

## TWO LETTERS.

By Grace A. Leary.

The proof of her peridy lay before him in the form of the little square note, which read:

Dear Billie—Meet me at the same place this afternoon at 2. This is to be the last time, as Vernon will be back to-morrow, and I think it would break my heart if he were to learn anything at this late day. Until this afternoon then, I am, yours with love, Jeanne.

He had come back a day earlier than expected and had hoped to surprise her by coming in through the low library window where he knew she always spent the morning over accounts and letters. The open desk and the half dried ink on the letter told him she had but lately quitted



She made efforts to reach him. The room. Stepping over to the desk to see what her dear fingers had been at work on he had found the "surprise" was on him.

Jeanne unfathomable! Impossible! And yet, what did it mean? He had always known that Will Archer had been her ardent admirer in the old days, but she had given them all up for himself.

He rose with a white face and moved toward the window through which he came. He could not stay and face her now to see her humiliated when he should charge her with her guilt. He must get away and think it all out. One fact remained clear in his mind—Jeanne no longer loved him, nothing else mattered. Explanations would do little good.

He got back to his room and wrote her a letter releasing her from her engagement to him, and telling her all he had learned. Then taking his suitcase, which he had not unpacked in his eagerness to see Jeanne first of all, he went down to the country, determined to stay there until he forgot her.

After reading the letter Jeanne made many fruitless attempts to reach Vernon by phone and telegram, and felt disconsolate and annoyed.

In the meantime Vernon was doing his best to try and forget her. Three days later he was back in town, and as he swung himself off the train he was startled by hearing his name called in the voice he had been longing yet dreading to hear.

Two girls stood on the platform and the taller and prettier of the two sprang forward with eager outstretched hands.

"Vernon," she cried joyously, "I am so glad to see you back. Why didn't you answer my telegram letting me know what was wrong? I did not know what to think. But there," not noticing that he still held her hands and was eagerly searching her face for a sign of the guilt he thought was in her heart, "you shall tell me all later. First let me introduce you to my new friend, Miss Barrett. Billie," she called to the young girl who had been standing a little way off, an interested and sympathetic spectator to the meeting of the pair, "I want you to meet Mr. Thaxter. I suppose," with a blush, "you surmised who he was. We are waiting for Billie's friend," she explained to Vernon. "He is due on the 4.15 from B—."

Vernon had started at the mention of the name that had stamped itself on his brain during the last three days.

When he returned to his room after promising to see Jeanne that evening, he found standing in the hall a large wooden box with his name on top. As he wonderingly opened the box and drew out the contents the sight that met his gaze staggered him for several minutes.

Gazing up at him from out its golden frame he beheld the perfectly pictured face of his betrothed.

Opening the note which was tucked in a corner of the frame and dated the day before he read:

Dear Vernon—Hope you will like the picture. You remember you said some time ago it was the only thing you wanted. At least, I remembered, if you have forgotten it. We were so afraid it would not be finished in time, or that you would find us out and spoil our surprise. Hoping to see you early to-night I remain, yours, Jeanne.

And she wondered why he greeted her that evening as if he had not seen her for years instead of but four hours before, but he never gained courage enough to tell her the whole truth until after the wedding.

## WORK FOR HOODOO DOCTOR.

How He Moves the "Hanger" Spells From His Patients.

Other doctors may cure you if you are stricken with some disease, but there is only one doctor who can cure you if you are really "hoodooed."

The "hoodoo doctor" is a tall, gaunt and cadaverous looking negro with a wealth of long wavy hair, and he lives in the West Side, says the Kansas City Star. He is familiar figure on the streets of both cities, and invariably carries a little black hand satchel. The hoodoo doctor is held in awe by nine-tenths of the negro population and his services are in demand by the people of his race.

"You may laugh at us for believing in our hoodoo doctor," said one colored woman, "but what is the difference between him and divine healers of the white folks?"

The Negro people, or at least a great majority of them, are firm believers in the power of the evil spirit and go as far as to credit some of their race with the power to "conjure" an enemy, or one of whom the conjurer is jealous.

When such a person pays a social call to a supposed friend the first thing necessary after the visit, according to the hoodoo doctor, is to throw coarse salt over the floor of the room in which the alleged conjurer has visited, and then, with a vigorous movement, sweep the salt east and west and north and south, while the sweeper mutters an incantation known only to the hoodoo doctor and to his patients.

The next step is to send for the hoodoo doctor—the quicker the better, in order that the conjurer may not have time to get in his deadly work or to work any material harm to the health or the happiness of his victim.

When the hoodoo doctor arrives upon the scene he goes through the salt sweeping process again and calls upon the evil spirits to depart instantly. His visits are preferably made by night, but where this is impracticable the room wherein lies the victim of the dread hoodoo is darkened. The hoodoo doctor then proceeds to rub his patient—always in the dark—and the evil spirits he rubs out of a conjured patient are said to be marvellous in size and hideous to behold. After the rubbing process is over the hoodoo doctor prepares a concoction of hard boiled eggs, fresh grass in summer or the dried article in winter, a handful of twigs and several other mysterious and more or less unpalatable ingredients, the concoction a secret known only to the hoodoo doctor. This he feeds his in tablespoon doses until he is assured that the work of the conjurer has been destroyed and his patient free from all the wiles to which victims of the evil spirit are heirs.

Once a negro has been hoodooed he is apt to have a recurrent attack at any time, always being more or less susceptible to the wicked conjurer. Thus is the hoodoo doctor in such great demand.

### Cost of Bad Temper.

A person complaining to Socrates that a man had not returned his salutation and seeming to be angry about it, Socrates said to him: "It is an odd thing that if you meet a man ill conditioned in body you would not have been angry, but to have met a man rudely disposed in mind provokes you."

This means that a bad temper is like a headache, a fever or a fit of rheumatism, and that one's attitude toward it should be that of sympathy and sorrow and not of anger or resentment, says the Ohio State Journal. A bad temper is a rheum or microbe in the blood. A man cannot help it. It is a fate that has been decreed against him by many conditions. We use the term bad temper in its accustomed sense but really there is no such thing. Temper is equilibrium, evenness, balance, poise and when this condition is disturbed a man is said to lose his temper and take on the unnatural condition, which is disease.

So when a man loses his temper he loses his health, and thus becomes an object of sympathy. And as a man who is sick loses his strength, so does a man who loses his temper. A man who flies into a passion is weaker for it afterward. One who is surly, sour, ill-natured, is always a weak man. Whatever he gains in the world is at the expense of self-respect and personal influence.

### Moguls of the Stage Door.

It is one of the traditions of the profession that every actor and actress on entering the theatre shall say "Good evening," and on leaving, "Good night," to the stage doorkeeper. During the many dreary hours I have been permitted to stand in the stuffy hallways of many stage doorkeepers I have never known an actor, from the haughtiest Shakespearean star to the lowliest, smirking chorus girl, fail to greet the stage doorkeeper with hearty enthusiasm, and I can remember but few cases of the greeting ever having been returned.—Town Topics.

### Prayers in the Senate.

Attendance at prayers in the United States Senate is not large, but it always includes Senators Platt and Dewey, who usually sit together and withdraw before the business of the day begins. Sometimes there are only five or six who assemble to hear Dr. Hale's invocation. Upon a recent occasion there were seven and a curious observer made a memorandum of their names.

## EARTHQUAKES ARE TIDAL.

Hugh Clements, English Meteorologist, Says Sun and Moon Cause Them.

Hugh Clements, the English meteorologist, says that earthquakes are caused by the joint attraction of the sun and moon, which, he claims, causes earth waves exactly in the same manner as it causes the tides of the ocean. He says in part:

"As we have always had oceanic tides, so we have always had earth tides and air tides. Such a thing as absolute stability is unknown in nature. That the room in which we stand is vibrating; instruments of sufficient delicacy would show. This fact proves the shortcomings of the senses. The ignorance of the accepted scientists of these matters is most astonishing. Lord Kelvin is a great mathematician and electrician, but he knows nothing about what makes the earth tremble and vomit fire, nor what produces floods and hurricanes."

"Prof. Milne and Dr. Lockyer are equally uninformed. All attribute wind and rain to heat and cold. Heat and cold causes gentle breezes from land to water and vice versa, but never a cyclone or a tremendous rainstorm. These are the results of air depressions due to the pumping action of the sun and moon."

"My studies and predictions relative to the monsoons of India and Central Asia, have established the hypothesis to the satisfaction of my mind not hypnotized by scientific orthodoxy. I have repeatedly foretold the day and hour when the sun and moon would empty India and Persia of air and bring the monsoon sweeping inland from the Indian Ocean. I have foretold with the same success when the depressions in the Indian Ocean would reverse these terrible atmospheric movements."

"What I need is to convince the world of the correctness and incalculable value to mankind of my method of calculation. An office with an adequate staff of observers and mathematicians could then forecast meteorological hydrographic and seismic conditions and events with a detailed exactness undreamed of by science today, thus mitigating disasters and fatalities on land and sea."

### Use of Dogwood.

There is considerable demand in this and surrounding countries for dogwood at this time. The Torrence Company, of Athens, Ga., has a mill which has been running most of the time now for more than a year. V. Fontaine of New Jersey has been in Georgia looking into the dogwood and persimmon. He intends putting up a number of sawmills at different points where these woods are to be had. Mr. Fontaine says that he will move his mill into any locality where he can secure as much as one hundred cords of either dogwood or persimmon. The mills here cut the wood up into blocks about 16 inches in length and 3 by 3. These are exported to France or England, where they are manufactured into shuttles for the cotton mills and silk mills of the world. A great many of the shuttles used in this country are brought from abroad, after having been made from American wood taken from here in blocks. This country has only one firm that can make the shuttles to compete with the foreign product, and in this case nearly all the skilled workmen are from France.

### Property Rights to Air.

A case decided in the New York Court of Appeals which is the highest judicial tribunal in that State, relating to the unauthorized use of telephone or telegraph wires over property, is of interest to every household, inasmuch as the Court decided it is illegal for wires to pass over a property no matter what its height and no matter if they are supported on the property or simply strung across or whether the property has buildings on it or is unimproved.

The action in which this decision was rendered was an ejectment suit which the Court affirmed as being a proper proceeding under the circumstances. It was held that the space above land is real estate the same as land itself, the law regarding it as inseparable from the soil and protecting it from hostile occupation accordingly.

The smallness of the wire was held not to affect the principle which is that the owner of the real estate owns the space occupied by the wire, and has the right to an exclusive possession of that space as a part of his land.

It is stated that this is the first time the question has been before a superior court for decision.

### Mermaids in History.

Nearly all nations have folklore and fairy tale accounts of mermaids, and some times of mermen. Even the American Indians has their "woman-fish" and "man-fish." The Chinese tell stories about their sea-women of the southern seas. Sometimes mermaids and mermen are represented as leaving the water and lying with human beings, but more frequently they are pictured as being so attractive that they sometimes lure human beings to destruction in the depths of the sea. These myths have been utilized by many poets, and have even been used for stories "with a moral."—St. Nicholas.

## How Jack Was Saved.

By Edna M. Kingsbury.

Out of the door fled twenty hatless, coatless figures, and after them the police. The pursued were smaller and more agile, the pursuers well trained and stronger. It was a famous raid—gamblers caught in the act, the implements, some of them valuable, all confiscated, and the men seized after a long run, all except one—Jack McKay.

That was the one drawback to the whole thing, for he was known to be leader and organizer of the gang, and a man who has organized one gang is, as a rule, perfectly capable of organizing another.

In vain all search, all offered reward; he had disappeared, as off the face of the earth, and his captured friends, though closely questioned, could give not the slightest idea as to his whereabouts.

One person could have told where Jack McKay was, and that was Mollie. Mollie was a tall slip of a girl, with soft brown hair and great blue eyes and the sweetest face ever seen on a lass. When Jack first met her on the street one day a year before he stopped short to look at her; and being a tall, square, good-looking chap, his gaze made her eyes droop and the soft color came into her face. At that Jack deliberately turned and followed her at a respectful distance to her home, made friends with her father, and in an amazingly short time was known as the sweetheart of pretty Mollie Burns.

She knew nothing about him, just took him on trust; when he said, he had enemies, she thought it was because he was so good, and he had not the heart nor the inclination to undeceive her.

Now when he dodged under the arm of a blue-coated pursuer and swung another one out of the way with one blow of his big fist, he ran more from force of habit than anything else, straight in at the door and up the stairs to the Burns tenement. It was in the small hours of the morning, and he did not want to frighten Mollie, so he pushed open the door into the kitchen and stretched out on the floor to sleep, knowing that Mollie would come first in the morning to build the fire.

When she came, he called her softly: "Mollie."

"Jack!" she cried. "Oh, what's the matter, dear?" And she came toward him with her arms outstretched and her eyes pitying him. He drew away.

"Don't, Mollie," he said huskily; "you mustn't touch me. I don't know what I'm here for anyway, unless it's to tell you the truth."

He paused and she gazed at him wonderingly. "Don't look at me that way," he cried. "I'm not fit for you to touch, nor to look at, nor to think of, Mollie, darling. I'm a bad man, and the police are after me this minute; but I had to come and tell you first that it's all true what you'll see in the papers to-day; that Jack McKay is a gambler and a sharper, and that his business is to cheat men out of their hard-earned wages. I've been trying to get into something else, for your sake, lately, Mollie, dear, but I couldn't seem to, and old ways are hard to break. So good-by, Mollie; you'd best forget all about me."

"Jack, what are you going to do?" "Give myself up to the police."

"Jack," she hesitated, then came and laid her hands on his shoulders and looked into his eyes. "Jack, dear, if I'll get you out of the country and keep them from finding you will you promise me to be a good man as long as you live?"

He caught his breath. "Mollie, it's too big a risk for you."

"Promise," she said, solemnly, "but it's leavin' my heart behind me with you, Mollie, dear."

She did not answer, but crossed the room and took an envelope from the shelf, then came and stood before him again. "Now listen, Nobody knows your name around here, so one name is as good as another. So you're Mr. John Carey and you're going back to the old country. Your room and passage were taken last Friday for to-day's boat. You see, Mr. Carey, who bought these—this ticket, had a bad turn and the doctor said it would kill him to go, and his wife brought the ticket in here for me to take back in the morning. So, Mr. John Carey, I will hire a carriage for you and to-night you'll be safe and away." Then her eyes very pleading, "Jack, you'll keep your promise, won't you? And you must try and forget me."

"Forget you, darling? Ah! it'll be rememberin' you that'll make me keep my promise. Then by and by, when I've got a job and a little money—oh, I'm not worthy of you, but I shall send for you just the same. Now let me see the ticket."

She drew away a little as she handed him the envelope, she knew what would happen. He looked up in surprise as he opened it. "Why, Mollie, there's two tickets here."

"Mrs. Carey was ticked too, Jack. But what'll I do with them?" "Mollie, oh, Mollie!" with dawning comprehension, "you don't mean you—"

"Of course I am," she said. "Did you think I'd let you go alone?"

The bones of all flying birds are hollow and filled with air, thus combining the greatest strength with the least weight.

A fine ruby weighing one carat is worth \$450; a sapphire \$350 and a diamond \$1500.

## HOW LAYERS ARE REMOVED.

Important Changes in the Methods of Building Them.

The modern method of levee building is nowhere more substantially demonstrated than in St. Francis district. In the early days of levee building it was thought that any pile of dirt approximately so high and so wide and running approximately parallel with the river was good enough.

The delusion, says The World To-day cost thousands of dollars. Today the site of the projected levee is carefully cleared of all trees, the very roots being grubbed out, because these would decay otherwise, and leave channels through the soil under the dyke through which the water would quickly undermine the structure.

Down the centre of the cleared site a trench, called technically a "mud ditch," is dug, and in this puddled clay or buckshot is filled. Upon this the earth dug from borrow pits adjacent to the levee on the landward side is placed.

It is not dumped helter skelter, but carefully spread in layers, giving the finished mound the maximum strength and solidity. These layers are laid both laterally and longitudinally across the levee, binding it in every direction.

The work of placing the dirt is done principally by means of wheel scrapers, operated by mules. Under some circumstances small hand carts are used, propelled by a locomotive and bringing the earth from a greater distance. This is not often done, except when continued rains have made the ground too soft for successful work with the teams.

### Secrets We Are Losing.

"We are losing all our secrets in this shoddy age," an architect said. "If we keep on, the time will come when we'll be able to do nothing well."

"Take, for instance, steel. We claim to make good steel, yet the blades the Saracens turned out hundreds of years ago would cut one of our own blades in two. The better 'Take ink. Our modern ink fades in five or ten years to rust color, yet the ink of medieval manuscripts is as black and bright to day as it was 700 years ago."

"Take from. The beautiful woods and reds and greens of antique Oriental rugs have all been lost, while in Egyptian tombs we find fabrics dyed thousands of years ago that remain to-day brighter and purer in hue than any of our modern fabrics. "Take my specialty, buildings. We can't build as the ancients did. The secret of their marvellous construction is lost to us. Their towers and domes were actually harder and more durable than the stone bound together, whereas ours are rags."

"We can't even make artificial diamonds now. Old brilliant of French paste were so beautiful that they could hardly be told from real brilliants by experts. But the secret of this French paste like a hundred other secrets of the days of conspicuous work, is irretrievably lost."

### Town Swallowed by a Lake.

In the eastern portion of Lawrence county is a lake, covering about twenty acres, which has a history of interest. There are still living a number of old citizens who remember when it was dry land, says the Nashville American.

Fifty years ago a prosperous country village stood on the spot where the lake now is. The town was called Ostritts, and it was one of the most important places in this section of the State in those days. Suddenly the land on which the town was located commenced to sink, and many houses, twenty or more, were carried down with it all the buildings and many stocks of goods were entirely lost. It is said that the towns men almost in a night were unable to remove their stocks of goods.

The lake where the old town formerly stood is teeming with many kinds of fish, and many fishermen visit the place during the spring and summer. Fish fries and picnics are held there, but the majority of the people who attend these gatherings little know that a town-water, and a large village stood on the ground which is now covered by the lake.

### Life's Journey.

To me, life is a highway leading through a strange country, where a mile post is passed the second time it is bordered with green fields and mountain slopes and leads from an unknown point of departure to an unknown point of arrival.

Our coming, we believe, was from omnipotence and therefore our going we hope, is to immortality.

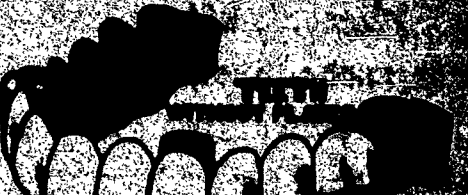
Now is the season of probation, each is chaffing a credit or a debt. As the flowers by the wayside give out their perfume to us in abundance, so also should we let unserved gentleness, kindness and goodness radiate from us to all humanity.

The important and timely message of every life is "the now," and our deeds should make humanity conscious of our passing—National Magazine.

### Motor to Remove Boiler Scale.

An electrically-driven device for removing scales from the interior of boiler tubes was a novelty at a recent exhibition in Lyons. The motor, of remarkable power for its size, is small enough to pass into the tube along which it travels, and it is all made of steel.

## Always Remember QUALITY.



## NEW TEETH.

Ready in a Day. Old teeth cut in the morning, new ones in by night. Perfect—excellent result.

\$8.00

And get the absolute perfect operation. VITALITY. The most wonderful of all dental work.

## TAFT'S

Indian and Toy MOTORCYCLES.

Flowing from the fountain of youth.

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