



How a Life Was Lost and Won.

From the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

ATTIRED from head to foot in solemn black, speaking not a superfluous word to guest or merriment in every movement, of a presence which at once inspires respect and almost reverence—such is the personality of an old, white-haired man who, a few months ago, attracted the attention of all who saw him during his sojourn at the Westminster chambers.

From day to day the curiosity of the other guests at the hostelry grew. Men were sent by their wives to try and get the mysterious personage to talk, but in vain. They were always met with courteous and respectful words, but like a small the old gentleman would draw back into his shell of silence as soon as he discovered that mere curiosity was the instigator of the conversation.

Dick Davis, who "covered" the hotels for one of the daily papers, had had the most intricate plans, by the use of which he hoped to waylay the silent stranger, but each and everyone was frustrated. At last, being almost driven to despair, he decided to forget all schemes and plots and simply send his card to the man in question, with an accompanying note, seeking an interview.

What was the surprise of the young newspaper man to receive an answer which informed him that his request would be granted!

He proved to be no less a personage than Colonel Thomas Sheldon, of New Orleans, now nearly ninety years old, who has been first a prosperous and happy cotton planter, next a dissolute gambler and spendthrift, and now is known all over the country as a philanthropist and general well-doer.

"The colonel rose as the roomer entered the room, and on motioning the younger man to a chair, said:

"Of course, Mr. Davis, after hearing my name you are partially acquainted with the story of my eventful life. It was my intention to keep secret to myself the full story of my downfall and subsequent rise as long as life lasted, but when your card was sent to me today I realized that perhaps my story would serve as a lesson to younger men than myself and so I have decided to tell you how my life was lost and won again.

"I must ask you to imagine yourself in the beautiful cotton country of Louisiana as it appeared in 1838. I was a happy man in those days, a prosperous cotton planter of many acres and possessing as fine a body of slaves as ever worked for one master.

"But all this had become mine through inheritance, and I was not so happy on their account as I was over something which I knew I had gained

by my own individual efforts. This was my wife—so young and glorious.

"When she first came into the old plantation house I gave up all the bad habits which, as a youth, I had acquired. I thought, never to be re-quit in my nature, for how could a man cause such a wife as she to be sad?

"But my happiness was of short duration. One morning, less than a year from the time she had first tripped up the long stairway, she was carried down in her coffin.

"The days went by very slowly then. I had lost my interest in the plantation, and when the time came for the annual trip to New Orleans to dispose of my cotton crop, I plunged with frightful energy into the life of dissipation which I had left on being married.

"As soon as I returned to the fields I grew restless. There is no need to recount all my visits to the metropolis, as no new features developed except a fondness for the gaming table, which grew stronger and stronger, until I discovered that all of my available funds had gone and that heavy mortgages had accumulated on my once prosperous, but now sadly neglected plantation.

"At last I decided to have a last try at the gaming board, and if that were not successful, to end my unhappy and unfortunate life and seek rest in the great unknown. Accordingly I raised as much as possible on all the property which was not encumbered. When I reached New Orleans I had just \$10 in the form of a ten-dollar gold piece, besides \$5,000 in bills of large denominations.

"I was to go to the club, the Albatross, now extinct, where all the high playing was being done, and risk all in a mad venture to win back my honor and my home. If unsuccessful, I decided to put an end to my miserable life in my room at the hotel.

"I was walking alone by a high stone wall which inclines the park, thinking of the young wife who had blessed my life for such a short time, when a most peculiar sound greeted my ears. It was the cry of a woman in grief. I was sobbing, and it seemed to come from the opposite side of the wall. I rapidly went to the nearest entrance to the park and hurried to the spot from which I thought the sound to come. I had not gone far before I heard the cry again, and hastening saw a young girl leaning in an angle of the wall, sobbing as if her poor heart would break.

"Tell me what the trouble is, little one," I said; "perhaps I can help you."

"She started at the sound of my voice and looked up at me with tear-filled

eyes. After a few moments of questioning I heard her touching little story, which was told with just enough sobbing hesitancy to convince me that this was no impostor.

"She had just left what had once been her home in the country, forty miles out of the city. Her father had died a year before, and now her mother had followed him. Now the girl, friendless and alone, had come to the city to seek her brother, who had left home for New Orleans several years before and had not been heard from since.

"My heart was touched by her simple story and my hand went down in my pocket and came in contact with the ten-dollar gold piece, and I gave it to her, telling her to be careful of it, to get herself a night's lodging, and to meet me on the veranda of the club house in the morning, and that, if I were there, I would help her to find her brother, knowing that I would not be there if unsuccessful at the night's play, but also that if I were there I would be well able to help her.

"I then left her and went on my way to the club and started to play with a recklessness that paralyzed my opponents. Bill after bill was thrown on the board, and soon, before I realized what it meant to me, only \$100 remained between me and—eternity.

"I breathlessly threw it on the table. As the ball rattled its way about the spinning wheel my mouth grew dry and my tongue felt like velvet. "Eighteen—the red—and the even," the croupier-dressed out, and I rushed from the room my head in a whirl, my temples throbbing with the pulse which I thought was so soon to cease.

"I almost ran out to the veranda, forgetting my hat—everything, except the fact that I had lost and that I would keep my vow. I stumbled over a chair, and looking down into it, was thunderstruck to see, calmly sleeping there, the girl I had befriended. She had evidently wished to be near her benefactor, and, unknown to me, had clogged my footsteps to the club.

"I remembered the \$10 I had given her. Did she still have it? I fumbled until I found it in her pocket, and there, tied in the corner of her handkerchief, was the gold piece. It looked very big and shiny when I had untied the knot.

"I ran back into the club and threw the money on the table. The coin lay on the square of the red and the odd it was, paying me thirty-two to one.

"Again I won, and again, I was playing for my life now, and made no more rash bets. I won in the remainder of the night enough to buy back the old plantation, and still have a

balance of \$40,000 to my credit in the bank.

"Again I went out on the veranda. I would help that girl to find her brother, and when that was done, would see that they did not want for anything in this world, for had she not saved my life, honor, everything?

"But when I came to the chair it was empty. I looked at the church clock across the way. It was late. Probably the girl had decided that I was not able to keep my appointment with her, and so left. But had she discovered the loss of her money?

"For a whole week I searched the city over for traces of that girl, and at last I found her selling wild flowers on the street at the water front. At once I instituted a systematic search for her lost brother, and finally located him in one of the large stores.

"I bought back the old home and once more applied myself diligently to my work there, and I built what is now called the 'Mary Thorne Home for Friendless Girls.' I had previously given \$100,000 to the city and had a young man started a modest little business for himself and is now a prosperous merchant.

"The 'Home' still stands, and is still performing its mission of good. I am glad to say that the girl, the education she had received, and the reform of one soul, my own. The name?

"Oh, yes, Mary Thorne is the name of the homeless little girl.

"This is my story. It is an interesting one, still, but after the manner of the London 'Chronicle' who a few years ago a tax was put on every mask. All that remains, besides masked balls and confetti-throwing, is an interesting ceremony, the dance of 'Los Seises' before the altar of the cathedral. The church opposed the riding of the carnival by religious attractions within her own walls; and two hundred years ago endowments were left to hold on these days the special ceremonies which for centuries have marked the feasts of the Blessed Virgin in December and of Corpus Christi in summer. The dance of the choir boys is a great feature of these celebrations. While its origin is lost in obscurity the earliest records mention it as an existing custom. 'Los Seises' were known to Alfonso the Wise, the son of the conqueror of Seville, and I venture to think the present dance dates from the conquest in 1248 and recalls the triumph of the cross over the crescent.

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LOS SEISES.

The Picturesque Carnival Dance in the Seville Cathedral.

The carnival in Seville practically died, writes a correspondent of the London 'Chronicle' who a few years ago a tax was put on every mask. All that remains, besides masked balls and confetti-throwing, is an interesting ceremony, the dance of 'Los Seises' before the altar of the cathedral. The church opposed the riding of the carnival by religious attractions within her own walls; and two hundred years ago endowments were left to hold on these days the special ceremonies which for centuries have marked the feasts of the Blessed Virgin in December and of Corpus Christi in summer. The dance of the choir boys is a great feature of these celebrations. While its origin is lost in obscurity the earliest records mention it as an existing custom. 'Los Seises' were known to Alfonso the Wise, the son of the conqueror of Seville, and I venture to think the present dance dates from the conquest in 1248 and recalls the triumph of the cross over the crescent.

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head of the crucified Christ that towers over all. It was getting dim in that wonderful pile which the old fifteen century canons of Seville determined should have no equal. The last words of the office had been sung, and black-robed prebendaries, purple-trimmed canons, with the archbishop in a wonderful robe of rich cherry-colored satin, had passed within the sanctuary rails to the seats allotted them on the right. Now the holy place gets all its light from the altar, where the host is exposed amid many waxen tapers held in silver candlesticks. The faint wreaths of blue incense smoke still cling round the twinkling tapers and curl upward until they are lost in the fretted vaulting which hangs 132 feet above the ground. Just below the flight of steps leading to the altar stands the dancer. They are always called 'Los Seises,' although on these occasions the six are increased to ten. So five are on either side, standing facing the others. Four tall and six small boys, they vary in age from nine to thirteen years. They are dressed in page costume of the period of Philip III, and wear a double of red silk (in December, blue slashed with gold, white sleeves, knee-breeches, stockings and shoes, red and gold streamer hang from each shoulder, and a white sash passes over the right shoulder and under the left arm. They carry red and gold hats, trimmed with ostrich feathers.

A small orchestra on the left strikes up, and, still facing one another, the boys sing a Eucharistic hymn. Then genuflecting toward the altar, they rise and put on their hats. The musicians play a more lively measure, and the boys, still singing, advance, step by step, one row toward the other, cross and recross, form squares, stars, and other figures. They regain their original positions by the end of each copla, which they mark by a rapid twirl on one foot. The motion is slow and dignified, one step to the bar. Perhaps at first it is a little stilted, but soon the natural Spanish grace corrects that, and it becomes quite natural and simple. I noted the only motion when forming a square was a gentle swaying from right to left, marking time with the music. During the symphony between each verse a delightful touch of color was added. Softly at first, and then swelling with the music, comes the sound of castanets played by step, one row toward the other, cross and recross, and the accompaniment adds an attraction all its own to the ceremony. The music, the compositions of various masters, is simple and sweet.

Nowhere else than in Seville does this dance take place, and, I think, nowhere else could it be performed in the same reverent and natural manner.

hereby enacted, by authority of the same, that from and after the 1st day of January, 1788, the salaries of this commonwealth be as follows, to wit:

"His excellency the governor, per annum, 100 deerskins.

"His honor the chief justice, 500 deerskins.

"The secretary to his excellency the governor, 300 raccoon skins.

"County clerk, 200 beaver skins.

"Clerk of the house of commons, 200 raccoon skins.

"Members of the assembly, per diem, 3 raccoon skins.

"Justice's fees for serving a warrant, 1 milk skin.

At that time the state of Franklin extended to the east bank of the Mississippi river and on the west bank was that great unknown forest region of Louisiana. It was then a "terra incognita," save a few canoe landings and Italian trading posts on the river banks. It was known as the district of Louisiana, and in 1805 was made the territory of Louisiana.

The state of Franklin, which became Tennessee in 1796, was almost a little known. The now great city of Memphis was a mere trading post and was not laid out as a village until 1820.

Pelts were as plentiful in those days as pennies, and much better distributed for purposes of currency and barter. The pioneers were perhaps as happy and as well contented as is the average citizen now.

ONLY MICROBES TO BE FEARED.

So the Nurse Reassured the Mother Who Made a Discovery.

"Have you sterilized the milk?" asked the prudent mother as she sat down to look at the supper for the two babies who were being reared on the most scientific principles.

The maid said that she had.

"And you have had the grain toasted before the bread was made?"

"That aid to perfect health had also been attended to."

The mother looked as if she thought it might be safe for the children to take their evening meal. She glanced at the table for a moment.

"But what is this in the milk?" she asked, and pointed out a dark spot to the maid.

The nurse looked carefully at it. Then an expression came over her face.

"Oh, that's nothing," she said, "that's no microbe, it's only a cockroach. It won't do any harm."

The Quickest Cough Eradicator.

(From the Shortsville, N. Y., Enterprise.)

This is the month that one takes cold so easily and quickly—secures that "backing" cough, which is so persistently disagreeable as we know by personal experience. And we also know that the quickest eradicator of such cough has been Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and which has been our staunch standby for several years. This is no paid "puff," but merely just recognition of an invaluable remedy for coughs, colds, and all lung affections, and like the Editor, it has scores of other staunch friends in this town. This Remedy is for sale by all druggists.

SICK MADE WELL WEAK MADE STRONG

Marvelous Elixir of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor-Scientist That Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures Are Effected That Seem Like Miracles Performed—The Secret of Long Life of Olden Times Revived.

The Remedy Is Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

After years of patient study, and delving into the dusty records of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realms of medical science, Dr. James W. Kidd, 1673 Belmont Building, Fort Wayne, Ind., makes the startling announcement that he has surely discovered the elixir of life. That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving tonic, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seem to bear him out very strongly. Life theory which he advances is one of reason and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life," as he calls it, for he sends it free to anyone who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure, at there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The name have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by some doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases and bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fever, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvelous.

Partial paralysis, loss of memory, ataxia, dropsy, gout, scrofula and piles are quickly and permanently removed. It purifies the entire system, blood and tissues, restores normal nerve power, circulation and a state of perfect health is produced at once. To the abnormal, all systems alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy today. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free by return mail.



DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD.

Save your Cubanola Bands for

Cubanola Cigar BANDS and Old Virginia Cheroot WRAPPERS may be assorted

with TAGS from "STAR," "HORSE SHOE," "STANDARD NAVY," "SPEAR HEAD," "DRUMMOND" NATURAL LEAF, "GOOD LUCK," "BOOT JACK," "PIPER HEIDSIECK," "NOBBY SPUN ROLL," "J. T.," "OLD HONESTY," "MASTER WORKMAN," "JOLLY TAR," "SICKLE," "BRANDY WINE," "CROSS BOW," "OLD PEACH AND HONEY," "RAZOR," "E. RICE, GREENVILLE," "TENNESSEE CROSSTIE," "PLANET," "NEPTUNE," "OLE VARGINY," and TRADE MARK STICKERS from "FIVE BROTHERS" Pipe Smoking Tobacco; in securing these presents, ONE TAG being equal to TWO CUBANOLA CIGAR BANDS or TWO OLD VIRGINIA CHEROOT WRAPPERS.



The above illustrations represent the presents to be given for

Cubanola 5¢ Cigar Bands

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY on outside of package containing BANDS or WRAPPERS, and forward them by registered mail, or express prepaid. Be sure to have your package securely wrapped and properly marked, so that it will not be lost in transit. Send bands or wrappers and request for presents (also requests for catalogues) to C. Hy. Brown, 4241 Folsom Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of presents for 1902 includes many articles not shown above. It contains the most attractive list of presents ever offered for bands and wrappers, and will be sent by mail on receipt of postage—two cents. Our offer of presents for bands and wrappers will expire November 30, 1902.

American Cigar Company