

THE STRANGE QUEST.

He brought a branch of olive... This strange quest of mine; Could I deny him entrance...

UNEXPECTED \$10,000.

Willie Smith was 19—pretty, vivacious, ambitious, but just now the very much discouraged owner of a small plantation and its outbuildings...

ones in the young generation. The same day he was paid, and he went to grocery and hardware and...

Willie spent most of her time out-doors watching the work and making occasional suggestions. The new cabins were surrounded by generous truck patches...

One day a brisk, prepossessing young man stepped into the Talbotton post office. "Any letters here for Willie Smith?"

"No, she called after them not at her age." "She?" curiously. "Yes. Generally her man Toke gets them, but she happened to see the mail carrier one of the men working out here, I suppose?"

"No, not exactly." He left the postoffice and walked across the street to the bank. "Has Willie Smith presented a check here for \$10,000 recently?"

"Yes, you are a Westerner, are you?" he asked. "I was, but expect to be a Southerner now," said the young man frankly. "My mother left this country nearly thirty years ago, but I have often heard her describe her old home. When I made my pile, I concluded to come back here and see the place."

"Indeed! That would have been too bad," said the young man, "but—" "There's no but now," interrupted the cashier cheerfully. "Her future's as clear as a June sky. If I'd received a check for \$10,000, I'd have been half as much pleased. Miss Willie's a fine girl—a gem in a land that is full of jewels. You must excuse my enthusiasm," he apologized, "but in a sort of way, you seem to have had a hand in the good fortune. But some time you'll get a chance to see me talk over the country. You're to be one of us now, and maybe I can give you some points on buying a place. And I'll tell you about Miss Willie and her plans. Here's a new thought seemed to strike him. 'How'd you like to go out with me and see that place? It's really better than you'd expect. It's really better for work—achilly for fun.'"

"Very well. You'll take dinner with me, and if I can be of any assistance in your search, I'll be glad to do so. Now, there's the Calhoun plantation. Johna Miss Willie and just now can be had for a song. And, really, it's the best thing you can do in the whole country. But you haven't told me your name yet, eh?"

"Smith—Call me Hamilton Smith." "A good name, sir—a good name. We have Smiths in every county in the South, but I tell them a good thing cannot be too common. My mother was a Smith."

He led the way into his private room and motioned the young man to an easy chair by an open window. "He settled himself in an easy chair and gave a glowing picture of the Calhoun plantation. The young man said little, but on his face was an expression of mingled amusement and indecision. And this amused indecision remained with him and even appeared in his voice until they went out to the Calhoun plantation. But when they returned, late in the evening, it had wholly disappeared.

"The Calhoun place? Certainly, and for a song." "Well, I want it. I suppose it's too late to get it to-night," he replied, "but if you'll arrange for its purchase early in the morning, so that the papers can be made out before noon, I'll be infinitely obliged. And I'll make it worth your while."

Count's Return on Complaint. A story is related of W. R. Forrest, the well-known Chicago criminal lawyer, who was called in to defend a man named Williamson. It was a suit for damages for personal injuries against the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. Mr. Forrest represented the plaintiff, W. J. Hynes, the defendant. The question in point turned largely upon the arrangements of the road's switchmen and from him, an Irishman named Maloney, assistant yardmaster of the Milwaukee and St. Paul road, was the witness stand. He was an important witness for the defense. His native brogue was rich and pronounced, though he had been in this country some years. He was one of those who, when he knew a thing, knew it thoroughly.

On the direct examination Maloney had been very laconic in his answers. This economy of words in his characteristic brogue made Mr. Forrest think he had an easy victim on the cross-examination. He was surprised by cross-questions the witness's Irish was crossed, and he became more voluble. The more the Irishman was prodded the hotter he became, although he did not lose his head, but damaged the plaintiff's case. Mr. Forrest saw the ground slipping from under him. The good cross-examiner he is, began to look for an opening to drop the witness without further injury to his case. He succeeded in provoking a tart reply from the witness, whereupon, thinking this his opportunity, waving his hand, he said, succinctly: "That will do, Mr. Witness. You're very smart, aren't you?" "O'rd lord, to-ratur-rin the culpleman, Master Forrest, at Ol' wain't o'nder oath," quickly replied the witness, as he arose slowly to leave the stand.

WANTED TO SEE A BICYCLE. Owned a Horse Ranch and His Best News Was Killed. "There goes one or th' goldarned things, George!"

The speaker was a white-bearded man fully 70 years of age, and from his appearance, evidently a farmer. The man who was a younger man, his high-heeled boots and red necktie also denoting the agriculturist. It was at the Morrison street bridge—and just before 5 o'clock in the morning. The gray night mist had not yet lifted from the river, but these two men, riding on their beds—impelled by their curiosity to see a bicycle.

"Yes, sir," answered the elder of the two, in response to a question, "we're out here on this bridge to see a bicycle—a critter neither of us has ever seen before. You see, we live in the mountains back of Clatskanie, an' bicycles don't come our way."

"We came up river on th' G. W. Shaver, an' comin' up, George says ter me: 'Pop, did yer ever see a bicycle?' I understand th' pesky things are plenty enough, judgin' from th' figures I've laid in th' papers, an' I'm sure th' output is th' factories buildin' them. But this is th' first time I've bin ter town in aligh in thirteen years, an' for th' life of me I kain't recollect seein' one of th' machines then."

"So I just asked th' purser where th' best place to catch sight of a bicycle was, an' he told me to go to Portland, an' he told me th' bridge here ahead of th' steamer. Well, I was that peckered to see one that I routed George out as soon as it was daylight, an' we've been standin' on this bridge ever since waitin' for a bicycle man ter come along. Then, turnin' to his companion, the old fellow said: "Well, if I did rout yer out kinder early, yer're the most interested George."

"Yer bet I am!" George replied; and then the younger man went on to tell the purser what he had done for an orange then penetrated the boy's big, lustrous hair, and the boy was soon horribly swollen from head to foot. Finally, the swelling subsided, but the boy immediately began to shed his skin. That on the face came the very fatness and finest of the flock. Sandy couldn't understand at all where they went to. He knew every man in the neighborhood, and every chicken, too, for that matter, and he knew that some stranger must be guilty of the thievery. Now, it was no small matter to catch a thief, for the boy was depending on the money that the eggs and chickens would bring him to help pay for a certain handsome little rifle that he longed to possess. So he determined to watch and see if he could catch the thief. Before daylight the next morning he was up and out, hiding in the corn crib, where he could see and not be seen. Not long afterward the chickens came clucking into the barnyard. For a time everything was quiet, and then the old red-rooster straightened up and began to grumble and turn his head from

Shed His Skin. The case of John Allen, an eight-year-old boy of this place, is puzzling the physician. He has a skin disease that orange then penetrated the boy's big, lustrous hair, and the boy was soon horribly swollen from head to foot. Finally, the swelling subsided, but the boy immediately began to shed his skin. That on the face came the very fatness and finest of the flock. Sandy couldn't understand at all where they went to. He knew every man in the neighborhood, and every chicken, too, for that matter, and he knew that some stranger must be guilty of the thievery. Now, it was no small matter to catch a thief, for the boy was depending on the money that the eggs and chickens would bring him to help pay for a certain handsome little rifle that he longed to possess. So he determined to watch and see if he could catch the thief. Before daylight the next morning he was up and out, hiding in the corn crib, where he could see and not be seen. Not long afterward the chickens came clucking into the barnyard. For a time everything was quiet, and then the old red-rooster straightened up and began to grumble and turn his head from

Not His Knife. Papa—Come, Willie, don't you see that it's very bad manners to eat with your knife? When I was a little boy I didn't do that. Willie—No, gramma says you use a little table knife. Papa—Come, Willie, don't you see that it's very bad manners to eat with your knife? When I was a little boy I didn't do that.

Fruit Soups. Fruit soups are more common abroad than here. They are served cold of course, and are a pleasant and easily prepared novelty for the company summer luncheon. Mrs. Rorer's receipts for electric soup calls for one quart of sour cherries and one quart of cold water over the fire; when boiling add half a cup of sugar and press through a colander and return to the fire. Moisten one tablespoonful of arrowroot, add to the boiling mixture, cook a moment, add one tablespoonful lemon juice, and turn out to cool. Serve cold in glasses with a little cracked ice.

They Would Not Bid. The smallest sum ever realized by a thief's sale in Pennsylvania was recently received from the sale of the personal property of a man who was at one time a prosperous merchant, but whom a series of misfortunes had ruined. At the sale mentioned only neighbors were present, and these refused to bid against his wife. The sheriff first offered the goods at their supposed value in dollars, finally dropping to cents, and in the end the lady bought in every thing for thirty-one cents.

Bacteria and Not Thunder. Scientists long since "went on record" as believing the ozone produced by electrical discharges during thunderstorms to be the cause of milk coagulation and souring during the prevalence of such phenomena. Recent experiments by Prof. Trendell prove that the souring of milk is not due to oxidation caused by ozone or other products of the electric discharge, but that it is produced by the growth of bacteria fluid, the growth of which is exceptionally rapid in sultry, hot weather, such as usually precedes thunderstorms.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER. Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Picked Up Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

What a Small Boy Cost Do. A lad in Boston, rather small for his age, according to the prohibitionist, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little for being so small, and said to him: "You will never amount to much, you can never do much, you are too small."

Hit by Their Own Game. Game killed in full flight has a momentum that carries it a long way sometimes. Several instances are recorded where birds have hit the sportsman. In one case George Monner was shooting in the woods of Long Island when a grouse, driven by beaters, came flying along fast and high up. He shot at it and then, with the other barrel, fired at another bird. Just as he was about lowering his gun, after the second shot, he saw a grouse flying over his head that knocked him senseless. The grouse first hit had tumbled against his head.

Sandy Brown's Owl. Some one was stealing Sandy Brown's chickens. Every morning when Sandy went out to scatter screenings there was at least one of the young ones missing. He was very fat and very fat and very fat and very fat. Sandy couldn't understand at all where they went to. He knew every man in the neighborhood, and every chicken, too, for that matter, and he knew that some stranger must be guilty of the thievery. Now, it was no small matter to catch a thief, for the boy was depending on the money that the eggs and chickens would bring him to help pay for a certain handsome little rifle that he longed to possess. So he determined to watch and see if he could catch the thief. Before daylight the next morning he was up and out, hiding in the corn crib, where he could see and not be seen. Not long afterward the chickens came clucking into the barnyard. For a time everything was quiet, and then the old red-rooster straightened up and began to grumble and turn his head from

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SPRAINS AND PAINS. St. Jacob's Oil. Use it and promptly feel the cure. That's all, but that is something sure.

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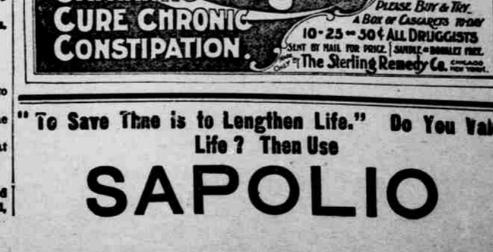
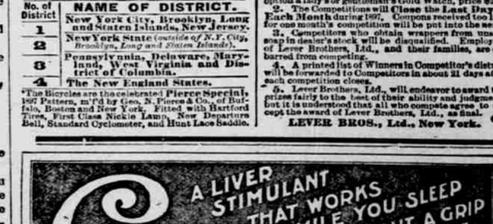
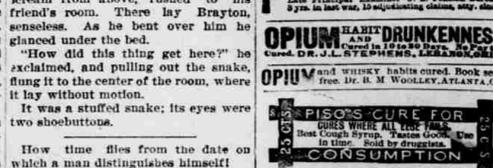
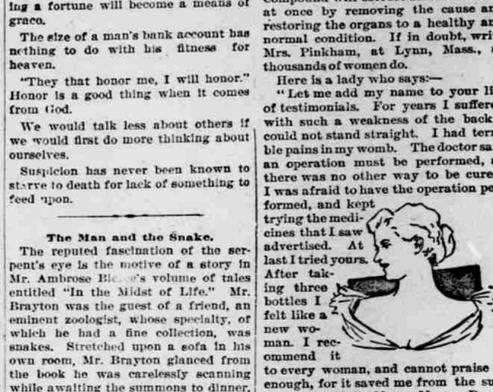
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Advertisement for Sarsaparilla, featuring a large illustration of a man and text describing its benefits for various ailments.