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THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance.
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Song of the Spirit of Ink.

I am the spirit of ink! I am lord of the world of men!
The mightiest monarch who walks the earth
Acknowledges me of superior worth—
Me and my slave, the Pen!

When I wield my magic spell, I sing in a mystic strain,
And I make men's brains grow mad with hate—
Or their hearts lift up with a joy elate—
As they list my weird refrain.

I sing of life and death, and I sing of hopes and fears,
And the burden of griefs and dark despairs
Each human heart in its sorrow bears
Through the length of the weary years.

I sing of woman's scorn, and I sing of lover's sighs,
And my music rare and my endless themes
Fill the souls of men with wondrous dreams
That reach beyond the skies.

I stay the hand of Time as he whirls in his ceaseless flight,
And the thoughts of men long turn'd to clay
I keep as the centuries roll away
To the realms of endless night!

For I am the spirit of ink—the lord of the world of men!
The mightiest monarch who walks the earth
Acknowledges me of superior worth—
Me and my slave, the Pen!

—Albert E. Hunt.

Fate's Day.

There is in nearly every life a day
Which stands apart,
Marked by the hand of Fate,
Which seems to say:
"Read slow, for on thy heart
Is pictured all the sunshine of this day,
Or all the sorrow,
And the reflection from this picture may
Be light or shade for all the long tomorrow."

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

To persist

In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy.

—Shakespeare.

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smil'd.

—Campbell.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LONG.

News and Observer.

Benjamin Franklin Long, of Iredell, who was nominated for Judge of the Superior Court by the Democratic judicial convention of the Eight District at Salisbury, August 2, 1894, was born in 1853 in Alamance county, N. C., and is the youngest son of Jacob Long and Jane Stewart, daughter of the late Col. John Stockard, of Orange. On his father's side he is descended from German and Scotch ancestry, and on his mother's side from German. His father, who died 21st May, 1894, in his 88th year, was a sterling, successful farmer "whose acres yielded to to the touch of of honest toil and smiled with golden harvests." He learned every one of his sons how to labor on the farm. There were six sons and this was a part of their education.

After working on his father's farm till his 19th year, attending school when he could and preparing himself for college, Mr. Long began life for himself, entered Trinity College, finished the course there in a little over two years, and graduated in 1874, the valedictorian of his class, among his classmates being Hon. Lee S. Overman, Judge Boykin, President Staley, Profs. English, Scroggs, Hon. J. C. Black and others. He taught Latin for two years in Graham High School; went to Judge Pearson's law school in 1876, and obtained his licinse to practice the next year. Then he entered the law class at the University of Virginia, and completed the course in one year, taking the degree of bachelor of law. He also received the orator's medal awarded by a committee of the faculty of that institution, and delivered the oration as representative of the Washington Society at the commencement of 1878.

On the 16th day of October, 1878, he located in Statesville to begin the practice of law and formed a partnership with Hon. Wm. M. Robbins, which has existed to the present time. On the 23d day of December, 1879, he married Miss Mary Alice Robbins, a woman noted for her beauty, accomplishments and fine sense, and a daughter of his partner. The offspring of the marriage are two sons and two daughters.

Mr. Long edited and published the "Law Lectures" of Chief Justice Pearson, from notes which he had taken while a student under him, a volume very useful to those who are beginning the study of the common law.

In 1881 he was chosen as solicitor of the Inferior court of Iredell county, and he was twice re-elected to this office. In May, 1885, he was elected mayor of Statesville, and held that office until January, 1887, when he resigned it to enter upon his duties as solicitor of the Eighth Judicial district. He was renominated as solicitor unanimously in 1890 and re-elected by over 5,000 majority.

Such is a brief summary of the career of this gentleman who is now the nominee for judge in the Eighth district—a career which has been crowned with success at every step—success due to high native talents, untiring industry and genuine worth. It is these characteristics which have caused the people to flock to him so enthusiastically and give him the nomination for judge by a remarkable vote over a competitor who is recognized as one of the ablest and best judges now on the Superior court bench.

Under his administration of the law, the highest criminal will not feel that he can trample on it with impunity nor the humblest honest man fail to find it a shield. He has never sought political office, all his aspirations being for promotion in the line of his profession, in which faithful study and successful practice have made him one of the most learned and skillful in the State. Patient, diligent, impartial, courteous, just, it is predicted for him as judge a career of usefulness and distinction such as has been rarely if ever excelled on the bench of North Carolina.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Caillouette, Druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at P. B. Fetzer's Drug Store.

ARP'S SYMPATHY

With the Poor People Who Have Lost All by the Forest Fires.

Oh, the pity of it! It makes the heart bleed to read all the details of that terrible calamity in Minnesota. We have never heard of anything so dreadful. Over five hundred human souls in health and security suddenly, without warning, burned to death. Poor men! Poor women and little children, flying from the flames in mortal fear and perishing in mortal agony! Charred corpses of mothers found face downwards as they cried to shield the babes under them! Oh, think of it and let pity fill our hearts for at least a little while. The ocean steamers can go down with all on board, but drowning is sweet, compared with this—whole families swept away by cruel flames. None left. Nothing left. When pestilence comes there is a chance for some, and those who die finger awhile and are comforted with last words and tears of love. Some are taken and some are left, but here was no time for words or tears; no ministers of love, no shroud, no coffin, no flowers, no funeral, no mourners, no grave. What is life but a peril? Who is safe? Every now and then we read of some terrible visitation somewhere. Away down on the Rio Grande a few days ago there was an awful flood that swept scores into eternity. Fire in one place and flood in another, and pestilence across the seas. And yet we hurry on and take no solemn heed. We do not stop even for a moment to weep with those who weep. I sat in the veranda of the Bell house on Peachtree street in Atlanta. Beautiful Peachtree that is paved with asphalt and adorned with shade and grass and flowers and palaces. For an hour I sat alone and watched the ceaseless trains of carriages and street cars and vehicles of all kinds, thronged with gay and happy people—fair women and lovely children, with not a thought of pain or danger, while in another portion of God's vineyard there were hundreds of people hunting for the dead—gathering up the blackened corpses of those who only a day or two before were just as happy, and felt just as secure as these good people on Peachtree. Friends, let us stop a moment and ponder upon the insecurity of life. Let us be thankful that no such calamity hath befallen us.

Well, it looks like we have seen the worst of the financial crisis. We have been at the bottom and the situation is obliged to improve. Some say that there can be starvation in the midst of of plenty, but I don't believe it. It took all of the two last years' crops to pay the people's debts and get them back to economy, and now, down here in Dixie is another abundant crop that will scatter money broadcast all over the South. Three hundred millions for cotton, and one hundred millions for surplus corn is a heap of money and it will come to stay. It won't go north to pay debts, and it will have to go into cotton mills, oil mills, knitting mills, canning factories, or some other industries that will give employment to labor. Here is my county, that is about out of debt, that will make at least ten thousand bales of cotton, and have 250,000 bushels of corn to sell. There is half a million dollars to spare. Our farmers are raising their own meat and the crop of potatoes is splendid. Everything they have to buy is cheap except coffee, and the tariff will make all woolen goods still cheaper.

A letter from my son who is in England, says he bought a first-class cassimere suit of clothes for $10, and they will be nearly as cheap here this winter, since the high tariff has been taken off. Blankets will be almost half price. Our wool factories are howling about this, but it will turn out all right in the long run. Powers & Wightman howled awfully when the duty was taken off of quinine and it dropped from $3 an ounce to 50 cents. But they dident quit the business, as they threatened, and are making more money on quinine than they ever did. There is nothing like turning an infant industry loose to shift for itself. A son can lean upon the old man until he thinks he can't go it alone, but he can. The old eagles have to push their young ones out of the nest or they never would leave it, but would stay there just as long as the parents would feed them.

Low prices stimulate industry and teach economy and cause new methods to be invented. When pig iron dropped from $24 a ton to $15 iron men swore they couldent make it at that price, but they did. Then it dropped again to $12 and they are making it still. Farmers said they couldent nor they wouldent grow cotton for 7 cents, but they kept on and will be glad to get 6½ cents for this crop. Now, if we can all have more gratitude and less politics we will be better citizens and better Christians. It is very hard to enjoy religion on an empty stomach and almost impossible to get it. Hunger and misery makes atheists and anarchists. Old Mrs. Job said: "Curse God and die," and most every man except Job would have done it.

Bad luck and trouble will shake the faith of the average Christian—the Christian who has a kind of summer religion.

Most every man can enjoy religion if he has a pocketful of money, or if he can make a bargain with the Lord like old Jacob did when he was fleeing from Esau. "If the lord will be with me and give me bread to eat and raiment to put on so that I come to my father's house in peace, thus shall the Lord be my God." That would be a very popular religion. I would be willing to promise the Lord right now that if He would, in some way, let me get hold of a hundred thousand dollars, I would give half of it to charity and the church. That is what may be called personal religion. We have had a good deal of good preaching in our town lately, and it helps everybody. It makes a man "do justly, love mercy and walk humbly" for awhile, anyhow. It makes us think less of ourselves and more of our neighbors, and our prayers do us more good.

"He prayeth best who loveth most
All things great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The kind, loving, tender preaching of the gospel will take the conceit out of a man. Sensation and slang may draw and amuse and even reform, but true religion is not caught by jokes and smiles. Heard a preacher say that a few years ago there were seventy-five persons joined a church in Mississppi where he is now preaching. They joined during a revival. They went in on a tidal wave, and not one kept what he thought he had got—not one. The preacher found their names on the books, but they had all relapsed, and one of the women was selling whiskey behind the bar. It is said of love that, "Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all!"

But that won't do for religion. It is better not to vow than to vow and not pay.

BILL ARP.

Slightly Mixed.

A correspondent is involved in domestic perplexities. He write: "I got acquainted with a young widow who lived with her step daughter in the same house. I married the widow; and my father fell shortly afterward in love with the step-daughter of my wife, and married her. My wife became the mother-in-law and also the daughter-in-law of my own father; my wife's step-daughter is my step-mother, and I am the step-father of my mother-in-law. My step-mother, who is the step-daughter of my wife, has a boy; he is naturally my step-brother, because he is the son of my wife's step-daughter, so is my wife the grandmother of the little boy and I am the grandfather of my step-brother. My wife has a boy; my step-mother is consequently the step-sister of my boy, and is also his grandmother, because he is the child of her step-son; and my father is the brother-in-law of my son, because he has his step-sister for a wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is the son of my step-mother; I am the brother-in-law of my mother, my wife is the aunt of her own son, my son is the grandson of my father, and I am my own grandfather. Here is an awful example."

Time to Stop Grumbling.

Louisburg Times.

Continual complaint about this, that and the other does not make times better. There are bright hopes all around us. The trouble is the many people are looking for great revolutions and expect the big end of the cornicopia of prosperity to be turned into their laps while they sit with folded hands and prate about the country going to rack. Their eyes are shut to the blessing and encouragement of the little world around them and in which they move. Instead of walking they want to make the trip at one jump.

The gratifying evidence of the better times coming, are seen on all sides.

The despondent tone of the press is fast disappearing, and everybody is looking as if glad to be rid of the weary load that he so long oppressed. Quick to feel the least signs of depression, a season of stagnation caused a shutting down of many capitalistic enterprise but consumption has been going on all the time.

The situation has taught many the much needed lesson of economy, and made plain to them that expenses must be lessened. This has in a measure caused the prevailing inactivity. Large mills and mines are opening up again. The crop prospects are good. The Democratic party is in good shape to fight its bottles this Fall, and he who reads as he runs, can see much to encourage in the present outlook.

At the Earth's Center.

Let us speculate a little on what would be the probable condition of some of the common substances if they could be taken to the center of the earth—say to a distance of 4,000 miles straight down under your feet. Prof. Leslie says that water, at a depth of 362 miles, would be of the density of quicksilver, and that air at a depth of only 34 miles would be as thick and heavy as water. It is true that we are ignorant of the laws of compression beyound a depth of a paltry few thousand feet, but it is believed that water at the center of the earth would be as dense as lead and that a block of steel four feet square would be reduced to the size of a child's A B C block!

Has Prayed Over It and Found That He Is the Man.

F. M. Jordon, in a card in the Brevard Hustler, says he has made it a matter of special prayer to God as to who should represent Transylvania county in the Legislature, and that it is perfectly clear to his "mind that God has indicated to me (him) that it is His will that I should give the people of Transylvania county an opportunity to vote for a sober, moral and, I trust, Christian man." Believing that he has been "called" to present the county, Mr. Jordon says his platform is "God's eternal Truth." He wants to go to the Legislature, he says, not for the money or honor that is in it, "but expressly for the glory of God and the happiness of the peoply of my land and county." Having thus announced himself, Mr. Jordan leaves the matter to the prayerful consideration of the voters of Transylvania.

Two years ago Boss Butler published as as an editorial in his paper the following:

"If you elect your ticket, you do it at the sufferance of the Republican party, and you are at their mercy now and in the future. If you are the cause of the Republican party capturing the State, you have given a heavy blow to the cause of reform and put the management of your State in unworthy hands. Let not those who want office more than they do reform precipitate you into taking any such unwise action."

He is now the great apostle of fusion with those same Republicans! But he isn't suffering with the itch for office, oh, no!

William M. Evarts, being at the top of Mount Washington, began a speech, which the crowd of visitors had begged from him, with this felicitous pun: "We are not strangers; we are friends and neighbors. We have all been born and brought up here!"

Senator Caffery, of Louisiana, has an ism—he will not shake hands. He thinks it is a senseless thing and refuses to practice it.

UNCLE CEPHAS ON THE THIRD PARTY

The Third Party Like Kansas and Its Promise Like Those of Pep-Leg Williams.

News and Observer.

Water-melons had about gone. As there was nothing else handy to fill minds and mouths they had turned to politics. The disputes in this ever old and ever new controversy were Crutch and Uncle Cephas. Crutch had jumped head and ears into Third partyism, and was eagerly awaiting the triumph of his party and the beginning of the millenium. Uncle Cephas was what might be called a Republican with Democratic leanings. Which means that he always voted the Republican ticket and always leaned on his white friends for sympathy and support when he got sick, broke or in any manner of trouble.

"What's de Third party gwine do fer yer?" roared Crutch grandiloquently, answering a question no one had asked, just as he had seen the big guns do. "It's gwine third whut ev'bod's got en gin you a sheer uv it. It's gwine."—

"But what's it gwine do wid whut you's got?" put in Uncle Cephas.

"It's gwine, give yer free silber," went on Crutch, who was enough of an orator to know that questions are pitfalls to be leaped over. "It's gwine, give yer free silber. It's gwine over the rail-roads en let yer ride free. Whut in de name er God kin anybody want mo'n to have money free en ridin' free?"

"Third Party put nigh good es Kansis den" broke in Uncle Cephas contemptuously. "What did Peg-Leg Williams promus de nigger to' git 'im to Kansis? Out dar it snowed flour en hailed sugar en rained butter-milk. Baltimo' (darkey name for bacon) walked round ready fried on de hawg wid a knife in it, an' big English hoecake in his mouf. De springs run gravy all de week en 'lasses uv er Sunday, en de trees wus nately loaded wid fritters stidder leaves. De creeks wus potliquor wid er dumplin' dam ev'y fifty yards. Water-millions growed wil' en got ripe evy munt in the year.

"Dat whut Peg-laig promus. Now whut did de nigger fin' out dar? Chills, skeeters en hard work. Even gritty askcakes wus mighty fer erpart. En you'll miss it wuss'n dat in the Third Party. Fool niggers 'spec' it to do ev'y thing fum killin' crab-grass to cuoin' rheumatiz. All de free money dat'll ever come to yo' house' Crutch, 'll be two coppers to go on er dead nigger's eyes, en dey'll be slick en have holes in um. En all de free ridin' you'll ever git 'll be in er yeer-cart atter yer's nailed up."

"Hol' on, Unc, Ceph; hol' on," exclaimed Crutch trying to get in a word, but the crowed haw-hawed so wildly he couldn't. "All dat Third Party foolishness is what's fechin jedgement en bad luck on de country" shouted Uncle Cephas as he climbed in his cart to leave. I say it's fechin' jedgement en bad luck. De simmon crap done failed; en the Third Party done whooped en hollered 'bout de woods in dar midnight meetin's twel deys skyeered all de possums out'n de country. Yer's made"—

Then an urchin stole up and gave the steers tail a vigorous twist, transforming the dreaming little, bovine into a hide full of fierce energy, which darted for home. The old man grabbed the grapevine-rein. A violent tussle ensued. The steer won as steers always do and shot around the corner followed by all the dogs and small boys in town.

Mr Hearn's Dreaming Crow.

Florida Times-Union.

Wes Hearn has a crow, and he is the gawkiest, oddest, ugliest, but withal, the smartest bird one ever saw. He has learned the accomplishments of men so well that he now dreams—actually has nightmares.

The crow during the odd hours of his willing and luxurious captivity has dug a hole in the wall, in which he deposits dainty morsels for the future when his appetite is not satisfied.

Yesterday in his hole in the wall he carefully placed two pieces of cheese and three bits of meat, all the while casting a furtive eye to windward to see that no one learned the secret of his hiding place.

This done, he ruffled his feathers, drew his neck down into them, and, standing on one foot, went fast asleep. Perhaps the immense quantity of cheese which he had gorged himself with a half hour before gave him the indigestion, for he had a nightmare on the spot.

Suddenly he woke up, and the air was rent with "Squawk! squawk! squawk!" in quick succession. He danced over in a flurry of excitement to his hole in the wall and jammed his bill in it three times. Everything was there. Nothing had been stolen. He sidled over to his perch, scratched his bill with his foot in a meditative way, as much as to say "Well, I'll be——," and ruffling his feathers into a muff, drew himself into them, supported the whole on one leg, and was soon again the land of nod.

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only fifty cents at P. B. Fetzer's Drug Store.

Against Inaugural Balls and Encampments

Resolution adopted by the Farmers' State Alliance.

Resolved, That we consider as enemies to the industrial classes in our State, all men or parties who encourage unnecessary appropriations of the public funds, such as inaugural balls, State guard encampments, etc., etc., and we favor a general reduction of all salaries and fees of officers in our State, using the monies so saved for the improvement of our public schools.

Keep a close watch on the work horses. Give them all neessary protection against bad-fitting or dirty collars.

CHEAP COTTON.

Courier Journal.

The claim is made and well supported by reports from all parts of the South that the present crop of cotton will be laid by at a lower cost than was ever known before in the history of cotton raising. This may turn out a fortunate thing for the planter as the present outlook is for a large crop, possibly as much as 9,000,000 bales.

The cotton planters have learned economy during the past year, like everybody else, but they have also learned the advantages of going on a a cash basis. As long as they borrowed money from the factors to live on while raising their cotton, pledging the growing crop for it, paying big prices for articles bought on credit and big interest on all the money borrowed, besides sending away large sums to the North and West for the purchase of meat and breadstuffs, they had little chance of escape from debt. But during the last three years they have been changing this. They have been getting out of debt by living economically and by raising more meat and grain, leaving their cotton for a cash crop. They raised their cotton crop last year at less cost than had been considered possible before, and it is the general opinion that they have still further reduced the cost this year. They have also an abundance of corn and meat, and a greater proportion than usual of the proceeds of their cotton will constitute a profit on their season's work, because a smaller proportion than usual will have to be paid out for supplies. This is not universally tue, of course. In places the load of debt has been diminished but little if at all, and there is little prospect of relief this year, but the general condition has greatly improved, and when this crop of cotton is sold the South as a whole will be in better shape than at any time since the war.

The prospects for high price for the new crop of cotton are not the best. There is still time for the crop to suffer from various causes. But the probability favors a large crop and depresses the price. The 1893 crop to date has shown up 7,393,336 bales, and increase of 864,865 over last year. The visible stock of cotton in America and Europe is 2,536,359 bales, a decrease of 198,988 bales from last year. With this large visible supply, and a heavy crop of new cotton coming on, only a great increase in the consumption could save the price.

Such an increase in consumption is not beyond the probabilities. Although the crop last year was much larger than that of 1892, and although the universal depression greatly restricted the demands of the spinners, there was still enough of a demand to make the amount of cotton in stock at all points less now than a year ago. It is not known to what extent the spinners may have stocked up in anticipation of the revival of trade, but there was little inducement for making liberal purchases beyond current requirements. Stocks of cotton goods are not large, and the revival of trade may greatly stimulate the demand at the factories for new cotton.

At every cotton point south of Louisville, except Augusta, the price of middling cotton is under seven cents, the price ranging as low as six and one-half cents at Charleston.

The Hindu Wife.

The Forum.

An impression seems to prevail in Western countries that there is no love between the Hindu wife and husband. The truth is, the Hindu families are the happiest in the world. The Hindu woman, having been tied to the lot of the man early, thinks only of him. His happiness is her happiness. She loves her husband devotedly. In the Western nations I observe that the man works from morning till late in the night to earn money. He has no rest. Who enjoys the benefits of his money? His wife. While he is struggling to get the almighty dollar, his wife is enjoying the luxuries and the leisure it buys. If she cannot get the newest fashion of ornaments or clothing, she is often unhappy, and consequently, if the husband cannot buy them, he, too, is made unhappy. Moreover, the woman in America seem to have greater liberty than the men. The young girl is brought up by her mother to think that she is equal to man, in some respects superior to him. She reads love novels, spends much time at her toilet; she wears in her bonnet flowers, feathers, dead birds, seaweeds, moss, horns, thorns, big needles, and in her dress, pins, hooks, ties, iron and brass bars, clips stitches, and what not; and on her bosom I have seen her wear a living lizzard fastened with a thin chain. Her waist is laced tight by a corset, which makes her pant for breath. Thus equipped, she sallies forth to make conquests of young men's hearts. She seems to me (pardon me, I write without offence) to lack the mild and delicately sweet look that even the commonest Hindu women has. Her look is bold and defying to the man. This is all owing to the innate feeling that she is equal to the man. In her pride she has forgotten woman's part.

The word "People's Party" is a misnomer. It should be called "Butler's Party" since that distinguished mogul is supreme dictator, commander in chief, and formulator of creeds. The Populist talk about the Democrats getting instruction from their bosses, when every loyal Pop would break his neck at the slightest behest of Lord Butler.—Monroe Journal.

Bear in mind that this administration which the People are berating so loudly has already saved the people $24,000,000, by taking names from the pension rolls that were fraudulently put there under the Republican administration. Yet the Populists are fusing with the Republicans and helping to put them back into power.

Some of our Third Party friends may not believe that S. Otho Wilson pledged the Populist party of Wake county to vote for a negro for the legislature. If they doubt it they may find out the truth of it by writing to any citizen of Raleigh and asking for the proceedings of the Republican convention held there last Saturday.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

INTENSIVE FARMING.

American Farmer.

Intensive farming is gaining ground as against extensive farming and in another column we have had occasion in replying to a correspondent, to give our views of the subject of increased yields as a means of profit. It is pleasant to find that a gentleman of as long and varied experience as Prof. Dodge should agree with us on this point. In an exchange he sets forth his views as follows:

We need not be too apprehensive of the results of enlarged yield from intensive farming. Progress has been made, but so slow that some would be unwilling to acknowledge advance. There has indeed been a slight increase in rate of yield, but in wheat Great Britain, Belguim, France and Germany are ahead of us. We ought not to worry about making it too high until it reaches half that of England. The conservatism of farm practice, acting as a brake up progress, is sure to keep it at a snail's pace, in spite of newspapers, experiment stations and schools.

The farmer who is able to double his rate of yield through better methods and increased fertility with small increase of labor, has solved for himself the problem of enlarged profit; only the possible future of a good example. It is a pity that so many remain in the rear, and realize for labor less than half as much as those in the van of the rural procession, yet how can their progress be accelerated by examples of the greatest efficiency and success? It is inevitable, however, that varying degrees of energy, alertness, judgment, as well as intelligence and culture, in all lines of applied sciences produce even larger differences in product and net profit. It is the infinite variety that God has provided throughout all nature and can no more be "remedied" than the differentiations in trees and plants can be prevented. As one star differs from another in glory, so in varying form and feature men differ no more than in mental characteristics, in capacity for larger untertakings and persistence in efficient action.

This is our view of the matter exactly, and while the progressive farmer will pursue intense methods and make his business return a fair profit, and in many instances a large one, there will be many who will make no effort in this direction and the average production will increase very slowly if at all. We want our readers to be among the class who are above the average and who make farming a profitable business by carrying it on intelligently. To aid them to do this is our only aim and our highest abmition.

Death-Marked.

NEW YORK, Aug 18.—Agent King, of the Gerry Society, to-day had as a prisoner Tonnetti Cifir, of 229 Mott street, whom he charged with failing to provide proper treatment for her three months old boy. The child was in Court with its mother. Its face looked like that of a dead person. It was emanciated, and the white skin lay in folds over the small bones of the face. The body was also covered with loose flesh.

According to the story of the mother ,he child is what is known as "death marked." She says she witnessed a death just previous to its birth, and that is the only way she can account for its appearance. During the day there is much more life in the body than at morning or night.

When the child was brought to Court this morning it was with difficulty that its breathing could be heard. By 10 o'clock, however, it had livened up, and could cry so it could be heard at a distance of five feet.

The child's father, Pocillio, is a bootblack and a strong, ruddy man, while the mother is a large and healthy-looking woman.

A YOUNG GIRL'S FORTUNE.
AN INTERESTING SKETCH.
Nothing appeals so strongly to a mother's affection as her daughter just budding into womanhood. Following is an instance: "Our daughter Blanche, now 15 years of age, had been terribly afflicted with nervousness, and had lost the entire use of her right arm. She was in such a condition that we had to keep her from school and abandon her music lessons. In fact, we feared St. Vitus dance, and are positive but for an invaluable remedy she would have had that terrible affliction. We had employed physicians, but she received no benefit from them. The first of last August she weighed but 75 pounds, and although she has taken only three bottles of Nervine she now weighs 105 pounds; her nervousness and symptoms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone, she attends school regularly, and studies with comfort and ease. She has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid, and no money could procure for our daughter the health Dr. Miles' Nervine has brought her.
When my brother recommended the remedy I had no faith in patent medicines, and would not listen to him, but as a last resort he sent us a bottle, we began giving it to Blanche, and the effect was almost immediate."—Mrs. R. R. Bullock, Brighton, N. Y.
Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, express prepaid. It is positively free from opiates or dangerous drugs.
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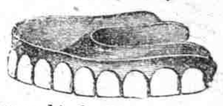
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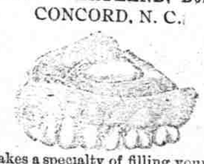
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