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MISCELLANEOUS.

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History of the "Five Minutes" Bell.

There is a history attached to the tolling of a single bell after a peal which is not generally known. Popularly it is described as the "five minutes" bell, and it is thought to be a final warning to the people that if they do not really hurry up at the end they will be late. As a matter of fact, it has a far older history. In earlier days it was not customary to have sermons so frequently as is now the case. On special occasions an instruction was given or a sermon was preached, and on these special occasions the little bell was tolled after the peal in order that the faithful might understand that it was one of the special occasions on which the clergy would address their flocks.—London Globe.

Words Without Rhyme. Bulb has no rhyme. Culp, cusp, recumb, gulf, month, doth, amongst, are other rhymeless words having the sound of u as in but. Few patriotic words in the language have this vowel sound, so commonplace and without dignity; hence poets turn to it only for blood, flood and a few similar turbulent monosyllables. They use it often, however, in forcing the accent from the antepenultimate syllable to the final, where its unpleasant sound is concealed by the softened stress. Thus has many rhymes, such as felicitous, mysterious, inglorious, etc.—London Chronicle.

A Pleasant Prospect. He—Here is good news for women. A high medical authority says that the little toe will gradually disappear. She—Why is that good for women? He—Why, if the little toe disappears, why not the others? And if they all disappear women will be able to wear smaller shoes.—Brooklyn Life.

Taking Him Down. "Yes," said the pompous man, "we move in the best society when we're at home." "Yes," replied the man with the cold gray eye. "I have some friends in that business too. Do you use the padded vans?"—Exchange.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED BITTERS. Keep the stomach strong and healthy by using the Bitters and you have the secret of health and strength. There is nothing else near so good. It always cures. Indigestion, Poor Appetite, Flatulency, Weak Kidneys, Dyspepsia, Chills, Colds or Malaria. Try it.

HANDKERCHIEF CARNIVAL. A large shipment of Japanese initialed silk handkerchiefs just received from the Orient. They contain all the latest Oriental designs and fashions. You will want some for Xmas, if you see them. J. W. KWONG CO. 420 Commercial Street.

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For Love of The Major

By HENRY COLGATE. Copyright, 1904, by K. M. Whitehead

Major Davis, paymaster, with headquarters at Fort Brady, was eating his supper at San Remo ranch, presided over by Apache Joe, one of the steekiest, slickest Mexicans in all the west. The sergeant and the troopers of his escort were frying their bacon at a campfire outside. While Jose, who waited on the officer, was away after the wine the major received a sudden shock. The handsomest Mexican girl he had ever seen softly entered the room, a finger on her lips, and whispered:

"Don't drink the wine, senior. It will be poisoned! Don't sleep in the house tonight. They come to rob and murder you!"

She was gone before the son of Mars could reach out and grasp her sleeve or utter a word in reply. He had stopped at the ranch several times before and knew that the girl was a recent arrival. Jose was back with the wine a minute after the girl had disappeared, but the officer waved him away, saying:

"It is kind of you, Jose, but not tonight. In the morning, perhaps, you may ask me to take a bottle along to Fort Reno and have the colonel sample it with me."

At 10 o'clock the major made excuse that he would rather sleep in his ambulance, which was provided with a cot, and at 11 all was quiet within and without the ranch. Within, however, the Mexican stood at one of the rear windows peering out into the darkness, waiting. Without, while all the escort except a single sentinel appeared to be sound asleep, every man's eyes were wide open and his carbine rested by his side.

At midnight to the minute Jose lighted the candle and passed it back and forth across the window a dozen times. Then, taking his revolver from a shelf, he softly quit the house, and after a walk of 300 feet he stood before six men crouched behind a giant cactus.

"They are asleep, the pigs," he whispered, "and it will need only one shot apiece to do for them. Come!" Five minutes later seven border outlaws crept down to within ten feet of the sleeping men. The sentinel stood as one in a daze. The outlaws crept another foot, and the man on guard suddenly wheeled, firing his musket with deadly effect. His recumbent comrades sprang to their feet and poured in a volley which dropped three ruffians. The rest fled into the darkness with the fleetness of shadows, and it was hardly a minute later when the



"I WANT TO SEE THE SENOR DAVIS," SHE SAID. countless, hatless and vestless Jose burst out of the front door of the ranch with the exclamation:

"Who is it? What is it? I am here to die with the senior and his brave men!"

"We won't ask you, Jose, to do any dying for us tonight," grimly replied the major as he came forward. "In the morning after we are gone you may dig graves for those dead comrades of yours if you want to oblige us."

"My comrades, senior? God forbid! I never saw one of them before. I permit no bad men to hang about my place. The cursed dogs, to come sneaking upon you in the darkness to do murder!"

The Mexican tried to throw the ring of truth into his words, but as he had a bullet hole in his shirt and could still feel the skin smart where the lead had grazed it he did not make much of a success. Even when he went over and kicked one of the dead men nobody asked to shake hands with him.

The major ate his breakfast in the ranch house and sought to put Jose at his ease, his one object to get another sight of the girl whose warning had prevented a tragedy. For just five seconds she stood in the half open door and smiled at him, but before he could thank her she was gone.

ated, but she shrouded herself in mystery, and he did not seek to break down her reserve. He expressed his deep gratitude and rode away, but as he galloped back to Fort Brady he was uncomfortably conscious that the girl admired him.

His wife had gone east, and he was not the man to enter into a flirtation in her absence. Once more he saw Pepita at the ranch as he rode on official business, and once she was found lingering around the fort as if to get speech with some one. Gossip filled in all the rest. It was a lonely, out of the world post, and there had to be gossip about some one or something. The major was gazed by his brother officers about the girl, and he knew that the rank and file were talking, but he went his way and said nothing. They would not know that he had offered to send the girl east, where his wife or his mother might provide for her.

Then one autumn night, when the gossip was at its height, the sentinel at the gate suddenly called for the corporal of the guard. It was dark and gusty, with falls of rain at intervals, but he had caught sight of a figure skulking about. The corporal made a dash through the darkness and laid his hands on a human being—on a woman! It was Pepita! Near at hand was the pony on which she had covered a distance of twenty-eight miles in the last four hours.

"I want to see the Senior Davis," she said as the corporal demanded her business.

"Oh, that's the game, eh?" chuckled the man to himself and winked at the sentinel through the darkness.

"At once, if you please."

"It's coming it pretty strong, little one, but it's not for me to interfere. Say, Pete, if we only had a paper to take this up, eh? Prominent officer mashed on a cussed good looking little greaser gal—rides out to chin-chin with her—she rides back to return his call—love—romance—elopement. Everything here for a first class novel."

"With death in it if you insult me further!" said Pepita as she drew a dagger and menaced him.

"A kitten with claws, eh? Put up that frog sticker and come along with me."

The girl was conducted to Major Davis' quarters and remained for half an hour. Then she rode away. She was hardly outside the gate when a silent alarm brought the men out of barracks to fall in. A quarter of an hour later they had manned the defenses and were waiting for Red Cloud and his 600 warriors to attack. When the rush was made the famous chief was beaten for the first time in his life, and there were only 485 warriors to escort him back to his village. Had he come an hour earlier not a man or woman in Fort Brady would have escaped the tomahawk.

"It was the little Mexican gal that gave the reds away," explained soldier to soldier. And the tongue of gossip was silent.

In the morning, when the soldiers pushed out here and there to gather up the sulky wounded and the silent dead, two of them came across a sight that was not pleasant to see.

They covered the figure, beautiful even in death, in tender but soldierly fashion and carried her to Major Davis' quarters. Then they withdrew and left those two alone, the tall, fair man in his stern uniform; the tall, silent woman, with the peaceful smile frozen on her lips. The man bent over and kissed those lips—for the first time.

"For me it was not worth this great sacrifice, dear child. But for my men, and their wives and their children, it was well done!"

La Fontaine's Opinion of Himself. "La Fontaine," said one of the most brilliant critics and wits of the famous fable writer's time, "is such a fool that he does not know he has more genius than Aesop or Phaedrus."

In truth, he was a severe critic of his own work. He attended the first presentation of his "Astrée" and sat near some ladies who did not know him. At some of the important passages he exclaimed: "That is wretched! That is absurd!"

When they protested that it was good and that it was by the great La Fontaine, he rejoined:

"That makes no difference. The piece is bad. I know that La Fontaine you are speaking of. He's a stupid fellow. He's myself."

Then he went out, entered a cafe and went to sleep in a corner. Some of his friends found him there and inquired why he wasn't listening to "Astrée."

"Oh," said the author, rousing himself and stifling a yawn, "I just came away. The first part displeases me greatly. No one agreed with what I said about it, but I didn't care to hear more. I admire the patience of the Parisians."

The Coy Widow. "I think," declared the little daughter of the widow to the millionaire who was calling, "that you are a charming and delightful man."

"How nice! What makes you say so?"

"Mamma told me to."—Detroit Free Press.

Faith. Speaking of a man who fell in love with his mother-in-law and finally eloped with her. Brother Dickey said, "Well, sub, dat man had de faith dat would advertise fer a lost umbreller!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A MATTER OF HEALTH. ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Absolutely Pure. HAS NO SUBSTITUTE. Cutting Scrape in Seattle. Seattle, Dec. 6.—During a fight in a shack on the sand spit, near the foot of Utah street, last night A. Jones was cut and probably fatally injured. Three men and one woman are in jail, held in connection with the cutting affair. More Gems Gone. New York, Dec. 6.—Jewels valued at \$10,000 are reported to have been stolen from the apartments of J. K. Weiner, a wealthy merchant, in Manhattan square near Seventy Seventh street. The jewels were left in a secret repository while the family was driving and were not missed for some hours. The apartments apparently had been entered by the use of duplicate keys. Starting Evidence. Fresh testimony in great quantity is constantly coming in, declaring Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption Coughs and Colds to be unequalled. A recent expression from T. J. McFarland Bentorville, Va. serves as example. He writes: "I had Bronchitis for three years and doctored all the time without being benefited. Then I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery, and a few bottles wholly cured me." Equally effective in curing all Lung and Throat troubles, Consumption, Pneumonia and Grip. Guaranteed by Chas. Rogers Druggist. Trial bottles free, regular sizes 50c, and \$1.00.

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You Can Be Cured. WINE OF GARDUI. When I was first married I found that my strength and health were gradually diminishing. I became nervous and irritable, and was in bed a week and sometimes ten days of every month, and had intense bearing down pains. My husband had the best physician for me and I used his medicine for nearly four months, but I gradually grew worse, had less strength, and finally, I was unable to leave my bed at all. A friend who was calling on me brought me a bottle of Wine of Gardui and was so loud in his praise that I told her that I would take it to please her. I was surprised and pleased that before I had used the bottle I really felt better, so I kept on using it. Eight bottles brought back my lost health and strength, and I have not had a sick day in six months. Mrs. Finnegan. ELTA FINNEGAN. TRAVELERS, ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.