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 Capital \$50,000  
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Miss Phoebe's Business Venture

By MARION E. CROSSKILL

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WELL, what are we going to do, Phoebe? The money for the house is all gone and no more in sight. So we're as bad off as we were before and worse, for we haven't a house to live in or starve in, for that's what it seems to be comin' to. And we even miss our little patch of garden where we raised the cucumbers and radishes and squash. And, Phoebe, it seems as if I had the old front porch, with the roses on it and the elm tree shadin' it, to sit on these hot days I'd be most content to starve there," sighed Mary Ann.

"Don't talk that way, sister. The Lord 'll find a way somehow. We've gone from one thing to another since the bank failed, but we have always had something to eat, and I have a feeling that we always will if we look sharp."

"I was by the old place today," said Mary Ann, with another sigh. "The roses do look lovely. Oh, Phoebe, if we'd never sold it! If we could only have it back!"

Phoebe's brows contracted, and then relaxed quickly.

"Well, we shall, Mary Ann; we shall," she said cheerfully. "If we keep our courage up and think with our whole strength that the things we want are ours we will draw them to us just as steady and as sure as the world goes round. It may not look like it at first, but remember that we can't feel the earth move either, and never lose faith. Just put your mind on it as I do and will to have the old house back, and if we will hard enough and hustle in the bargain it will all come right."

"But how is it comin' right, Phoebe, when we have no money to even buy bread, let alone the old place?"

Phoebe did not reply. Sometimes her sister's complaining nature quite made her lose heart. Poor Mary Ann! She did not mean to be a burden and a drawback to her sister. She tried to help along all she could, but the weak ones little realize the power for evil of their very weakness. From Phoebe flowed hope and courage. She diffused them as a lamp sheds light. All felt them who came within their radius. They were all that kept poor Mary Ann from suicide.

Since the bank failed and their money was lost Phoebe had worn a cheerful face and worked and struggled to keep their little house in the suburbs of a thriving New England town. She had taken boarders and done sewing and nursing and whatever she could find to do, thinking courageously to keep the old roof over their heads, until with hard work and exposure to all sorts of weather a severe illness had overtaken her, and while she lay helpless the place had to be mortgaged to pay expenses, and then later on, to avoid a foreclosure, it was sold at a figure which left them but little money after the debt was paid. And through it all the brave little woman had kept up heart and striven to cheer and encourage her weaker sister.

With her health her vigor returned, and she tried first this thing and then that to make a living and turned over one plan and another, always asserting that the right thing would be found at last; that the old house would come back to them again. Her faith never wavered that it would come out all right in the end. She had to fight the battle for herself and her sister, too, for so it generally is that to every pair of strong, brave shoulders there is fitted the burden of another's weakness and cowardice. It is nearly always some one dear to us, or we would not often bear it, and love lightens the load. So Phoebe Smith carried her sis-

ter on her shoulders, though oftentimes the weight of her weakness and complaints well nigh caused the brave heart to sink by the way.

Mary Ann, who was a little past forty, seemed old enough to be her sister's mother. Her form was small and thin and her complexion sallow, while the habitual wrinkling of her forehead into an anxious, querulous pucker had brought deep, permanent lines.

"You just worry yourself to a frazzle, Nannie," said her sister, "and what good does it do? You can't worry a shingle on to the roof nor a dollar into your pocket. But you can worry yourself sick and old, and that is just what you are doing. If you would only, just to please me, throw away that bottle of liver pills and come out and help me weed this onion bed I am sure you would feel better. I have heard, and I believe it is true, that there is nothing like worry to make you bilious. You don't know how good the fresh earth smells, and the sun on your back is just glorious," said Phoebe, throwing the old straw hat back from her flushed face and wiping her brow.

They did not gather the crop from that onion bed, for the house was sold, and they moved in town and were domiciled in a little back room at Mrs. Preston's boarding house, which on account of its being on the shady side of the house they were able to rent quite cheap.

The summer was passing, and as the sisters sat day after day doing any

sewing which came their way Mary Ann was silent and dejected, and Phoebe earnestly thoughtful.

One day Phoebe returned after a long absence, and, drawing off her gloves, she said, with a cheerful smile:

"Well, it's all right. Mr. Bowen says I can have the room, and I will begin the first day school opens."

"Begin what, Phoebe? What room? What are you talking about?"

"Oh, I didn't tell you for fear you would try to discourage me, but I have been turning over the plan for some time, and of course you will help."

"Help what, Phoebe? Do tell me."

"Oh, yes. It's this: Up at the school, you know, the children all take their lunch. It is a cold lunch, of course, and I asked Mr. Bowen to speak to the school board about renting me the room in the basement next to the lunch room, and I am going to serve hot soup and malted milk and cocoa at 8 cents a mug. I will take what money I can get together by that time and buy a gas stove and the mugs and some cans of soup. We can have a different kind every day. And what do you think? Mr. Bowen has got them to let me have the room free of rent. He says it will be a benefit to the children to have something warm with their lunch. Isn't he good? Oh, the world is so full of good people!"

Mary Ann looked at her sister. "Well, Phoebe, the things you do think of! I'm sure I hope it will be a success!" she said weakly.

"A success! Of course it will!" with vigor. "How can it help it? A can of soup costs 10 cents, and less if you buy it wholesale, and it will make at least eight mugs of good soup at 8 cents apiece, and I can make a nice little mug of cocoa that will net me a profit at 2 cents. Oh, I have reckoned it all up, every cent. Of course it will be a success, and, Mary Ann, you're in it!"

Mary Ann smiled. "I'll do all I can," she said. "Certainly I'll help."

When school opened the Misses Smith were there making preparations, and when the children poured down into the big room for lunch the doors were opened into the little room next it, and there stood Miss Phoebe, wearing a white apron and a smiling face, behind a big table, with a large soup tureen in the middle, surrounded with blue mugs and a ladle in her hand, while Mary Ann, with a hot water kettle and cocoa and milk, did the honors at another. An appetizing odor arose from the soup tureen. The mugs steamed enticingly and were emptied rapidly.

Mr. Bowen, who from the first had taken a great interest in this business venture of the Misses Smith, came one day to ask how they were getting along.

"Miss Smith," he said to Phoebe, thinking how beautiful her complexion was, "I hear that Barlow wants to sell your house again. Mrs. Barlow's health is not very good here. And I was thinking, reflectively, 'that I would buy it just as a speculation.'"

He was looking at Miss Phoebe's plump hand and admiring the dimples in the knuckles. "And if you will live

in it, just to take care of it, you know, until it is sold to advantage it will be conferring a favor on me."

Phoebe fairly gasped from surprise. To live in the old house again! To plant the nasturtiums by the fence as of old and to watch the cucumbers grow in the sunny place in front of the wood shed! It was almost too good to be true.

"But we can't live there without paying rent," she said. "We are able to pay rent now if it is not too much."

"But," replied Mr. Bowen, "it will be a great advantage to have somebody living there who would take an interest in the place, and I did not think of asking any rent. But if you wish to pay a small amount it rests with you."

This satisfied Miss Phoebe's conscience and made her feel more independent. Bubbling over with joy, she rushed into the presence of Mary Ann and exclaimed triumphantly: "I said so! I said so! We are going back to our old home, Nannie!"

The spring found them training the roses on the porch and sowing seeds in their flower beds as if they had never been away.

About this time Miss Phoebe had plans for branching out. She rented a big, pleasant room in the business section of the town and started a little "tea room," as she called it, as that was the fashion. The floor was stained, and some bright but inexpensive rugs supplied bits of color. Fresh muslin curtains shaded the windows, and flowerpots stood between. The most fragrant tea and the most delicious coffee and chocolate were served, while the tea biscuit and cake and sandwiches and other good things were all made by the Misses Smith and their white aproned maids, and so the new venture was patronized and began to prosper. One evening as Miss Phoebe sat in her wicker chair on the rose covered porch Mr. Bowen came up the path.

"Good evening, Miss Smith. I just thought I would come and see how my tenants were getting along," he said, looking into the big blue eyes, which seemed to have a very contented expression in them. His wife's eyes had been black and somewhat snappy, and he found himself thinking how nice it would be to have a pair of sympathetic blue eyes like Miss Phoebe's to greet him when he came home and sit opposite him at the table. Then, too, she had such a soft, sweet voice that even a commonplace invitation to be helped to pie would be a symphony from her lips. She was speaking now.

"If you would sell the place for what you gave for it, Mr. Bowen"—she was saying.

"Sell the place!" he repeated, absently touching the lace at her wrist as her plump hand rested on the arm of her rocker and then looking up at a cluster of roses that hung by the pillar just over his head.

Miss Smith blushed as she gave a quick glance at his ruddy face and curling gray locks. A most reserved man Mr. Bowen had always appeared and the pink of courtesy and propriety.

"Yes, we will be able to buy it back very soon if you will sell it at that price."

Mr. Bowen unfastened his gaze from the cluster of roses that swung overhead and turned it full upon the roses in the cheek beside him.

Phoebe had never noticed before that he had such fine eyes and such soft, curly hair. He drew his chair a little closer.

"If you will accept the old place as a present from me, Miss Phoebe," he said.

Miss Phoebe stared at him with eyes wide open.

"A wedding present," he continued, laying his hand on hers.

The roses in Miss Phoebe's cheeks deepened to a rich crimson, and the



"THE MUGS STEAMED ENTICINGLY."

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"Land sakes alive!" gasped Mary Ann in the doorway a minute later. Was it possible that her sister could so disgrace her? She adjusted her glasses and looked again. There sat Phoebe and Mr. Bowen close as two owls on a roost. His elbow was on the back of her low wicker chair, his cheek resting against his hand, and Phoebe sat with her head well back so that it almost touched his chin. Her eyes shone softly in the gradually deepening dusk, while the roses just over their heads were nodding in silent approval, and Mary Ann turned on her heel and went back into the house perfectly scandalized.

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One Cent a Word

Lost—Memorial breast pin. Reward if returned to this office. 18tf

For Rent—Six room cottage. Apply to S. A. Griener, 213 South Lee street. 1f

For Rent—Seven room, two story house on Thomas street. A. F. Helwig. 20tf

Go to Dixie Photograph Gallery, for nice enlarged pictures. Opposite Central Hotel. 24tf

Artistic photographs at Dixie Photograph Gallery, opposite Central hotel. 24tf

For Sale Cheap—A second hand top buggy and harness. Apply at No. 128 South Fulton street. 24tf

Picture Frames, all styles and prices, Dixie Photograph Gallery, 205 So. Main street. 24tf

The Ladies New Tailoring Department is turning out all finest Class work. Call and leave your orders. LEONA A. MURPHY, Hedrick Bldg.

Farm Wanted—Within 7 miles of Salisbury. Give full description, state price (including growing crop), and when occupancy can be had. Address "FARM WANTED," care Sun

AUCTION

Saturday, January 21st, commencing at one o'clock, I will sell all my Winter Hats. LEONA A. MURPHY, Hedrick Block.

AT MOSES' SATURDAY and MONDAY—Florida Russet Oranges 15c per dozen; Cranberries, per quart 5c; Fine Bananas, Grapes, Celery Lettuce and Fresh Cauliflower.

Wanted—Lady or gentleman of fair education to travel for a firm of \$250,000 capital. Salary \$1,072 per year and expenses; paid weekly. Address, M. Percival, Salisbury, N. C. 202f

TO AMEND CHARTER OF WOODSIDE

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the next General Assembly of North Carolina, to amend the charter of the town of Woodside. This Dec. 26th, 1904

R. B. PEELER, Mayor.

A Matter of Gender.

The English language is supposed to be very simple in the matter of genders, but foreigners who triumphantly handle questions of gender of inanimate things in their own languages often have their difficulties with the English. A Frenchman recently came to grief over his English. "I fear I cockroach too much upon your time, madame," he remarked politely to his hostess. "En-croach, monsieur," she smilingly corrected him. He threw up his hands in despair. "Ah, your English genders!" he sighed.

Ambiguous English.

"Have you ever tried to explain the various meanings of some of our English verbs to a foreigner?" asked a lady who employs many servants. "My German maid went to the drug store the other day for some headache medicine and returned very much puzzled.

"The man say, 'Vill you take it or shall I send it?'" she reported. "Eef he do not send it, how can I take it?"

Just Like a Woman.

Ma Twaddles—Tommy, you've been a bad boy today, and I shall tell your father all about it when he comes home. Tommy Twaddles—Aw, that's just like a woman—can't keep a secret, can you?—Cleveland Leader.

Toilet SOAP Safety

Fine Toilet Soap can be had almost anywhere if you know what to choose, but few people can be posted in this matter. It is not necessary to know if you select soap from our Stock

The Toilet Soaps we handle are made by reputable firms. Nothing you can need in toilet, bath or nursery soaps that we cannot supply. 5c to 50c.

Salisbury Drug Company

LOST IN THE AIR.

Birds at Times Get Confused and Lose Their Bearings.

Boys are frequently lost in the woods, and it is a singular fact that birds are sometimes lost in the air. This might seem strange to almost any one, but the average man is a superficial observer of little things.

In the far north, and particularly along the ocean coasts, birds are frequently storm driven and lose their bearings, so that many of them are lost at sea. They keep floating in the air, aimlessly striving to live until exhaustion compels them to drop into the angry waves, which engulf them.

There is a well authenticated case on record of an ocean liner bringing into New York on a winter's day a large white owl which had dropped to one of the forward spars in an exhausted condition more than 800 miles off the coast of Newfoundland. It was nearly dead from cold and hunger and almost too weak to eat anything. It had become much emaciated and trembled in its distress when it tried to swallow the first morsel of meat which was placed within its beak. The captain and sailors were all interested in it, and under their nourishing care it slowly recovered and became entirely well and healthy and strong. It willingly remained with the ship afterward.

It was evidently a land bird which had been blown off from the coast of Newfoundland by strong west winds, had become lost, merely drifted before the gales, kept out of the water, almost starved to death and made its last intelligent effort to reach the ship and there fell in exhaustion and collapse.

Old sailors narrate many other instances of finding birds that have been lost in the air.—St. Louis Republic.

ONE CAUSE OF ILLNESS.

Ridiculous Fads That Spring from a Smattering of Knowledge.

A famous physician upon being asked recently what is the chief cause of ill health replied: Thinking and talking about it all the time. This ceaseless introspection in which so many of the rising generation of nervous folk indulge is certainly wearing them out. When they are not worrying as to whether they sleep too much or too little they are fidgeting over the amount of food they take or the quantity of exercise necessary for health. In short, they never give themselves a moment's peace. Our grandfathers did not concern themselves with these questions. They ate, drank, slept, as nature prompted them. Undoubtedly they were healthier in mind and body for their sublime indifference, and if we asked ourselves fewer questions we should have less time to analyze or imagine ailments.

That medical science has made remarkable progress in the last few decades cannot be denied. The fault for some present day undesirable conditions lies not with the doctor, but with the patient. There has been too great a tendency on the part of the laity to acquire a smattering of medical knowledge through the reading of so called "health" magazines and pamphlets and to put into practice on their own account that "little knowledge," which, it cannot be denied, is a "dangerous thing." The following of some most ridiculous fads along the lines of eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise has assisted in swelling the mortality statistics. Our grandfathers would hold up their hands in horror at many of the foolish things we do in the name of "health." A little more of the comfortable nonchalance of our healthy ancestors would do no harm to the rising generation.—Housekeeper.



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