

### A SCOTCH MARRIAGE.

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Billy and Fan were two New York waifs. Billy was about nine and Fan was about seven, though there was no record of the birth of either and no parents about to testify in the cases. What had become of their fathers and mothers does not pertain to the story. Billy remembered that once when he was put into the public schools for a few months he was known as William Burke. Fan had a spelling book in which was written Fanny Shaw.

Billy and Fan met one hot summer night in City Hall park, where each had gone for the purpose of sleeping on the benches. Billy had a nickel in his pocket, and Fan was crying because she was hungry. Billy took her over to a vendor of waffles on Park row and appeased her hunger. This was the seed of love—a kindness. It was not planted in a gentleman's garden, but any soil to produce fruit requires manure.

So it came about that Billy and Fan became chums. There were societies organized to take care of stray children, and Billy and Fan were dreadfully afraid that some of these societies would take them and separate them. Billy confided his fears to his friend, MacCluney, who drove a cab. MacCluney facetiously told him that to prevent this they had better get married. Billy took the advice in earnest and asked how the knot could be tied.

"Of 'em a Scotchman mesel," replied the cabman. "In Scotland if two people stand up before a third and says they marries, that ties 'em."

"Spose Fan and I stand up before you and say that?" said Billy.

The cabman laughed, and Billy went off and called Fan, who was selling papers at the time. The two returned and asked for a "Scotch" marriage. MacCluney, thinking it a good joke, asked the necessary questions and, having received affirmative answers, with a guffaw pronounced them man and wife.

But the "Scotch" marriage didn't save them from the societies. One night when they were sleeping in a coal yard a band of slummers came down on them and carried them off. They protested that they were married, which brought a smile to the faces of their abductors, but received no further notice. After all, they were separated.

Billy was sent off to a community of farmer boys. Fan was provided with parents by adoption. Both grew up in the west. Billy as a tiller of the soil, Fan as the daughter of a storekeeper in a country town. Billy, though he would not have forgotten his wife, would have forgotten that her name was Shaw had he not held on to the spelling book with the name written on the fly leaf. There were just as many tears shed by both for months after they were torn apart as if they had been children of wealth. At first both sighed for the parks, the coal and lumber yards, sheds and other places where they had slumbered, not because they had been comfortable, but because they had been together in these retreats. As they grew older they conceived a horror of this part of their past, but they did not forget each other. Billy grew to manhood with one idea. He would "save up" to enable him to regain his wife. Fan grew to womanhood wondering what had become of her pal. And, remembering the "Scotch marriage," when she was old enough to understand what it meant it made Billy an object of great importance to her. She was continually dreaming of what he was like as a youth, wondering where he was and if she would ever meet him.

But Fan grew to be twenty-four years old, and there was no sign of Billy. She had several proposals of marriage, but answered all suitors alike—that she was married already. One of them asked a lawyer if there was anything in a marriage. He received the reply that only the courts could tell, but so long as neither claimed the other there would be nothing illegal in either marrying some one else.

One day a man drove up to Fan's home in a buggy and asked for a young woman named Frances Shaw. Fan was sweeping at the time, with a towel over her hair. She tried to get upstairs, but was too late. The man approached her and said:

"Fan?"

"Are you Billy?"

"Yes."

"How did you know me?"

"I wouldn't have known you if I hadn't known you were here. As it is I see a resemblance to my little—"

He took her by the hand. She turned her face away, but did not withdraw the hand.

"—wife," he added.

Billy had bought a farm, and as soon as settled upon it he had written to New York asking information as to where Fan had been sent. The records of the society that had provided her with a home showed where that home was, and since Fan had remained in it there was no trouble in finding her.

There was a new, but very short, courtship and a new marriage. Just to be sure that they were legally married, and Billy and Fan settled themselves on his farm.

The story shows that, however high or low we are in the sphere of created beings, there is one motive power in us all, spiritually as well as physically—the human heart.

LOUISE B. CUMMINGS.

### WHEN WOMAN RULED.

The Maternal System of Descent and Female Supremacy.

"Professor Thomas, in 'Sex and Society,' tells us that 'the maternal system of descent is found in all parts of the world where social advance stands at a certain level, and the evidence warrants the assumption that every group which advances to a culture state passes through this stage,' says the Duchess of Marlborough in the North American Review.

"In Australia and Africa, with few exceptions, descent was formerly reckoned in the female line; on the continent of America, in China and Japan traces of this system are found, and in parts of India it is still in full force. Among the American Indian tribes and the aborigines of Australia missionaries and ethnologists are able to bear witness that 'the women were the great power among the clans as everywhere else.'

"As a natural consequence laws of rank and property follow the strictest maternal line, and women had in some cases the right to dismiss their husbands, keeping the children to succeed themselves and be members of their own clan.

"And after the establishment of the male system the women still held property—a survival from maternal times. A form of divorce pronounced by a husband was 'Begone, for I will no longer drive thy flocks to the pasture!'"

### A SOLAR ECLIPSE.

How It Can Happen, Considering the Size of the Moon.

It has been asked how a total eclipse of the sun can possibly happen, as the moon is smaller than the sun.

A self-luminous body, like the sun, scatters light in all directions, and when the rays fall upon a non-luminous body they are intercepted from the space immediately behind it, and a shadow is thrown a certain distance in that direction. Another celestial body, deriving also its light from the sun, will upon entering the area over which this shadow is cast be deprived of its luster either wholly or in part. This is what happens to the earth in a solar eclipse. The sun and earth revolve in the same plane of the ecliptic, and the moon, being but slightly inclined to that plane, interposes between them once in every revolution, so that it happens that they are sometimes all three in the same line. When this occurs a portion of the moon's opaque sphere is seen projected upon the sun's face, intercepting its light, proportionate with the magnitude of the eclipse, which depends upon the distances separating the centers of the sun and moon at the middle of the phenomenon. Only in cases where these centers precisely correspond can there be a total obscuration.—New York American.

### A Great Scheme.

Herbert Heavey, weighing 285 pounds, decided to reduce electrically. He wrapped a coil of copper wire round his waist, connected it with the telephone apparatus and, sure enough, began at once to grow lighter at the rate of several pounds a minute.

"This is a grand scheme," chuckled Heavey, pulling out the waistband of his trousers, which was already a foot too big for his waist.

Then suddenly the telephone bell rang.

"Is that Herbert Heavey?" a gruff voice asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, this is the exchange," snapped the voice. "Will you please stop frying scrapple with the telephone wires? Our office is all full of nasty fat."—Exchange.

### Winter.

In winter nature ceases from her labors and prepares for the great change. The wind sweeps through the great forest with a sound like the blast of a trumpet. The dry leaves whirl in eddies through the air. A fretwork of hoary frost covers the plain. The stagnant water in the pools and ditches is frozen into fantastic figures. In the low hanging clouds the sharp air, like a busy shuttle, weaves her shroud of snow. There is a melancholy and continual roar in the tops of the tall pines like the roar of a cataract. It is the funeral anthem of the dying year.—Longfellow.

### Bloozes and Blouses.

"Where will I find the bloozes?" asked the woman who had just returned from London.

"De bloozes?" exclaimed the elevator man, staring pop eyed and vague. "De bloozes—'y, dey must be on de—'scuse me, madam, you'd better ask de floor-walker."

"Certainly, madam; second floor. James, take the lady to the second floor—blouses—languary wualts, 'y' know."—New York Press.

### When a Woman Goes to Bed Mad.

When a man comes home at night his wife pours forth a recital in a mill stream of all that has happened all day. Then she gets a book, puts on her bath and begins to fish to find out what he has done all day, and she never catches a thing. Then she goes off to bed mad because she told so much.—Arlinson Globe.

### Might Be Worse.

The fashion a man has of keeping his hands in his pockets is perhaps not elegant, but it is not morally culpable, as is the practice of putting his hands in the pockets of some one else.—London Judy.

If I take care of my character my reputation will take care of itself.—Moody.

Veterinarians agree that three out of every five horses have worms and that thousand of horses die every year from this cause. Fairfield's Blood Tonic and Regulator for Horses destroys and removes all varieties of worms without injury to the animal, purifying the blood and increasing vitality.—Hutcherson Bros.

FOR SALE—Dry split, pine and oak wood, sawed or unsawed, delivered to your house on short notice.—Watt & Gardner.



SLEEPING TENT TO BE USED BY MR. ROOSEVELT AND HIS SON KERMIT, SHOWING THE COLLAPSIBLE BATHTUB.

### The Case of Major Iglehart

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It was a queer case, that of Major Iglehart. He was neglectful of duty, slovenly in appearance and drank hard. His uniform hung on him limply, his coat turned green, his boots were muddy, and his hair protruded through a hole in his hat.

Charges for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman—drunkenness—were preferred against the major. They were about to come up for trial when suddenly the enemy came down on us. The colonel led the retreat, the lieutenant colonel following in close order. Of the field officers the major alone was at the front. But he was not the officer we had known. He was transfixed. He sat erect on his horse, his eye lighted with the fire of battle, and his orders rang out in a clear, ringing tone. It seemed that he had returned to the being he had been before some great sin or some great grief had blighted him.

He found the men in confusion, some flying, some gathering their weapons and accoutrements, some making an effort at formation. The moment he appeared, out of the struggling mass a line developed, and those running to the rear came back and re-enforced it. Seizing a standard, he called upon us to follow and, charging, saved the day.

After it was over all reverted to its former status. The colonel and lieutenant colonel resumed command, and the major got drunk. But the charges were quietly withdrawn. Though the major greatly lowered the moral and social tone of the regiment, he must be endured. Everybody felt that way—the field officers because he could lead the men in battle and they could not, the line officers and the men because they must have some one to lead them when there was fighting to do. No one thought of advancing the major to the position of colonel. Such a colonel would ruin the regiment with the army. For a while we tried to treat him with consideration, but he was so shabby, so unsoldierly, in every way so degraded, that we soon gave it up and realized that our handsome colonel was still our commander.

And so it continued. When the colonel spoke to us, as he often did, in a pleasing and dignified manner, calling us "my boys," we cheered, but the first thing we knew we were following the major over breastworks or standing in line with teeth set, taking punishment. Every time there was fighting to be done he loomed up at the front, and when it was over he sank back into his habitual stupor.

Under our colonel the regiment acquired an excellent reputation for discipline and soldierly bearing. Under the major's leadership in battle we became known as one of the most gallant bodies in the army. Of course the regiment must be honored in some one's name, and it was impossible to honor us through the major. Therefore the colonel got to end of mention for gallantry and eventually was made a brigadier general. That left the lieutenant colonel in for the balance of the glory, all of which emanated from the major.

The major never made any complaint at the fact that all these honors passed over his head. He didn't seem to care. Nor did any one in the regiment object. We all felt that our services should have recognition and considered that honors conferred upon him would be no recognition at all.

At the last fight the major fought the army was held in check by a hill on which the enemy had planted artillery, and everything was at a deadlock. The general rode up to our regiment and asked for the colonel and lieutenant colonel in quick succession. Nobody could tell him where they were. He asked for the next in command. Some one told him that Major Iglehart was asleep on a fence rail near by. At that moment the major appeared. The general looked at him in despair. Nevertheless he gave him an order to take the hill.

The way the major walked us up that hill was a sight to behold. The general beheld it from below and when the hill was ours rode up and asked for the major. We showed him the officer lying on the ground with a bullet hole in his forehead. The general turned away sadly with the remark, "If he had lived he should have had a division."

We all knew more about that than the general. The major in command of a division! Absurd! Yet there was

### Something about the clay he had left behind—his former self—that made us forget his second self and think of him as a major general. With that look on his face he buried him, fired a volley over his head and forgot him till the next fight, when, having no one to lead us, we covered ourselves with disgrace and after several such episodes were mustered out of the service with dishonor.

But to finish about the major. The day after he was killed a letter came for him addressed in a woman's hand. Not knowing what to do with it, the adjutant concluded to consider it a dead letter, open it for the address of the sender and return it. It read:

My darling—Today my son, which set when you left us, believing you a guilty man, has risen, though oh, how sad! Will has confessed. You may now assume your own individuality and come back to me. Doubtless, coming as a soldier from the front, you will have great influence in obtaining a pardon for him. Come to me, my love, and forgive me for believing you when you made that false confession. In life and in eternity your love, ALICE.

The letter went back to Alice endorsed, "Killed while glory dropped a wreath upon his brow." And that's the last we ever heard of the case of Major Iglehart.

### KINGSBURY WELCH.

A Pious Advertisement.

Moral mission of the most ingenious kind is evident in the following advertisement printed in the Pennsylvania Gazette for June 23, 1787. The author of this little masterpiece is supposed to be no other than Franklin himself. "D. P." then, stands for Deborah Franklin:

"Taken out of a pew in the church some months since a Common Prayer Book bound in red, gilt and lettered D. P. on each cover. The person who took it is advised to open it and read the eighth commandment and afterward return it into the same pew again, upon which no further notice will be taken."

### The Surprise.

"That's one of the biggest surprises I ever got," said the theater manager. "How did you get it?"

"See that man over there? He came to my office and told me that we were having a lot of jolly shows this season. Said last week's production was the best yet and that he'd sent all his friends to see it. Went on to say that his favorite actor was with this week's show and he'd break his neck to get here."

"Well, where does the surprise come in?"

"He left without asking for a pass."—Cleveland Leader.

### Who's Papa Was Still.

Under our colonel the regiment acquired an excellent reputation for discipline and soldierly bearing. Under the major's leadership in battle we became known as one of the most gallant bodies in the army. Of course the regiment must be honored in some one's name, and it was impossible to honor us through the major. Therefore the colonel got to end of mention for gallantry and eventually was made a brigadier general. That left the lieutenant colonel in for the balance of the glory, all of which emanated from the major.

### Her Query.

"Where is my husband's valet?" asked Mrs. Sorer.

"He is sitting on Mr. Sorer's new boots, ma'am," the butler answered.

"And is my husband with him?" she inquired.—New York Press.

### A Distinction.

Mistress—Who was that gentleman that came in just now? Servant—It wasn't a gentleman, ma'am. It was only the master, who came for his umbrella.—London Tit-Bits.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Thomas Scott.

Reed has a nice stock to select from and prices are right.

A Home Trader.

A surgeon in a town, engaged to perform an operation of minor character upon a somewhat unsophisticated patient, asked him if he was willing to have only a local anesthetic.

"Sure," replied the other. "I believe in patronizing home industry whenever you can."

And he meant it.—Lippincott's.

A Diplomat.

Landlord—How did you manage to rent that microscopic flat to Mrs. Hunter? Agent—Dead easy. When I showed her the little rooms I told her they were all closets, and she was so pleased that she forgot to look for rooms.—Exchange.

Rebukes.

Large Lady (beamingly)—Could I get a seat near the stage, please? Box Office (surveyingly)—Why, certainly. What row did you want? Large Lady (indignantly)—Don't get fresh, young man.—Judge.

Chilling Her Ardor.

"I saw a perfect dream of a hat today," said Mrs. Musthavel.

"Well, just remember that you're no sleeping beauty," replied Musthavel, who was in an ugly mood.—Detroit Free Press.

A lot of men try to be fair, but not many would give themselves the worst of it in compiling an autobiography.—Arlinson Globe.

**No Land So Rich That Fertilizer Cannot Make It Better**

You use fertilizers for the profit you get out of them—and the better the land the more profitably a good fertilizer can be used on it. Do not imagine because land will produce a fair crop without

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that these fertilizers cannot be profitably used on it, or that they were made only for land too poor to produce without them. If poor land will show a normal increase when fertilizer is used, good land will show at least double the increase. Use Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers to increase the quality, as well as the quantity of the crop—and you will increase the profits from your land.

"I have been using your fertilizers for a number of years" says Mr. William Fraiser, of Glasgow, La., "and find that it not only pays to fertilize, but to do plenty of it, and use the best fertilizers to be had, such as your brands. I have used a number of them and found them to be as recommended and to give better results than any other fertilizers that I have ever used."

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Grey Goose Rye	.....	2.50 7.50 2.70 6.25
Satisfaction Rye	.....	3.00 8.70 3.20 6.25
Old Henry Rye Whiskey	.....	3.50 10.00 4.00 7.75
Greenwood Rye	.....	4.00 11.40 4.50 8.75
Jefferson Club Rye	.....	4.00 11.40 5.00 9.75
Highspire Rye	.....	5.00 14.00 6.00 11.50
N. C. Buckshot Corn	.....	2.00 5.75 2.20 4.20
N. C. Swallow Corn	.....	2.50 7.20 2.70 5.25
Virginia Corn Whiskey	.....	3.00 7.50 3.20 6.15
Very Old N. C. Corn Whiskey	.....	3.50 10.00
Old Burro Corn Whiskey	.....	4.00 11.00
Stran Gin	.....	2.25 6.45 2.00 5.00
Holland Gin	.....	3.00 8.70 3.40 6.40
Apple Brandy	.....	2.50 7.20 2.70 5.25
Very Old Apple	.....	3.50 10.00 4.00 7.75
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