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**ROLEY'S HONEY-TAR**

## The Major's Story

"Yes, my hair is white for a man of my years," said he, running his shapely fingers through the snow white locks. "But, then, I have seen a great deal of the world, you know. Sometimes I think it would have been better if I had not."

"But what caused your hair to turn so white? It cannot be age, for, if I am a judge, you are not over forty." The major laughed.

"No, I was forty on my last birthday, and my hair has been its present shade for the last ten years."

"Come, major, I'm sure there is a story here. Let's have it."

Again the major smiled, but this time a perceptible tremor shook his frame.

"I never like to think of that time," he said. "But be it as you will."

"When I was thirty years old I was employed by Uncle Sam to scour the country for moonshiners. My territory lay mostly in the southern states. It was in 1881 that I received an order from the chief of the division to go into the Tennessee region and locate several stills that were turning out kegs of illicit liquor near Little Tucksee. I was of a light hearted, darddevil disposition, and usually such an order would have spurred me to my best, but on this September morning, when, leaving civilization behind, I struck the trail leading up the side of Little Tucksee, a strange feeling of foreboding came over me. The birds twittered over my head, and the purring brook rippled beneath my feet. All nature was at her best, and yet a feeling of indescribable dread oppressed me.

"On I stumbled, deep in my gloomy meditations, when suddenly I nearly fell over a girl, clad in a single calico garment, who was kneeling beside a hawberry bush filling a pail with the fruit. The surprise was mutual, and she started up like a frightened fawn. Without disparagement of the sex I can safely say that no plainer woman exist on the continent than the average female moonshiner. As the girl turned, however, she displayed a face in pleasing contrast with the characteristic high cheek bones and 'ague' complexion of that section. Her oval features, brown as a berry, but regular in outline, set off by a pair of ruby lips and jet black eyes, would compare favorably with those of any fashionable belle.

"'What be you goin' for?' she asked, with a startled air.

"'I am an artist,' I replied, 'come to sketch some bits of scenery. I am looking for Jerry Bowman.'

"'What you want w' him?'

"'I am going to board at his house.'

"'Huh! Then you un wants Ole Hoes?'

"'I was uncertain, but nodded. By this time I had drawn a packet from my pocket and begun making hurried marks on it. The girl peered over my shoulder and asked:

"'How long be you un goin' ter stay?'

"'Just overnight,' I replied.

"'She gazed at the scrawl and said:

"'Waal, I guess you un can come on.'

"'Up the tortuous path, twisting now to the right and now to the left, we went till suddenly the girl pushed aside the thick undergrowth and darted along a trail leading directly into the heart of the forest. I said not a word, but did considerable thinking as now and then a protruding hawberry brier tore its way into my flesh or a stiff twig, bent forward by my guide, with a 'tip' flew back, striking me across the face. Suddenly I heard a howling shriek. The girl gave a low, peculiar whistle, and the next instant four large curs were pawing at her feet and in a most uncomfortable manner sniffing at my heels.

"'This is Jerry,' the girl whispered. 'This is Ole Hoes, the man you un is a-lookin' fur.'

"'Whence he came and how he got there I was never able to explain to myself, but there he was, armed to the teeth, a large hunting knife in his belt, a shotgun on his shoulder and the mountaineer's grin on his face.

"'What do you un want?' he demanded.

"'I am an artist,' I replied, 'and Jim Bludsoe, whom I met in the village, thought I could get board with you for a day or so.'

"'Jim's friends are mine,' he said, with a sidelong glance. 'Come on.'

"'This was much easier than I had expected. Jerry, or Ole Hoes, was none other than the man I was after.

"'As we emerged from the wood into the clearing a lank, shabbed specimen of humanity approached. He was about to speak to Jerry when his eye fell upon me, and he suddenly turned away. There was something familiar in his features, but I could not place him.

"'Ole Hoes passed on, and I followed him into his cabin. It was a small affair with two rooms.

"'One we uns lives in,' he explained, 'an' the woman sleeps in 'tother.'

"'Where do the men sleep?' I inquired.

"'Oh, we uns bunk down thar in thar corner?'

"The 'rimson folk' retired sud-

ly that night, and I sought rest on a blanket that had evidently seen several summers and innumerable hard frosts. I was very tired, and, though I intended to rise when all was quiet and take a view of the premises, I fell asleep.

"I was awakened by the pressure of something cold against my forehead and, opening my eyes, looked into the muzzle of a revolver, while the voice of my host said:

"'Ef you un moves a hand, off goes yer topknot!'

"'What does this mean?' I demanded in my sternest tones.

"'It means that we uns are enter you un. That's all.'

"'Several other figures now stood over my couch, and my genial host said:

"'Waal, shall we uns finish him now or wait?'

"'Let's take him outside,' one suggested.

"'After they had bound me hand and-foot I was carried into the open air. A short consultation was held, and I caught the words, 'down ter the hut.'

"'Naw,' said one brawny fellow, 'he ain't bad et that. Besides Pete may be objections.'

"'His objections were received with murmurs of disapproval.

"'It ain't too much,' asserted my host. 'It's jest what he deserves, an' it'll prove an example to the others.'

"'There was some more discussion. Then I was informed that on my arrival Pete Sandford, a member of the gang, whose still I had aided in destroying some time previously, but who had escaped from the officers, had recognized me as a detective who had come under the guise of friendship to land them all in prison and that I was to be left in the hut.

"'This failed to strike terror to my soul, however, as I supposed they would merely leave me there overnight, and I should then have a possible chance of escape. Had I known the true nature of my punishment I would have begged my captors to mercifully put a bullet through my brain.

"'They carried me to the hut, and one of the men carefully peeled the door and peered in. He took a torch and thoroughly inspected every nook before entering. Finally, a bound hand and foot, I was laid on a pile of hucks in one corner. Then the men departed without even closing the door. I was highly elated at this overnight and lay endeavoring to muster strength to break my bonds when I heard a rustling, gliding sound in one corner of the room. Could it be that some other human creature was imprisoned with me? No, it must be the wind outside. Then from the long, dark opening used as a fireplace came a similar sound, another and another. What was it? What could this mean?

"'Suddenly I felt something glide across my legs as they lay bound on the foot of the bed, and the awful horror of the situation that my persecutors had devised dawned on me. I was in a den of snakes. If I moved, I was a dead man. Sick with terror I lay beside the road. I awoke lying behind full in my face, and bending over me was the girl I had met in the afternoon.

"'Twas a clue call for you un,' she said. 'I heered pap an' the fellers a-talkin' en hoesew they left yer here, an' when I got er chance I come to you un.'

"'How did you do it? I gasped.

"'Huh! I'm used to snakes, but—'

"The girl began to sob.

"'What is it?' I asked, moved by her distress.

"'I-I dassent go home, fur dad will kill me.'

"'That's how my hair got white,' said the major.

"'But the girl?' said I.

"'Oh, she is in the next room with the children! She's my wife.'

### ALBONI'S SUPERSTITION.

A Rome That Failed and Liberty Temporarily in a Hand.

Signor Arditi in his autobiography tells the following story regarding the number thirteen:

"Once, on the occasion of her first visit to Chicago—a very small and insignificant town in those days—we arrived late and just in time to retire for the night. A great quantity of luggage had been sent on by train in advance, and our business manager had secured a bedroom at the hotel for Alboni. The proprietor had been informed of madame's painful superstitions and had been implied not to give her room No. 13. As it happened, however, room No. 13 was the only empty and suitable apartment for the prima donna on that particular occasion, and in order that she should not become aware of this unlucky spot the hotel manager caused a piece of paper bearing another number to be gummed over the painted number outside her bedroom door.

"All went smoothly at first. Alboni was ushered into her room, her boxes were unpacked by her maid, and she was served with supper preparatory to going to bed. Suddenly she started up, agitated by the thought that it would be just as well to know the number of her room. She picked up a candle and peered out into the darkness of the corridor to reconnoiter. In a far shorter time than it takes me to write these lines the house was in a

feared uproar, bells were ringing and the hotel people, and guests rushing about in a state of panic, thinking that they were about to be burned alive in their beds.

"Alboni was discovered standing in front of her door in the attitude of a tragedy queen, with the candle in one hand and the fatal piece of paper bearing the fictitious number in the other. And, what is more, she was not to be beaten. No persuasion on earth would induce her to rest quietly in No. 13. No one could resist her pleading eyes and piteous face, so finally an elderly gentleman was politely but firmly asked to give up his room, which had to be thoroughly rearranged while he stood about shivering and discomfited awaiting the signal to take possession of the room bearing the fatal number."

### Seaside Geometry.

In the Allegheny, the school magazine of Dulwich, appears a witty paper on "Seaside Geometry," from which we take the following:

Definitions.—The landlady of a boarding house is a parallelogram—that is, an oblong angular figure which cannot be described, but which is equal to anything.

All the rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room.

Postulates.—A pie may be produced any number of times.

The clothes of a boarding house bed, though produced ever so far both ways, will never meet.

Any two meals at a boarding house taken together less than one square meal.

On the same bill and on the same side of it there shall be two charges for the same thing.—London Express.

### The New Cop at a Fire.

There was a fire the other day uptown, and reporters sprang up from everywhere and made for the scene. A green policeman, swelling visibly with impotence, was trying to keep back the curious, who would have hampered the movements of the firemen. When the newspaper men pushed their way through the throng he gruffly ordered them away.

"But we're reporters," they said. "We want to get some particulars about the fire."

"Ah, g'wan; get out of here!" he growled. "You can read all about it in the papers tomorrow."—New York Press.

### RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Gems Gleaned From the Teachings of All Denominations.

What was the ideal of Jesus? What was his thought of success and how do our ideals measure up to his conception of the perfect life?—Rev. Dr. Taylor, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The American Mission.

I look forward to the day when America's message shall be carried to the uttermost parts of the earth, when peace shall reign, when every man shall call the "infidels" his neighbor and the weak his brother.—Rev. W. P. Fulton, Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

Woman's Priesthood.

In modern times the woman must be the priestess of life, as of old, but she must also be the priestess of virtue, the teacher and the uplifter. She must learn to insist on a single standard of morals and to demand the respect which purity pays to innocence in the marriage relation.—Rev. J. L. Levy, Hebrew, Pittsburg.

Individuality.

"Wanted, men!" is the great cry of the modern day. The very conditions of democracy call for individuality more than ever before. The problem today is to find not one man, but 10,000,000 men, to stand in consecrated faith, to cry in our Union is corrupted by lack of character, and the nation is thereby threatened. Our very interdependence calls for individuality of character.—Rev. L. W. Sprague, Methodist, N. Y.

The Christian Rich.

The most dangerous element is found in the criminally rich, in corporations whose directing members have been held up for admiration as types of the successful American. Wealthy men who have obtained their wealth by illicit means and by furnishing funds for the political laboratory of the ordinary voter and the enrichment of his leaders, should be viewed with contempt. They are the central cause of our undoing.—Rev. S. P. Cadman, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Commercial Spirit.

Commercialism is in the air. It is the spirit that now works, that silently poisons every department of modern activity, always seeking to make gain the dominant motive. There is no line of work, no business, no profession, safe against its insidious influence. It invades law and medicine, even divinity, as we have seen. It is felt in halls of legislation and seats of government. Yes, it pervades even society, making the fire rampant and the gold ring and the large bank account more potent to open doors than gentle birth and fine breeding.—Rev. R. F. Alsop, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Real History Events.

The real history of the world has never been written. Historians have written of the deeds of kings and emperors, but they have never written history as it is recorded in the lives of those who have fought to save the souls of men. The real history of the world is its progress from the knowledge of an idle liberty and from the darkness of an idle light. If we could only see it there is a religious spirit sweeping over Russia today which will overcome the war spirit. It is the common people that the spirit is influencing, but they are the real power in the country, and it will be through them that the end of the war and the end of bad government will come.—Sidney C. C. McCle, Methodist, Branson, Mo.

Character a Thing of Art.

The Christian man is the soul artist. Character is the art of art. How hard

it has been to get religion in terms of character. The religions of the world have generally been ceremonies or creeds. The Jew first taught men that religion was morality and spirituality. Jesus offended the orthodoxy of his day with his teaching that religion was character. Two thousand years after, those named after him believed it only in spots. Most of us even yet, as the old hymn puts it, "live at a poor dying rate," and, emphasizing Christianity as a therapeutic for our moral infirmities, really expect full spiritual vigor and perfection only in some other world. How many men even in the church are striving to lead a holy and beautiful life as they strive to paint a picture or write a poem or build a house!—Rev. N. McFee Waters, Congregationalist, Philadelphia.

### Learning by Waiting.

In the light of this sacred history read your own life story. Do not fear that you will ever be forgotten or overlooked if you are following God's leading. When you are needed God will find you. He took Elisha from the plow and made him a great prophet. He took David from the shepherd life and made him a great king. He took John and Peter from their fishing boats and made them masters of the main truth, and when he wants you he will make it as plain as he made it plain that he wanted Moses. We learn also from this story that we cannot hurry God's plans. Four hundred years before God had promised this deliverance the people supposed that God had forgotten his promise, but he had not. Forty years had passed away in Moses' desert life and nothing unusual had happened. You cannot hurry the plans of the Almighty, for they are arranged with reference to great and small things of the whole universe. Why not be patient until you see his revelation of divine duty, whether that be in one or ten or forty years? The four hundred years of waiting on the part of the chosen people was a period of preparation. The forty years of voluntary hardship for Moses was a time of preparation for the leadership, without which he could not have led them out of Egypt into the Land of Promise.—Rev. John Lloyd Lee, Presbyterian, Chicago.

### In the Day's Work.

Come to think of it, life is made up of but one day at a time. Neither tomorrow nor yesterday is ours. To make the best of every day is the secret of a happy life. In making the best of every day business and pleasure are equally cared for and perfection is made of the well doing of trifles. So each morning plan well and each day endeavor to live out the plan. The world is full of good things and beautiful things if one sets out to look for them. In this may be found the secret of a successful and happy life.

Not Resting.

"I suppose you are resting now that the legislature is not in session."

"My friend," replied Senator Sargun, "you don't understand this business at all. The work of making preliminary arrangements is the hard work. When the legislature is in session all you have to do is to see that the goods are delivered."—Washington Star.

### FEED FOR MILK COWS

A Texas dairyman in Farm and Ranch says: We have used these feeds with pleasant results in about the following proportions for a milk herd of 60 cows: 100 pounds of wheat bran, five pounds of cottonseed meal, three pounds of rice polish, three pounds of cotton lins, twenty-two pounds—this for 1,000 pounds live weight. With feeds given you cannot use cottonseed meal freely without having an excess of protein and oil.

Feeding Cows in Illinois.

H. F. Purviance, who conducts a dairy farm of 100 head of cows in Logan county, Ill., and who makes a profit of \$70 per cow a year, feeds the following: All the clover hay is fed during the winter, as much as the cows will eat, in addition to a gallon to a gallon and a half of corn and cob meal mixed with wheat bran, the latter being co-thin. Less bran is fed when the clover is extra good. More bran is used if timothy hay is fed. Less ground is used when on stalk feed.

Feeds For Cows.

Corn and cob meal, when fed to cows at the Ohio station, produced less milk than whole corn. The difference, however, was very slight, and, as the percentage of fat in the milk was slightly less from the meal than from the corn, it is a question whether or not this difference should be considered at all. Strong, healthy, vigorous cows, which are not being fed to the limit, can take care of whole corn in good shape, particularly if the corn is of moderate size.—New England Homestead.

Grain Ration For Cows.

A mixture of 300 pounds each of bran, oilmeal and cottonseed meal will give a feed that will analyze 28.2 per cent protein, 31.5 per cent carbohydrate and 5 per cent fat, says H. G. Manchester in Rural New York. The cows will eat up reasonably clean about twenty-five pounds of hay. A fair average would be five pounds of grain per day.

Little Feed, Little Milk.

Speaking in a general way, it may be said that the food supplied to the dairy cow is designed to serve two purposes. The first and the one that always does and always must take precedence in the keeping up of the productivity of life. The animal feed must be so constituted, and the amount of the body must be regulated, that the animal must be able to produce the amount of milk desired, which is the production of milk. The cow who gives big milk but little feed and whose feed is not good, is a poor cow, simply because they have very little material from which to make it. This rule applies just as fully to the best cow in the country as it does to the poorest one.

## Pro and Con Of the Trust Question

By President JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN of Cornell University

I HEAR a great deal about the trusts and their tendency to monopolize industry, with the result that the young man of today has no chance, BUT THAT PICTURE HAS TWO SIDES, AND BOTH ARE WORTH STUDYING. These great industrial combinations have been built up by brains, and they cannot continue to exist without brains. The Standard Oil company, created by the brains of John D. Rockefeller, IS WILLING TO PAY ANY SUM FOR BRAINS.

Such a state of affairs as that would seem to indicate that the trust question has another side in its bearing on the future of the young man seeking a start in life. It is true that owing to changed industrial conditions the young man today has little or no opportunity to establish himself in a business of his own. In former days he would have started as a farmer or business man or what not. And he probably would have failed, as half of them did. Now his opportunity comes in the form of wages, but the wages are good and the prospects bright.

Of course I think it is a disadvantage for a man not to be on his own resources. To be on one's own resources tends to develop character, but I should call the disadvantage a grave one bearing on character rather than an economic one bearing on prosperity.

NO THOUGHTFUL PERSON CAN LOOK AT THE COAL TRUST IN THE LIGHT OF THE GREAT STRIKE OR AT THE MEAT TRUST AND DOUBT THAT THERE IS A GREAT DANGER—VERY GREAT DANGER—IN THE TRUST QUESTION.

Where I see danger in it is where the trusts are tempted to become insolent to the point of lording it over the public and making it pay exorbitant prices for the necessities of life. Under ordinary conditions they cheapen the cost of production, and the public should be the gainer. It is where the public is imposed on that the trust evil begins. It is an undoubted fact that trusts have it in their power TO MAKE THE PUBLIC PAY EXORBITANT PRICES. I don't say that they use that power despotically, but they certainly have it. Now, in my opinion, there are only two effective regulators of that power—FIRST, PUBLIC OPINION; SECOND, THE POSSIBILITY OF COMPETITION.

Public opinion is a great force for righteousness, and no trust or other force can stand against it for very long. I care not how powerful it be, it cannot stand against public opinion. And then, as to the second regulator, the fear of competition is almost always present. A trust may run up prices in a short time, but in doing so it creates conditions which invite competition, and the mere possibility of such a thing is sufficient to send prices down again.

I have far more faith in the operation of natural laws than in any attempt at legislative regulation. There has been a great deal of legislation on the subject, but what is the net result? Of course we have stopped rebates, and that is a good thing, but, apart from that, what has been done?

THE GREAT DANGER IS IN INDUSTRIES WHERE THE POSSIBILITY OF COMPETITION IS REDUCED TO A MINIMUM OR ALMOST ELIMINATED, AS IN THE CASE OF ANTHRACITE COAL. THAT IS THE GREAT DANGER.

### America's Menace to Europe

By GABRIEL HANOTAUX, Ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs of France

THE great republic of the United States is already the elevated summit on the horizon of the commercial world toward which all eyes turn. A single word expresses this eminent situation, the word "POWER," and a single word suffices to justify it, the word "ORGANIZATION." "Power"—it stands out only in the enumeration of the elements which compose the actual and the future grandeur of the United States. This territory vast as Europe, these 85,000,000 of inhabitants, this situation between two great oceans which cover the planet; these varied climates, from the splendor of the tropics to the rigor of the northern countries; all vegetable riches from cedar to lyeop; all mining riches from gold to pit coal; all animal riches from the whale to the bird of paradise; the most important primary materials, iron, coal, cotton, cereals; all the machines and all the inventions from those which harness Niagara to those which "dress" pork in five minutes; above all, in short, AN ACTIVE, INGENIOUS, ENTERPRISING GENIUS; assiduous labor of all men, in a perfect liberty and equality of all the citizens—if these are not the elements of prosperity of a people, what are those that humanity could demand!

There is, then, this mass, ARMED TO THE TEETH for the arts of peace and even for the arts of war, which rises beyond the ocean, not a month's voyage from old Europe, but the duration of a voyage which does not last over a week. If one considers the freight conditions, it is nearer the Mediterranean than Liverpool to Marseilles.

TOMORROW THIS COLOSSAL EMPIRE, MASTER OF THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA, WILL INTERPOSE ITSELF IN SOME WAY BETWEEN EUROPE AND ASIA. IT WILL DOMINATE THE COMMENCE OF THE TWO WORLDS BY CAPTURING THE PRINCIPAL HIGHWAY.

### The Limit of Astronomical Vision

By GEORGE A. COMSTOCK, Professor of Astronomy, University of Wisconsin

MODERN investigation proves that the statement of the astronomer who said a century or so ago that with his telescope he could see stars from which it took the light of 2,000,000 years to reach the earth was enormously exaggerated. Modern astronomers claim to be able to see stars from which the transmission of light takes 20,000 to 30,000 years, but I BELIEVE THAT WE CANNOT SEE FARTHER THAN THE STARS WHOSE LIGHT IS TRANSMITTED IN 1,000 YEARS, NOR DO I BELIEVE WE WILL BE ABLE TO GET BEYOND THAT DISTANCE.

The Darben building, on South Tryon street, Charlotte, was gutted by a fire of unknown origin late Wednesday night. The loss is estimated about \$50,000. The Piedmont Clothing Company, occupying the second and third floors of the building, was the heaviest loser. Their stock, valued at \$35,000, was greatly damaged. The damage to the building was estimated at \$5,000.

Would not interest you if you're looking for a guaranteed Salse for Sore, Burns or Piles, Otto Dudd, of Ponder, Mo., writes: "I suffered with an ugly sore for a year, but a box of Buckle's Arnica Salve cured me. It's the best Salve on earth. 25c. at the J. C. Simmons Drug Co.'s."

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State Chairman Simmons a Rollins have agreed on the construction of the law in regard to registration—that the books shall be opened October 6th and closed on 29th.

Yes!—What Use Are You Taking When You Take Groves' Tonic? Chill Tonic because the formula plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. Cure, No Pay. 50c.

W. A. White clerk of the court in Warren county, who has held office there for 55 years, has signed an account of failing health. He has been clerk of the court 43 years.

## Remember Headaches

This time of the year are signals of warning. Take Taraxacum Compound now. It may save you a spell of fever. It will regulate your bowels, set your liver right, and cure your indigestion. A good Tonic. An honest medicine.

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