boy. Savour, S. D., dispatch to New York

Peter Foote, a wealthy and lonely achelor, who came here from Seneca several months ago, advertised in the local newspaper for a wife. Soon after the advertisement ap-

peared a well-formed young person called on Foote. "She" wore a striking gown and "her" wealth of golden

room is this is intense excitement. Who was be at his fortune that he flipped down en would yer believe hit—when alisted. Wad it be Taft? Or Bryan? a handspring by way of proving it. Or some unknown who wad direct th' His agility made a hit with "Marie." a handspring by way of proving it.
His agility made a hit with "Marie," wa'ked John a by his side stiddy like,
wa'ked John a by his side stiddy like, counthry's destinies f'r four, years? and instead of listening to his words with them that ridin boots. He nev-Th' speaker was pale an' nervously of love "she" bade him turn more or opened his mouth. When Wes run, As we're all munched his cigar but his voice was handsprings. Peter complied and was then John run. Him is a pillar in the told he might have his answer the church, en no man hez ever cotched following day.

> oroposal, and Peter was accepted. "One moonlight night I come by Marie" consented to the ceremony here, en I set patient-like a hopin being performed immediately, and a thet John'd come out, but he never justice of the peace and a score of even come ter the door," he said, dis-Foote's friends were summoned. The consolately. bridegroom's offer to whip his en-thusiastic friends who attempted to kiss the "bride" was the only inclwedding.

Foots took his "bride" to his home. and before he had done welcoming "her" he had a vision. The "bride" removed "her" dress and also the mass of golden hair, and stood before

Foote in man's attire.
"Turn one more handspring for your love!" he cried, as he dashed through the door. "Marie" was no more than a 17-year-old boy, James Monroe, with an abnormal hankering for practical jokes.

Wilkesboro Lumber Company Sues Pennsylvanian. Wilkesbore Patriot.

The Moore-Coffey Lumber Comsany, through its attorney, Mr. W. W. Barber, has brought suit for \$20,000 damages against Martin Lawler, or common no Port Alleghany, Pa., for alleged But my he breach of contract. The suit arises him he je out of a transaction in connection with 2,000 acres of timber lands in Pears. Job's Cabin and Union townships. The complaint will allege that Lawler sold the Moore-Coffey Company the lands and then refused to consummate the deal.

LET NOT LOVE GO, TOO.

Now the purple night is past, Now the moon more faintly glows, Dawn has through thy cusement cast Roses on thy breast, a rose. Now the kisses are all done. Now the world awakes anew; Now the charmed hour is gone-

When old winter, creeping nigh, Sprinkles raven hair with white Dime the brightly glancing eye, Laughs away the dancing light. Roses may forget their sun. Lilies may forget their dew. Beauties perish, one by one-Let not love go, too.

Palaces and towers of pride Crumble year by year away; Creeds, like robes, are laid aside, Even our very tombs decay! When the all-conquering moth and rust Gnaw the goodly garment through, When the dust returns to dust, Let not love go, too.

Kingdoms melt away like snow Gods are spent like wasting flames, Hardly the new peoples know Their divine, thrice-worshiped At the last great hour of all, When thou makest all things new, Father, hear thy children call-Let not love go, too

Han'ts of the "Katy Woods"

BY IDA CLIFTON HINSHAW.

the frogs made music-actually hanty ter squeel in some little piece deluded in thinking that spring had of wood en foks hear ye. come; the birds sang gally in the treec.

In some of the farm yards the "Easter bells" were blowing, and white hyacinths and violets threw to every passing breeze their delicious sweetness, while even the "bridal wreath" with which capricious April deaks herself, waved its long, siender branches with its tiny rose-like white lossoms, jubilantly.

The farmers' wiyes had all the windows to the houses wide open-their "star" and "crazy" quilts were out on the clothes line siring; children were playing merry games in the delicious warmth of "summer time" that had chanced upon them in January.

The three girls—for the "widow"

was but a girl also, driving the fat old black horse to the high buggy, rejoiced in all this beauty. By their side rode a bronzed, midile-aged man, on a lean, gray mule;

his bridle a bit of rope. He had been delegated by their uncle to see them safely to the river, seven miles distant, where at the ferry, friends would

The little village street had long ince receded, and gone the sunshiny roads, for now they had entered the woods. the "Katy woods." On either side were tall, stately pines, intensely green, and of magnificent growth. Here and there swaving langorously from some wayside gnarled tree, hung long gray moss, such as one sees on the eastern coast of Carolina. From out the pines' sombre depths, there gleamed many brightly burnished holly scarlet from the long winding road-

side and silvery green moss. Not a bird sang here. The silence was tense. Only the pines plaintive sighing was heard. Occasionally a house would be passed far from the road usually in some dark hollow. Buddenly one of the girls broke the silence by asking: "len't this road we are on now the one they say is haunted, Mr. Smith?" He shook his head, and made re-

ply: "No'm, not that I've heard."
"Say 'hanted' " said the young widow. "He has never heard it called 'haunted.'

"Why, I had always heard it was 'ha'nted.' she replied. "Why, to be sho," he answered, they do say hit is, but." dejectedly, I hev yet ter see a hant." Then he ontinued:

jes up the road thar, yer kin see hit en a minute, is whar John Doolittle hung hisself. What fur no-bedy kin fin out. Some do say thet his gal went plum back on 'im, en others say that he had the in-di-ges-tion. 'Pears like to me ef I couldn' eat hearty, that thar would be more trouble in that then a gal a kickin'

They had reached the house nowtall, gaunt, unpainted building that forlornly reared itself above a dark

strange muffled noise. place she was to occupy as a bride. And the girls agreed she was wise in Ward, and "she" came in answer to refusing to share this oppressive lone-

"New, said Mr. Smith, impressively, "hit wuz in thet barn thar, thet he hung hisself, en he hed on high ridhim in a lie, so we jes' hed to know More handsprings, then the formal thet hit wuz true-what Wesley said. "One moonlight night I come by

They rode on in silence, the girls iastic friends who attempted to the "bride" was the only incito mar the smoothness of the ling. were in the class with race horses. "Where ghosts walk," brown-eyed girl softly, as she looked

about. A lonely-looking church had loomed in sight, and to its right lay an old graveyard. Desolation and neg-lect were written on its blackened lect were written on its blackened "slabs," and in its overgrown shrub-

Mr. Smith paused for a moment. "This is an old old church. Some do say that at night, when hit is all still-like, that at twelve yer kin hear chains a-clankin' en mournfui-like noises sorter a-groanin'. Well, one night I hed bin ter see my woman. hit was when I was courtin, en I de-cided ter come by here. I sot than, pointing to the church steps, "at least half a nhour, but didn' hear no oncommon noise, nor see any speerits. But my hoss did. When I mounted him he jes' took ea run through woods like the devil wuz

a lashin of him.
"Pears like I hants," regretfully. I can't ever hants, regretfully, "Now, Mr. Jacob Jones, he is a stewart in the
Pineville church, seen specits totin'
death, right here. Yes, ladies, he
seen 'em! He's a good man, en him a growed man, en a married man, en skeered of hants!"

Not a house was in sight now. The pines crooned softly—a trifle frteful-ly. Once a rabbit darted forth on ly. Once a rabbit darted, scam-

back yonder times. I've heerd my grandpap tells of hit, thar lived en old darky. He had forty dollars on five gallons of brandy, en two men killed him fur thet. I don't know whatever come of 'em but they do say the winder of his tree wife about stories. Here, like a wide silver ribbon, was they hev ter tak turns about stayin' wid his remains, dat air berried in dat holler over there. They say his in the wonderful depths. specifi hovers aroun that lonesome enchanting the sky!

It was a perfect day. One would Right here at the edge of the woods never dream that such a fiswisse day and up that ex a little store. Yer kin was one of January's children, but fone back to your uncle from that. nevertheless it was true. By the road- Hain't a fone funny? It's sorter

> His sister proved to be a beauty. She was tall with a slenderly round ed face, great gray heavily lashed eyes, a red wistful mouth, and in which "smouldered imprisoned fire" so warmly reddish brown Such giorious hair! An artist would have reveled in its waviness and wonderful color. Accompanying this charm of gray eyes and Pitian hair, was a wild rose like skin.

"Pa," at a distance looked benevoclose range he looked as if he should have belonged to the Puritans. His nose, though, belonged to the Napoleon order. The girls wish-"happy birthday." With a wise, almost unnaturally solemn "thank you," he gave them a look that seemed to "X-ray" their minds as to the genuineness of their remark. They then rode on to the store of the "settlement," and all three descended from the high buggy to purhase some candy.

The pleasant store keeper showed them his assortment, peppermint, horehound, red crawberries, with yellow eyes, chocolate dolls and round mints, with red hands and the letters of the alphabet it represented in the "deef and dumb alphabet." This was most fascinating, and an ingenious plan for selling more can

When the guide returned the widow remarked: "How pretty your sister is, Mr. Smith."

"Thank ye kindly," he 'Me'n pa en the Porter brothers set ly trees, glistening with ruddy ber-ries. Rabbit berries gleamed vivid- havin' a good time fixin' thet sorthat fixified! Dressing sho becomes her more than ruffly kin' but a black skirt and white waist. 'Pears lak that jes' sets her off the best! Now our little sister thet walst. died, she was four years old, she jes' took ter cookin' that nacheral, Could cook turnip sass an' her only four! Drusilla, this one that is so fixified. has got a beau, Retailin' he added briefly. do fur yer to fool in thet business now. If they kotch him they'd penitentiary him, sho. I yust ter work en'/a still. The law lowed us ter mash three bushels a day, we mashed twenty-one," he drawled. "Hain't got the still now," he added, laconically. "I'll put my sister agin' anybody fur smartness," he added, and lapsed into silence.

Piketown had been left behind, and again a road was resumed that led through the pines. Such intense sil-ence as broaded over earth and sky! cabin was passed. Two small chilfren came to the door, but closed it quickly. A hound came from around he corner, and hungrily devoured the biscuit one of the girls threw him, and slouched away. The road became narrower, and more winding, and lonelier looking. A creek game in view.

mass of riotous undergrowth. On one side was an old mill. Ferns grew on side of the house was a window—the side of the rottened wheel, and left side had none; as if an ugly sinister face peeped at one from the hill-aide with one eye jabbed out. At the foot of the hill, a creek made a old house, which looked as if a gust of wind might shatter it to atoms. An Doubtless the "gal" had seen the old bent man sat in the door. did not acknowledge the girls' salutation. He was smoking a

"Who is he?" queried the widow. "Who's who?" answered Mr. Smith. saw anybody.

"The man in the door," she replied. "Do you see a man in the door?" he queried, excitedly. "I don't," "I did, but he's gone," she answer-

"Hit must be old Uncle Georgie. He's the last of ten children that lived thar ter be old, old, old! En he goes fur off en then he comes back, when he comes back. Do tell! I'll come back this way. Now his brother sets in the door with a pipe en smokes—he's the lost hant," miserably, "on this road. En I've never

The widow grew a trifle pale, then laughed. "There is no such a thing as a hant, Mr. Smith," said the brown-eyed girl. "If people are good, hey go to heaven, and do not wish to return. If they are bad, they go to the bad place and cannot return." But Mr. Smith replied to this phil-

"Yes'm," he added, respectfully, afer awhile

Then he laughed. "Maybe hit hain't right, but I've promised a old lady—thet's the best woman outside mawus—thet when she died, ef hit wus fust, that ef she'd come ter see me an' hant me, I'd do the same by'n her ef I should be tuk fust. my own satisfaction. En she's a pizen good woman too-she'd not tell

The road had suddenly changed from sand to red clay-from gloom o light. No "hants" could walk in this clear atmosphere. The warm this clear atmosphere. sunshine seemed to pulsate with life the freshly green of the wheat just The tall oaks and elms springing up devoid of leaves stood proudly erect as if to caress the sky'e blue. houses passed, seemed to be astir with activity.

as applied to matrimony, appealed to the girls' humor, but they laughed in a subdued way—for did not "hants" appeared, and "hants" appeared, and the subdued way—for did not "hants" appeared, and the subdued way—for did not "hants" appeared, and the subdued way—for did not "hants" appeared. Par back in another world were the appeared, and the two men kept the old darky "company" and where "specrits toted death," and "chains horribly clanked." And yet Mr. Smith bemoaned the fact that the road was not really hanted! If the grim company of "specrits" had joined him on his homeward trip-well, one "Yes," said Mr. Smith musingly, on his homeward trip—well, one "down in that hollow thar, in a way does not think he would "hanker" as

the river. A deliciously blue sky mir-roring its "white laden sail clouds"

ter play his banjer; but I hain't neber seen him. I hev come by here in de day, en in de night, but 'pears lak he hain't hoverin aroun' when I'm nigh. I've hope fer hant foks myself jes' fur fun. No, thar hain't many hants on this road ter speak of." And he sighed.

A bell was rung, The ferryman responded. Mr. Smith driving the fat black horse, and leading the gray mule departed into the gladsome sunskine that led them back into the mysterious gloom of the woods—the girls slowly were ferried across the silver bar that divided them A bell was rung, The ferryman re-"And he sighed.
"We're mon' ter Piketown," he con-

tined. "Would yer min" turning to huge bird charmingly sang from out the brown-syed girl, who was drivthe brown-eyed girl, was well and the willow tree at the landing, think-ing then, "ef I stop jes fur a minnit to see pa an' my sister? Pa ez 8 to-day." She gave him the desired per-lonely and dark and—ah! It was good to be in the blessed sunshing

Sparrows Win Two Fights. New York World.

Ambrose Herrman, of Montclair, J, set out a dish of barley as food for English sparrows Sunday. Half a dozen sparrows began to eat, when two blackbirds came and tried to eat out of the same dish.

Brose says that the sparrows withdrew, and after a long conference re-turned and attacked the blackbirds The right lasted five minutes, according to Brose, and ended victory for the sparrows. blackbirds flow away, but soon returned reinforced by three more of their

The five blackbirds attacked the original six sparrows; and the battle hasted, by Brose's watch, fifteen minutes: Once again the sparrows won Brose says it all goes to show that

Church in the Open Air.

Westminster Guzette The experiment of holding services in the open air instead of inside the church is being attempted by one of the Congregational Church ministers according to an Australian paper just to hand, having in mind the badly ventilated condition of a ony churches and the fact that the congregations are not always composed of those who are in the best of health, has decided Sunday evening services shall be conducted for the remainder of the warm weather in the open air. There are no doubt, many people in this country who would like to see this experiment made over here on hot Sunda)

One of the Comics.

Philadelphia Public Ledger. "Did you get my valentine?" he sked, tremulously.

"No." she replied, "got nothing but

"But mine contained a proposal of "Oh, that was yours? Yes, I got it.

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