

When There is a Dull Feeling
And pain in the head, bad taste in mouth, tongue furred, skin dry and feverish, yellow streaks in eyes, pain in the back, chest and sides, urinary disorders, with smarting palus, constipation, rheumatism, and other distressing symptoms, of kidney, liver and blood troubles, take **Dr. Kennedy's Calcium Solvent** at once. Large bottles at all druggists.

The Orange in Spain.
It is considered a very beautiful thing to eat an orange before breakfast. But who can eat an orange well? One must go to Spain to see that done. The Spanish cuts off the rind with her silver knife, then putting her fork into the peeled fruit, she detaches every morsel with her pearly teeth and continues to eat the orange without losing a drop of the juice and lays down the core with the fork still in it.

The Truth About Maisie
She Proved That Sometimes "The End Justifies the Means"
By AGNES G. BROGAN
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"A letter came for her this morning with the name of a theater stamped upon the envelope," the old lady replied. "Maisie gave a glad cry when I brought it and ran up to her room. Later she came down and, bidding me goodby, left for the city, making no explanation." The old lady paused again.

ABLIGHT
A Story of a Negro Whom a Hunt Always Attended
By F. A. MITCHEL
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

lopin' over de state ob Tennessee. Once in awhile Mars Harry he tak use an' huc to de ole plantation to see his ladylub. An' when we come away Missy Della say, 'Tak car ob him, Julius, fo' my sake.' An' I say: 'Nebber fear fo' dat. Missy Della. Beckan I know what I'm about.' Den Mars Harry an' I go back to camp.

SUPREME COURT, Otsego County. Spencer Edwards, Plaintiff, against Adell Merville, et al., Richfield Springs Mercury, 7 September 1911, Vol. 46, No. 15, col. 1.

The Difficulty.
The First Worker—Manner born be blowed! D'Joo mean for say if me an' you come into a bit of splash we couldn't keep our ends up with these 'ere docks and people?

The Boyish looking young pastor of Trinity church frowned darkly and removed a footstool which stood in his way in a very unclerical manner, while the sweet faced old lady who sat near by folded a letter which she had been reading aloud.

His mother followed him to the door, and her voice trembled. "Oh, David," she said, "it will be hard indeed to let her go."

The year 1850 marked the same of plantation life in the south, a life which only persons now quite old have lived. There were two sides to slavery—the one as represented by the kind master, the other by the man who considered his slave as a mere piece of property.

"Well, when eberybody was restin' Mars Harry he tak me with him to a house about a mile away an' set down in de libin' room befo' a table, an' he wrote an' wrote all de mawnin'. But befo' he set down to write he tole me to go down on de Nashville pike, about a mile from whar he war writin', an' stan' on a rise in de groun' whar I could see down de road, an' if I see any bluejackets comin' I wor to ride back an' warn him.

AGENTS wanted to sell our—Riders' policies. We have a large stock of policies, covering accidents, sickness, death, and all occupations; giving \$1000 death and \$15 weekly benefits, covering both term and permanent; also, extra large commission plan. Address: NATIONAL ACCIDENTAL SURVIVOR, 520 Broadway, New York; established 21 years.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—Pursuant to an Order of Nathaniel P. Willis, Surrogate of the County of Otsego, not to be held in abeyance, according to law, all persons having claims against the estate of John Harry Deane, late of the County of Otsego, deceased, to file the same with the undersigned, at the office of the said Surrogate, at Richfield Springs, New York, on or before the 15th day of February, 1912.

"Take care of my little girl," he writes. "She is an irresponsible, thoughtless creature, sound and good at heart. Watch over her, I entreat you, and use your influence, if possible, in persuading her to leave the stage. A letter addressed to her proper name, 'Miss M. E. Randolph, Golden Butterfly company, New York,' will be forwarded wherever she may be."

"You?" she breathed. "Yes, Maisie," he answered quietly. "I have come to take you home."

"After the surrender at Appomattox I had occasion to travel through a portion of the south. In Tennessee I found a plantation to which a large number of the negroes who had lived on it as slaves adhered as freed men. Their master, quite an old man now, paid them wages, which they had not as yet learned to handle for themselves.

"I rode down to whar I could see two or three miles an' sot on my horse, lookin' down de road. Fust thing I knew I sor a nigger gal lookin' frou de rails ob de fence. She war smilin' at me, showin' her teeth lak an alligator's jaw. An' she says, 'Wha' yo' doin' dar?' An' I says, 'Watchin' fo' de Yanks.' An' she says, 'Wha' yo' watchin' fo' de Yanks fo'?' An' I says, 'To wa'n ma marn if dey come.' 'She talks to me awhile, an' himbe' she says, 'Come down dar an' I gib yo' some applejack.' I war all tired out ridin' so had an' powerful thirsty, but I say, 'I don't want no applejack. 'Yes, yo' do,' she says. 'I kin see yo' mouf waterin' fo' it.' 'Go way an' let me alone,' I says.

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"My dear niece," he was beginning when she interrupted him wildly. "That is also untrue," she said; "I am not your niece. Oh, let me tell my disgraceful story quickly, and when it is over and you have bidden me goodby believe that your kindness has not been wasted, even upon an impostor. Can you think what it means to be homeless, utterly friendless? That was my condition. My father, a poor professor of music, left mother and me years ago to struggle on alone; she sewed day and night to earn our bread, while I attended school. When she died a year ago I suddenly realized my own helplessness. A modiste for whom mother had sewed finally agreed to give me small parts to embroider, and it was a happy chance which led me thus to meet that little theatrical favorite, that warm hearted girl, your niece, Marion Randolph. She kept me busily employed, paying generously for my work and later declared that we had become too necessary to each other to be parted, so we traveled on together, while I made myself useful to her in various ways. Marion had a faithful lover, manager of the company, and when her father died in Chicago he insisted upon taking care of her at once, and they were married, with myself the only attendant. Soon after came your letter offering this greatly admired and petted little actress the shelter of a peaceful home.

"The Golden Butterflies have arrived in New York," he answered cheerily. "And I am to meet 'Maisie' at Eastville station at 9 o'clock tonight."

"How do you feel about it?" "Ma case air quiet, I kin't got no feelin' about it. Dere's a hant whar goes around with me—not a real hant rolled up in a sheet, but a hant ob de feelin's. I don't take no interest in apything. I'm a kind ob a dead nigger."

"Do yo' know wha' dat gal did? She plinted to de house whar de applejack war, an' she says, 'I keep watch fo' yo' while yo' go down an' get a drink.' I fell under de temptation an' lak a fool, left dat gal to watch an' went down to de house an' filled ma canteen with de applejack. Same time I tuk a long drink. I war gittin' ready to go back when I hearn a clatter ob critters' woffs on de road above an' saw a lot ob bluejackets gallopin' past toward de house whar Mars Harry war writin' de letter to Missy Della."

STATE OF NEW YORK, Public Service Commission, Second District. August 30, 1911. A petition under section 71 of the Public Service Law, having been filed with this Commission by the Richfield Springs Electric and Power Company, for consent to the sale of the franchise of this public utility to construct poles and wires in the Otsego County, New York, of the village of Richfield Springs, for the purpose of the public utility for light, which franchise includes furnishing the public electric light and power, and consent to transfer to the Richfield Springs Electric and Power Company the franchise of this public utility, bearing on said petition was filed by this Commission at the hearing room of the Commission in the Capitol, Albany, on Tuesday September 12, 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m.

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STATE OF NEW YORK, Supreme Court, County of Otsego. Martin L. Williams, Plaintiff, vs. Wilbur and Minnie B. Wilbur, Defendants. To the above named defendants, you are hereby summoned to answer the complaint in this action, and to serve a copy of your answer on the plaintiff's attorney within twenty days after the service, and in case of your failure to appear or answer, judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief demanded in the complaint. Trial to be held in the County of Otsego. Dated this 20th day of July, 1911.

"I intended to leave New York later," she said. "When you know me better you will learn that the unexpected usually happens, where I am concerned."

"Den Cunnel St. Clair's son, Harry, come along, an' I saw might' quick dat he an' Missy Della war lubbers. He war a fine lookin' young man—Mars Harry war—tall an' straight, with black curly hair, an' might' different from Missy Della, who looked lak a peach. When his father gwine die he hab a big plantation an' a thousand niggers. It was all settled dat Missy Della gwine to marry him when de war broke out.

"I made an effort to tell me of his reception there, but failed. 'How did your mistress treat you after the misfortune?' I asked. 'Misfortune! Dat war'n no misfortune, dat war yeldin' to temptation. It's one ob de goats dat is taken from de sheep. Ef I hadn't listened to dat gal Mars Harry wouldn't 'a' got killed. I didn't hab de courage to go back to de plantation fo' a long time; den I sneaked in among de udder niggers an' hid in de barn. Some nigger sor me an' tole Missy Della I was come home. She hearn all about how Mars Harry got killed, an' dar wa'n't anythin' fo' me to fess. She sent fo' me to come up to de house. My legs hadly carried me dar. Missy Della war standin' by herself in de hall. I stood at de do'. When she sor me she put up her hand, cheeek to her eyes an' held out her hand to me. She didn't say a word, but I knowed she fo'gib me. 'Dat didn't do me no good,' he continued after a pause, "'cause I didn't fo'gib maself."

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