HE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

THE COST OF A SONG.

O CORDS MUSHIS

was strung. today as in ages gray the singer's high-

To sing the using that lingers in his heart from that far day
When men serve heare and women fair and life was in its May
to the singer's part of gladness when he gives his

soul to man
in a song that lives because awest pain has changed his earlier plan.

The husk, the harvest and the bin and all life's singer must be singing if he man's soul Man in his soul unsatisfied strives for what cannot

Man in his soul unsatisfied strives for what cannot be;

Be graspe at a star and holds in his hand a drop from the sounding sea.

Over and over and over, since the fowers of time were old;

Over and over and over, since the cloud gave the sum its gold.

Over and over and over, since the cloud gave the sum its gold.

Over and over and over, since the lines of our lives began.

Has man gone out from the marching host to sing of the soul of man.

The singer who sang of the pyramid's prime has gone the ways of men.

But the sum and moon and buman bears are just the same as then.

The heart of man is a restless sen of varied star and clime,

And only when its depths are attred comes song on the shores of time.

Over and over and over, since wrong had realm and state; and over and over, since the shades on the living wait; Over and over and over, singing of sun in the

rain, The chosen of God are beinging the voice of song from pain.

James Riley in Vonkers Statesman.

THE ROOKIES.

A TALE OF WAR.

"Holy gorillas!" exclaimed the major, looking askance at the file of rookies who had just halted in a ragged line before him. "Is this what I left my stool for? I was tired of that stool, too, but I didn't know what was before me.

No, I didn't know!"

The major glanced down the die again and sized them up. First came a pale faced boy in store clothes and a celluloid collar. Beside him stood the huge hulk of a longshoreman, next the nervous, wiry frame of a cow puncher, next a fut boy who for all the world might have just stepped out from be-tween the covers of some musty copy of "Pickwick Papers," next a youth with a handsome pair of black eyes and fine frank face, next a lank fellow of twenty odd years with the look and the lean of a mountaineer, next—
"Good Lord!" exclaimed the major.
"An Indian, if I'm alive! And this is

what I'm up against. For heaven's sake, seargeant, take 'em away. Anywhere yes, to the barracks or to the devil, if you wish; but the next time you bring 'em out have 'em in knakt or

The sergeant saluted and dragged the batch across the green to what the ma-jor had called the barracks. These were six rows of milk white tents perched upon the crest of the greenest of hills, and that day they were slibouetted against the bluest of blue skies and a

leeper blue sea. The major stood for a time gazing de spondently after the batch, but when he caught sign of the blue sea and sky his face brightened, and with a spring in his steps and a song on his lips he climbed to the hilltop to one side of the camp, sat down on a bowlder and the camp, sat down on a bowlder and gazed seaward. The sun warmed the major's back, the beauty that spread before him warmed his heart, and soon he stretched out upon the ground with a small stone as a pillow and went to sleep. By and by, how long does not matter, he was awakened by voices and beheld before him the rookles sitting in solemn conclave a little way down the hill. The pale faced boy was speaking. "He ain't much for looks?"

"G'wan," interrupted the longshoreman, "Did ye moind thim harrums o' hisn an the snap in thim goggles?

hisn an the snap in thin goggles? Did ye moind 'em? i ask ye. Well, ye kin look out for 'im ef-ef, moind for phwat Of m tellin ye-we gits into onn

Sightin."

The cowpuncher opinioned of the major words too dreadrill to print. They were so unusual that even the long-shoreman, he of the pleturesque verblage, was shocked into swallowing his quid without a gasp and dropping his pine.

It was the fat boy's turn, but he only snored. Then the brack eyed youth spoke up.
"Tom," he said to the cowpuncher, with a sly twinkle in his eyes, "we wouldn't mind your cursing it we could only understand what you said. Won't you say it over again?"

the cow puncher by the called taked:

"Was it that little major ye man in in that way? If it was, bear ye low it. Moind ye, darlib, it's O'Hoolihan of the Red (Interphysical Physics a milkin to ye, moind."

phwats a mikin to ye, me Then Mike stropped (he

nce, and the ladie.

geants and a corporal or two. Of all onet. But there flopped the rellow flag, these none is of any account in this looking green now, in the rising mist of he trained the rookies and made them what they were when they and the mafor came to a perfect understanding. est art sing of man had the soul of man from the In the meantime the captain had bit the dust at the stroke of a Mauser bullet, one of the lieutenants had died of fever, and the other one had disappeared. As for the other fellows, no sergeant but a first sergeant is any good for a year, and a corporal-he's good for nothing at all. This sergeant was named Grimes,

How old he was no one but he knew. He was a soldier, though, every inch of him, and when the scratch came it was he who played lieutenant to the major. That came about because when the battalion deployed on the morning of that memorable day in the jungle on the banks of Hell river Grimes' company took the center of line. It was then that the sergeant and the major had a

"Major," said Grimes, "git out o' the way o' fire when them regulations say as ye must. In there where ye be ye'll

"I will not, Grimes," said the major. "Did I get behind when we chased Geronimo?" The sergeant gave a sardonic grin.

"That ye did not, major, God bless re, but ye've got to this time." With that Grimes encircled the major's waist with his arms and made to bear him to the rear, while the company lay smothering in the pampas, burning inside with desire to be up and at the run behind the sickly yellow flag that flopped beyond the hill.

"Kittle hill, they calls it, eh?" said Mike, the longshoreman, to the black eyed youth. "Hisht, phwat's that?"

This time it was the major speaking. "You knew I'd do it, Grimes," aid, "but you wouldn't heed."

"By the 40 articles, it's your right," said Grimes, spitting out a discarded tooth, "but ye are behind me line."

And he was, but the best Grimes ould do could not make the major lie lown. The line lay between Hell river and the hill, a thousand miles or more from the hill where we left them awhile ago, with the rookies on one side noring in the summer sun and the maor rolling down the other side threat-

ening at every turn to burst his waist-

pand with the laughter he was holding n. They were in another clime, too, nder a sun that burned like a scourge. Mosquitoes? No, they were Mauser bullets, clipping at the tops of the pam oas grasses, scattering the delicate dossoms on the heads of the file. Beaind them were other files, some of them wading Hell river knee deep in mud and shoulder deep in water. But that didn't save them, for the fellows behind the yellow flag on the hilltop had got the range, and almost every minute some one of them went down to settle there in a slimy grave. Some Some cried out, others only groaned. were silent and just sank, arms, haveracks and all, to join the roll of the

"missing after the fight." But not one of the file in the front eyes gleamed savagely as he strove to get two fat fingers inside his trigger ruard at once. Now and then one of hem swore. It was always the cowpuncher first, until he laid down his gun and crawled to the rear. A Mauser took him in the skull. Que kick, and he ny still.

The lank rookle shuddered, and, impelled by an impulse he did not undertand, he rose to bring the cowpunche Zing, zing, zing, zing, zing!

"Listen to them!" sang out the black eyed boy. Down went the lank boy, is brains spilling into his hat. Then there were five of them.

Where all the rest of the company

was only they and maybe their officer knew. The pampas hid everything. They might have charged. History mys they did, but there is a dispute on a point of precedence in the matter. ne say that the seven rookles and the major and Grimes were left behind, but the major said no, and what were left of the lot agree with him.

It was the mountaineer's turn to go, t seemed, after the others had quit the ight. He saw those two lying side by side, and his nervous force left him. But he was no coward. He did not shrick, as he might have done and often had doubtless. He got a good grip on his Krag, staggered up until his great length raised him even above the ops of the pampas. Then he doubled up like a jackknife, clapped his hand o his throat and rolled over, with his head next to the Indian's ribs.

"God!" said Mike and gianced down the file. There were beside him the Indian, the fat boy and Steve, with his black eyes finshing. They said nothing more, but lay listening to the majo and Grimes, who were at it again.

"Now, with Geronimo," Grimes was mying "we didn't have to wait for no orders. We got 'em first them days, ch. major? It's heads we wants. It'll come major, an afore long they'll be ont'n sergeauts. Sergeauts, I tell ye! Be ye listenin to me?" Just then came a tremendous shout

ing to the left. The big guns began to nation's file saw the shells sail and "Keep it, up, young un?" cried Grime

"It'll do ye good."

The unio began to get excited, and
Grimes, watching him eagerly, whis-

pered us the file:
"Git yer knees under ye, boys. If ye fall us, it'll be worse'n a settin up ye'll get when the day's over." They got their knees under them, those four, and by ready to spring. Grimes could not keep his superior down, try as he would, and when a hoarse shout sound-ed near them and a white haired old nan, alone and on foot, broke through

the grass before them, the major shout ed, "Charge!" and disappeared. Up they all went, but they fired never a shot until the slope of the hill brought them up, when, if they had looked back, they would have seen Hell river winding its sinnous way amid the tan-gle, bearing on its muddy surface a straying and melancholy fleet of empty ampaign hats, sole signs of those who had worn them. But there was no such thing as stopping until they were entangled in the barbed wire guard, haif way up, where they stood in the line supremely helpless, but supremely helpless, but supremely helpless, but supremely helpless.

yarn except the first sergeant, because | the smokeless powder. How it mocked them only they can know. They clubbed their rifles and beat the tangled wires down. Then they ran tombling choking and crying, until the new turn ed clods on the earthworks beneath the flag met their eyes. The major flung up his arms, and the five-the sergeant had picked up the mountaineer's rifle-

dropped down and fired. One volley

rang out, then another, another and ye

two more, and they paused to load

again. A bugle called the charge, and, still cramming the cartridges home, the little band rushed on. Another bugle call. and Grimes yelled:

At 'em, at 'em, at 'em, er we'll get Then they were where the mist and the smell of the fight held them com-One more rod, and their feet would be on dead earth. Grimes waved his rifle over his head, and the four rookles formed a phalanx. In a time of peace Grimes would have laughed show they made. Funny Granted, but funny as grief is when a man's laugh grates and makes your

Then they marked time to the rhythmical swing of Grimes' rifle, with the bullets cutting the air between their very elbows. "Charge!" cried the major, and

blood run cold.

Grimes' rifle bumped his forehead in a salute. And the phalanx charged evenly, step by step, stride by stride, until the major gave a yell that had been Geronimo's and their feet were upor the vellow clods. "Fire!" yelled Grimes. Five volleys blazed forth, and in a twinkle there

was not a yellow face to be seen before them, for the trench was empty. There had been six of them at that supreme moment, and some hours later there were only four, but then the sun had gone down, and in the faroff sky over the water the first lone star of the

Southern Cross burned like a watch lantern against the blue black sky. All about them the campfires burned and over the hill and valleys humme the sounds of thousands of men rest ing on their arms. The four had dug two graves just outside the breast works between the trench and Hell river, and in them they laid with reverent hands the bodies of the two he roes-the fat boy and the Indian. Then they covered them over with the yellow earth and left them where they and fallen just outside the works at

the moment of victory.
"What a death to die!" said Steve to the major, and in reply, while Mike Grimes and Steve stood with uncovered heads, the major lifted his face to the stars and uttered Geronimo's yell. Then they lay down to sleep.-New

Her Compliment.

"Talk about your corduroy roads," sald a young actress who played here recently, "just let me tell you about the joit the chambermaid dealt me the other morning. She has been letting me overdraw my towel account right along, so I felt that I was due to show looked like a rookie. The fat boy was my appreciation, and I gave her a pass as fat as ever, and his little pig to the show. She had a sent just to copped her out for my bullseye the minute I came on. I don't want to give myself a curtain call, but I do get them going the minute I cut in in that part, and there's something doing the whole time I am on the stage. I worked overtime last night showing that chambermaid the real thing I was it, was the whole programme, with footnotes. I made the hit of my life. This

morning I met her in the hall.
"Did you enjoy the performance last night? I asked, giving her the cue to hand me out a few well chosen testime nials.

"'Oh. yes.' said she. 'I thought it was lovely." "'Did you? I asked, getting ready to

bow my thanks. "'My, yes? she went on. 'I liked it ever so much. The scenery was just perfectly grand."—Washington Post.

Didn't Change the Name. A man named Palmer a long tim ago made the English town of Rugeley notorious by an atrocious murder, and a deputation of the inhabitants waited on the home secretary with a petition for leave to change the name. The minister hesitated and asked what name they proposed to substitute. They replied that they had not decided. "What do you say," he said. "to taking my name?" They expressed their unqualified delight and obtained the ome secretary's consent to this method of obliterating the memory of the obnoxious Palmer. The bonne secre-

tary in question was Lord Palmerston

The town is still knewn as itugeley.

London possesses many fine muse ums which no "country cousis" who values his opportunities would miss seeing. There is one, however, which is not in the guidebooks and has no visitors, because scarce any one knows of its existence. It belongs to the county council and is a museum of pawn tickets. They were acquired by nome considerable time ago into the prestion of establishing municipal pawnshops. Some of the document are mean looking things, others so magnificent that pawning one's watch must be almost a pleasure. Such is the ticket in use at Naples, ample in size, elaborate in design and georgeom in color. An impecunious Dick Swiv-eller receiving such a document in return for his Sunday clothes can scarce by feel that he has done anything mean, but rather that he has received handsome testimonial -

Red Clover In the Gulf Se Red Clover in the Guif States.

Red clover is reported as growing more popular each year and is no quite a common crop in the bias prairie region and in other section where the soils contain a fair amous af lime. It requires a soil which rich and in fairiy good condition to is sure a "catch" of the sued. On massoils where it makes a good start as yields two or three cattings it so becomes overum with other plants as is choked out. It is the best of the is choked out. It is the best of t family to occupy a good soil two three years, but is of little value poor solu. Seed should be sown September at the rate of 10 to

TRAPPED GERONIMO

HOW BRAVE LAWTON CAME TO COR NER THE WILY APACHE.

The Incidents That Led Up to His Se lection by Geneval Miles to Command the Expedition That Made the Indian Chief & Captive. An interesting story of how General

Henry W: Lawton received command of the detachments which were assigned by General Miles to capture Geronimo and Natches and their Apaches was told in the army building recently. General Miles, it seems, had made up

his mind to send out a detachment of infantry and a detachment of cavalry with orders not to return until Geronimo was either killed or captured. The juite generally known throughout the department of the west that such a move was contemplated. Every officer who was in any way ambitious was aching for a chance to head the expedition, but no hint as to who would be chosen could be obtained.

It was known, however, that if a field filter was not appointed to command the two detachments General Miles would assign a cavalry officer to the post of honor. There was no chance sen. Meanwhile word had come that spring his indignation was arouse Geronimo had crossed over the line into Mexico. At that time the United States government had an egreement with Mexico whereby the armies of elther nation when pursuing a bot trail might cross the line and enter either carry prisoners back to the respective

countries. Before ordering out his expedition Jeneral Miles, accompanied by Major met the governor of the Mexican prov-General Miles on his return to head- birds continued to open their mouth by the colonel of the regiment, and Ma- handing on to them the lesson that his for Kimball put up in Captain Lawton's quarters. But little sleep be got that night, for Lawton wanted to command that expedition, and he declared that nothing else on earth would satisfy him. He sat up half the night im-

Major Kimball had heard of Lawton before, as indeed had all the army. His Then? Well, then he wept. Tableau fame as a fighter was second to none. In secret he had formulated plans for the capture of the Apache chieftain, and there was not a detail that had been overlooked. He outlined to Major Kimball his ideas of how a successfu campaign against the Apaches should ducted, and in conclusion he produced a letter from a former colone who had recently been made a brigadier general, The writer, in recon mending Captain Lawton for promo tion, said that he felt that Lawton was a man of so fine a record and soldierly attainments that be hesitated in recomvastly superior to himself, "I feel," concluded the new brigadier general, "that Lawton should be recommending me. It is assumption on my part to praise him. He is above such praise as nine." That is, the letter ran as nearly like that as the officer who told this

story could remember.

At all events General Miles and Maor Kimball went to headquarters the next morning, and before nightfall Lawton was there, too, in response to a telegram. The captain was then duly letailed to command the expedition and in a day or so it started out. General Leonard Wood, by the way, went dong as surgeon in the infantry de-

The expedition was gone for months Occasionally a beliographic message would be received, but otherwise the soldiers had disappeared as completely as though they had never existed. Fi nally a message came to General Miles. Geronimo and Natchez and their Geronimo and Natches and their Anaches had been cornered in Mexico out the wily old Apache would sur ender to no one but General Miles himself. Lawton consequently held the Indians and sent for Miles. The general arrived some time after, and Geronimo surrendered. He was put on a reservation and from that day was never within smelling distance of his old stamping ground among the rocks

As for Captain Lawton, he loc ike a ghost, according to Colonel Kimball, who was present at the surren There was nothing to him apparently out uniform and bones, and his me were no better. Surgeon Wood, it sees of its commander.

Soon after Captain Lawton was re warded by a post in the inspector get wal's department.—New York Sun.

How Warsaw Amuses Its People. For 10 kopecks (5 cents) everything that Praga park, in Warsaw, affords is yours. There are open air theaters. Punch and Judy and other side shows. outdoor stiractions, such as walks, groves, fountains, bosting of every con-ceivable kind, merry go rounds, swings, dancing pavilions, lunch counters, ath-letic courts, soft drinks, but not a drop of alcohol in any form whatever. For of alcohol in any form whatever. For the very little ones there are inclosures where they may make and plea, play games of all kinds, learn to sing popu-lar and folk sougs, train themselves physically under the direction of a graduated kindergariner. The older boys have races and other athletic consats. Prizes are given for good dep say, this park has already accound an appreciable amount in ele-the tone of living among the

same of food may be o C A CERTAIN ARCHBISHOP.

Well do I remember a certain archbishop, now dead, describing the unconscious cruelty be practiced when a mere child under the impression that he was really exercising virtue, apparently on the principle of doing to others not exactly "as he would have others do to him," but "as others did to him." His father, it seems, was a great ciplinarian. Among other useful lessons he was careful to teach his little son when at table to wait patiently till count to clamor for his food; it was he reminded him, so vulgar and a mark of fil breeding. If "young hopeful" times forgot the precepts of matures wisdom, if he thoughtlessly thrust out his plate for more before the rest of the company were done, his lapse of memwas generally assisted by a sharp reprimand, and instead of the savory ragout or juicy tipsy cake upon which he had so greedly set his heart he was with a piece of dry bread

and told to eat that. In this way the lesson sank deeper But the little urchin was evidently opinion that others beskes himself should profit by it, so he applied it in his own childish way to his friends the birds and the beasts. On visiting the that an infantry officer would be cho-nest of thrush or blackbird in the early beyond words by the quite too scandal ously greedy behavior of the noisy young brood. Each time he approach ed four or five bright vellow throats were stretched to their uttermost, and such a gobble, gobble, filled the air that country. They were also at liberty to he felt he must really make an example of them and punish such intolerable greediness.

With his own personal experience to uggest the most approved of methods Amos B. Kimbail, set out for a small he deliberately picked up a number of town on the Mexican border, where he pebbles from the gravel pathway and calmly proceeded to feed the irrepressiince into which Geronimo had entered. ble fledgelings with morsels of sand-The conference was satisfactory, and stone and grit. So long as the young quarters stopped over at Fort Huachu- so long did he continue to drop down ca, where the Fourth cavalry was sta- pebbles, feeling all the time, he assured tioned. The general was entertained me, quite satisfied that he was simply parents had instilled into him at home. When a week or more had elapsed and chance led once again to the same spot, the silence of death lay around. place of four or five vociferous fiedge lings struggling in the nest, with oper pressing his visitor with his fitness for mouths and protruding necks, he be held naught but four or five small fleshy bags of undigested stones.

Yes, for not till then did be realize the full import of his act. In spite of his cruelty he was surely not really a cruel child?—John S. Vaughan in London Spectator.

A certain Market street merchan has his telephone near the front door Not long ago the bell rang, and the merchant stepped to the phone and took down the transmitter. Just at that moment a farmer man

Made Him Hear.

came into the place and inquired: "Want ter buy any algs?" The merchant, intent upon getting the mesyou," and gazed abstractedly at the Raising his voice, the stranger shout

ed, "Want ter buy any algs?" Still in tent upon the man at the other end of the wire, the merchant said petulantly, "Oh, I can't hear a word you say!" The man from north Georgia inflated his chest and lifted up his voice, fairly raising the roof, while everybody with-in a block thought the riot alarm had been rung. "Do you want ter buy any

a-i-g-s?" be shouted.
"No; confound you, no!" shouted the merchant, dropping the telephone and clapping his bands to his outraged

"You bet that raised him," remarked the egg man to his partner as he walk-ed out and climbed into his wagon. "I never seed a deaf man yet what I couldn't make bear when I put on all my steam."--Chattanooga News.

The lovely Hiawathan spring touching all things in the fairy Bac Lands. Oh, why are they called Bac on the eighth day of creation and safe "Now work is done, let's play. Let's make a place that shall combine everything that is finished, and wonderful, and beautiful—a paradise for man and bird and beast," it was surely then that she made these wild, fantastic flowers, varied with sylvan bright with prairie sweeps and ing lakes and streams. In fored, offing and distant bills that ge at every step we find some proof that nature squandered here the riches that in other lands she used as of that nature squandered here the sparingly as gold; with colored sky bove and colorful land below and the distance blocked by sculptured butter that are built of precious sto ores and tinged as by a lasting and unkable sunset. And yet for all this ten times gorgeous wonderland en chanted, blind man has found no bet ter name than one which says "the road to it is hard."-E. Seton Thompson

Koreans at Prayer. A returned sojourner in Korea tell me that he asked a unive priest; "Tell me why you people kneel down before a stone or a piece of wood or any inanimate object and pray to it? Why not pray to God as Christians do?"
"I will explain," said the devout iddinter. "Christians close their eyes and look up without seeing anything as they pray. The Korsans do not pray to the piece of stone or wood as you

e piece of stone or wood, as yo ine, but to the same good God, an emblem. Instead of seeing nothing ry gase upon God's handiwork, for

You must push matters a little, nes," said a chemist to his new boy. y calling a customer's attention to

The elderly lady deals over the way

FARME The Unconscious Cruelty He Prac-

· CAUSE OF CLUB ROOT ..

Regarding club root in cabbage, my experience has been that the question of soll has more to do with the matter than the manure. If you have a piece of strong, loamy soil, inclining to clay, with good natural drainage, you have a soil that, with proper care in the details of preparation, fertilizing, etc., can be safely counted on for a good crop of late cabbage if the right varieties are planted. But in that field there may be here and there places or spots that sag below the general level of the rest of the field. Now, if during the growing season of this crop there come a few downpours of rain, a large proportion of the cabbage in those spots will have "big root," as it is called here, hog manure or no hog manure. Several years ago a prominent butcher of our neighborhood occupied a back corner of the farm we were living on at that time. Of course we had the manure. He had a trade that called for large quantities of pork. He bought cattle and pigs by the carload. The pigs worked up the offal, and we drew the manure on the cab bage ground. The blood from the slaughter house was led to a large trough in the pigyard adjoining. Ow ing to this latter fact we discovered that the proportion of nitrogen was too great even for cabbage. We then be gan to mix it with the coarser produc of the barnyard by hauling out alter nate loads of each to a pile in the field where it was to be used. A couple of turnings now and then greatly improved the mechanical condition while increasing the availability of the coarse matter. If afraid to use the hog manure alone, why not adopt some difications of this plan?

I never saw any more danger from the use of bog manure than any other kind; the trouble has been that I never could get enough of it. I recall also that when I came into possession of my larger farm there had been quite a number of hogs fattened the autum previous, and there was a pile of about two good wagon loads of clear hog manure lying outside the pen. Be sides this, we tore down the old per that had been built on the ground about 50 years before, and it seemed at the time that everything was hog manure for about two feet down. At all events we drew out 12 good loads altogether from that old pen and applied the whole lot, with a half ton o fertilizer, to an acre of ground for late abbage. The crop was sold in the field for considerably more than I paid for the ground. I wish we had a dozen or two of such things to clean up now. I should be willing to take the chances

on "big root" by using it.

I have heard this talk concerning cabbage as long as I can remember, but in every instance that has come under my personal observation it has proceeded from a class of men who always sow their cabbage seed when the "signs are in the head" and kill their pork when the moon is nearing the full, "so the meat will swell in the pot." To recapitulate: If I wished to grow a crop of late cabbage and the ground was bare, no sod, I should draw all the coarse manure I could get or pay for, not less than 20 loads per acre, plow it under as soon as I could the spring, top dress with a few loads of fine stuff and about one-half ton of good cabbage fertilizer analyzing 4 per cent of nitrogen, 8 per cent of phosphoric acid and 10 per cent of potash applied broadcast, then thor oughly cultivate not too deep once week till planting time. This on a soil naturally or artificially well drained (plant 21/2 by 21/2 feet) one ought (get \$125 an acre from that crop.

But a good crop of cabbage would not be the sole object of this thorough treatment. It is a well known fact that there is no crop grown that is bet-ter calculated to clean up a weed in-fested piece of ground than late cabbage, because to get a crop, even on well matured ground, the cultivator must be kept constantly going, and this at a season of year when showers are less frequent and weed growth less ac tive. August is a better month to sub due weeds than June usually. But, again, the next season I she But, again, the next senson I should like to plant that field with corn, with 200 pounds of muriate of potash and 600 pounds seid phosphate per acre applied broadcast. I should plant it to be worked both ways, then work it all summer perfectly level and just before cultivating it the last way for the last time. time now ten quarts Mammoth clover of undoubted purity (not less than 97 per cent), then run the cultivator over lightly and the year following fust keep the top cut back. The next year you can grow cabbage, potatoes or al-most anything, concludes a Rural New Yorker writer who thus exploits the question of hog manure and cabbage.

Galvanized Pans For Maple Sap. Any good tinner can make a sap pa 3 to 4 feet by 8 to 12 feet and 7 or inches deep, sufficient to sit on an arch and boil the sap from 100 to 200 buckets. Two sheets of galvanized iron of proper length are riveted together lengthwise, with a lap of about an inch and with asbestus paper between the sheets along the lap. Then the ends and sides are bent up at right angles, the corners lap folded and riveted, any probable leaks are soldered inside be-forehand, and two heavy handles or each side are riveted on with clips. Any ingenious tinner can make a pan thus, says Ohio Farmer. How to Cure the Grip.

Remain quietly at home and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as directed as directed and a quick recovery is sure to follow. That rea edy counteracts any tendency of the then he hastened to wait upon an grip to result in pneumonia, by person who wanted a stamp, is really the only serious thing size, mum," inquired the have used it for the gri

FIELD TO GARDEN

Hog Manure and Cabbage-An Old

black powder heaped on a rock in the same way the heap of dirt on top would simply be blown away, leaving Theory Handled Without Gloves, the rock unharmed. This downward action of dynamite makes it at once the most useful and the most powerful of explosives known. I once assisted at a number of exper iments at the Stevens institute, it ing desired to prove the downward ac tion of dynamite and its incred force. A number of blocks of fron six nches in diameter and three in thick were practiced upon. An ordinary newspaper was spread over one of the blocks. A cartridge of dyna mite was placed on top of the paper and after being connected with a fuse and covered with a heap of dirt the charge was set off. When the block was examined after the explosion, the print of the paper was distinctly impressed into the sur face of the iron. The reason was that

One of the peculiar actions of dyna-

mite as compared to other explosives i

that its action is downward. Often

when in a quarry it is desired to break a huge rock quickly a cartridge of dy-

namite is simply placed on top of the rock and after being covered with a lit-tle heap of earth is set off. The rock is

split into a number of pieces. Were

the paper where the printer's ink had touched it was harder than the rest of the paper, and by the incredibly bard and sudden blow struck by the dynsmite the imprint of the shape of the letters was made as plainly on the fron as if it had been cheese. A similar experiment was then made with an ordinary oak leaf, and the outline of the leaf, ribs and all, were gouged into the iron. Both of these blocks of iron are in the museum attached to the institute.—New York Times. Armour and McAllister. "P. D. Armour," said a man who knew him well, "crossed the ocean once on the steamer with Ward McAlister

was the leader of the fashionable set in New York society, and when he return ed there was perhaps more fuss made over him than over Mr. Armour, 1 met Mr. Armour at the Fifth Avenue hotel soon after he got off the boat, and after asking him about his health I inquired if he had met Ward McAllister. 'McAllister? McAllister?' said Mr. Armour, trying to recall the name. 'Oh, yes, I guess there was a fellow by the name of McAllister introduced to me coming over. Yes, I do remember him,

now that you speak of it. He was quite

on the steamer with Ward McAllister

a decent fellow-quite a decent fellow, said Mr. Armour. "When I repeated the remark to fashionable man in this city—one of those fellows trying to break his way into the Four Hundred-he was indignant that McAllister had been so light ly esteemed by Mr. Armour. I told him that if he should ever happen to inspect the Armour establishments and look over the pay rolls with the name of 15,000 or 20,000 men he would per haps realize why Ward McAllister, the lender of New York's Four Ht failed to impress the hard headed Chicagoan."-New York Tribune.

He Caught the Funeral. Hamburg the mishaps of Brahr when he was on the way to attend the funeral of his dear friend, the widow of Schumann. The telegram announce ing her death was sent to Vienna and thence forwarded to him at Ischl by mail. He found that he would just have time to reach his destination by taking the Orient express and changing cars at Wels.

On the way he fell asleep and went oo far, so that he had to wait all day at Linz for an ordinary train to Frankfort. Purchasing a paper, he read that the funeral would not be at Frankfort, but at Bonn, and that it had been pos poned on his account. So be took the night train at Frankfort and arrived at Bonn in the morning just in time to change his clothes and join the funeral "I was fearfully nervous and vexed,"

he declared to a friend afterward. "I only wonder that I did not have a stroke of paralysis."

Weil Qualified.

When the late Prince Christian Victor was a subaltern in the King's Royal rifles, he had in his company a corporal who was a severe disciplinarian and considered it to be his duty to find fault with everything. On the explry of his 21 years' service he applied to the prince for a testimonial as to character to enable him to procure a situa tion in civil life. Prince Christian tor willingly assented and credited the retiring corporal with being the most assiduous fault finder he had ever met. The recipient of the testimonial ucky enough the first time he showed the prince's credentials to secure a congenial situation. He had applied for the post of assistant labor master in a workhouse, and the prince's letter se-cured him the berth.

"Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining.

The clouds of bad blood erroel humanity have a silver lining in the of a specific to remove them. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, which drives out all impurities from the blood, of either sex or any age.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Digests what you eat.



Every cotton planter should write for our valuable illustrated pamphlet, "Cotton Culture." It is sent free.

Send name and address to GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Names St., N. Z.

We Want to Dye Your clothing old dress fabrics, and guarantee perfect satisfaction in ev-

ery respect. Lightning Grease Lradicator FOR SALE M. WHITE.

GRAHAM, N. C.

ESTABLISHED

--- 1893----**Burlington Insurance** -Agency-SURANCE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

0000

Local agency of Penn Mutual Insurance Company. Best Life Insurance contracts now

Prompt personal attention to all JAMES P. ALBRIGHT, Agent.

on the market.



verything Good In Preits. ispies, young, thrifty free smooth and straightis-th ind that grow off well. It id, rough trues. This is th oost sapid growing map nd one of the most beam full shade troes. Write or prices and give list of

J. Yan Lindley Hursery Co.,