

A PATHETIC MESSAGE.

Left to His Family by Geo. R. Batson, a Charlotte Co. Suicide.

St. Andrew's Beacon—Geo. R. Batson, a prominent fish-dealer, who committed suicide recently at Campobello, Charlotte Co., left the following pathetic written message.

My dying wish, request and orders: 1st. Let my funeral be as simple as possible.

2nd. No shroud, no grave clothes; and remember that flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way.

3rd. I want no hearse; let me be carried to the grave.

4th. I want my sister Martha to take charge of the house until my family arrive.

5th. Leave the interior of the house intact, everything as it is.

6th. Shed no idle tears; the flowers will bloom just the same. Forget my faults. If I have good qualities remember them.

7th. I put my trust in God; and I believe my Redeemer liveth.

8th. I have only words of praise for my wife and children. They are due here soon. I can be a burden to

them no longer. God in heaven bless and comfort them; and I pray and I have prayed He may forgive my many sins. I can stand this strain no longer. May God have mercy on my soul.

GEO. R. BATSON.

June 24, 1905.

The deceased also addressed a very tender letter to his wife, asking her forgiveness. He exonerated her from all blame in connection with any past differences, and said the fault was his. He said he could not bear to meet his family again without the means of supporting them.

A member of deceased's family, referring to his death, writes: "My conviction is that in a sudden attack of extreme mental depression, to which he was subject, he concluded to sacrifice himself, as he thought, for his family; having thought they would realize on his holdings. Instead they have lost an affectionate father as ever lived and have a grief from which they can never recover."

Her Daughter's Gift

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

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"I suspect that she will cause me to end my days in a madhouse."

Mrs. Pemberton's words were tragedy itself, but her voice was calm, even colorless; and her head rested comfortably against the back of a scarlet cushioned easy chair. Knowing Mrs. Pemberton, I gauged the circumstances by her position rather than her manner of speech.

"What is Florence's latest?" I queried, sitting down on the top step and gazing up admiringly at Florence's youthful mother.

Mrs. Pemberton glanced at me furtively. "Do you love the child?" she suddenly asked.

"Sure," I answered laconically, musing the while on the harmony between delicate coloring and soft brown hair.

"Then why don't you marry her?" I looked inquiringly at my interlocutor. Her coloring was quite vivid after all.

"You do me honor," I said dryly, "but I fear I'm too old for kindergarten work."

Mrs. Pemberton sighed. "She is seventeen today. I was only a year older when she was born."

I made a swift mental calculation. "Of course I cannot coerce any one into marrying the child—I couldn't

romantically. I even hesitated a little over the pronunciation.

Mrs. Pemberton leaned over and patted my shoulder.

"Honest little boy," she commended. Then she settled her cushions again, closed her beautiful eyes and recited:

"A small board fitted with a pencil and two casters, made to move easily over a sheet of paper when hands rest lightly upon it; once believed by some to write independently of the volition of the person or persons touching it, but generally explained by the dominant idea."

"Ye gods! The memory of her!" I exclaimed.

Mrs. Pemberton regarded me complacently.

"Then of course I turned to dominant idea. It means 'an idea fixed in the mind of its subject by the power of habit or otherwise'."

"Stay!" I interrupted hastily. "Is that the little beast in there on the table?"

Mrs. Pemberton turned her shapely head in the direction of my pointing finger.

"It is," she affirmed.

"Let's see if we can make it write."

I wheedled, springing up and looking down into her brown eyes. Dear heart! Did she think I wanted Florence?

"I verily believe you would abet the child in her folly," she murmured, but she rose quickly and went into the parlor.

"First, a piece of paper," I said gaily. I found several leaves on the window seat. I put one under the planchette, and we seated ourselves at the table. Mrs. Pemberton laid one small hand on the heart shaped board, and I put my hand on her hand.

"That's not the way," she said hastily.

"It's the latest improved," I declared boldly. "I know more about these little animals than you think."

Now I was certainly possessed of a dominant idea, and I was very much excited in finding out whether the planchette would apprise Mrs. Pemberton of it, so excited, in fact, that I deliriously passed my free arm around her pretty shoulders and laid my face against hers. We both closed our eyes. She moved ever so slightly.

"Sh!" I warned. "It's writing!"

Sure enough, it was moving spookily over the paper. We held our breaths. Finally it gave two small jerks and stopped. Mrs. Pemberton threw off my arm and sat up ungracefully straight. I took out the paper and read:

"I am sure dear mamma loves Mr. Paul, and he!"

"Nonsense!" cried my lady.

"See for yourself," I protested, handing her the paper. "It is not your writing, and it is not mine. Something uncanny about it, isn't there? It ought to be true, dear," I went on as she studied the writing, "for Mr. Paul loves dear mamma with all of his unworthy heart. I don't want to be Florence's husband, sweetheart; I want to be her father."

The paper slipped from her hands. She turned toward me, her lustrous eyes tearful. I took her in my arms and was bending my head when we heard a voice singing in the hall. Mrs. Pemberton ran to the piano, and I sat down on the sofa.

"Hello, folks!" greeted Florence cheerfully, running into the room. "Please don't detain me. I just came for my letter. I want to get it out on this mail. Why, where's the rest of it?"

Mrs. Pemberton's nervous fingers were jerking out the chord of D, I sat speechless. Presently Florence's sharp eyes spied the missing sheet. She picked it up. She looked from her mother to me and laughed.

"I wouldn't try the planchette without sharpening the pencil," she suggested mockingly. "It won't work without graphite."

She ran out, and I went over to the piano.

"It did work, didn't it, best beloved?" I whispered, resuming where Florence's entrance had interrupted.

Fooled His Fond Father.

Little Harold was very shy before strangers, and when the hostess asked him questions he tucked his head down in his mother's lap and wouldn't answer.

"There is one good thing about our youngster," remarked Harold's father, who had been dragged unwillingly to the Sunday afternoon call. "He will

never give away any family secrets. We can count on that."

But her hostess persisted in her questioning.

"What is your name, dear?"

No answer.

"What is papa's name?"

No answer.

"What does papa call mamma? Tell me that, and you shall have the prettiest cake on the dish."

The imp of greed overcame the imp of dumbness, and Harold spoke promptly and distinctly:

"He calls her every morning, he does. 'Marfa, get up and make the fire.' And he called her just today now, 'Marfa, go by your own self to see your fool folks.' He called mamma that, he did."

—New York Press.

A Constant Reminder.

After many years of faithful service Maggie announced to her mistress that she intended to be married, and suddenly the whole domestic establishment was infolded in a sad, sad gloom. Maggie had been so good, so faithful in the hours of trial and tribulation over frozen gas and water and the vagaries of waterbacks and boilers that the house despaired ever of finding a worthy successor.

So it was a keen remembrance of all these things which entered into the consideration of Maggie's mistress as to what to give her for a wedding present. At last it was decided to give her a sum of money, with the request that she purchase something she would use and treasure long. The day before the wedding the present was accordingly given to the maid, and she was simply delighted. She beamed and bubbled and wept a little.

"Now, Maggie," she was told, "you must be sure to get something by which to remember us always."

"Oh, yis, mum, I know what I'll get; I'll get a new set of teeth."—New York Post.

Rats and Elephants' Tusks.

Many of the elephants' tusks brought to London for the use of workers in ivory are observed to have their surfaces grooved into small furrows of unequal depth, as though cut out by a very sharp edged instrument. This is done by rats, which are fond of the gelatin, or animal glue, in the substance. The ivory cutter selects for his purposes by preference those tusks which have been gnawed in this way, because they are the ones which contain the most gelatin and are therefore the best in material. Curiously enough, the trade, while giving this much recognition to the rats' work, has not recognized them as the authors of it, the common belief in the business being that the ivory has been thus gnawed by alligators. How it is imagined that alligators get a chance to chew elephants' tusks is a problem.—London Standard.

Who She Is.

"Father, what is the woman with a mission?"

"In many cases, my son, she is the wife of the husband with dyspepsia and holes in his stockings."—New York Herald.

Bears of Okefinokee Swamp.

The great Okefinokee swamp begins not far from Waycross, Ga., and extends due south for a distance of about forty miles, running over into Florida. Here in this vast tract of desolate bog and swamp are thousands of black bear and deer and wild turkeys without number. The whole region is a hunter's paradise, and yet so abundant is the game in this remote and desolate country that it does not seem to diminish in spite of the nimrods. The bears weigh from 200 to 300 pounds and put in a great part of their time preying upon the pigpens of the farmers. If forced into a fight they are dangerous antagonists, and no prudent hunter will attack one save at a point of vantage.

Sea Gypsies.

In the archipelago of Mergui, off the coast of lower Burma, Asia, live the "sea gypsies." Instead of carts they own covered boats, in which, with their families, dogs, cats, chickens and pigs, they float about on the sea and wander from island to island. By day they fish or harpoon turtles or dive for oysters, but every night they put back to the shore. If the weather is bad at sea they land with their dogs and then poach, catching porcupines, squirrels, armadillos, hog deer and the like, of which they make savory stews, like our gypsies.

An Artist's Criticism.

Probably no two artists ever criticised each other more severely than did Fuseli and Northcote, yet they remained fast friends. At one time Fuseli was looking at Northcote's painting of the angel meeting Balaam and his ass. "How do you like it?" asked Northcote after a long silence. "Northcote," replied Fuseli promptly, "you're an angel at an ass, but an ass at an angel."

Why We Can't Be Great.

Emerson defined greatness as simplicity. "Indeed, to be simple is to be great." The question emerges, Is life simple today? If not, will it be simpler tomorrow? If not, then how can there ever again be such greatness as in the past in a world of ever increasing complexity?

Why She Left.

"Yes, my wife attended but one session of the club."

"What caused her to quit it?"

"She found out that the rules put a time limit of five minutes on all speeches."

It is strange that in Asia and Africa, where grass will not grow, the most beautiful flowers and shrubs flourish in perfection.

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Mrs. Robert Glenn

There are cases where an operation is the only resource, but when one considers the great number of cases of ovarian and womb trouble cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after physicians have advised operations, no woman should submit to one without first trying the Vegetable Compound and writing Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is free.

Mrs. Robert Glenn, of 434 Marie St., Ottawa, Ont., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so well and widely known that it does not need my recommendation; but I am pleased to add it to the many which you have in your favor. I suffered untold agonies from ovarian troubles for nearly three years, and the doctors told me that I must undergo an operation; but as I was unwilling to do this, I tried your Vegetable Compound, and I am only too pleased that I did so, for it restored me to perfect health, saving me the pain of an operation and the immense bills attending the same."

Ovarian and womb troubles are steadily on the increase among women. If the monthly periods are very painful, or too frequent and excessive—if you have pain or swelling low down in the left side, bearing down pains, leucorrhoea, don't neglect yourself; try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lifebuoy soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as safeguard against interior diseases.

Ancient Love Letters.

The oldest love letters were found recently. They were written by a Babylonian gentleman about 2,200 years before Christ and were sent to a woman in Sipparra. It is surprising to find that, barring a slight quaintness of diction, they might have been written yesterday. One of these letters is addressed to the writer's "little sheep," and it is declared that "you alone are my life. I could spend eternity in the light of your eyes."

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"I TOOK OUT THE PAPER AND READ."

even mention it to any one but a tried friend like you—but I somehow fancied that you were fond of her. I do think that marriage might take these thousand and one foolish fancies out of her head."

"You haven't told me yet what?"

"I'm coming to it. As I said, today is her birthday. A year ago I promised her, a string of pearls for her next gift. This morning I asked her what she wished, thinking, of course, that she would answer, 'That beautiful string of pearls, mamma.' Any other girl would, but not she!"

Mrs. Pemberton made a dramatic pause.

"Well?" I ventured, shifting my position a little that I might the better observe a pair of handsome eyes.

"Of all things in the world, dear mamma, I do want a planchette!"

I chuckled. Mrs. Pemberton frowned entrancingly at me.

"Now, don't pretend that you know what a planchette is," she reproved, "for I don't believe you do. I didn't, but you may be sure I didn't let my daughter know the ignorance of her mother. I told her to choose one herself and send the bill to me."

"Bravo!" I exclaimed. "And then?"

"As soon as she was gone I ran to the dictionary, just as you would have done." Her remark was pointed.

"What is a planchette?" I asked dis-