

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

## Are You Sweet-Tempered?

It is said that a bad-tempered woman can cause more actual unpleasantness for the best of humanity than all the other disagreeable features one finds in life, and the unlucky possessor of an uncontrolled temper should remedy the fault as far as possible.

The girl who can control herself under the most trying circumstances is the girl who holds the strongest power over her fellow-creatures.

No matter how beautiful and clever and fascinating the bad-tempered girl may be her power is infinitesimal compared with that of her amiable sister.

And amiability is not only power, it is mental progression and health and happiness, and long life to one's self and to one's friends and family.

The bad-tempered girl or woman invariably declares her failing to be something she "can't help" on the rare occasions it is brought home to her that the said temper has worked havoc with the peace and happiness of those who surround her.

Nothing can be more false.

Sweet-temper is a grace to be cultivated. Sought after perhaps with many scars, but to be won by all those who are unselfish enough to desire the happiness of others before the gratification of their own ill moods.

## Have You a Horse?

If you want to keep him in shape, never let him suffer pain. Rub on "Nerviline"—it is noted for curing strains, swellings and stiffness and sore muscles. For internal use in curing cramps and colic, Nerviline is a perfect marvel. In every good training stable you'll find Nerviline because it keeps horses in trim and reduces the veterinary bill. Farmers, stockmen and all horse owners should buy Nerviline and prove how invaluable it is. Good for man or beast. 25c. for bottle at all dealers.

## In Brief

A miller living near the battlefield of Waterloo has derived a regular income since 1815 from the sale of a rusty iron nail. Someone discovered that Napoleon had hung his hat on that nail. He bought it. The miller promptly replaced it with another, and has since been busy selling rusty nails as priceless Napoleonic relics.

Sir Walter Parratt, "Master of the King's Music," played and won a game of chess while sitting at a piano performing from memory some difficult pieces by various great composers.

Peated thirty-one years ago, on September 8, 1877, a letter has just been discovered whilst the postal box at the beach village of Tarare was being renovated. The person to whom it was addressed at Lyons has been dead for a quarter of a century.

Mr. J. Van Sommer suggests that the sea could be trapped at high tide in many harbors and inlets round our coast and, being passed through pipes, compelled to supply power for industrial purpose at a handsome local profit.

Helgehegs do not take the milk of cows that are lying down, but they have been proved to take the eggs of poultry, and game birds, such as partridges and pheasants, while chickens and hens in coops are killed and worried.

## Character by the Hair

Hands, feet, eyes, fingers—all have been used as delimiters of character, and now it is the turn of the hair.

Dull black hair is said to denote a jealous disposition and a tendency to treachery.

The lighter the color of the hair, the more sensitive is the owner to criticism, and the more quick to feel real or fancied injuries.

The possessor of brown hair of a deep color and firm texture is usually distinguished by good judgement, good reasoning power and plenty of common-sense.

Women with red hair, though sometimes too impulsive and outspoken, are, as a rule, truthful and honest, with fair common-sense. They are usually the brightest, sunniest, and gentlest of mortals.

A woman with straight and "unyielding" hair, particularly if dark in color, has a firm and highly principled nature. She is determined, perhaps even a little obstinate but in the main extremely dependent.

# F. M. CAWLEY

## Undertaker and Embalmer

**I wish to announce to the people of Charlotte County that I am prepared to do all business in this line Cheaper and Better than ever**

Besides carrying a complete stock of First Class Caskets, Robes and all other funeral supplies, which I am prepared to sell 20 per cent. less than any competitor, I have lately added to my stock a good line of Cloth-covered caskets, which I will sell from Fourteen to Twenty Dollars. I have also a good line of Coffins which I will sell at from Ten to Fourteen Dollars.

**Anyone requiring anything in this line, will do well to examine my stock and get prices for themselves. Pay no attention to the Middleman or hired agent but satisfy yourself with me personally.**

**A Free Telephone is at your service and all orders promptly attended to as in the past**

**All goods will be delivered FREE**

## The Lost Watch

Nellie Cravey Gillmor in the New Orleans Times-Democrat

"Harsh speeches are an evil brood of chickens that always come home to roost." On the morning after she had flung the betrothal ring on the floor and dashed out of the room, leaving young Ausley alone with his consternation, the words occurred to Joyce Giddfield as an appalling truism. The packet the postman had just placed in her hands bore a distinctly ominous and hateful aspect; it was so fatally like the one she had mailed less than a week ago! Tearing off the paper with quivering fingers, she leaned weakly against the door-casing and started at the shining surface of the silver box with hot, aching eyes. Then she turned suddenly, and rushed up to her room, locking the door behind her.

Finally, when she had somewhat calmed herself, she sat down and placed the casket on the table in front of her and pressed the spring. He had returned everything; the little pearl scarfpin, the seal ring, made from old family gold; the card case, the silver box in the lid of which was mounted her latest photograph, and which she had sent him only five days ago. There was a lock of her hair, too, lying against the pale blue satin like a circle of sunlight.

For a long time Joyce sat looking from one mute article to the other, with a hundred pictures of her lover floating through her mind, her eyes brimming with tears of passionate regret. But she pulled herself together determinedly after a while, and rose and crossed the room to her desk. She pulled open a drawer and placed the casket in it, locking it securely and hiding the key.

The days that followed were dreary enough. All her old life seemed to flicker out as completely as a candle without a wick; it had crumbled to dust, vanished like a dream, but with the bitter recollection still vividly upon her, mocking, illusive.

A month had gone by. One morning Joyce went out on the verandah and picked up the paper. The first item her eyes fell upon, after she opened it, caused her a start of surprise.

"Found—On Broadway, between Ninth and Tenth, a Swiss enameled watch. Owner may claim property by identifying same at this office."

She threw down the paper and ran upstairs to her room and took down her coat. It was just as she had expected; the chatelaine was still pinned to the lapel, but the watch was missing. She dressed herself rapidly and took a car to the Herald office.

"I should like to give a reward," she told the agent, when she had proved her title to the jewel; "I am Miss Oldfield—if there's anything special—"

"Nothing at all. The gentleman who picked it up hoped the owner would be located without any trouble. He would not accept any reward, I am sure, miss."

Joyce hesitated a second, then she called for a pencil and a sheet of paper and hastily dashed down a line in a cramped, backward.

"The lady whose watch you found desires to express her thanks for its safe delivery."

"If the gentleman calls, kindly hand him this," she said.

A few days later a letter was forwarded to "Miss Oldfield" from the Herald office. Joyce tore it open eagerly and read:

"Mr. Jones is in receipt of the lady's kind words of appreciation, for which he begs to acknowledge grateful receipt. Was the watch O. K.?" P. O. box No. 236. It was written in type.

Joyce flushed as she folded it up. Should she take advantage of this obviously designed opening to reply? The turbulent state of her feelings at the present time rendered her reckless and blinded her to the first requisites of conventionality. And with a dare-devil impulse, she answered:

"The watch was intact—many thanks. Did you see me drop it?" She gave an assumed name and a box number.

The reply was plausible, if mendacious: "It was impossible to overtake you. I lost sight of you in the crowd, after which I believe you whirled past me in a motor. Am I correct?"

The correspondence developed with amazing rapidity between "Mr. Watkins Jones" and "Miss Eunice Smith"—P. O. box No. 374. At the end of six weeks there was a tacit betrothal. A fortnight later Joyce had promised in sheer desperation (through her amanuensis) to meet him in Baltimore on the following Friday and be married from her uncle's home.

She left New York on Thursday night with a tumultuous heart and half a dozen trunks, containing the wedding finery that had been inspired by her engagement to Teddy Ausley. And the vision of her old lover rose up to confront her, she choked it away with her pride and set her face resolutely toward the new life in which he was to have no part.

Just before midnight Joyce was shooed into consciousness by the abrupt, violent lurching of the train. She sat up in her berth with white cheeks and frightened eyes. Fastening her belt and collar, she followed the excited passengers out into the night. In the dark one of the rescuers took her by the arm and hurried her off through the trees to where the crowds were assembled.

In her excitement Joyce stumbled and fell. A man coming toward them with a lantern stopped a moment, while her companion lifted her to her feet.

"Are you hurt?" The tone sent a whole regiment of little thrills through her.

"No, no; not exactly." She looked up into his face and the light from the lantern flared full into her own.

"Joyce!"

"Teddy!"

His arm supported her. The girl made a little ineffectual protest, but he held her all the tighter.

"It—it's horrible," she moaned, with a shuddering, backward glance at the burning cars.

"I don't think any lives were lost," said Ausley reassuringly, "and I do know that it was our moment—with Providence."

Joyce trembled. Should she tell him? She would have to, sooner or later. "Teddy," she began in a quavering little voice, "I—you mustn't say such things to me, and I—I can't listen to them. I am on my way to Baltimore to—to be married."

"The deuce you are!"

"It's true," she jerked out with a sob.

Then Ausley laughed—without fear of nervousness. "So am I," he announced dryly.

"You?" Joyce collapsed.

"That's true; too." He looked away.

There was an instant, impossible of depiction. Then Ausley turned with a sudden masterful gesture to the girl at his side and said:

"Look here, Joyce. Miss Smith can buy her tract to Halifax. I don't want anybody but you, and I mean to have you!"

Joyce looked up shyly, and her face, looking as though it had been dipped in crimson, rippled into a thousand smiles.

"And—and Mr. Jones," she faltered, tremulously, he might just as well take the same train—with—Miss Smith, for I—really—don't—see—how—I—could."

Young Ausley stopped the words on her lips after a peculiar fashion of his own, encircling her with arms that were strangely rough, though exceedingly tender.

"Good! We'll leave them to console each other and proceed to do likewise."

Which presumably they did, for the rescue train left the village that morning with at least one bridal couple on board.

## Have You Ugly Warts?

Care them with Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Fifty years success is a guarantee of its merit. Beware of substitutes.