

HOW HE KILLS THEM

Arp Tries Colonel Redding's Plan to Get Rid of Potato Bugs.

OFFERS THE CHILDREN A PRIZE

Gives Them a Nickel a Dozen For Dead Bugs—How the Philosopher is Succeeding.

I am trying Colonel Redding's plan to exterminate the potato bugs. He says begin early and watch for the first ones that come. Make an inspection every morning and kill the large striped ones before they lay their eggs. My crop is about six inches high. I have six long rows in the garden and the other morning I found the pesky things had come. I killed about thirty and then told the children—the grandchildren I mean—that I would pay them a nickel for every dozen bugs they found. That evening they killed sixty and next morning forty, and this morning fifteen, and this evening ten. So the three little girls brought me in debt sixty cents and feel rich. The bargain is that they are to pay me back for all I find and I have not found but five yet, though I don't look very carefully. Children like to work for money just like grown folks. I remember well the first half dollar I ever earned. My father was clearing land and told me I might have the saplings if I would trim them up and pile the brush and I might have the wagon and team to haul them to town and sell them. I had the evenings after school and Saturdays to work and soon had a load ready and sold it to our school teacher for a silver half dollar. I was rich, and as I drove home I felt it in my pocket every little while to be sure it was there. I like to reward these little chaps, for it does them so much good and makes them love me. The love of an innocent child is the purest on earth except the love of a mother. I have no greater comfort now than the glad smile of a little one that jumps into my arms whenever I come. It flatters my vanity, for though I am old and ugly the little one will hug me and pat my wrinkled cheeks and turn away from those who are young and handsome. The greatest inducement for a parent to be a Christian is to secure the salvation of their children and meet them in heaven, for it is said in the scriptures in three places "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved—thou and thine house." It was said by Paul and by Peter and the Spirit, "thou and thine house." So let the good mother not despair of her wicked son who went unrepentant to his death and may these words always comfort her, "thou and thine house." For the sake of ten good people the Lord would have saved Sodom and for the sake of good parents He will save the children.

Last year my potato crop was seriously damaged by those bugs, and by the paris green, too, for I used too much of it, and so I am taking Colonel Redding's advice and killing off the big striped beetles before they lay their patches of yellow eggs on the under side of the leaves. I instructed the children to look for eggs and they found only two leaves with eggs on them. With a little sharpened stick they dug around the base of every plant, and there found most of the beetles, but I am already satisfied with the experiment, and hope that I will not have to use paris green at all. I shall continue my bargain with the children, even if it is expensive. I overheard them plotting this evening about going to the drug store tomorrow and buying some ice cream, and they agreed to take two saucers apiece. These little girls are great inventions, and I love to watch them and then ruminate and ponder why it was that children, especially boys, get more selfish and deceitful as they grow older. The devil seems to let them alone until they get weaned from their mother.

The good and the bad are strangely mixed in this world. New plagues and pestilences keep on coming, both on animal and vegetable life, but a kind Providence has provided remedies and given us minds to find them. But I have found no way to keep the pigeons from preying upon my young peas as they peep out of the ground. They utterly destroyed my first planting and have begun on the second. We have had a flock for many years, and I never knew them to trouble the garden before. I say, Colonel Redding, what must I do about it? My wife says cover them with brush, and I will if I can find the brush. The English sparrows do leave us most of the crop, but the pigeons don't leave us anything. Reckon I will have to turn the boys loose on them. The beans, onions and early corn are alright yet, and the strawberries seem to have no enemies. They make a beautiful show, and give us great comfort.

In a week or two we will have ripe fruit in abundance and shall send some to the preachers. Brother Yarborough says he does not think it any harm to send good things to a preacher even on Sunday. Strawberry culture is spread-

ing rapidly in our town and some of the neighbors are trying it as a business for profit. Dr. Felton, Jr., has put out thirty thousand plants the last season. It was Isaac Walton, the great fisherman, who wrote in his book on angling, "Dr. Butler said that 'doubtless God could have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did,' and so I say that God never made a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling." My good friends, Dr. Bepham and Colonel Murphy heartily indorse Walton on fishing and will sit in a boat half a day in a summer's sun and watch the corks and ruminate and not catch enough fish for supper. If I was as fond of it as they are I think I would move to Florida and stay there. I have caught more fish there in one day than in all my life up here in Georgia.

I did not go to Dallas, the long spell of grippe left me too dilapidated to travel that far and give up my home habits and comforts, but I read all about the great reunion with keen satisfaction. There is life in the old land yet and love for the "Lost Cause" in the hearts of our people, the confederates and their children and children's children. May it never be extinguished.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

NEMESIS ILLUSTRATED.

How a Thief Was Discovered in a French Dame School.

Professor Richard G. Moulton, of Chicago, editor of literary editions of books of the Old Testament, has a fund of interesting material concerning conceptions, ancient and modern, of the word "nemesis." The English meaning of the term he illustrates by an experience of his mother when a child attending a "dame school" in France. Dr. Moulton defining a "dame school" as a place "where children were sent to an elderly woman who had nothing else to do to keep them from doing anything else."

Repeated thefts of small articles belonging to the school resulted in inquiries as to the offender, but the inquiries were unsuccessful and resulted in nothing whatever. At length the dame announced that as she had been unable to discover the thief in any other way the "duck" would have to find out for her. Now the children knew the little lame duck that waddled about the school yard, but how that duck was to find out who it was that had done the stealing the oldest of them could not guess.

One of the smaller rooms was darkened, and through this the pupils to walk in turn and, as they did so, pass their left hands along the back of the duck. By its quacking, she said she was able to know the thief. The children were more in the dark than ever, for the ill tempered little fowl kept up a querulous complaint at the strange procedure and a small difference could they tell in its quacking at one or another of them. But the dame did, or at least, she appeared to, and when they were gathered in the class room again she puzzled them all the more by telling them to lift up their left hands.

Up went the hands and what was the children's surprise to find that the podgy palm of every one of them blackened. But no, not quite every one. One miserable little chap lifted up a clean hand—as clean hands go among school children. Him the good dame straightway declared the thief. She had covered the back of that duck with a layer of lamp-black, and fear of the tell-tale quacking had led the guilty youngster to merely pretend to touch the duck's back as the others did. It was simply his dread of detection that had convicted him. "That," says Dr. Moulton, "was ideal retribution—nemesis."

Fun with the Bank of England.

J. Pierpont Morgan is the hero of an anecdote repeated at a recent meeting in the headquarters of the steel trust, and if not apocryphal, illustrates a bent of humor hitherto unsuspected in the banker.

While in London he visited the Bank of England with a large currency note, for which he wished to obtain gold. The teller examined the note and handed it back.

"You have not indorsed it," he said, glad of an opportunity to occupy an attitude.

"Is this not payable on demand?" asked Mr. Morgan, simulating surprise.

"Yes, if indorsed"—haughtily.

The magnate frowned. "I am very careful whose notes I indorse," he said, with mock severity.

"Do you challenge the Bank of England?" gasped the clerk, gazing at the visitor as upon a blasphemer.

"If you are solvent, why do you want my name on your paper?"

The glare of suspicion which accompanied the words was too much for the clerk; he stared speechlessly.

"Very well," continued the magnate, with vigor, "we will let it go to protest."

The petrified clerk looked alarmed about it, but could offer nothing in reply except a mumbled and ridiculous assurance that the bank was not in distress. Then Mr. Morgan smiled and indorsed the note.

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A FOWL TIP. If you have a bird afflicted with Roup or any other poultry disease use Mexican Mustang Liniment. It is called a STANDARD remedy by poultry breeders.

I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. I have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 5-cent boxes of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now. A. T. DAVIES.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like. Mrs. MARY GOSWELL OLIVER.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bowser, Ph. G., 538 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results. Miss BESSIE WIEDER.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard of Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial. Mrs. J. BROOKMYER.

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TRADE MARK

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a sallow color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions. B. W. FASON.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced set is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABLETS) will sent for five cents. RIPANS TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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