ARP QUOTES PETER,

Bartow Philosopher Delves Into the Scriptures.

SEEMS TO BE PERFECTLY AT HOME

Was Too Early in the Morning to Get Drunk Said the Prophet of Old—Arp Moralizes.

"And in that day the young men shall see visions and the old men shall dream dreams; and the handmaidens shall prophesy." This is what Peter told the people on the day of Pentecost. And Peter believed that the days foretold by the Prophet Joel had already come, for the devout men from every nation under heaven were there prophesying and speaking in every language. The people said they were drunk, but Peter said, "No, for it is only 9 o'clock in the morning." I reckon the topers drank more in the evening, just as they do now, and went to bed drunk. But it has always perplexed me to find out when the age or period of working miracles and seeing visions ceased and why the power was taken away from the men of God. Paul could work miracles to save or to heal others, but had to die by the executioner. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church, but has the time passed when dreams and visions are of no force or meaning? I was ruminating about dreams, because last night I dreamed not less than theree hours in about half a minute. The clock was striking 12 and I dreamed it was the fire bell and I saw the rising smoke and then the flames of the fire where the hotel was burning. I saw firemen climbing ladders and descending with women and children in their arms. I saw strmeas of water flooding the roof and pouring in at the windows. I heard the excited voices of firemen and people and witnessed the frantic efforts to keep the fire from crossing to the next block. I saw enough and heard enough to take hours to recite and yet I awakened with the last stroke of the hammer on the little bell and knew that it was the clock and not the fire bell that had caused that long, exciting dream. This same experience I had many years ago—when the report of a gun provoked a dream that begun in a quarrel between two of my friends and continued in a correspondence in which an apology was demanded and I was called upon to assist in the writing and several letters were passed, but to no purpose and it ended in a challenge. Seconds were chosen—the code duello was carefully consulted—the ground chosen—the time fixed and the duel took place; and when the first shot was fired I awoke. The report of the gun had precipitated and concentrated all of that long and anxious dream into a second of time. Doubtless very many people have had a similar experience. The medical books record many such instances and Lord Brougham declared that all dreams were instantaneous. Drowning men have the same experience. Those who are resuscitated declare that every event of their lives came before them in the instant of losing consciousness. Time is nothing. It seems to be annihilated. There is no notice of surprise. If your father or brother or friend appears to you in a dream you are not surprised, though he has been dead many years. But Lord Brougham is wrong. The smile of an infant sleeping in its mother's arms comes from a dream and is not instantaneous. Sometimes it continues quite a while and comes and goes. The mother believes the child sees angels and heavenly things. Maybe it does, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Lord Brougham is wrong, for men and women who have had part of the skull removed and left the brain exposed have dreamed while the doctors looked on and saw the brain dilate and pulsate and become excited and disturbed and the patient would tell of a bad dream. When the sleep was sweet the brain was in perfect repose.

What a wonderful piece of mechanism is this body of ours. It can all sleep save the heart and lungs and arteries. They never sleep nor get a day off for rest. Just think of it. For 75 years this heart of mine has not failed to beat time for every moment of my existence and sends its warm blood to every part of my body. Whether I am awake or asleep, it is ever at its post of duty Poor thing—I know it is tired. And so with my lungs that cease not day or night to bring the heart its food, its strength and power. The will, the brain, the eyes and ears—the sense of smell and taste and feeling all get sleep and rest awake renewed, but the heart and lungs can never rest. Their rest is death. But the mystery is how is the brain connected with the will. When the will is asleep the brain seems to run riot and to reveal in curious and fantastic fancies. It is a boy out of school. It is very like the effect of opium on the senses and described by DeQuincy in his confessions. The will seems to be the strongest and most responsible faculty of man. The heart is commonly called the seat of the affections and emotions—in fact, the very soul of man, and David says the heart is sinful above all things and desperately wicked, but that, of course, is figurative. The heart is but a lump of flesh—a machine—an engine, as it were, for a mechanical purpose. It has nothing to do with affections or emotions or sins or crime. It may be badly diseased and the man not know it. If his stomach is out of order, he knows it quickly and feels sick all over. The will, and the brain, which is the seat of thought and reason, make up the spiritual part of man, but how they are connected is known only to the Creator, generally they work in harmony Sometimes they do not, for, as Paul says, "that I would do I do not—and that I would not do that I do."

A friend asked me the other day if I believed in dreams; that is to say, if dreams as a warning, or sign, or prophecy.

No, I do not. The dream book is humbug. But I do believe that sometimes there are spiritual visions that come in sleep, but these are very rare Some are too well authenticated to leave any doubt. Swedenborg had many of them. Tartinian, a great composer says that the devil appeared to him one night and challenged him to play his some music, and he composed the "Devil's Sonata" in a dream, and the devil sang it and danced it, and Tartinian put it on paper when he awaked. Soleridge says he composed his poem of "Kubla Khan" in a dream, but could only recall 300 lines of it next morning. Abstruse problems in mathematics have been solved in dreams, but the most reasonable explanation of all these is that the tired mind had rest from sleep and became more sensitive and acute. Whether we have good dreams or bad dreams depends almost altogtcher upon what we had for supper and how much we ate of it. The stamach is the great regulator of our repose, whether it be peaceful and refreshing or disturbed by unwelcome dreams. Children dream a good deal and have nightmare, but old men dream seldom, for they are more careful what they eat for supper. Blackberry pie washed down with buttermilk don't harmonize. But when the brain gets old it is tired and takes more rest. It can't jump around and frolic in dreams like it did when we were young.

This is enough of dreams. In fact, it is about all I know.

I have been greatly comforted of late with some more good reading. Col. A. K. McClure, the notable editor and writer, has written a letter to The Times-Democrat, of New Orleans—his recollections and opinions of Lincoln and Davis. It is a long letter, carefully and admirably written. It is fair and just to both the presidents. It places Mr. Davis on a higher plane than any northern writer has ever done, and I wish that every leading paper north and south would copy it. It settles that whole controversy about the Hampton Roads conference and leaves no room for doubt. Colonel McClure is a just man and deserves the thanks of the south for his beautiful tribute to our president.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

Signs of a car famine are now manifest in the West.

German tariffs are to be raised by the new law to satisfy the agrarians.

The new directory shows that Chicago has more than 2,000,000 inhabitants.

Virginia Prohibitionists have nominated O. C. Rucker, of Bedford, for Governor.

An order to cut municipal expenses has been given in every department at Chicago.

The Spanish Chamber of Deputies has adopted without debate an appropriation for the purchase of quick-firing guns.

A stamp duty of $20,000 has been paid to the British Treasury on Carnegie's $10,000,000 gift to the Scottish universities.

Disorder and lawlessness have greatly increased in Pekin since the policing of the city was restored to the Chinese authorities.

The British Admiralty have just ordered fifty-four sets of wireless telegraphy gear, to be made according to their own specifications and system.

The University of Virginia is to receive an income of $11,000 a year through the generosity of Mrs. Mary Austin Carroll, of Boston, as long as she lives.

Governor Hill, of Maine, has named Mary Preble Anderson, of Portland, to christen the new battleship Maine, which is being built by the Cramps at Philadelphia.

The Prize Committee of the recent automobile road race from Paris to Berlin announces that the winner, M. Fournier, made the trip in 17 hours 3 minutes and 43 seconds.

Professor E. C. Barnard, of Yerkes Observatory, who has returned to San Francisco, Cal., from Sumatra, reports that the observations taken there of the solar eclipse were mostly failures.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

William K. Vanderbilt will race in the United States.

Senator Thomas C. Platt has just celebrated hi sixty-eighth birthday.

Governor William D. Jelks, of Alabama, wants the office for another term.

Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock is spending his vacation salmon fishing in New Brunswick.

President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, is recuperating at a mountain retreat.

The Duke of Connaught has been installed as Grand Master of British Masons, to succeed Edward VII.

Count Adelbert Sternberg, the Austrian fighter for the Boers, captured at Paardeberg, is on a visit to the United States.

Austin Dobson, the poet, has resigned from the British Board of Trade and will receive an additional pension from the Crown.

Lord Roberts has written a letter to Miss Mary Custis Lee, in which he calls General Lee "one of the greatest soldiers of any age."

Theodore J. Shaffer, President of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, was born in Pittsburg, Penn., and is forty-five years old.

It is rumored that after the cup races Sir Thomas Lipton will sever his connection with the yachting world and will probably take to the turf for a change.

Professor Ernst Haeckel, the famous naturalist, will give up lecturing at the University of Jena, where he has been Professor of Zoology since 1865, owing to the condition of his health. He was born in 1834.

General Fitzhugh Lee has told his friends that he will soon retire and settle down near Richmond, Va., and engage in a business "of an industrial character." Further than this he declines to explain.

LABOR WORLD.

There are 37,543 postoffice employes in London.

Machinists at Peoria, Ill., have declared their strike off.

The Cigar-makers' International Union now has a membership of 34,000.

Three thousand threshers in Illinois have organized a Protective Association.

Carpenters in Massachusetts have generally obtained an eight-hour day without a strike.

About 200 of the employes of the Illinois Central Railroad have just been retired on pensions.

The strike of the 3500 union fishermen against the fifty salmon canneries on the Fraser River, B. C., has been settled.

Labor Commissioner Wright places the number of idle men in the United States who are willing to work at 3,500,000.

More than 2000 workers in the National Tube Works, at McKeesport, Penn., have joined the Amalgamated Association.

Telephone operators in Columbus, Ohio, have had their salaries raised twenty per cent. and the workday reduced to nine hours.

Electrical workers in Washington, D. C., will receive $3.50 a day as the result of a strike, to take effect after completion of existing contracts.

The United Mine Workers of America claim 1700 local unions, with a total membership of 224,000, by far the largest trade union on this continent.

Through the liberality of the cotton-mill owners in Charlotte, N. C., reading-rooms are to be established in the various mill settlements around the city.

Garment workers to the number of 51,600 have gone on strike for higher wages and shorter hours, to kill the sweat shop system in New York City and vicinity.

Some Queer Names.

The North Carolina Supreme court has settled the Snow will case in accordance with the cold facts. The testator was Ice Snow of Surrey, and two of the parties in interest were Hail Snow and Rain Snod. North Carolina seems to abound in odd names, for a newspaper chronicler of the court's decision mentions as instances of this peculiarity Dr. Wisconsin Illino's Royster and Early Dawn of Raleigh, Sharp Blunt of Newborne, Sink Quick of Richmond county and Prof. Dred Peacock of Greenboro.

SIN IN HIGH PLACES

DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

The Same Standard of Morality That Measures the Poor and the Lowly Ought to Be Applied to the Rich.

[Copyright 1901.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows that there is a tendency to excuse brilliant faults, because they are brilliant, when the same law of right and wrong ought to be applied to high places and low; text, Daniel iv, 33, "The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar, and he was driven from men and did eat grass as oxen."

Here is the mightiest of the Babylonish kings. Look at him. He did more for the grandeur of the capital than did all his predecessors or successors. Hanging gardens, reservoirs, aqueducts, palaces, all of his own planning. The bricks that are brought up to-day from the ruins of Babylon have his name on them, "Nebuchadnezzar, son of Nabopolassor, king of Babylon." He was a great conqueror. He stretched forth his spear toward a nation, and it surrendered. But he plundered the temple of the true God. He lifted an idol, Bel Merodach, and compelled the people to bow down before it, and if they refused they must go through the redhot furnace or be crunched by lion or lioness. So God pulled him down.

He was smitten with what physicians call lycanthropy, and fancied that he was a wild beast, and he went out and pastured amid the cattle. God did not excuse him because he had committed the sin in high places or because the transgression was wide resounding. He measured Nebuchadnezzar in high place just as he would measure the humblest captive.

But in our time, you know as well as I, that there is a disposition to put a halo around iniquity if it is committed in conspicuous places, and if it is wide resounding and of large proportions. Ever and anon there has been an epidemic of crime in high places, and there is not a State or a city and hardly a village which has not been called to look upon astounding forgery, or an absconding bank cashier or president, or the wasting of trust fund or swindling mortgages. I propose, in carrying out the suggestion of my text, as far as I can, to scatter the fascinations around iniquity and show you that sin is sin and wrong is wrong, whether in high place or low place, and that it will be dealt with by that God who dealt with impalaced Nebuchadnezzar.

All who preach feel that two kinds of sermons are necessary—the one on the faith of the gospel, the other on the morality of the gospel—and the one is just as important as the other, for you know that in this land to-day there are hundreds of men hiding behind the communion tables and in churches of Jesus Christ who have no business to be there as professors of religion. They expect to be all right with God, although they are all wrong with man. And, while I want you to understand that by the deeds of the law no flesh living can be justified and a mere honest life cannot enter us into heaven, I want you as plainly to understand that unless the life is right the heart is not right—grace in the heart and grace in the life. So we must preach sometimes the faith of the gospel and sometimes the morality of the gospel.

It seems to me there has not been a time in the last fifty years when this latter truth needed more thoroughly to be presented in the American churches. It needs to be presented to-day.

Look upon all the fascinations thrown around fraud in this country. You know for years men have been made heroes of and pictorialized and in various ways presented to the public, as though sometimes they were worthy of admiration, if they have scattered the funds of banks or swallowed great estates that did not belong to them. Our young men have been dazed with this quick accumulation. They have said: "That's the way to do it. What's the use of plodding on with small wages or insignificant salary when we may go into business life and with some stratagem achieve such a fortune as that man has achieved?" A different measure has been applied to the crime of Wall street from that which has been applied to the spoils which the man carries up Rat alley.

So a peddler came down from New England many years ago, took hold of the money market of New York, flaunted his abominations in the sight of all the people and defied public morals every day of his life. Young men looked up and said: "He was a peddler in one decade, and in the next decade he is one of the monarchs of the stock market. That's the way to do it." To this day the evil influence of that profligate financier has been felt, and within the past few weeks he has had conspicuous imitators.

There has been an irresistible impression going abroad among young men that the poorest way to get money is to earn it. The young man of flaunting cravat says to the young man of humble apparel: "What! You only get $1800 a year? Why, that wouldn't keep me in pin money. I spend $3000 a year." "Where do you get it?" asks the plain young man. "Oh, stocks, enterprises, all that sort of thing, you know." The plain young man has hardly enough money to pay his board, has to wear clothes after they are out of fashion and deny himself all luxuries. After awhile he gets tired of his plodding, and he goes to the man who has achieved suddenly large estate, and he says, "Just show me how it is done." And he is shown. He soon learns how, although he is almost all the time idle now and has resigned his position in the bank or the factory or the store he has more money than he ever had, trades off his old silver watch for a gold one with a flashing chain, sets his hat a little further over on the side of his head than he ever did, smokes better cigars and more of them. He has his hand in. Now, if he can escape the penitentiary for three or four years he will get into political circles, and he will get political jobs and will have something to do with harbors and pavements and docks. Now he has got so far along he is safe for perdition.

It is quite a long road sometimes for a man to travel before he gets into the romance of crime. Those are caught who are only in the prosaic stage of it. If the sheriffs and constables would only leave them alone a little while they would steal as well as anybody. They might not be able to steal a whole railroad, but they could master a load of pig iron.

Now, I always thank God when I find an estate like that go to smash. It is plague struck, and it blasts the nation. I thank God when it goes into such a wreck it can never be gathered up again. I want it to become so loathsome and such an insufferable stench that honest young men will take warning.

If God should put into money or its representative the capacity to go to its lawful owner, there would not be a bank or a safety deposit in the United States whose walls would not be blown out, and mortgages would rip and parchments would rend, and gold would shoot, and beggars would get on horseback, and stock gamblers would go to the almshouse.

How many dishonesties in the making out of invoices, and in the plastering of false labels, and in the filching of customers of rival houses, and in the making and breaking of contracts. Young men are indoctrinated in the idea that the sooner they get money the better, and the getting of it on a larger scale only proves to them their greater ingenuity. There is a glitter thrown around all these things. Young men have got to find out that God looks upon sin in a very different light.

And remember that the man who gets his gain by iniquity will soon lose it all. One moment after his departure from life he will not own an opera house, he will not own a certificate of stock, he will not own one dollar of Government securities, and the poorest boy that stands on the street with a penny in his pocket looking at the funeral procession of the dead cheat as it goes by will have more money than that man who one week previous boasted that he controlled the money market.

So there has been a great deal of fascination thrown around libertinism. Society is very severe upon the impurity that lurks around the alleys and low haunts of the town. The law pursues it, smites it, incarcerates it, tries to destroy it.

You know as well as I that society becomes lenient in proportion as impurity becomes affluent or is in elevated circles, and finally society is silent or disposed to palliate.

Where is the judge, the jury, the police officer that dare arraign the wealthy libertine? He walks the streets; he rides the parks; he flaunts his iniquity in the eyes of the pure.

Sometimes it seems to me as if society were going back to the state of morals of Herculaneum, when it sculptured its vileness on pillars and temple wall and nothing but the lava of a burning mountain could hide the immensity of crime. At what time God will rise up and extirpate these evils upon society I know not nor whether He will do it by fire or hurricane or earthquake, but a holy God, I do not think, will stand it much longer. I believe the thunderbolts are hissing hot, and that when God comes to chastise the community for these sins, against which He has uttered Himself more bitterly than against any other, the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah will be tolerable as compared with the fate of our modern society, which knew better, but did worse.

We want about 10,000 pulpits in America to thunder, "All adulterers and whoremongers shall have their place in the hell that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." It is hell on earth and hell forever. We have got to understand that iniquity on Columbia Heights or Fifth avenue or Beacon Hill is as damnable in the sight of God as it is in the slums.

Whether it has canopied couch or eiderdown or dwells amid the putridity of a low tenement house, God is after it in His vengeance. Yet the pulpit of the Christian church has been so cowed down on this subject that it hardly dares speak, and men are almost apologetic when they read the Ten Commandments.

Then look at the fascinations thrown around assassination. There are in all communities men who have taken the lives of others unlawfully, not as executioners of the law, and they go scot free. You say that they had their provocations. God gave life, and He alone has a right to take it, and He may take it by visitation of Providence or by an executioner of the law, who is His messenger. But when a man assumes that divine prerogative he touches the lowest depth of crime. Society is alert for certain kinds of murder. If a citizen going along the road at night is waylaid and slain by a robber, we all want the villain arrested and executed. For all garroting, for all beating out of life by a club or an axe or a slungshot, the law has quick spring and heavy stroke, but you know that when men get affluent and high position and they avenge their wrongs by taking the lives of others great sympathy is excited. Lawyers plead, ladies weep, judge halts, jury is bribed, and the man goes free. If the verdict happen to be against him a new trial is called on through some technicality, and they adjourn for witnesses that never come and adjourn and adjourn until the community has forgotten all about it, and then the prison door opens and the murderer goes free.

Now, if capital punishment be right I say let the life of the polished murderer go with the life of the vulgar assassin. Let us have no partiality of gallows, no aristocracy of electrocution chair. Do not let us float back to barbarism, when every man was his own judge, jury and executioner, and that man had the supremacy who had the sharpest knife and the strongest arm and the quickest step and the stealthiest revenge. He who wilfully and in hatred takes the life of another is a murderer. I care not what the provocation or the circumstances.

He may be cleared by an enthusiastic courtroom, he may be sent by the Government of the United States as Minister to some foreign court or modern literature may polish the crime until it looks like heroism, but in the sight of God murder is murder, and the judgment day will so reveal it.

Now, do not be fascinated by the glamor thrown over crime of whatever sort. Because others have habits that seem brilliant, but yet at the same time are wicked, do not choose such faults. Stand independent of all such influences. Put your confidence in the Lord God. He will be your strength. "Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord."

Cultivate old fashioned honesty. This book is full of it. Old fashioned honesty such as was spoken of by Dr. Livingstone, the famous explorer. You may not know he was descended from the Highlanders. Dr. Livingstone said that one day one of the old Highlanders called his children around him and said: "Now, my lads, I have looked all through our family line. I have gone back as far as I can, and I find that all our ancestors were honest people. There doesn't seem to be one rogue among them, and you have good blood. Now, my lads, be honest."

There are hundreds of young men who have good blood. Shall I ask three or four plain questions? Are your habits as good as when you left your father's house? Have you a good ticket in your pocket? Have you a fraudulent document? Have you been experimenting to see how accurate an imitation you could make of your employer's signature? Oh, you have good blood. Remember your father's prayers. Remember your mother's example. Turn not in an evil way. Have you been going astray? Come back. Have you ventured out too far?

As I stand in pulpits looking over audiences sometimes my heart fails me. There are so many tragedies present, so many who have sacrificed their integrity, so many far away from God. Why, my brother, there have been too many prayers offered for you to have you go overboard. And there are those venturing down into sin, and my heart aches to call them back.

At Brighton Beach or Long Branch you have seen men go down into the surf to bathe, and they waded out farther and farther, and you got anxious about them. You said, "I wonder if they can swim?" And you then stood and shouted: "Come back! Come back! You will be drowned!" They waved their hand back, saying: "No danger." They kept on wading deeper down and farther out from shore until after awhile a great wave with a strong undertow took them out, their corpses the next day washed on the beach. So I see men wading down into sin farther and farther, and I call to them: "Come back! Come back! You will be lost; you will be lost!" They wave their hand back, saying: "No danger; no danger!" Deeper down and deeper down until after awhile a wave sweeps them out and sweeps them off forever. Oh, come back! The one farthest away may come.

"Oh," you say, "you don't know where I came from. You don't know what my history has been. You don't know what iniquity I have plotted. I have gone through the whole catalogue of sin." My brother, I do not know the story, but I tell you this: The door of mercy is wide open. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Though you have been polluted with the worst of crimes, though you have been smitten with the worst of leprosies, though you have been fired with all evil passions, this moment on your brow, hot with iniquitous indulgences, may be set the flashing coronet of a Saviour's forgiveness.

RAMS' HORN BLASTS

TWO fools' heads are worse than one.

Every conversion is a miracle.

Simplicity is the sign of seriousness.

Friends are not good kept in vinegar.

Emulation is a cure for envy.

The giving hand is the only cure for the grasping heart.

The danger of ambition's paths lies not in that they are steep but that they are slippery.

The man who is keenest on the inspection of his neighbors is usually weak on introspection.

The herat of love is the only lense that will bring God within the focus of our facilities.

We are almost inclined to agree with those who deny the soul if they speak for themselves alone.

The man who cannot get wisdom out of his own follies will get nothing but folly out of all wisdom.

There is one habit worse than walking with your hands in your pockets, that is, keeping your heart there.

They who plan to give God their last days only conteplate an insult they are never permitted to perpetrate.

According to the measure of the weeping saint heaven must be a very wicked place, for there are no tears there.

A Peculiar Industry.

As as instance of peculiar industrial occupations, it is said that dealers in second-hand bread have a pretty good trade all the year round in London. They collect fragments of bread from the restaurants and dust heaps, which they carefully sort into first and second quality. The former, being comparatively clean, is baked and then cut into dice for soup and made into raspings, which are bought up by the cookshops for garnishing. The second quality bread is sold for food for poultry and other domestic animals.

FARM TOPICS

Protection From Flies.

As flies will now annoy stock, all cracks in the stables should be closed and mosquito bars or mesh placed at the windows and doors. The cows will give more milk if thus protected and the horses be in better condition for service. Remove all manure promptly and keep the stables clean.

Keeping the Weeds Down.

But few weeds are found on well-cultivated farms, for the reason that if they are kept down and not allowed to produce seed they must consequently decrease in number until the farm is clear of them. Good farming exterminates weeds, and when they are seen on a farm it is evidence that the owner has not done his best to destroy them in the past.

Setting Hens in Warm Weather.

Place a large coop over the nest, put plenty of dust and water in the coop and in warm weather allow the hen to dust and drink as often as she likes, but do not let her get out of the coop and leave the nest entirely. Where fifteen to twenty-five hens are set it is advisable to build a number of pens of wire netting. My pens are arranged as follows: Build two straight fences of wire netting fifty yards long, two yards apart, which makes a long lane. This lane is divided into twenty-five pens and in each pen one hen is set. A door is made to each pen and once a day all the hens are fed and watered. Dust is provided and the hens give little trouble.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Growing Seed Grain.

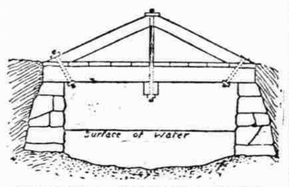
We believe it would be profitable to every grain grocer to carefully select by a sieve, or in some other way, enough of his largest and plumpest kernels to sow on a strip of his best soil to grow as much seed as he expects to use another season. Save the product for that purpose, and the next year select the best of that in the same manner, and continue to do so as long as it was found that the selected seed gave better results than the other. Some experiments that have been made in this way indicate that the average of the entire crop was nearly doubled by about five years' practice of this method, and even then the average was far behind that where the selected seed was sown.—American Cultivator.

Grain Rust.

The red rust which often appears on rye and wheat is the same that appears earlier in the season upon the leaves of the barberry bush. We have heard it both asserted and denied that the same rust attacks the oat, but never were able to trace the rust on oats to the direct vicinity of the barberry, as we have that which appeared on rye. But where these grains are grown we advise cutting and burning of all the barberry bushes near the field. In some parts of England they have very strict laws, obliging this to be done. There are probably some other plants upon which this rust can be found, as it is sometimes found on grain when there is not a barberry bush for miles, but where they are it always starts on them before it does on the grain. About the time the grain begins to harden this turns to a black rust, which is only an advanced form of the same disease. It does not hurt the kernel of the grain, unless to cause it to shrink if it comes very early.

A Safe Farm Bridge.

Where streams or ravines on the farm must be crossed by teams, it pays to build substantial bridges; for the other kind are of short life and are



PLAN FOR A SUBSTANTIAL BRIDGE.

a constant menace to the safety of both team and driver. Some bridges are so short that three stout "sleepers" can be thrown across, having supports only at the ends, but where the bridges must be longer a support in the middle is imperative, and for this purpose the truss arrangement shown in the accompanying diagram cannot be improved. Such a bridge cannot well break down so long as the end foundations remain in place. The iron rods and bolts show plainly the method of construction, and the manner in which support for the centre is gained. A centre support that is placed beneath the bridge is constantly working loose by the action of frost and by the weight of heavy loads, a criticism that cannot be applied to the form of bridge shown here.—New York Tribune.

One Year's Experience With Turkeys.

Taking the year of my best luck I had six hen turkeys. The first laid eggs were given to hens and eggs from the second clutch to hen turkeys. The mothers were put in coops which, as a rule, were moved daily. The first food given the turks was boiled eggs and curd. After a few days they were given dough from prevender of corn and buckwheat, equal parts, wet with sour milk. Eggs were put in the feed and sometimes a little black pepper. When large enough they had a supply of cracked corn, buckwheat and scorched wheat, also meat scraps and ground bone or fine shells.

The feeding of dough minus egg was continued twice a day until the red began to appear. They were provided with pure water and road dust was given them for wallows. The mothers were released when the young were able to fly on the roost, but were not allowed to roam far. At Thanksgiving I had 106 young turkeys, of which fifty or more were ready for market, and the remainder at Christmas. The next year I kept one or two more turkeys and raised ninety-four by the same plan. In the year following I set out to beat my record by keeping nine hen turkeys. I hatched about 250, but foxes nearly ruined my flock and I raised less than sixty.

In fattening I use corn meal wet with milk and whole corn, sometimes putting boiled potatoes with the meal and a little pulverized charcoal. I would recommend sprinkling lime about the roosts and feeding places. With foxes, hawks and other enemies, together with diseases which may attack them, to guard against, the price of success in turkey raising is eternal vigilance.—R. E. Phelps, in New England Homestead.

A statistician estimates that crime costs the United States $1,000,000,000 annually.

Industrial Briefs.

Philadelphia (Pa.) parties, whose names have not been announced yet, have leased building at Shepherdstown, W. Va., and installed knitting machinery in it.

The Enfield (N. C.) Knitting Mill contemplates doubling its capacity in the near future. The plant now employs forty hands and produces 110 dozen pairs of hosiery daily.

The establishment of a knitting mill is talked of at Malee, N. C., and G. C. Baldwin is interested. Mr. Baldwin asks for prices on knitting machinery and on cop yarns for manufacturing.

A. C. Dover of Charlotte, N. C., contemplates organizing a company to build a cotton factory, and has gone to New York for the purpose of endeavoring to interest Northern capitalists.

The Sanford (N. C.) Cotton mills has completed its addition, recently under construction, and has the new spindles, 4,000 in number, now in operation. The entire complement is now 9,000 spindles and 256 looms.

Work is progressing rapidly on the construction of the Alexander City (Ala.) Mills, previously announced as to be a 10,000 spindle plant. The walls of the main building are about up, two stories high, and the machinery will be placed as soon as the strucure is in readiness. The investment will be $200,000.

Work is progressing rapidly on the construction of the Elizabeth Mills at Charlotte, N. C. The mill building is under roof and will be completed next week. The company expects to begin operations by October unless unforseen delay arises. The spindles (ring) will number 8,000. A complete mill town is being established as a result of this enterprise.

The Nantucket Mills of Spray, N. C., announced recently its intention to increase capital from $150,000 to $250,000. This action has since been taken and the funds are being expended for extensive improvements. The mill building has been enlarged and additional spindles have been ordered

All Sorts.

The army quartermaster's department calls for bids on 1,000,000 yards of cotton khaki, subject to an increase of 100 per cent. bids to be submitted before noon of August 12. This effectually disposes of reports that the department is to substitute khaki-colored flannel for the cotton material. It is understood, however, that specifications on the near contract have been changed and now call for a perspiration-proof fabric.

Polly Pinktights—"The tenor's voice is going back on him. Don't you think he seems rather throaty?" Fanny Footlights—"On the contrary he seems quite chesty."

"When Jack proposed to me,"
Remarked the maiden trim,
"The boy was all at sea."
And yet she landed him!

See advt. of SMITHDEAL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

The man who loses his temper loses his friends.

It requires no experience to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that is necessary. Sold by all druggists.

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One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C.C.C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

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The man who shaves himself is always getting in a scrape.

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, soften the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle

Sugar-coated compliments are sometimes hard to swallow.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

The first world's fair was in London in 1851.

Rev. H. P. Carson, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Many a man gets a pointer from the finger of scorn.

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"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for thirty years. It is elegant for a hair dressing and for keeping the hair from splitting at the ends."—J. A. Gruenenfelder, Grantfork, Ill.

Hair-splitting splits friendships. If the hair-splitting is done on your own head, it loses friends for you, for every hair of your head is a friend.

Ayer's Hair Vigor in advance will prevent the splitting. If the splitting has begun, it will stop it.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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25c. All druggists.

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