

PILGRIM JOE

He Meets Up With a Hustling Woman and a Resurrected Man

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I LEFT the town of Slim Hope while the dew was yet sparkling on the grass and headed for Big Chance with my heart beatin' joyously to the footsteps of my old hoss. As a pilgrim travelin' from afar I had soothed and comforted, as a tintypist I had taken a hundred pictures at 10 cents a take, as the owner of a race hoss and a fightin' dog I had won thirty big dollars, and as the inventor and proprietor of the celebrated and only liver cure I had disposed of three dozen bottles at 50 cents apiece. It would have been selfish in me not to have a song in my heart as I driv' onward with all nature gay around me.

I had proceeded about four miles on my way when I met up with a female who was headed t'other way. Owin' to her face she was not purty to look upon, and owin' to her shape she was not a Venus in the front row. I noted these things while she was still some rods distant, but with my usual kindness of heart and gentleness of soul I stopped my outfit and bowed my brow to her and said:

"Female, I greet thee and wish thee well."

"The same to you, old socks," she replied, with a smile that made her mouth a foot wide.

"Whither goest thou at this early hour, if I may be so bold?"

"I'm strollin' to'rds Big Chance with the hope of meetin' a critter on the way."

"A critter of a man?"

"The same."

"And should you meet a critter?"

"Look here, old man," she said as she rested one foot on the hub of a front wheel, "I am out here in this territory of Oklahoma to hustle for business. It's either hustle or git left, and Hanner Snow allers keeps up with the purcession. Up to yesterday I had an old man. He wasn't any great shakes, but sorter fairish."

"And somethin' happened to his boundin' speerits?" I queried.

"Somethin' did. In his absent minded way he picked up a hoss belongin' to another man, and a crowd overtook him and hung his boundin' speerits to a limb. They made a widdler woman of me in ten minits after they got hands on him. You needn't work up any words of sympathy nor squeeze out any tears of sorrow."

"But I may at least trust that your late companion is better off?"

"You may if you want to, but that won't help him any. Mebbe it so happens that you are a widdler man?"

"The sharer of my joys died ten years ago."

"And you look like a purty good man. That cock eye and humped nose don't help your beauty any, but I'm no angel myself. I'm the owner of a

claim with a thousand dollars, and my temper is sweet and my health good. Do you wish to call me your own?"

"It's a thing that needs thinkin' over," says I.

"Then think," says she.

"How long 'll you give me?"

"While I count fifty."

"That's too sudden. While I have no doubt that you are my affinity and I am yours and that Providence bring us together for our future happiness, you'll excuse me for rejectin' your heart and hand and tackle the man comin' up behind."

"Then you won't have me?" she asked.

"We'll put it that I promised the companion of my bosom never to marry ag'in. But for that promise—"

"All right, old pilgrim; no harm done," she chipped in as she started off, and three minits later she was chasin' the foot traveler across the prairie and gainin' on him at every jump.

Two miles farther on I came to a sod house on the prairie and a dejected man sittin' before it. I called out cheerily to him, as it gives me a pain to see the human heart cast down, and when he did not answer me I got down and approached him and soothin'ly said:

"Feller mortal, why this sorrow and dejection? Consider thy troubles to me and let me soothe thee."

on the ground for hours. That isn't all, however. I've reached home to find my old woman gone. I'm fearin' she's committed suicide."

"Was she a sawed off woman with a breadth of shoulders and a size of feet?"

"She was."

"Wouldst say that her face resembled the Madonna?"

"As nigh as I can remember it did, and she had a mouth and freckles to spare. It must be that you met her on the highway as you come along? Speak and relieve my burnin' anxieties."

"'Twas her I met."

"And she thought me gone hence?"

"She was sure of it."

"And, thinkin' thus, did she—she"—he stammered.

"She did, but I cast back her love and her heart," I replied, "and if she didn't qvertake the foot traveler she was pursuin' when I driv' on, you are still her husband and boss of the roost. Cheer up, feller mortal. There is hope for thee."

"Durned if there ain't," he said as he took my hand and pressed it in gratitude, and then set out to find his old woman and bring her back to the fold.

M. QUAD.

Magnanimous.

"This year, Paula, you can wish for whatever you like for your birthday."

"Oh, how delightful!"

"—for I shan't be able to give you anything at all!"

A Wise Lad.

Of a class in arithmetic a teacher asked, "Can you multiply concrete numbers?"

The class seemed uncertain.

"Well," said the teacher, "what will be the product of forty apples multiplied by six pounds of beef and two pounds of raisins?"

"Mince pie," said a small boy.—Woman's Home Journal.

Changes His Mind.

"My doctor," remarked the nervy boarder, "thought I was drinking too much strong coffee, but he changed his mind."

"What made him do that?"

"Took a meal with me at the boarding house and had some himself."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Which Needed It Most?

He—I knock against something in that sitting room every night when I pass through there in the dark. I think I had better take out an insurance policy.

She—On your life or the furniture?—Yonkers Statesman.

Reggie's Conclusion.

"Oh, mamma," shouted little Reggie as he ran to his mother in great glee, "what do you think? I was just over there where they're putting up the circus, and they're filling the ring all full of breakfast food."—Smart Set.

A Domestic Aid.

Cobbs—Dudley proposed to his wife by long distance telephone.

Hobbs—Yes, and since their marriage I notice that he prefers to talk to her in the same way.—Baltimore American.

These Telltale Eyes.

Mrs. Jagg—My husband's eyes in the morning are an open volume to me.

Mrs. Swagg—How do you mean?

Mrs. Jagg—They are red.—Comfort.

Just as They Do Ashore.

First Mate—The cook has been swept overboard, sir.

Captain—Hang her, I knew she'd leave without warnin'!—Judge.

Puzzled.

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"Feller mortal, why this sorrow and dejection? Consider thy troubles to me and let me soothe thee."

"Look at this neck," says he as he lifts his head for the first time.

"Is it made of rubber, that it can be drawn out to such extraordinary length? It seemeth three feet long."

"And it feeleth six. Durn 'em, but they hung me yesterday."

"Who, and for what?"

"A crowd of fellers, and because I had a hoss with me I couldn't account for. You, they being his boss after they had disposed the hoss to me, and I had

HEAD OF THE VANDERBILTS.

The scater William K. who is bringing home his bride.

The ultra fashionables of New York and Newport are all astir over the announcement that William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., who was married a couple of months ago in St. Mark's church, London, is soon to return to this country with his bride.

Mr. Vanderbilt has been twice married, his first wife, from whom he was divorced in 1895, being how the wife of Oliver H. P. Belmont, and there is no little speculation among the smart set as to whether the relations between the two families will be amicable or otherwise.

The present Mrs. Vanderbilt has been twice widowed. Her first husband was



MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, SR.

Samuel S. Sands, Jr., a wealthy New Yorker, who was killed while riding to hounds in 1888. After her husband's death she went abroad with her two children and in 1890 was married to Louis M. Rutherford, member of the well known Rutherford family of New York, which has been prominent socially for several generations. Mr. Rutherford died two years ago.

As Miss Anna H. Harriman, daughter of Oliver H. Harriman, Sr., Mrs. Vanderbilt was one of the belles of New York a dozen or so years ago. She is a perfect blond, with oval face and deep blue eyes. She is wealthy in her own right, having recently inherited a large fortune from her mother, and she also has the estates of her former husbands. The Harriman family is one of the most prominent in the business and social life of New York.

William Kissam Vanderbilt is the second son of William H. Vanderbilt, is fifty-four years old and is the undisputed head of the family in all business matters. He is keen, alert and clear headed, and has vastly increased the fortune left him by his father. He is said to be worth considerably over \$50,000,000.

By the terms of the divorce Mr. Vanderbilt pays \$250,000 a year alimony to his first wife, whose present husband, Mr. O. H. P. Belmont, is himself a millionaire several times over. Her eldest daughter, also the daughter of Mr. Vanderbilt, is Consuelo, duchess of Marlborough. The duchess attended the wedding of her father in London.

A DUKE'S TACTFUL WIFE.

How the Duchess of Marlborough Has Helped Her Husband.

The Duke of Marlborough, who has just been appointed undersecretary of state for the British colonies, according to the opinion expressed in English papers, is indebted in no small degree to the tact of his American wife for his political preferment.

The Duke of Marlborough, who is the ninth to bear that title, was married to Consuelo Vanderbilt, daughter of William K. Vanderbilt, in New York city in 1895. From the first the duchess was a favorite in British society and is the intimate of royalty, having on sev-



DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

eral occasions entertained King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Blenheim castle.

In his new post, the first of importance the duke has held under the government, he will be the right hand man of Joseph Chamberlain, who himself has an American wife. Mrs. Chamberlain is the only daughter of the late W. C. Endicott of Massachusetts, who was secretary of war during President Cleveland's first administration.

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A. & N. C. RAILROAD CO. TIME TABLE NO. 39

in effect Sunday, June 7, 1903, at 8 a. m.

	WESTBOUND TRAINS.		EASTBOUND TRAINS.	
	No. 1 Passenger Daily.	No. 2 Passenger Daily.	No. 1 Passenger Daily.	No. 2 Passenger Daily.
Goldsboro—arrive.	11:06	8:50	8:50	11:06
LaGrange	10:22	7:57	7:57	10:22
Falling Creek	10:12	7:47	7:47	10:12
Kinston	9:42	7:17	7:17	9:42
Dover	9:42	7:17	7:17	9:42
Care Creek	8:30	7:00	7:00	8:30
Tuscarora	9:39	6:50	6:50	9:39
Newbern	9:00	6:30	6:30	9:00
Havelock	8:00	5:35	5:35	8:00
Newport	7:45	5:21	5:21	7:45
Morehead City	7:15	5:00	5:00	7:15
Morehead City Depot.	7:05	4:45	4:45	7:05

	WESTBOUND TRAINS.		EASTBOUND TRAINS.	
	No. 1 Passenger Daily.	No. 2 Passenger Daily.	No. 1 Passenger Daily.	No. 2 Passenger Daily.
Goldsboro—leave.	8:20	6:00	6:00	8:20
LaGrange	9:10	6:50	6:50	9:10
Falling Creek	10:00	7:40	7:40	10:00
Kinston	10:50	8:30	8:30	10:50
Dover	11:40	9:20	9:20	11:40
Care Creek	12:30	10:10	10:10	12:30
Tuscarora	1:20	11:00	11:00	1:20
Newbern	2:10	11:50	11:50	2:10
Havelock	3:00	12:40	12:40	3:00
Newport	3:50	1:30	1:30	3:50
Morehead City	4:40	2:20	2:20	4:40
Morehead City Depot.	5:30	3:10	3:10	5:30

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