

THE LAURINBURG EXCHANGE.

A Democratic Journal, published weekly at Laurinburg, N. C., by J. T. McEACHIN, Editor. One copy, one year, \$1.00. One copy, six months, .60. One copy, three months, .35.

THE LAURINBURG EXCHANGE.

VOL. XVIII.

LAURINBURG, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1900.

NO. 1.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Local notices, 10c a line each insertion. One column 1 year, \$100. One-half column, one year, 60. One-eighth column, one year, 25. Special rates to constant advertisers on long or short time advertisements quoted on application.

MR MOODY'S ANECDOTES TOLD FROM THE PULPIT.

The anecdotes of Dwight L. Moody, the famous evangelist, as told by him in the course of his sermons, no doubt contributed largely to the remarkable success of the evangelist in his chosen work. He rarely preached a sermon without making some apt and pointed illustration which brought home to the hearts of his hearers the idea which he wished to convey. His stories were terse, simple and well told and his storehouse of anecdotes seemed inexhaustible.

To illustrate the character of the evangelist, briefly, it has been written of him as follows:

"Self-made, and conscious of the absolute truthfulness of every Bible declaration, Dwight L. Moody is perhaps, the most independent and powerful of evangelists. Man, rather than books, and God, rather than man, have been his study, and made his life intensely individual and one which has constantly increased in good works. During his long labor he has been the same faithful, persevering, original and pungent D. L. Moody, with an unshakable faith in God and a burning desire for the conversion of souls. At home Mr. Moody is cheerful and happy; in the social circle he is genial and companionable; in the pulpit he is truth on fire."

Mr. Moody's anecdotes dealt with every phase and character of life. He appealed to his hearers earnestly and with simple eloquence and his powerful personal influence and magnetism he was listened to with rapt attention wherever he spoke. His anecdotes appealed to one's sense of affection, affection, assurance, belief, his words designed to inspire belief in the Bible, they encouraged Bible study; he told stories of the blind, the blood of children, of Christ, Christian work, Christian zeal, confession, conversion, decision, deliverance, excuses, faith, forgiveness, grace, heaven, fidelity, intolerance, liberty, little folks, praise, prayer, song, trust, wisdom and things closest to the people.

A few of the most striking of these are given below:

"One day when I was in Brooklyn I saw a young man going along the street without any arms. A friend who was with me, pointed him out, and told me his story. When the boy broke out he felt it to be his duty to enlist and go to the front. He was engaged to be married, and while in the army letters passed frequently between him and his intended wife. After the battle of the Wilderness the young lady looked anxiously for the accustomed letter. At last one came in a strange hand. She opened it with trembling fingers, and read these words: 'Now we have fought a terrible battle. I have been wounded so awfully that I shall never be able to support you. A friend writes this for me. I love you more tenderly than ever, but I release you from my promise. I will not ask you to join your life with the maimed life of mine.' That letter was never answered. The next train that left, the young lady was on it. She went to the hospital. She found out the number of his cot, and she went down the aisle, between the long rows of the wounded men. At last she saw the number, and, hurrying to his side, she threw her arms around his neck and said: 'I'll not desert you. I'll take care of you.' He did not resist her love. They were married, and there is no happier couple than this one. We are dependent on one another. Christ says, 'I'll take care of you; I'll take you to this bosom of mine.' The young man could have spurned her love; he could, but he didn't. Surely you can be saved if you will accept the Saviour's love. If God loves us, my friends, he loves us unto the end. 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

"I remember seeing a story sometime ago in print. It has been in the papers, but it will not hurt us to hear it again. A family in a southern city were stricken down with yellow fever. It was raging there, and there were very stringent sanitary rules. The moment anybody died, a cart went around and took the coffin away. The father was taken sick and died and was buried, and the mother was at last stricken down. The neighbors were afraid of the plague, and none dared go into the house. The mother had a little son and was anxious about her boy, and afraid he would be neglected when she was called away. She called the little fellow to her bedside and said, 'My boy, I am going to leave you, but Jesus will come to you when I am gone.' The mother died, the cart came along and she was laid in the grave. The neighbors would have liked to take the boy, but were afraid of the pestilence. He wandered about and usually started up to the place where they had laid his mother and sat down on the grave and wept himself to sleep. Next morning he awoke and realized his position—alone and hungry. A stranger came along and asked him to see the little fellow sitting on the ground, asked him what he was waiting for. The boy remembered what his mother had told him and answered, 'I am waiting for Jesus,' and told him the whole story. The man's heart was touched, tears trickled down his cheeks and he said, 'Jesus has sent me,' to which the boy replied, 'You have been a good while coming. He has provided for. So it is with us. To wait for us must have courage and patience and God will help us.'"

"An infidel came the other day to one of our meetings, and when I talked with him he replied that he didn't believe the twelfth part of the Bible but I

kept on quoting Scripture, feeling that if the man didn't believe, God could do what He chose with His words, and make it quick and powerful and sharper than a two-edged sword. The man kept saying that he did not believe what the Bible said, and I kept on quoting passage after passage of Scripture, and the man who, two hours before, had entered the hall an infidel, went out of it a converted man, and a short time after his conversion he left the city for Boston a Christian, to join his family in Europe. Before this gentleman went away I asked him if he believed the Bible, and his reply was: 'From back to back, every word of it.'"

"A favorite way to study the Bible with me is first to take up one expression, and run through the different places where they are found. Take the 'I' of John: 'I am the bread of life,' 'I am the resurrection,' 'I am all and in all.' God gives to his children a blank, and if they can write whatever they most want, and he will fill the blank. And the promises. A Scotchman found out 31,000 distinct promises in the word of God. There is not a deponent soul but that there is a promise just to suit him."

"I remember when I was a boy I went several miles from home with the older brother. That seemed to me the longest visit of my life. It seemed that I was then farther away from home than I had ever been before or have ever been since. While we were walking down the street we saw an old man coming toward us, and my brother said, 'There is a man that will give you a cent. He gives every new boy that comes into this town a cent.' That was my first visit to the town, and when the old man got opposite to us he looked around and my brother said, not wishing me to lose the cent, and to remind the old man that I had not received it, told him I was a new boy in the town. The old man, taking off my hat, placed his trembling hand on my head and told me I had a Father in heaven. It was a kind, simple act, but I feel the pressure of the old man's hand upon my head to this day. You don't know how much you do by just speaking kindly."

"A rule I have had for years is to treat the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal friend. He is not a creed, a mere empty doctrine, but it is He himself we have. The moment we have received Christ we should receive him as a friend. When I go away from home I bid my wife and children goodby, I bid my friends and acquaintances goodby, but I never heard of a poor backslider going down his knees and saying: 'I have been dear you for ten years, your service has been tedious and monotonous, I have become tired of you, goodby, Lord Jesus Christ.' I never heard of one doing this. I will tell you how they go away, they just run away."

"Two young men came into our inquiry room here the other night, and after a convert talked with them and showed them the way, the light broke in upon them. They were asked, 'Where do you go to church?' They gave the name of the church where they had been going. Said one, 'I advise you to go and see the minister of that church.' 'We don't want to go there any more. We have gone there for six years and no one has spoken to us.'"

"A young convert got up in one of our meetings and tried to preach; he could not preach very well, either, but he did the best he could. Some one stood up and said: 'Young man, you cannot preach; you ought to be ashamed of yourself.' Said the young man, 'So I am, but I am not ashamed of my Lord.' That is right. Do not be ashamed of Christ—of the man that bought us with His own blood."

"I remember soon after I got converted a pantheist got hold of me and just tried to draw me back to the world. These men who try to get hold of the young converts are the worst set of men. I don't know a worse set than he who tries to pull young Christians down. He tried to argue with me, and I did not know the Bible very well then, and he got the best of me. The only way to get the best of these atheists, pantheists or infidels, is to have a good knowledge of the Bible. Well, this pantheist told me God was everywhere, in the air, sun, moon, earth, stars, but he really meant nowhere. And the next time I went to pray it seemed that I was not praying anywhere or to anyone. We have ample evidence in the Bible that there is such a place as heaven, and we have abundant manifestation that His influence from heaven is felt among us."

"I won't accept this invitation because of those hypocrites in the church.' My friend, you will find very few there if you get to heaven. There won't be a hypocrite in the next world, and if you don't want to be associated with hypocrites in the next world you will take this invitation. Why, you will find plenty of hypocrites in the church. They have been there for the past 1800 years, and will probably remain there. But what is that to you? This is an individual matter between you and your God."

"Savage Hog Kills a Farmer. Jacob Vandoren, aged 78 years, a farmer, living near White House, Md., died from injuries received three days ago, when he was attacked by a vicious hog. The large hog broke through his pen and attacked Vandoren before he could defend himself. One of the hog's tusks tore a frightful wound in his leg and he was otherwise badly injured. Vandoren called to his dog, which attacked the savage beast just as it was making a second onslaught. The hog left its victim and attacked his dog, which enabled Vandoren to make his escape."

SAM JONES WROTE HOW TO BUILD A MODEL CITY.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—The building of cities dates back almost as far as the history of mankind and we have as many varieties of cities as we have varieties of men. I have been in and through almost every important town and city in the United States and Canada, but it was my good fortune on this lecture tour to visit and spend a day in the model city of America, the town of Vandergrift, Pa., forty miles northeast of Pittsburgh, situated on the historic Kiskiminetus river. Beautiful for situation and pleasant in all its surroundings, mountain, hill and dale all blended, made an ideal spot. This town was first created in the fertile brain of Mr. George G. McMurry, president of the Apollo Iron and Steel works. It was a great pleasure to me to meet him and listen to his words so full of instruction and common sense; I spent more than two hours talking with him."

"This young city three years old, which he has built, or rather which he has taught others to build, is a marvel of symmetry, beauty and convenience. Mr. McMurry told me that he had visited all the leading manufacturing towns of Europe and America and had obtained all the information that skill and experience could give on how to build a town. He saw that the first thing was foundation and that the foundation of every model city must begin with a perfect sewerage system. Secondly, that they must have pure water. Thirdly, that environment must be conducive not only to health, but to contentment and happiness of the citizen. He said that the foundation which lies deeper than the sewerage system of the city was the fact that a man is a man whether he is behind a hoe or behind the manager's desk, that a man has a perfect right to live and to prosper by his labor, that he is entitled to fair, square treatment by his employer, that he should have the privilege of making and maintaining a home, that his confidence in his employer is next to value to his skill as a workman, that in order to secure and retain his confidence his employer must repose confidence in him, evince a lively, practical interest in his social and domestic life, and encourage him to look for better things."

"The sub-foundation of this town was in the fact that a citizen is both a master and a man; master of his own destiny. He told me that the Apollo Iron and Steel works had been located in Vandergrift, and was the largest producing plant in the world of steel and iron. That he was not satisfied with the environment of Apollo, so he moved and rebuilt the plant of the iron and steel works in Vandergrift, a modern city around the plant. All the plans, methods, etc., were in the mind of Mr. McMurry and he employed Mr. Frederick Olmsted, who was the architect of the general plan of the World's fair at Chicago, and under the skillful direction of Mr. Olmsted the plan of the town was developed, and while this town now has but a few years existence only three years they have more than three thousand population, and a finer class of people does not live in this continent. Ninety-seven per cent of the citizens of Vandergrift are American citizens, only three per cent foreign born."

"They have most beautiful churches. The company of which Mr. McMurry is president gave to each Christian denomination in the town a beautiful building lot, with only five hundred dollars in cash, with only two conditions attached. First, that they were not to build a church costing less than fifteen thousand dollars, and that no debt or mortgage should ever be created on this property. The Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans and Catholics have all built beautiful churches and all are prospering, and all are growing in numerical strength. They are now just finishing a beautiful opera house costing about thirty-five thousand dollars."

"The business houses of the town are models in architecture and beauty. The residences are built after the most improved plans. The Apollo Iron and Steel works company don't own a single residence or business house in the town. They laid the foundation of the town, put in sewerage, furnished a magnificent water works, giving an abundance of pure water, electric lights, paved the streets and put down elegant sidewalks, etc., and simply advertise the lots for sale and selling them very reasonably, and with each lot all the privileges of the town are given to the purchaser of the lot. More than three thousand energetic, healthy, industrious, contented people now live within the corporate limits of this beautiful city. Each deed to real estate from the company carries with it a prohibitory proviso for ninety-nine years that no kind of liquor or beer or wine can be sold. Mr. McMurry told me that the Apollo Iron and Steel works don't propose to be a Salvation Army, trying to get men to heaven, or a benevolent institution to take care of the sick and destitute, but that from a business standpoint beautiful churches and well filled pulpits furnish advantages that business men cannot overlook. A hospital to take care of the sick is not only charity, but good business policy, with an institution with a large enterprise, that they didn't propose that Vandergrift they should give to anybody anything except an opportunity to be somebody and to do something worthy of a man. He said to me that sewerage, water and light, and so on, are generally inaugurated by piecemeal and poorly done at best in the cities, and the cost created bonded debts and increased taxation, but the city of Vandergrift has all these and not a dollar of debt on the city and furnishes opportunity for industry and economy such

AS FEW OTHER TOWNS IN THE WORLD GIVE TO MEN. IN THE GREATS AND IRON PLANT THE WAGES OF THE MEN GRADE FROM A DOLLAR AND A HALF A DAY FOR THE MOST LABORER TO TWENTY DOLLARS A DAY FOR THE MOST SKILLED ONE.

"Some members of the National Association of Manufacturers, together with the proprietors of several large department stores, and other philanthropic citizens, who seem to think that Uncle Sam should conduct his affairs to serve their personal interests, are trying to get Congress to pass a law admitting large parcels of merchandise into the mails at a low rate of postage. Among the arguments they present is the fact that in Great Britain the postage on parcels is 6 cents for the first pound and 2 cents for each additional pound, thus making an 11-pound package, which is this limit, cost only 26 cents; and then they go on to hysterics over the great benefit and convenience it would be to the plain people to have such a rate of postage for the transmission of their Christmas presents. The wonder is that they do not ask Uncle Sam to carry their packages for nothing."

"Let us see how this world now is. It begins with our postal service now has a deficit of some \$9,000,000 per annum for operating expenses alone, and if to this be added the appropriations for new post offices and new equipments, with a reasonable amount for depreciation in values and wear and tear, the deficit would probably amount to \$20,000,000 or more per annum."

"Who pays this shortage? Every schoolboy knows that if Uncle Sam doesn't get postage stamps enough to pay his postal expenses, he must make it up from his customs duties, or from other internal revenues, so that the people pay the Government's deficit, which forms the profit going into the pockets of a few large business houses who are in a position to work Uncle Sam's machinery to their personal advantage."

"If a woman in Oklahoma, or Oklahoma, or any other out-of-the-way place, can get a new dress; or ten pounds of tea, or a boy's suit, or a pair of shoes, or anything else that her family or household uses, in New York, Chicago or St. Louis, or any other big trade center, at an expense of 26 cents or less for postage, will she patronize her local storekeeper? A cheap parcel post means sure death to the country merchant, a blow to the prosperity of every little country village, and an enormous reduction in the business of regular buying merchants—all for the benefit of a few mercantile aggregations that are not satisfied to corral all business within 100 miles of their establishments, but now want Uncle Sam to pay delivery charges on their packages so that they can capture the retail trade of the entire country."

"If we are not very much mistaken, the million or so of country merchants will have something to say before Congress passes any new postal laws which would increase the delivery charges on their packages so that they can capture the retail trade of the entire country."

"Doctors and Morphine. One of the leading experts on inebriety in its most virulent forms, Dr. T. Crothers, recently read a paper before the Connecticut Medical Association on the subject, 'Morphinism Among Physicians,' which contained some remarkable statements. As doctors are as a class best acquainted with the destructive effects of morphine, cocaine and such powerful drugs, it would seem that they would be the last to fall victims to them. But Dr. Crothers declares that 21 per cent—or one in five—of the physicians of the middle and eastern states use spirits or opium to excess; and he concludes that from 6 to 10 per cent of all medical men are opium addicts. It is estimated that there are 150,000 opiumists in the United States; and this fact, in connection with the prevalence of the opium habit among doctors, presents one of the gravest problems for solution before the American people. Dr. Crothers arraigns the men of his own profession as being responsible to a great degree for the spread of morphia in this country."

"He Had Been There Himself. The night was dark, consequently the electric lights had been turned off. Mr. Rothschild, the banker, who was returning home at an unusually late hour, picked his way over the frozen ground, and as he approached the brown stone mansion which had been his home for many years a stifled sob escaped his lips. The thought that it would soon pass into other hands was more than he could bear. He had nearly reached the door when a burly footpad emerged from behind a tree and ordered him to 'stand and deliver.' A wild, uncanny laugh rang out on the frosty night air, and echoed down the deserted avenue. It was a mirthless laugh, and it caused a shiver to pass through the footpad's stalwart frame. 'My good man,' said the banker in a hollow voice, 'you are too late. I have just been around paying for the Christmas presents my wife bought me. Here is my watch and diamond pin.' 'No, no!' cried the highwayman, brushing a tear from his cheek, 'I am a robber, it is true, but I have a heart.' And thrusting a roll of bills into the banker's hand, he vanished in the darkness."

"Drowned in a Bath Tub. The New York Sun of Monday gives these particulars of the death of a North Carolinian in that city. 'Frederick H. Harris, a clerk 20 years old, living in the apartment house at 20 West One Hundred and Fourth street, was found dead yesterday morning in his bathtub. The tub was full of water and his head and the upper part of his body were submerged, but his legs were dangling over the side. The police believe that the young man had a fit while bathing and was drowned. The coroner's office is investigating the case. Harris came here from Chapel Hill, N. C., last July. He has been employed as a clerk by the Continental Tobacco Company.'"

SURE DEATH TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

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BILL ARP IN NORTH CAROLINA.

"I have just returned from good old North Carolina—a state that I love because of its good people, and partly for the same reason that Alex Stephens said he loved his little dog, 'because the little dog loved him.' I am never more honored than when I go to visit old Rip Van Winkle, that Washington Irving made famous and Joe Jefferson immortalized. The good old state waked up long ago and immortalized herself by sending to the civil war more soldiers than any state of the confederacy, not only more in actual numbers, but more in proportion to population. And she would do it again. The confederate sentiment is stronger there today than anywhere that I know of and I am actually afraid that the old veterans are getting ready to rise again. Why, at Wadesboro twenty-six of them, in old confederate badges, escorted me to the hall. Some of them had but one eye and some one leg, and they were all solemnly talking the time away."

"They circled half around me on the platform and reminded me of the grand saunter that Moses tells us used to gather at the tabernacle. They have a Tammany hall in the village, where they rendezvous and refresh their memories and keep alive and burning the confederate sentiment. I do hope they won't rise again."

"From there I went to Monroe, a beautiful little city of 4,000 people, who are wide awake and are putting on metropolitan airs. Cotton mills and oil mills and waterworks and a gas plant are already established, and I was pleased to see that the children in the factory looked healthy and happy, and the superintendent told me he paid the youngest of them 25 cents a day, and worked them only 10 hours. I met scores of old confederates there and some of them came miles to greet me. It was a real ovation all the day long, and made me feel humble and thankful for I can't understand what I have done to merit such kind attention. One old veteran who lives in the Waxhaw settlement brought me a hickory cake cut from the spot where Andrew Jackson was born. Another veteran came sixteen miles to bring me a jug of mineral water from his spring, that he said would cure me of my kidney trouble in two minutes. 'Yes, sir,' said he, with emphasis, 'in two minutes by the clock.'"

"But I must forbear for this time and close this long letter with love to all mankind—except some. BILL ARP."

"The Sanctity of a Church. Philadelphia Times. Persons in New York who look a long way around a corner to find something to grumble about are protesting because a church in the heart of the city has been erected, and it seems that the fact has been given over to the seductive song of the soubrette. In other words, it is turned into a music hall. Not a mile away from this edifice, in a fashionable part of Madison avenue, a church building has for years been used as the up-town office of an express company. In enlarging and altering the building nothing was done to conceal the fact that it had been a church. In every growing city one may find churches whose congregations have deserted them as trade drove population elsewhere. But have they ceased to be churches? Charles Kingsley, in 'Hypatia,' tells of Augustine wanting a church in which to preach to his soldiers. 'There is a ruin which was last month a church,' he was told. 'And is one still a church, if the man did not place there the spirit of God and man cannot expel it.'"

"A Judge on Pardons. In sentencing Levi Moore to 99 years in the penitentiary, Judge John W. Wofford, of the Kansas City Criminal Court, recently made some remarkable statements. Among other things he said: 'When you go down to the penitentiary behave yourself and some fool himself for philanthropy, benevolence and kindness may pardon you. Yours is an extraordinary case, and some Governor may think he can become distinguished by pardoning you. Therefore the jury did you a great benefit not to hang you. They have given you a chance to be pardoned. 'We have had examples lately of Governors seeking to become heroes by pardoning murderers and criminals in this State. The hero factory has been working overtime in the last eighteen months. If a man can become a hero by wading a river with the water up to his shirt tail, why can't a Governor become a hero by pardoning you?'"

"The Natural Infirmary. A gentleman was riding on one of the coaches in the Trossachs of Scotland, when the driver said to him: 'I've had a coin give me today 200 years old.' Did you ever see a coin 200 years old? 'Oh, yes,' was the reply. 'I have one myself 2,000 years old.' 'Ah,' said the driver, 'have you?' And he spoke no more during the rest of the journey. When the coach arrived at its destination the driver came up to the gentleman with an intensely self-satisfied air and said: 'I told you as we came along that I had a coin 200 years old.' 'Yes.' 'And you said to me as you had one 2,000 years old.' 'Yes, so I have.' 'Now, you be a liar!' 'What do you mean by that?' 'What do I mean by that?' 'What do I mean? Why—it's only 1899 now!'"

"When a washerwoman changes her place of residence, one may ask, 'where she hangs out now,' without using slang."

TERSE, TART AND TIMELY.

"Mr. McKinley is already making plans for stamping touts during the Presidential campaign; one of them will be to the Pacific coast. The frequency with which the admiral goes to the rescue of the Wall Street speculators bodes no good to the Republican party. Gen. Joe Wheeler's friends are objecting to the treatment he is receiving at the hands of Gen. Otis. It is more than probable that Otis acted on orders from Washington, when he assigned Gen. Wheeler to an unimportant command in Luzon. That the people of this Republic are not ungrateful is shown by the rapid growth of the fund for the widow and children of Gen. Lawton. When Mr. Brigham Roberts looks over the trouble that three wives have had for him he must doubt that there is luck in odd numbers. Wonder if Gen. Otis regards the prospect of a newspaper in this step toward Filipino liberty openly stated? That the newspapers of Manila be less freedom in publishing the news than was allowed under the Spanish regime. Can the United States afford to keep on giving the lives of such soldiers as Gen. Lawton for the Philippines? It is high time for the people to seriously consider this question. There are many evangelists, some of them strikingly successful, but none of them have been as successful as the late Dwight L. Moody. It is not given to a single age to produce such men. It looks as though England would soon be compelled to sell bonds to raise the money to meet the enormous expense of the war in South Africa. England will, in the end, get the Transvaal Republic, but she will have to pay a big price for it, both in money and in blood."

"Trion factory with its immense power, driving 30,000 spindles, was stopped by a school of eels. The eels came down the creek in large numbers after heavy November rains and went through the flume into the wheel pit. The unusual obstruction caused the speed of the mill to slacken and the machinery was stopped. An examination was made and about 200 pounds of eels were found in the pit. A citizen of Trion wrote the following letter about the incident to the editor of Textile Excelsior, a cotton mill journal published at Charlotte. TRIOS FACTORY, Ga. Editor Textile Excelsior: For the past three years we have had considerable experience with eels at this mill. They come down stream after the first rain in November. So numerous are they that they choke down the water wheels. This fact has been reported before in the Textile Excelsior, and it seems that they have again paid doubt about its being true. Again I say that on November 27 there came a rain which made the river very muddy. Along towards night the speed began to go down. Everybody cried out 'eels again!' To be sure that it was eels and no small number, we stopped the mill and opened up the wheels. Sure enough, there were the wheel pit full of them. Two hundred pounds were taken out and many dropped through the wheels. After the boys had taken out all that were still alive, we thought of the doubts that might arise when the fact became known. We concluded, therefore, to have a photograph made. It represents what was left after all the town had been supplied with the eels. This photograph is a view of what takes place here every year in the way of catching eels. These weigh from one to six pounds, and the majority are of the larger tribe. The water wheels had to stand all day and the next account of so many eels getting into them, and for fear some of the gearing connected with the gate would be broken."

"Just Like a Youngster. Detroit News. Major Ford H. Rogers tells an amusing anecdote of the late Gen. Clinton B. Fiske. The General was addressing a Sunday-school convention. One of the speakers reminded the children that it was Washington's Birthday. 'Children,' said General Fiske, 'you all know that Washington was a general. Perhaps you know that I am also a general. Now, can anyone tell what was the difference between General Washington and myself?' 'I know, sir,' piped a small boy in the back part of the room. 'Well, what was the difference?' said General Fiske smiling at the lad's eagerness. 'George Washington couldn't tell a lie, sir,' cried the boy in exultant tones. Cheers of laughter followed, in which the General joined heartily."

"Pensions Claims Increasing. WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—It is expected by the officials of the Pension Office that the applications for pensions on account of service in the Philippines or Cuba will more than offset the decrease in the pension list on account of the deaths of pensioners. The pension attorneys have been watching the lists of casualties very closely and have been in communication with injured and sick soldiers until nearly 25,000 applications for pensions have been filed. As a large majority of the claims have been filed by a few enterprising firms, the attorneys will make a good thing of it, as the fee is \$10 for each pension allowed."

"An Unfortunate Recollection. 'Whom did you marry, Billy?' 'A Miss Jones, of Philadelphia.' 'You always did like the name Jones; you used to tag around after a little snub-nosed Jones girl when we went to school together.' 'Yes; she's the girl I married.'"