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PHONE 195

A Strange Windfall

By MARGARET C. DEVEREAUX

"Goodly, mother, dear," said Martha Eldridge. "I shall work hard in the city and send you all my earnings. I shall be able to make enough to pay the interest on the mortgage and perhaps pay something on the principal."

It was very courageous for the little girl to talk so, but it availed little or nothing. She was going to the city, since there was nothing for her on the farm—only a mouth to feed. Her fate was to sew all day for a pittance making shirts for a department store. Her mother knew very well what was in store for her daughter and burst into tears. Martha put an arm around her, then, taking up a bag in which were all the clothes she had in the world, went out to where a wagon was waiting to take her to the station.

Ben Hughes held the reins, and he looked as sad as Mrs. Eldridge.

"Don't feel bad, Ben," said Martha, laying her hand on his sleeve. "Something will turn up."

"I don't see how," he said dejectedly.

"We'll both work hard and save all we can. Some day I'll come back, and we'll be married and live here with mother and all be happy together."

But Ben refused to be comforted. How many farmers' boys remaining on the farm and girls in the city making shirts can look forward to a day of comfort?

On the cars a gentleman sat in the seat beside Martha and entered into conversation with her. He listened sympathetically to all she had to say—she told the whole melancholy story—and seemed affected by it. Not long before they reached the city he opened a bag and took out a package.

"Would you mind taking this to your room?" he asked, "keeping it for me till I call for it? I expect to go on, not completing my journey for several days, maybe weeks, maybe months, and I don't wish to carry it with me. You know where you are to go, don't you?"

"Yes, and I'll take charge of your package with pleasure."

She gave him her address, and when the two rolled into the station the gentleman left the car ahead of her. She saw him as he passed through the gate and noticed a man tap him on the shoulder, take his bag and, putting his arm through that of his owner, walk away with him.

Martha asked a policeman to put her on a car to take her to her room and, as soon as she was in it, took some writing materials out of her bag and wrote her mother that she had a fine large room—it was 6 by 9—and in a pleasant location—really in a dirty street—and she would get on very nicely. She also wrote Ben not to be discouraged, for she was sure something would turn up to enable them to realize the dreams of happiness both had at least tried to indulge in. Then she sat down on her bed and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Later she unpacked her bag, first taking out the package the gentleman had given her, which she put in one of the drawers of the little bureau—there was plenty of room for it—and then went out to a restaurant to get a fifteen cent supper.

Several weeks passed, and she heard nothing of the gentleman who owned the package. When as many months had gone by and he neither turned up nor sent any one for the package she began to think that he must be making a very extended trip. Meanwhile she was making just enough money to keep her in clothes—ragged ones—and in food, not a sufficiency or of good quality. But she kept up a stout heart and wrote her mother and Ben cheerful letters.

One day while sewing in her room there was a tap on the door. She opened it, and a man in police uniform entered and handed her a note which contained an order to give him the package. She did so. She didn't know enough to take a receipt, nor did the man give her one. Martha saw several other men in uniform outside the door and wondered why so many of them had come. When they went away she resumed her sewing.

The next day the same man came again. He was alone this time and told her he wished her to go with him. She did so wonderingly in a carriage which she found standing at the door below. The carriage stopped at the door of a bank, and she was taken to a private office in the rear. A gentleman with gray hair and whiskers was sitting at a rosewood desk, and several men in uniform were standing near. What surprised Martha most was to see the man for whom she had been keeping the package.

"Is this the girl?" asked the man at the desk of the man Martha had met before.

"Yes."

"Martha Eldridge," said the former, "this gentleman is or was the cashier of the X bank. The package he left with you contained bills he had appropriated, and, knowing he could not get them through the station gate, he left them with you. He was arrested and finally agreed to turn over the missing funds on condition of not being prosecuted and that the reward offered for the return of the funds be given to you. Please sign this."

He handed her a receipt to sign and a check for \$10,000.

The mortgage on the farm was paid off, there was a wedding, and prosperity came for all.

France Will Be Represented.

Paris, France.—The commerce committee of the chamber of deputies recommends an appropriation for an adequate representation by France at the Panama-Pacific exposition.

Chinese Employ Willoughby.

Bellemeade, V. F. Willoughby, professor of agriculture and politics at the University of Mississippi, has been appointed special adviser to the Chinese government.

Suitable Match.

"That girl has shocking ways!"

"Maybe that's the reason she married an electrician."—Baltimore American

SECRET OF THE PARIS HAT.

The Magic but Deadly Needle That Holds Its Spirit.

An American milliner seeking to learn what it is that makes the Paris hat so bewitching sought work in Paris and found it easily enough in one of the greatest exporting houses a name to conjure with. One afternoon saw her seated upon a bench with gay chattering companions who radiated joy and sparkle on every side of her. Her fingers flew with chattering tongues confounding her by the bewilderment of their rapid utterance.

When it came the loneliness she felt she did not come so there was no one to talk to. She had no friends in Paris and so hard did her own work become that she in two months time the "something" and take it some to America and in so doing reach another stepping stone in her career? The following morning found her seated upon her assigned bench. She had been told to come at 8 o'clock and every week and watch said "S" and she was alone. In half an hour her companions of yesterday began to stray in casually. Dull of eye and listlessly they came. No bubbling laugh no gay chatter filled the room and what was more surprising, no work was attempted. Some great calamity must have occurred; the whole nation must be suffering death and facing calamity. Questions failed to bring forth answers, and the puzzling crew were all her dreams to vanish with the night? The "house" must have failed was her final thought.

Around 10 or 11 o'clock the party broke up for dejeuner, and with their return came a breath of the spirit of the afternoon before. Increasing gaiety and brilliant ideas grew with the hours, and the wonder of it was more and more inexplicable. The mornings were one long torture, the afternoons a joy. One day all was revealed. A tiny hypodermic needle filled with the stuff that dreams are made of is the spirit of the Paris hat!

The workers until sufficiently "doped" cannot work, cannot produce, and listlessly idle the morning hours till hypodermic needle and absinth create the gay, chattering designer, who brings forth the joy giving Paris hat—Jessie Helyea in National Magazine.

TALKING FROM THE CHEST.

Not Necessary to Put a Telephone Transmitter to the Mouth.

In case one does not care to stoop to a telephone while talking, or does not care to put the transmitter to the mouth, he can make himself heard by very simple means. Simply place the telephone or the chest against the north-pole of the transmitter and talk into the open air, and the sound will get to the party on the other end. The whole chest wall and the wall of the telephone vibrate in unison when the north is speaking, as they are an exact sounding board, and they will transmit the proper sound waves to the diaphragm. This is easy to try and astonishing in result.

Another peculiar thing noticed in telephones at times is phantom talk heard in a receiver when one is talking for central to give connection with scraps of conversations may be heard in this manner. They are probably due to conversations going on over wires lying in close proximity to the line that you are using such conversations causing small oscillating currents which, by the process of induction, cause small oscillating currents to take place in your line of like character. —New York World.

An Eccentric Russian Doctor.

The famous Russian, the late Dr. Zaturin, was noted for his eccentric methods. When summoned to attend "zar Alexander III in his last illness Dr. Zaturin required the same preparation for his visit to the palace as to any of his patients' homes. That is to say, all doors had to be kept out of the way, all clocks stopped and every box thrown wide open. He left his shoes in the hall, his overcoat in the next room his gaiters in the third and, continuing, arrived at the bedside in ordinary indoor costume. He sat down after walking every few yards out every eight steps in going up stairs. From the patient's relatives and every one else in the house he required absolute silence until he spoke to them, when his questions had to be answered by "Yes" or "No" and nothing more.

Tail of the Possum.

An old negro was out with a hunter one day. The two found a peculiar track. Following the line of what were plainly footprints was a small, continuous furrow.

"What kind of a track is that, Jim?" asked the puzzled hunter.

"Dat's a possum track, sah!" explained the old negro.

"But how does he make that furrow?"

"He makes dat furrow wid his tail."

"With his tail?"

"Yes, sah. He lets his tail drag."

"Why do you suppose he lets it drag?"

"Ah, don't know, boss. I jes' reckon he don't pay no 'tention to dat tail. S'pose he thinks it'll come along any how."—Louisville Times.

Couldn't Blame the Pump.

A lumberman having awakened on a Sunday morning in a "dry town" after a big spree of the night before searched his pockets in vain. Being very thirsty, he remembered stumbling over a pump in the alley back of the hotel.

He hastened to the pump and began pumping, but without results, as the pump had not been primed. He slowly backed away and, evading the pump, said: "Well, I don't blame you for not working, anyhow. I wouldn't patronize you when I had money."—Exchange.

Reunited By Chance

By F. A. MITCHELL

We peddlers—I mean we who drive about the country selling our wares—meet with some very strange experiences.

On one of my excursions that I made with a double team and a high red wagon loaded with everything a farmer's wife could need I was looking about me for a place in which to put up for the night when I came to a house standing beside the road that looked inviting except for a certain loneliness there was about it. We know instinctively when a place is occupied and when it is deserted, and the moment I looked at this one I knew that no one lived there. Nevertheless I determined that if I could get into it I would stay there all night. The lock on the gateway leading to the barn had fallen, and I had no trouble in driving in my team. The barn was as easy of access as the gate, and I drove both horses and wagon in under cover. I had fed for the animals with me and, having fed them, went to the house.

Looking in through a window I saw furniture which seemed to be new—that is, it had evidently never been used. Something like mold had settled upon it, indicating that it had been there for a long time. A screwdriver from my wagon acted in place of a jimmy to raise a sash, and I effected an entrance through a window.

I explored the house, all of which had been evidently newly furnished. Indeed, some articles had not been unpacked. In an upper story I found the plastering had in part given way from water let through a roof that needed repair, the water having run down a wall against which stood a mantel. The mantel had been displaced and leaned forward. Beside it on the floor I picked up a letter which, though it had been drenched, I could see had never been opened, and with difficulty I made out the address. The postmark had been too far damaged by water to be legible.

I made myself as comfortable as I could during the night and the next day drove on to the nearest postoffice, where I turned over the letter to the postmaster. He read the address and, looking up at me, asked where I had found it. I told him, and, taking up a hand magnifying glass, he studied the postmark for awhile, then said to himself rather than to me:

"That must have been the day before the intended wedding. Now I remember Sam asked me to send any letter that might come for him to his new house. Andy."

A young fellow about eighteen came from the rear part of the office, where he had been stamping letters, and the postmaster asked him:

"Can you go back far enough in memory to recall delivering a letter to Sam Joslin a day or two before the day he was to have been married?"

The young man ransacked his memory for awhile, then replied: "Yes, I can, because I didn't find Mr. Joslin there, and I didn't find any one in the house either. I went all over it and finally concluded that the front sleeping room upstairs on the mantel was the best place to leave it. So I set it up against the wall and left it."

"Did the mantel stand flush up against the wall?" I asked.

"No. It was a wooden mantel and had warped, leaving a crack. I set it up so that it wouldn't slip down the crack."

"But it did, all the same," I said.

"I remember that I got caught in a terrific windstorm on my way back. Maybe it shook the house and the letter fell into the crack," suggested Andy.

"Maybe that letter or Sam's not getting it explains the split," suggested the postmaster.

"What split?" I asked.

"Why, Sam Joslin was to have married Annie Springer and had built and furnished a new house. The day of the wedding Annie didn't appear. Sam had taken her away from Bill Edwards, a good for nothing fellow, who had been courting her, and Sam, who was an impulsive man, made up his mind that at the last minute she had thrown him over and had concluded to marry Bill. Sam got a fit on him and, shutting up the house, went away and has never been back here since."

He opened the letter, but the ink had been so blurred that it would have required a long time to decipher had it not been very short. It read:

Oh, dearest, our wedding must be put off. I have just heard that mother is dying, and I must go to her at once.

I went on peddling tin pans, washboards and the like, leaving the postmaster to work out the romance. Six months later I drove by the house in which I had found the letter, and I saw at once as I approached that it was

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Tempt the appetite, please the taste and nourish the body. Crisp, clean and fresh—5 cents in the moisture-proof package.



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Round, thin, tender—with a delightful flavor—appropriate for luncheon, tea and dinner. 10 cents.



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Buy biscuit baked by NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Always look for that name

THE REAL RUSSIA.

It Is Confined to a Very Small Section of the Vast Empire.

In "The Russian Empire, Today and Yesterday," Nevin O. Winter says:

"In a strict sense, real Russia covers only a portion of the more than 2,000,000 square miles that lie within the borders of the continent. This narrower definition would certainly eliminate Finland, Poland, the Baltic provinces, Bessarabia and the Caucasus and probably a part of the land of the Don Cossacks, the Crimea and the sections bordering on the Arctic ocean and the lower Volga. In other words, the real Russia has developed within this narrower section, and whatever of Russian characteristics appear in the eliminated sections have simply been imposed by the conquerors upon a people alien by birth and language. "The actual visible influence of Tolstoy on Russia seems not to have been great. He was beloved and revered by many, but no party claims or has ever claimed him as a leader. The higher classes rejected him because of his opposition to all established government; by his diatribes against religion; the revolutionists and anarchists repudiated his teaching because he had no definite plan to offer. His influence on thought and opinion in Russia will not compare with his influence in non-Russian nations."

no longer deserted. I drove my team into the barn, and a young man and woman came out to learn what I meant.

"Reckon I'll make myself at home here," I said.

"By what right?" asked the man angrily.

"I'm the man that found 'letter here some time ago."

"The two looked at each other; then the man grabbed one of my hands and the woman the other, and the man said:

"You come right in and occupy every room in the house."

I was a good while getting away from that couple.



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