

### WHEN MOLLY LED THE MEETING.

It was with the winners, way back by the door. As he smiled a welcome—merrily even—she was just the hardest winner that salvation ever knew. A regular old backslider that had lost the gospel.

"A Wednesday night prayer meeting, when Molly led from left to right, with the word that the preacher wouldn't be with us that night, the meeting!" A woman named her name.

"Molly, with the bright, sweet eyes, marched up to take the stand!"

My heart was palpitating, an what would Molly do?

"She kept me waiting, for her bright eyes shined my way."

"I was in the time hymn out, in my song with sweet accord."

With Molly's voice leading on, "Come Ye That Love the Lord!"

As lots of 'em went up for a prayer got religion too."

As Molly called across the pews, "John, ain't you coming too?"

As I came, I couldn't see 'em. They followed on, "Amen!"

As Molly's hand a hold-me like I got religion too!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

### The Wolf.

By Guy de Maupassant.

The celebrated author, Guy de Maupassant, after writing numerous stories of great power and originality, has produced the following masterpiece of the mind of a genius.

Here is a story toward the end of St. Hubert's dinner at the house of the Baron des Ravel.

We had killed a stag that day. The stag was the only one of the guests who had not taken any part in the chase, for he never hunted.

All through that long repast we had talked about hardly anything but the slaughter of animals. The ladies themselves were interested in tales sang by the men, and often, and the conversation alluded to the attacks and the combats of men against beasts, raising their arms and romanced in a thunderous voice.

M. d'Arville talked well, with a certain poetry of style somewhat high sounding, but full of effect. He must have repeated this story often, for he told it fluently, not hesitating on words, choosing them with skill to produce a picture:

"Gentlemen, I have never hunted; neither did my father, my grandfather, nor my great-grandfather. This last was the son of a man who hunted more than all of you put together. He died in 1764. I will tell you how.

His name was Jean. He was married, father of that child who became my ancestor, and he lived with his younger brother, Francois d'Arville, in our castle at Lorraine, in the middle of the forest.

M. d'Arville had remained a bachelor for love of the chase. The two both hunted from one end of the year to the other, without repose, without stopping, without fatigue. They loved only that, understood nothing else, talked only of that, lived only for that.

They had at heart that one passion, which was terrible and inexorable. It consumed them, having entirely infatuated them, leaving them place for no other.

They had given orders that they should not be interrupted in the chase for any reason whatever. My great-grandfather was born while his father was following a fox, and Jean d'Arville did not stop his pursuit, but he swore, "Name of a name, thatascal thatascal might have waited till after the view!"

His brother Francois showed himself still more infatuated. In rising he went to see the dog, then the bird, then he shot little birds about the castle until the moment for departing to hunt down some great beast.

In the country side they were called M. le marquis and M. le comte. The nobles then did not all like the chase nobility of our time, which was established as a hereditary hierarchy for the son of a marquis, a count, or a baron. A general is a baron by birth. But the mean vanity of today finds profit in that arrangement.

They were, it seems, immeasurably tall, bony, hairy, violent and rigorous. The younger, fiercer than the older, had a leg so strong that, according to a legend of which he was proud, all the leaves of the forests shook when he shouted.

And, when they both mounted to go off to the hunt, that must have been a superb spectacle, to see those two giants straddling their huge horses.

Now, toward the midwinter of that year, 1764, the frosts were excessive and the wolves became ferocious.

They attacked belated peasants, seemed at night about the houses, depopulated the stables, and carried off and soon a rumor began to circulate. People talked of a colossal wolf, with gray fur, almost white, that had eaten two children, gnawed off the arm, strangled all the dogs of the garde du pays and penetrated to some among under the doors. The people in the houses affirmed that they had felt his breath, and that, inside the flame of the lights flicker. And some a pack ran through all the provinces. No one dared to go out any more after nightfall. The shades seemed to be the image of the beast.

The brothers d'Arville resolved to kill him, and several times they went out all the gentlemen of the forest. A great hunting party was organized, and search for the wolf never ceased. They killed wolves, but not the beast. And then, one day, a hunter attacked some thick bushes, and one's call, and the other from a place where they had looked for many a night he penetrated into the thicket, and the Chateaux d'Arville were informed with astonishment, considering this a most direct attack of the monster, an almost direct assault. They took their strong blood, used to formidable beasts, and they set off to hunt, with their wolves with fury.

From dawn until the hour when the purplish sun descended behind the great naked trees they beat the thickets without finding anything.

At last, furious and disconsolate, both were returning, walking their horses along a narrow bordered with brambles, and they met with their woodcraft should be crossed so by this wolf, and they were seized suddenly with a sort of mysterious fear.

The elder said: "That beast there is not an ordinary one. You would say it thought like a man."

The younger answered: "Perhaps we should have a bullet blessed by our cousin, the bishop, or pray some priest to pronounce the words which are needed."

Then they were silent.

Jean continued: "Look how red the sun is. The great wolf will do some harm tonight."

He had hardly finished speaking when his horse reared. That of Francois began to kick. A large thicket covered with dead leaves opened before them, and a colossal beast, quite gray, sprang up and ran across the woods.

Both uttered a kind of groan of joy, and bending over the necks of their heavy horses they threw them forward with an impulse from all their body, hurrying them at such a pace, exciting them, hurrying them away, maddening them so with the voice, with gesture and with spur that the strong riders seemed rather to be carrying the heavy beasts between their thighs and to bear them off as if they were flying.

Thus they went, ventre a terre, bursting the thickets, cleaving the beds of streams, climbing the hillsides, descending the gorges and blowing on the horns with full lungs to attract their people and their dogs.

And now, suddenly, in that mad race, my ancestor struck his forehead against an enormous branch, which split his skull; and he fell stark dead on the ground, while his frightened horse took himself off, disappearing in the shade which enveloped the woods.

The cadet of Arville stopped short, leaped to the earth, seized his brother in his arms, and he saw that the brains ran from the wound with his blood.

Then he sat down beside the body, rested his head, disfigured with red, on his knees, and waited, contemplating that immobile face of the elder brother. Little by little a fear invaded him, a strange fear which he had never felt before, the fear of the dark, the fear of solitude, and the fear also of the fantastic wolf who had just killed his brother to avenge himself upon the other.

The shadows thickened, the acute cold made the trees crack. Francois got up, shivering, unable to remain longer, feeling himself almost growing faint. Nothing was to be heard, neither the voice of the dogs nor the sound of the horns; all was silent along the invisible horizon; this mournful silence of the frozen night had something about it frightening and strange.

He seized his colossal hands the great body of Jean, straightened it and laid it across the saddle to carry it back to the chateau; then he went on his way softly, his mind troubled as if he were drunk, pursued by horrible and surprising images.

And abruptly, in the path which the night was invading, a great shape appeared. It was the legend. A shock of terror shook the hunter, something cold, like a drop of water, glided along his reins, and like a monk haunted of the devil, he made a great sign of the cross, dismayed at this abrupt return of the frightful prowler. But his eyes fell back upon the inert body laid before him, and suddenly, passing abruptly from fear to anger, he shook with an inordinate rage.

These spurs his horse and rushed into the thicket. He followed it by the copse, the ravines and the tall trees, traversing woods which he no longer knew, his eyes fixed on the white speck which fell before him through the night now fallen upon the earth.

His horse also seemed animated by a force and an ardor hitherto unknown. It galloped, with outstretched neck, straight on, hurrying against the trees, against the rocks, and the head and the mane of the dead man thrown across the saddle. The briars tore out the hair. The brow, beating the huge trunks, splattered them with blood. The spurs tore their ragged coats of bark. And suddenly the beast and the horseman issued from the forest and rushed into a valley just as the moon appeared above the mountains. This valley was, above the mountains, rocky, and not possible to pass.

Francois then uttered a yell of joy, which the echoes repeated like a rolling of thunder, and he leaped from his horse, his cutlass in his hand.

The beast, with bristling hair, the back arched, awaited him. Its eyes glinted like two stars. Its mouth, offering battle the strong, stood on a rock, and, supporting with stones his head, which was no more than a blot of blood, he shouted in the ears of the man who was talking to a dead man: "Look, Jean! Look at this!"

Then he threw himself upon the monster. He felt himself strong enough to overturn a mousetrap, to crush stones in his hands. The beast tried to bite him, seeking to strike in at his stomach. But he had seized it by the neck without even using his weapon, and he strangled it gently, listening to the stoppage of the breathings in his throat and the beatings of its heart. And he laughed, rejoicing madly, pressing closer and closer his forehead, embracing, crying in a delirium of bliss: "Look, Jean! Look!" All rejoiced: "Look, Jean! The body of the wolf became his. He was dead."

Then Francois, taking him up in his arms, carried him off and went and threw him at the feet of the elder brother, repeating in a tender voice: "There, there, there, my little Jean! See him!"

Then he replaced on the saddle the two bodies, one upon the other, and he went his way.

He returned to the chateau, laughing and crying like Garagantua at the birth of Pantagruel, uttering shouts of triumph and stamping with joy in relating the death of the beast and mourning and tearing his beard in telling that of his brother.

And often, later, when he talked again of that day, with tears in his eyes: "If only that poor Jean could have seen me strangle the other, he would have died content. I am sure of it!"

The widow of my ancestor inspired her orphan son with that horror of the chase which has transmitted itself from father to son as far down as myself.

The Marquis d'Arville was silent. Some one asked: "That story is a legend, isn't it?" And the story teller answered: "I swear to you that it is true from one end to the other."

Then a lady declared in a little, soft voice: "At the same, it is fine to have passions like that!" —Exchange.

### WORK OF WHEELMEN

WHAT THEY ARE DOING TO SECURE BETTER ROADS.

Preparing For a Hot Campaign In State and National Legislatures. Our Highways a Disgrace to Our Intelligence.

Preparatory to its work in congress and the state legislatures for appropriations for highway improvement, the League of American Wheelmen has been interviewing the candidates for the offices in which they are most interested. The replies received show that the good roads movement is rapidly making itself felt among the legislators, for most of them show a comprehensive knowledge of the subject and do not hesitate to say that they are in favor of such appropriations. Allowances are made for the fact that these are pre-election promises, but the league has been very successful in the past in persuading legislators that such promises must be kept when they are duly installed in office.

In line with this work the league has sent out a circular letter stating briefly the claims for the good roads movement and asking for the individual views of each recipient. The circular follows:

"Bad roads cost agriculturists and teamsters upward of \$500,000,000 per year. This condition must exist until aid is given by national and state officials. Bad roads and lack of road building knowledge cost New York state \$3,000,000 annually in keeping even \$3,000,000 of its highway system."

"The average cost of hauling produce in Europe is 7 cents per ton for each mile of transportation. The average in the United States, as computed by the office of road inquiry, is 25 cents. The entire people pay the difference."

"Good roads are not only an economic necessity, but are essential to educational and social advancement in the rural districts."

"States that have made appropriations for highway improvement have been compelled by the farmer to increase the appropriations annually because he knows the value of road improvement. Massachusetts and New Jersey have expended millions for the purpose, and this expenditure meets hearty approval from all classes."

"The roads of the United States are a century behind those of any country in Europe having a similar standing among the nations. This is a disgrace to our intelligence."

"The League of American Wheelmen on behalf of the 8,000,000 wheelmen and wheelwomen of the country asks that the roads be improved upon a basis adequate to the demand for them. The farmers' national congress, representing the agriculturists, has forcefully indorsed the movement. Automobileists are uniting in further support."

"Good roads reduce first costs, increase profit to producers and reduce cost to consumers."

"Highways are feeders for railroads. All grain and produce must first be hauled over highways before shipment can be made to domestic and foreign markets."

"The political party inserting a strong good roads plank in its platform will make votes in every class. Increasing as it will educational and social facilities, those in search of recreation-increase profit to producers and reduce cost to consumers."

"Congress started a national road system in the early part of the century, but discontinued it upon the advent of the railroad. This valley takes them up again now that the railroads are in the most important facilities for doing this business. It is too late in the progress of events to argue this proposition."

"Now, the country wagon road which will best serve the agricultural interests will also best meet the necessities of the wheelmen. It is perfectly plain, then, that the interests of the farmer and of the wheelman are in this respect identical. Not only that, but it must not be forgotten that the wheelman now comprises all classes of business and professional men, who realize that the prosperity of this country depends upon the prosperity of the farmer, and for that reason the interests of the farmer and the wheelman are common."

"Care of French Roads. Considering the great care the administration now takes of roads in France and the solidity with which they are constructed there were engineers who thought that certain roads on which there was not such wear and tear might last indefinitely—their is that the debris which was gathered from the roads themselves, being used to repair them, no new material would ever be necessary. These engineers were desirous to bring the maximum of beauty, minimum of cost, into practice. But in his book Durand-Claire says that experience soon taught them that the maximum is provided for a road that is mended only with its own material will in the end wear away to such a degree that it will have to be newly made."

"First State Aid For Roads. New Jersey passed the original state aid law in 1891. The salient features of this state aid law are that the abutting property owners along the improved roadway pay 30 per cent of the cost, the state 25 per cent and the county the remainder of the cost and the maintenance of the road."

"The first money ever paid in the United States under a state aid law was to the county of Middlesex in December, 1892, and the amount was \$20,000."

"What are the two things?" "Why, I can't determine whether you are marked out for the lung disease or 'lunacy' was the answer. 'Cigarettes have such diverse effects on people of your temperament.'"

"A moment later the cigarette lay glimmering in the gutter, and the fortune teller was listening to her escort's embarrassed apologies. —Memphis Scimitar."

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### GOVERNMENT ROAD WORK.

What is Being Done to Stimulate Highway Improvement.

The good roads question is today the subject of a vast agitation begun first by wheelmen, taken up by the government and now a matter of legislative consideration the country over. As a result ten states have exhibits at the present universal exposition in Paris illustrating how perfect roads ought to be built. This from a country that will have in part the worst roads in the world if rather daring, but it is also an indication of what is being done. The ten states in question know what they are talking about. They had the worst roads, and now they have—or at least it will be a matter of weeks many—to learn that the United States government has gone into the road question in the most energetic and thorough manner imaginable, and having, through the department of agriculture, studied what constitutes a good road and why good roads are needed, has gone to work to spread the information and teach the people.

It has experiment stations in every state in the Union, where lessons in road making are taught. Hundreds of pamphlets showing just how a good road is constructed and how it may be preserved have been published by the government and may be had for the asking. Object lessons in road building are given annually in every state in the Union, when in some worst sections a quarter or half, or even a mile, of excellent roadway is constructed, and the people shown how and why it ought to be done. These object lessons, begun in 1894, have done more than anything else to start the great movement which is now furthering the construction of perfect roads the land over.

The government, in these exhibitions, ordinarily constructs three specimen roads—a modern macadam, a sand and an ordinary dirt road. When these roads are completed, a heavy farm wagon, loaded with produce, is drawn over each of them, and the amount of force required to haul it is determined by the use of a trackometer. This instrument is constructed so as to accurately register every pound the horses pull at every stage of the haul in plain view of those in its vicinity. It is made clear by these experiments that a team harnessed in the ordinary way is subject, under the best conditions, to a continuous jerking motion, which must, on even the smoothest country road, greatly increase its fatigue.

On a dirt road in bad condition this jerking becomes a succession of heavy blows transmitted to the team by means of a collar. They are cruelly painful, bruising the shoulders, harassing and torturing the animals, constantly lessening their value as well as directly decreasing the amount of the load that it is possible to haul.

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### COTTON FERTILIZERS.

A Brief Explanation of the Way They Work—Ammonia and Acids.

In answer to the question, "Will acid without cottonseed meal and potash be a good fertilizer for cotton planted after stubble?" The Southern Cultivator says: "There seems to be a want of understanding with very many as to the part fertilizers play in making crops. Commercial fertilizers, as a rule, do nothing more than supply a small amount of available food for immediate use by the plant."

This supply of food is of two kinds, mineral and atmospheric or vegetable. The phosphate rocks are ground to a flour or meal. Then sulphuric acid is mixed with this meal. This makes a soluble certain part of the phosphoric acid in the meal. This soluble part then becomes available for plant consumption and helps plant growth. This is about 12 to 14 in 100 pounds. The 86 or 88 pounds remaining are absolutely worthless."

Then most of the manufacturers mix in with this acid phosphate some German kaint or muriate of potash so as to give the mixture about 1 1/2 to 2 pounds of potash in 100 pounds of the mixture.

Some of the goods now on the market as low grade goods have only eight pounds of acid phosphate guaranteed to the hundred pounds. We then have from 10 to 14 pounds of plant food in 100 pounds of acid phosphate. This will give from 200 to 240 pounds of plant food in a ton. The remainder is waste. There are a few brands that contain a little more, say 200 pounds."

What are called complete guanos have nitrogen in shape of ammonia added in quantities containing about 1 1/2 to 3 per cent ammonia. This ammonia is not a mineral, but atmospheric element and is taken either from the blood of animals or nitrate of soda or Peruvian guano or cottonseed meal or rotting vegetable matter, etc. All of the family of legumes, such as clover, peas, beans, etc., take it from the air.

Our experience is all on the side of cotton's ability to do the same thing. But in your case the stubble which you propose to turn under will furnish some ammonia without cottonseed meal.

Ammonia will cause the cotton to grow off a little faster at first. But in fruiting season the acids seem to catch up, sometimes to go considerably ahead. We would feed the cottonseed meal to cows and save the manure. This will help the crop and build up the land permanently."

### FARMERS AND HIGHWAYS.

Good Hard Roads Are Essential to Their Welfare.

The steady progress of the good roads movement among farmers shows the study that is being given this very important economic question. Speaking of the necessity for highway improvement, A. B. Choate, vice president of the League of American Wheelmen, says: "Every person who is at all familiar with the business of a modern railway company knows that but a fraction of its money and employees are engaged in actual hauling of freight and passengers from one city to another. It is the millions of dollars and thousands of men are employed by the railway companies to secure suitable terminals and to handle freight and passengers when not in actual transit. And yet no man can be found who is so foolish as to think that an immense railway business can be profitably conducted unless the best modern railroad bed and track be provided for that part of the business which consists of hauling goods and passengers."

"So it is with the vast agricultural business of the United States. Although most of the work is done on the farm, a large part of it consists in hauling freight, and every well informed person knows that a good wagon road for the agricultural business, like a railroad for a city business, is one of the most important facilities for doing this business. It is too late in the progress of events to argue this proposition."

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### LAMP CHIMNEYS.

Made in This Country by Millions Annually For Home Use and Export.

"The lamp chimney," said a man acquainted with the trade, "seems a simple sort of thing, but there are not many things of more common use the world over, and in the aggregate the number sold is enormous. In this country there are 12,000 men and boys employed in making lamp chimneys, and the chimneys produced number millions annually. The greater number are now made west of the Alleghany mountains in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, where the majority of the glass works of the country are located, many of them in the natural gas regions."

"The first glass works in the country were established in Boston, and formerly the glass making industry was principally in the east. Now there are not nearly so many glass factories here as there once were."

"One not familiar with the business might be surprised with the great variety in which lamp chimneys are made. Lamps are made in these days in very great variety by many makers, and of course there are made chimneys suitable for all of them. There is also a number of lamp chimney maker who, counting sizes and styles, produces 600 varieties. Among the great variety of chimneys made there are some that are of common use everywhere, and then there are some that are specially suited to demands in this or that part of the country and are not in demand in other parts."

"Lamp chimneys are not only made in far greater variety than formerly, but they are also made better than ever. In fact, lamp chimneys have advanced with everything else. But enormous and increasing as the production is, the demand scarcely keeps pace with the increase in the population, this being especially true of cities in which gas is more and more used and here in New York, for instance, by users through slot gas machines, which have some influence on the sale of lamp chimneys. Still the number of lamps used here is enormous. There are plenty of people burning gas, for instance, who have as well three or four lamps, and the number of people here who use lamps alone for the purpose of illumination is very great. There are used in New York and its vicinity millions of lamp chimneys annually."

"There are received in this city from western manufacturers for domestic consumption I suppose about four millions of chimney weekly, running from 1,500 to 2,000 dozen chimneys to the car. These are sold to jobbers, who distribute them through their trade to customers in the city and hereabout and to customers at greater or less distances away. Perhaps half of these chimneys or rather more are used in the city or within 50 miles of it. To the chimneys thus brought here are to be added those produced here, the eastern chimneys being made chiefly for the local trade and for export."

"We import a few lamp chimneys of the cheapest and of the best grades, the cheap chimney from Germany and the costlier from France, but these imports are only a small figure in the total consumption, and we export lamp chimneys in great quantities. We send very few to Europe, though we do sell them some of our best chimneys. But outside of Europe we sell lamp chimneys everywhere. We come into competition in some parts of the world with the Germans, who make chimneys very cheaply, but our exports are increasing and will be so. As I said, everywhere—to Mexico, the West Indies, South America, South Africa, China—in fact, to all lands in which lamps are used, all around the earth." —New York Sun.

London—The Falls. Tourists who go to see Holton abbey in England usually push on to Pofterth Gill waterfall, which is near by, relates The Youth's Companion. On one occasion an old guide accompanied a party of very garrulous ladies and a solitary gentleman to the head of the gorge where the water comes down. The gentleman became somewhat tired after awhile, possibly from sightseeing, and remarked: "My good fellow, how much farther is it yet to the fall?" "Just a minute or two, sir," the guide answered. "As soon as the ladies stop talking you will hear the roar."

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