

A Change of Purpose.

It was a bright morning in January, and a girl was breakfasting alone in the somewhat dingy sitting room of a Bloomsbury lodging house. She was young and pretty, with delicate, thoughtful-looking features. She glanced at the clock—it wanted a few minutes to 9—then rose from her seat and, walking to the window, pulled back the faded red curtains. There was a splendid light from Phil, she exclaimed. She turned and made her way back to the fireplace. An envelope on the mantelpiece caught her eye. It was an old one, and had been there for some weeks, but she took it down once again, and drew a card out—a mere ordinary Christmas card, with the words, "Madge, from Dick," written upon it. She gazed at it reflectively, then replaced it with a little sigh.

"Ah, Dick," she murmured, "if only things had gone a little better with us!" The chiming of a clock striking the hour caught her ear, and she made hurried preparations for her departure. On her way down she tapped at a door, and opened it half an inch.

"Many happy returns of the day, Phil, dear," she called out. "It's a lovely morning. Good-by!" She ran down the stairs lightly. In the hall she was met by an elderly-looking man in a velvet coat. She smiled brightly to him, and he opened the door for her.

"Your brother's birthday?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes. We must do something to-night in honor of it, and you must help us, Mr. Lintell! Good-by—I shall be late for my bus!"

About an hour later, Phil Halstan emerged from his room. He was a tall, well-built young fellow, with a somewhat heavy, indolent-looking face. He ate a leisurely breakfast, then, lighting a cigarette, dropped into an armchair by the fire and let his eyes travel slowly round the dull room. A look of disgust crept to his face.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed. "How horribly mean and sordid it all looks! Shall I ever get out of it?"

Presently he rose, and, going to a corner by the window, drew forward an easel. He sat himself before it and gazed at the blank canvas. Then he felt for his box of brushes and fingered them meditatively. Finally he laid them down and looked out of the window.

There was a tap at the door, and the next moment old Mr. Lintell entered. He lived on the upper floor and had got to be very friendly with Madge and her brother.

"I won't interrupt you," he began, with a glance at the easel. "I only came to offer you my best wishes!"

"Thanks! Please don't go," cried Phil, as the old man moved toward the door. "Fact is, I don't think I shall do much more work now—rather thought of giving myself a holiday. My birthday, you know!" he added half-jocularly.

Old Lintell came forward slowly. He looked at the blank canvas.

"It's going to be a great thing!" explained Phil. "I'm working out the idea now—it takes time, you know."

The old man nodded, and looked out of the window. He had been thinking a good deal of Phil lately—this boy who got up late, sat dreaming half the day, and loafed the other, who had never earned a penny in his life, kept in idleness by a devoted sister who, as typist in a solicitor's office, worked hard from morn to night, believing in him-heart and soul.

He glanced up sharply at Phil.

"Might I see your portfolio?" he said, "used to know something about art."

Phil, with a red face, rose and hurriedly left the place.

It was half past 2 the same afternoon when Madge ran lightly up the staircase of the house in Bloomsbury, and burst into the sitting room. Her face was flushed and her eyes sparkled. She saw a young man standing by the window with his back turned to her.

"Phil!" she cried joyously. "I have a half holiday!"

The figure in the window turned and she gave a little cry of surprise.

"Dick!" she gasped in astonishment. Dick Ervington came toward her, holding out his hand.

"Just Dick," he answered with a smile. He caught her hand and stood looking into her face. "Something has happened, Madge, and I've come up at once from Anington to tell you about it."

There was a dainty flush on her cheeks; he thought he had never seen her look so beautiful.

"I hope it is something good for you, Dick," she said. "Is it?"

"I don't know—yet," he said, slowly. "That is, until I've heard what you have to say."

Now it happened that at this moment Phil Halstan was wending his way homeward. He left himself in with his latchkey and went up to their room.

The door was not quite shut, and he heard voices—Madge's and another's. He recognized it after a moment. Then he caught a few of the words. He glanced round. The landing was dark. Hardly knowing what he did, he sank down on the first stair and listened.

"I knew things would come right at last. Madge, dear!" Ervington's voice was saying. "But I didn't think it would be as splendid as this. A good post abroad—only open to a married man, too!"

There was a pause. Outside Phil glimpsed the banister. There was a slight movement by him, and turning his head he found Lintell had crept to his side.

Then they heard Madge's voice. It was low and tremulous.

"I'm sorry, Dick, but—"

"Why, Madge, you love me?"

"Yes, love you, Dick—always have loved you—always shall! But—"

There was a pause, then in a whisper, "There's a Phil!"

Old Lintell laid a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"But surely Phil won't mind!" cried Ervington. "He is a man, and can earn his own living. He would not wish you to give up this."



Spoonholders.
"Here's a girl," remarked the query editor, "who writes to know 'what is the popular spoonholder this season.'"
"Evidently," replied the snake editor, "she's never had any beans."
"Why?"
"Because if she had she'd know that the most popular one is the parlor sofa."—Philadelphia Press.

Just for Baby.
Mrs. Poppers—Oh, John, you must raise side whiskers.
Mr. Poppers—What? You've often told me you hated such things.
Mrs. Poppers—Want you to raise nice long ones like Mr. Markley's. He called to-day, and baby enjoyed pulling his whiskers so much. It was too cute for anything.—Philadelphia Press.

Dead Broke.
Ethel—Count Spaghetti seems to lead a monotonous life.
Glady—Yes; a little change would do him good.

Should Have Known.
He (in his wrath)—When I married you I had no idea what a fool you were.
She (in her equanimity)—The fact that I was willing to marry you should have removed all doubts on that point.—Boston Transcript.

The Hall of Eloquence.
He—Oh, yes; he's eloquent. But I can't say I admired the whole of his speech.
She—No, his mouth isn't pretty, but then it's partially hidden by his mustache.—Philadelphia Press.

New Styles.
"More new gowns?" he cried.
"Why, yes," she answered, sweetly. "All of mine are last century styles."—Philadelphia North American.

Operated Upon.
Briggs—I hear you have been operating in Wall street.
Griggs—A great mistake. I have been operated upon.—Harper's Bazar.

Fixed at the Fox Office.
Wicks—In a, what's a fixed star?
Pa (formerly an actor)—A fixed star. I suppose, is one who gets his salary regularly.—Philadelphia Press.

A Panacea.
Portieth Friend (since breakfast)—By Jove, old fellow, you've got a fearful cold. What are you taking for it?
Sufferer (hoarsely)—Advice.—New York Weekly.

Mutual Compassion.
"Oh! my poor woman! My heart bleeds for one in your condition!"
"Thanks, sir; or I was thinkin' the same of the likes of you!"

Not Pimp Enough.
Tess—Miss Scrawney says she just hates to go to the opera.
Jesse—Yes, but what she means is that she can't "bare" to go to the opera.

His Superstition.
Hicks—Do you believe that it is unlucky to postpone a wedding?
Wicks—Yes, when the young man needs money, and the girl is rich.—Somerville Journal.

The Palmist.
The Palmist—This line in your hand indicates that you have a very brilliant future ahead of you.
Simkins—Is that so?
The Palmist—Yes, but this other line indicates that you are too slow to ever catch up with it.—Chicago News.

Hi-Hop.
Sea Captain—There is no hope! The ship is doomed! In an hour we will be dead!
Seaside Passenger—Thank heaven!

A Sure Thing.
He—Wasn't that you on the piazza last night?
She—No.
"Then I wonder who in the world I kissed?"
"You can probably tell by going there to-night at the same time!"—Life.

The Real Thing.
The divine right of kings isn't in it with the right of the married daughter who comes home for the first time to show off her baby to her parents.—Aitchison Globe.

Trunk Wrestling.
Lady—Why don't the railroads have mechanical appliances for loading and unloading trunks?
Depot Master—Well, you see, madam, lifting the trunks into the cars doesn't hurt anything but the men and throwing them out doesn't hurt anything but the trunks.—New York Weekly.

Disagreed with Her.
Mamma—Ethel, I must really forbid you touching that lobster—you know it does not agree with you.
Ethel (resignedly)—Very well, mamma, but it does seem as if everything in this world that is nice is either wicked or indigestible.—Life.

Short Engagements.
Little Boy—How soon are you and Sis going to be married?
Accepted Suitor—She has not named the day yet. I hope she does not believe in long engagements.
Little Boy—She doesn't, I know, 'cause all her engagements have been short.—Tit-Bits.

Antidote for Onions.
"I should think you would be afraid to eat onions in the middle of the day," said the blonde typewriter to the brunette when they met at dinner.
"I'm not a bit," replied the dark one; "you see, our office is on the thirty-sixth floor, and when I go up in that elevator it takes my breath away."—Yonkers Statesman.

Realism.
Scene: Children's party (Punch and Judy show going). Tom discovered by his hostess' papa in tears.
Hostess' Papa—A-fraid, Tom? Cheer up, old man, they're only dolls.
Poor, frightened Tommy—They won't be dolls when I dream of them to-night.—Life.

Substitution.
"Is the boss in?" asked the stranger, entering the drug store.
"No," replied the absent-minded clerk, "but we have something just as good."—Yonkers Statesman.

Easily Answered.
The Shotwells have been residents of Corbin for about the same length of time. Their family home is at Rock-hold, about ten miles away. The father, James Shotwell, set up a flour and saw mill on his arrival in Corbin. John Shotwell and the other boys joined their father in the milling business. The Shotwells did not lead the same quiet life as the Whites, and were frequently in shooting affairs. In October, 1897, the Shotwell boys figured in a street fight in which Police Judge Whites was killed, and W. S. Holland badly wounded. Holland was the man who had quarreled with the Shotwell boys, and they ran him into a building and riddled him with bullets. Judge Moffett was killed by a shot from within the house. Last February they figured in another riot, in which Deputy Marshal Henry Hartford was killed.

Roll a Meets Jane.
About three years ago it was noticed that Rolla White had begun to "spark" Jane Shotwell, the pretty brunette daughter of Jim Shotwell. Time went by and other boys did not cease to call, but Jane seemed to prefer sitting out on the little porch with Rolla, resting easily against the railing and talking with him, to receiving the attention of other suitors who were more to her father's liking. The father banished Rolla from the house, and often the girl would slip out from the house, meet the boy in the "big road," just where the turn cut off the view from the house, and stroll away over the hills, planning

Can'tons Answer.
"Where is Josiah?" asked Mrs. Corn-tassel, uneasily.
"Well," answered her husband, as he proceeded to fill his pipe, "I won't say for certain. If he is as strong as he thinks it is, he's gone skatin' an' if it ain't, he's gone swimmin'."—Boston Transcript.

He's a Ver-ry One.
Mr. Cripps—You induce the cook to have one of her friends come and take dinner with her to-night?
Mrs. Cripps—The idea! What for?
Mr. Cripps—I expect to bring Jones and Smith home with me, and I'd like to have a nice dinner for them.—Philadelphia Record.

Well, Well!
"Old Grinch went to the masquerade the other night disguised as a bear!"
"Did any one recognize him?"
"Nobody but his wife."—Indianapolis Press.

Foam by mere d.
"Have you done anything to boom your town?"
"Wal, I reckon! Held tew indignation meetin's tew pertest ag'in the smoke nuisance!"—Detroit Journal.

He Got Back.
Wife (angrily)—Seems to me that you have been married so long that I can't even remember when or where we first met.
Husband (quietly)—I can. It was at a dinner party and there were thirteen at the table.

Green Potatoes.
Nearly every farmer's wife and other good housekeepers know that when a potato has turned green by exposure to the sun and wind it is neither pleasant nor wholesome for food, and, in fact, it is very poisonous. Fortunately the taste is such that no one is likely to eat enough to get a fatal dose. This is due to the presence of solanine, an active vegetable poison, which probably exists in all potatoes, but more abundant in the white sorts than the red. It is claimed. In some German experiments, it was found that old potatoes contain more solanine than those freshly dug, perhaps three times as much, and if they have sprouted five times as much and with very much more in the sprouts. If peeled before boiling the water extracts much of the poisonous solanine, but this is not the case if boiled with the skin. Potatoes when spotted should not be given to animals. It is stated, as the boiling does not remove the poison. If fed with them animals become lame in the knees or other joints and sometimes they die.

KENTUCKY FEUD THAT GREW FROM A COURTSHIP

Three Lives Already Sacrificed and the War Between Two Families Has Only Just Begun.



There has broken out in Corbin, Ky., a real old-fashioned feud. One with love as a beginning, and hate, murder and death as an ending. In the very beginning of it—the first battle—two men and a woman have been killed, one house has been blown up with dynamite, another riddled with bullets, and several people are in jail charged with murder. It is a feud which has every prospect of long life and is marked with all the wild passions and semi-savagery which have so long characterized the mountaineers of Kentucky.

The story of the love of Rolla White for Jane Shotwell would read much as other love affairs where the father of the girl objected, were it not for the fact of the peculiar temperament of the mountain people, and their custom, from time immemorial, of taking the law into their own hands and themselves demanding and taking "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

Six years ago the Whites moved to Corbin from their Virginia home. There were the three sons, two daughters, and the aged mother. The boys—Bill, Roach and Rolla—established a restaurant and store in one part of the town and a hotel in the other. They lived as peaceful citizens until the present tragedy.

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with Rolla what they would do when "father came to his senses." But Jim Shotwell was not to be deceived, and one bright afternoon some mysterious shots were heard up at the bend in the road, and rumor says that 44-caliber bullets buried themselves in the red clay close to where Rolla White stood waiting for the coming of his sweetheart.

But the Spanish war came on and Rolla White volunteered. He was made a sergeant, promoted for soldierly conduct. He came home with his regiment, was mustered out and brought to Corbin with him a wound received in action, which caused the girl to add compassion to the love which she already bore him. He renewed his attentions under the same protest from Jim Shotwell.

The other day the boy passed close by the spot where Jim Shotwell was sitting, his chair tilted back against the wall of the drug store. A quarrel followed. How it began no one knows. A passer-by heard the contemptuous words, "You don't stand for nothin' in this community, and you can stay away. You understand?"

With flushed face and uncontrollable anger expressed in the flashing of his eyes, the boy flung back the answer, "If you don't like me, you old scoundrel, you had better come and get me now and stop me for good."

Jim Shotwell started to rise from his chair, but only started. Like a flash, Rolla White had drawn his weapon and Shotwell fell, wounded in four places. He was carried to his son John's residence across the street, to die the next morning. Rolla White took refuge in his brother's store.

The shooting occurred at noon. At 6 o'clock it was dark and the Shotwells had gathered their clans. Old man Bill Shotwell, brother of Jim Shotwell, and his two sons, Dee and Parrish, the McHargues and other friends, had collected. Then the riot began. Who participated in it the courts will have to determine. The White store and restaurant was blown up. Windows and doors were wrecked and the men inside dashed to the ceiling. Well knowing what was attempted and what would follow, the White boys barricaded themselves in their back room, making a breastwork of four sacks. The debris caught fire and Sutton Farley rushed in attempting to put it out. Then the first volley of shots was fired and continued until eighty or a hundred bullets had pierced the wall. There was a respite for a few minutes, and Loach White, stepping into the main room for other sacks of flour to add to the barricade, stumbled over the body of Farris.

Then the shots were heard half a square away. It afterward developed

that the White home had been fired into. Mrs. Bettie White, the aged invalid mother of the White boys, rose from her bed, and calling her daughters to her side knelt with them in prayer. She thinks she was spared on account of her petition to the Heavenly Father. But the wait at the White store was not long. Again the bullets whistled through the building, and the volley was repeated time and time again. "Let's fire ino that door and see if they will answer," a voice was heard. The Whites crouched lower, but for some reason the volley did not come. They would have been killed had the suggestion been acted upon. Sheriff Sutton arrived at midnight from the county seat at Williamsburg, and spent the night in the store with the White boys. From the time of the explosion no one inside dared strike a light, and in utter darkness the night was spent.

Morning dawned, and outside the store was found the body of Susan Cox. The woman had tried to climb a side fence in order to reach Rolla White and warn him. Two bullets had stopped her. They plowed their way through her brain and she fell, face down, to the ground. Two days she lay unburied. She was a woman of bad character, had left no friends and no money and the town was bankrupt. A private subscription finally was taken up and the body buried in the commons in a plain wooden box.

The Cry for Vengeance.
Rolla White and the Shotwell boys are in jail at Williamsburg, and nothing further is expected to happen until their release. While Sheriff Sutton was conveying Rolla White to the Williamsburg jail fifteen of the Shotwells boarded the train, armed with shotguns and rifles, and entered the baggage car, where the Sheriff had his prisoner. The train was then just leaving Corbin. "Jump and run for your life," said the Sheriff to White, and himself faced the intruders. The next day the militia arrived with a Gatling gun squad and the Shotwells were placed under arrest.

John Shotwell, since his father's death the leader of his faction, is about 30 years old, has a robust, sturdy figure, cold blue eyes and a light mustache. Determination is written in every line of his countenance, and he has said to close friends that he will not rest until he has avenged his father's death. He says they may put him in jail and refuse him bond or keep White behind prison walls, but he cannot keep him from accomplishing his revenge. He is something of a silent man and expresses himself in a few words. His brothers rely on him implicitly, and will support him in any action he may plan to carry out.

In One Word.
It is by no means necessary for a man always to enter into an elaborate explanation of his feelings in order to make them clear.

"What's the name of the fellow who wrote the tune of that coon song we've just been favored with?" asked one man of another at a meeting of the Amateur Composers Club.

"Jones," returned the other man. "James Jones, I believe. Frank Walley wrote the words."

"Ah, I was about to ask the name of Jones' accomplice," is the rejoinder.

Costly Hailstorms in France.
The annual loss to France caused by the ravages of hailstorms is said to amount to about \$3,000,000 varied from 1873 to 1898 the figures varied from 40,000,000 to 134,000,000 francs.

Italians as Cotton Pickers.
In the south the Italians are found to be good cotton pickers. They are quick and have nimble fingers.

Stimulants seldom hurt a man—if he leaves them alone.

Statistics of Suicide.
In a paper printed in the American Journal of Insanity, G. Styles presents statistics regarding the occurrence of suicides. Forty years ago it was shown that only 4 out of 10,000 persons rated as paupers died by their own hands, while 7 coachmen or other servants, 5 bankers or other professional men, nearly 8 soldiers, 7

tailors, shoemakers or bakers, and only 1 2-10 carpenters, butchers and masons out of 10,000 were suicides. Sweden had the lowest average of all the countries considered, namely, 1 suicide to 92,000 persons; Russia had 1 to 35,000; the United States 1 to 15,000; Saxony, 1 to 8,446. In St. Petersburg and in London the proportion was 1 to 21,000. If we take the statistics of the fifty years just passed for France the following results: For every 100,000 inhabitants of France there were in 1841-45, nine suicides; in 1846-50, ten; in 1851-55, thirteen; in 1856-60, fifteen; in 1861-65, seventeen; in 1866-70, twenty-two; in 1871-75, twenty-two; in 1876-80, twenty-two; in 1881-85, twenty-two; in 1886-90, twenty-two; in 1891-95, twenty-two; in 1896-1900, twenty-two.

Two Converts.
No man, it is said, is a hero to his valet. The association is too intimate. But a man may be a hero to his reporter. There is a story of two brothers, shorthand reporters, working on different newspapers, one of the brothers being a Republican and the other a Democrat, which affords an illustration of this truth.

The Republican reporter was detailed, during the recent presidential campaign, to follow Mr. Bryan wherever he went, and to take full notes of his speeches, sending the same by wire every night to the paper on which he was employed.

To the Democrat reporter was given a similar assignment, except that he was to accompany Governor Roosevelt, whose speeches he was to report in full.

After the campaign was over the two brothers met at the paternal mansion for the first time in many weeks, and they looked rather sheepishly at each other.

"Well, George," said one of the two, "after campaigning with Bryan three months I've come back a Democrat. I'm of your politics now."

"Not a bit of it!" returned the other. "I've been campaigning with Roosevelt, and I've come back a Republican!"

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