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Fresh groceries. Canned goods. Turkeys and chickens.

if it were all a huge mistake!

She went upstairs and began to put a few of her personal belongings into a pertmanteau. One volume she thought she must have—a copy of "The Initation of Christ." She found it after a little search, but then she remembered. It had been a gift from Everard—how long ago it seemed!—In the days of their courtship. The per name ho had given her, and that no one but he had ever called her by, "Itodie," was on the fly lenf in his handwriting. She could not take it. She kissed it and put it away in a drawer. Then she went on putting things together, one by one, on the bed.

unusurd echoing in the passage. Clos-ing the door behind him, he shouted, "Dorothy!" There was no reply.

warre arms around his neck as he did so, but there was no sound of any kind. The room was dark and cold. With trembling fingers he lit the gas. The cold light fell on a black grate. Evidently the fire had not heen touched since he left in the morning. He ran from room to room, dreading he knew not what as he threw open each door. Dorothy was not there. Nor did he notice that their hedroom window was open and that the draught chused by his opening the door land sont a scrap of thin paper on which Porothy land written a farewell message fluttering to the floor. He gazed round the described bedroom, noting the signs of packing, and the truth burst on him. He felt as if she had died. Then suddenly a revulsion of feeling came upon him.

came upon him.

"She can have no heart after all, to leave me when she knew I was in such trouble." he said, savagely. He turned left the house and never entered it again. A month later the handlord maked the furniture for your and he

left the house and never entered it again. A month later the isndiord selzed the furniure for rent and let the place to another fenant.

Forothy woke next morning with a painful sense of something dend ul having happened, and she instinctively listened to learn whether her husband was up. Then she remembered. She had been careful to leave her address, so that Everard might have no difficulty in tracing her, and she had no doubt that he would turn up some time during the day to scold her—she determined that she would submit to the scolding without a word—but, at any

As a matter of fact, on the morning of the second day Everard had left word where he was to be found at the house agent's office and inserted one or two advertisements in the daily part of the could not afford many—and then he told himself he could do no more. Forothy was dead to him—lost in the great will pool of London.

After the talk there was a long significant of the second and part the chind into his arms.

In the long talk that followed Everard explained that he had tried in vain to find his wife, and had only seen the name "Dodie" in his manuserity when it had been delivered to him along with a bundle of proof sheets that afternoon.

After the talk there was a long significant of the chind in the second of the could have a second of the chind in the long talk that followed Everard to him the long talk that he had tried in vain to find his wife, and had only seen the name "Dodie" in his manuserity when it had been delivered to him along with a bundle of proof sheet the long talk that followed Everard to him the long talk that followed Everard to him the long talk that followed Everard to him the long talk that followed Everard the long talk that followed Everard to him the long talk that followed Everard that him the long talk that him the long talk that him the long talk that followed Everard the long talk that he long talk that followed Everard that him the long talk that him the long talk tha

thoroughfares. Her heart was heavy, for there was a craille in the poor room she had left, and in the cradle a baby girl. What Dorothy Payn had gone through during the last six months on ly she and her God knew. At one time she had all but starved; but one of that much sneered-at class-district visitors—had found her out, given her syzopathy, money and fresh hope for the future. Since her recovery she had supparted hereeff chiefly by typawriting—an art she had learned in the days of her girthood.

A few days before Mrs. Relaterth,

Pickerel books, lines and tip-ups at Wallace's.

DR. DAVID Favorite KENNEDY'S Remedy The one sure cure for I diseases. It is the original witch hazel selve. Bowers of all counter.

who had succored her, had written to OLD-TIME GEORGIA DINNERS. teil her of a situation for which she might apply, it was the pest of school-No Reason Why the Well-to-De Should Have Grown Thin.

freiand. Mrs. Haloforth had told Doco-An old-fashioned gentleman, grow-nig eloquent on the subject of south-ern hospitality, and the viands that were set before friends and neighbors when invited to a feast, a reporter said:

"Will you state your recollections of what was served on such occasions if I write it downs"

"Of course I will," was the reply, "I can see such a table in my mind's eye right now. First there was soup of course. If it was cold weather we had oyster soup, or perhaps fish. If

of course. If it was cold weather we had oyster soup, or perhaps fish. If it was in the midst of the vegetable scason, we had rich, high colored beef soup, with plenty of tomatoes, okra, srated corn and such like, well-proportioned and well sensoned with pepper and a little onion.

"When the soup plates were taken off, and after the tureen was set aside, then a fine, home-raised ham took its place in front of the hostess. I can discern the delicious flavor right now in my recollection. Sometimes the skin was peeled off and the outside pleutifully sprinkled or dusted with black pepper, and that delicious meat was good as long as a piece was left on the bone. For my part, I liked it best with the skin left on, because the meat was cured so perfectly that even the skin was toothsome and preserved the juices until the meat was consumed.

"At the other and of the table in front of the host you would see a fine meat take or taken a way in the state of the same way in the server was the past traker."

"At the other end of the table in front of the host you would see a fine roast turkey—if the senson was winter or early spring—garnished with pursley or slices of cold holled eggs. The dressing was rich, made of bread crumbe; otherwise a pan was fill—with thick rich batter, plenty of eggs plenty of butter, daintily seasone; and cooked until the stuffing was of the right consistency, and then the fow! was packed full, and the little cakes of the dressing, baked along in the pan to garnish the sides of the great turkey dish. If the time was mid-summer, the turkey was replaced by huge dishes of fried chicken mean was varied if the time was ripe for kild meat or fat metton, as it happened. Late in the fall a shoulder of fat pig or a whole young pig was seen roasted to a turn.

"All along down the table you would find bowle of anole sance green or

roasted to a turn.

"All along down the table you would find bowls of apple sauce, green or dried; stewed peaches, sweet and choice; rice, every grain standing alone; pickles of all kinds, potatoes, butter, honey, light bread, nice beaten biscuits, and such desserta. Mince pies, apple and peach pies, the crust crisp and flaky; apple dumplings, rich with sugar, spice and butter; cakes that were cakes sure enough; sponge jelly and pound cake that took an hour te make and three to cook; fruit cake that was better six months after hour to make and three to cook; fruit cake that was better six months after it was made than at first; jellies, preserves, boiled custard and syllabub that it makes my mouth water to recall them in such bountiful profusion. Gracious plenty was in the kitchen as well as in the house, and no chef in the millionaire's kitchen is as much gratified as the old-time cook, whose headkerchief or turban was as white as her fresh aron was smolless whenas her fresh apron was spotless when-ever her mistress called her name and introduced her to the ladies who lingered at the table after the men folks had gone to the plazza or par-lor fire for an after-dinner smoke."—

Jumbo's Coin Collection.

Atlanta Journal.

When Jumbo was struck by a rail-road engine and killed at London, On-tarlo, in 1885, P. T. Barnum at once telegraphed to Prof. Ward a taxider-mist, of Rochester, N. Y., to superin-tend the saving of the skin and bones of the big elephant. Mr. Smith was one of the butchers employed to assist in the work.

a dollar an hour.

"In Jumbo's stomach we found as assortment of odds and ends that would have gladdened the heart of a junk dealer. There was about a peck of stones as large as hen's eggs and a collection of colns, in which a majority of the civilized nations of the earth were represented. There were French francs, German marks, Austrian thalers, English shillings, pence, and far-things and American balf-dollars, quarters, dimes and nickels. Besides Throwing a shawl over her head, she went out, closed her door behind her and began to descend the dark stuircase.

"Can you tell me whether a Mis.

Payn flves here?" said a voice close to her.

Deposity was effect of the capacity of the capacity of the capacity was effect of the capacity of the capacity was effect of the capacity of t

The residents of Vaughan Bay, twenty miles from Tacoma, Wash, are hav ty miles from Tacoma, Wash, are having a big hunt after seven whiles
which entered Vaughan Fay Christmas
Day. Being unable to find the narrow
channel leading out of the bay, the
whales have been circling around and
cutting all sorts of antics. Boatmen
have been able to approach within
thirty feet of them, and several parfies with lances have started to hunt
been down.

then down.

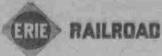
The hunters are now trying to secure the harpoons used by Tacoma fishermen three years ago when they captured a big California gray whale which yielded 800 barrets of oil At that which yielded 800 barrels of oil At that time a cannon was mounted on a tag and fired at the whale several dozen times without effect. At last harpoons were sunk into him, and he towed three rowboats around Puget Sound for over a hundred miles. By that time he was so tired that lances could be used with deadly effect. It is intended to repeat this process if harpoons can he secured before the whales escape. A number of children who cross Yaughan Bay in rowboats to go to school are staying at home until the whales disappear. whales disappear.

Furthermore, the Cincinnati Boom ers can urse the anti-Administration results in Ohio last month as another reason for bringing the Democratic Convention to the Queen City.—De-troit Free Press.

Singleton—Do you believe that marriage is a failure?
Wedgriy—No; merely an assignment in which the wife is the proferred creditor-Chicago News.

W. S. Philpot, Albany, Ga., says, 1 "I had broughitis every winter for "DeWitt's little early risers did me, years and no modicine gave me per-"I had bronchizis every winter for more good than any pills I ever took." The famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and liver best cough cure. I know it is the best cough medicine made, "says J and howel troubles.

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14.14	66, Sonday Only	7 45	53.
11	6. Daily Way Train 30, Way Except Sunday 2. Daily Express.	10.15	P/M.
14 de 15	8, Daily Express	4.80	17
10	18, Sunday only 22 Daily Except Sunday	8:50	6.

WESTWARD. 3. Daily Express 12 30 a m. 17. Daily Milk Train 8 06 11. Daily Milk Express 11 33 1, For Ho dale E pt Sun 12 10 p m. 18. Local Except Sunday 12 20 6 17. Daily Except Sunday 3 50 7. Daily Except Sunday 3 50 10 15 "

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Table

Dainties

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T. ARMSTRONG & CO.,

Brown's Building,

Milford, Pa.

"This become is not fit to eat!" He directed but on this town and smelled at it supplies the year. And the cortee is quite sold, and there is no more of toust. It is not itself to the cortee is quite sold, and there is no more of toust. It is not itself to the cortee is quite sold, and there is no more of toust. It is not itself to the cortee is quite sold, and there is not not work with ut any breakfast." The characterist of the cortee is quite sold, and they would be sold to cry, so the said no more. "Why can't you find a servant them?" growled her husband. "Such westched mismanagement I never str."

"Perlups you work we more confortable in lodgings of mismanagement I never str."

"Perlups you work we more confortable in lodgings of his kind, is sometimes the most crue) of all returns. It was so now. Yet Everaid Paya said not a word, the knew he was behaving like a brune, but he was cold, hungry such said to the fire is not something in the Bible about into a finise, but his efforts were liddirected, and the smoldering hear remained dead. He threw down the police in a passion and went out into the hill and into the street, closing the front door after blin with a bang. How the first door after blin with a bang. How the first door after blin with a bang. How the color of the returns of the wrethed breakfast table without nowing. She was alone in the little house and had no one to mind but herself. The terres came freely chough now. They irickled through her fingers and the fining in the first door after blin with a bang. How the first door after blin with a bang. How the first door after blin with a bang. How the first door after blin with a bang. How the first door after blin with a bang with the color after blin with a bang. How the first door after blin with a bang with the color after blin with a bang with the wrethed breakfast table without now line to the first was a story, and the work of the part of the first was a story, and the color of the part of the

. The whiter afternoon had given place to twilight when Everard put his latchkey into the door of the little dwelling. He had long since repeated of his had temper, and he had brought with him a twopenoy bunch of violets as a peace offering. It struck him, as he opened the door, that there was an aumstral scholing in the passage Class.

"She can't be sulking still?" he said to himself. "That is not like Dodle, Where are you?" he cried sgain, pushing onen the door of the sitting room. He half expected to feel a pair of warm arms around his neck as he did.

A year went by, and Dorothy, pale and this and shabby, was slowly draging her way through one of the great she came back her bushand said to thoroughfares. Her heart was heavy, her:

The manuscript was a story by "Gld-con Armstrong," a writer of whom she had leard once or twice within the last few months. She dashed at the written sages and covered several sheets before it occurred to her that

the handwriting was familiar to her. It could not be surely it could not be Yes, it was her husband's! So he was "Glicon Arinstrong"! He was known, becoming popular, perhaps rich; at all events, well off; and she, the poor, discarded wife, was starving in a garret, glad to earn a pft-tance by doing the work of a cierk in connection with the namuscript which would fill his packets and make him more famous than ever! Dorothy clasped her hands before her on the table, rested her hand on them and

table, rested her hend on them and wept bitterly.

At last she bent to her work and for a time wrate steadily. But suddenly she came to a full stop.

"It was impossible for Dodie to say more."

Her own pet name, the name Everard had given her when they were lovers, looked out at her from the paper, put evidently by mistake for the name of the lecoins. She must have been in his mind, she said to herself, or her name could not have found its or her name could not have found its way to the paper! She blushed and her eyes shone. But what was she to do? Was she to hold her peace and let him go? If he indeed remembered

Then an idea struck her. Here and there throughout the manuscript she substituted "Dodic" for the name Everand had given his heroine. She thought he would be sure to notice this, to wonder why it had been done, to make inquiries. If he did not choose to do so, if he made no sign, she could go an as she was doing.

That night the manuscript was finished. Next day she took it back to the office and received the few shilings that were due to her for her histor. Then she went home and waited.

One evening she could not work—

The she were well paid, getting a dollar an hour. Then an idea struck her. Here and

when she noticed that, the baby's cough mixture was nearly finished. Only a few drops were left in the bottle. It was scarcely ten o'clock; the druggist's shop would be open if she went at once.

Throwing a shawl over her head she

Dorothy was silent. She felt as if her

heart must stop beating if she tried to speak.
"I thought I heard some one coming down. I shall do you no harm. Surely you need not be afraid to tell me if Mrs. Payn lives in this house." When Dorothy came to herself she was lying on the floor of her room, her head resting on her husband's arm,

"Is that our baby, Dorothy?" said her bushand, wondering, Dorothy blushed and nodded, and put the child

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