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THE CONCORD TIMES.

John B. Sherrill, Editor and Owner. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES
Leading Paper in This Section.
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CONSUMPTION

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

On the Wing.—The other night I dropped down from Chattanooga to Meridian. It is over 300 miles, but it seemed like a dropping down, for the fast train on the Alabama Great Southern carried me there in less than eight hours while I slept. Beautiful cars and a smooth track made the trip a pleasure even to a veteran. I had some flattering calls to the cotton belt of Alabama and Mississippi, and as the larder was low and the family purse looked like an elephant had trod on it, and taxes were to pay and coal to buy, and my female folks were in need of winter garments, my wife said I had better go. That settled it, and here I am in Meridian. Many years have passed since I visited this growing city and I hardly recognized it. It has since grown from 800 to 18,000 people, and now pits on metropolitan airs, for it is the largest town in Mississippi. It used to be a dirty place, and was a dug-out for saloons and disreputable quarters. Six years ago there was a great awakening and the saloons were abolished and many of those who supported them left for parts unknown. Grass dident grow in the streets as was predicted, but the town took on new life. Mr. Dial was elected mayor on temperance principles and a system of public works was at once inaugurated. Since then fifty miles of sewerage has been laid and thirty miles of sidewalk paved and twelve blocks of streets graded and paved with vitrified brick and as many more with chert. Two cotton mills and an oil mill and a splendid system of waterworks have been established. Six large buildings for the public schools have been erected. Two female colleges have been planted there. The new city has gasworks and street cars, and new residences with handsome architecture are in right on all the high lands that environ the city. I never knew before that there was a hill within miles of Meridian, but there are not only hills, but a mile or two south there are mountain ridges like those in upper Georgia, and from these come the gushing springs that supply the city with the purest water. There is no better kept hotel than the Southern—good fare, good beds, good service of every kind—and what was best of all to me the people gave me a good audience, all select, especially the eighty college girls who came arrayed in college uniform. I saw more cotton yesterday than I ever saw before at one time and place. Meridian compresses and markets 150,000 bales, and half of it is there now in the warehouses and outside. Much of it has been sold, but cannot be moved for lack of cars. Cotton is still the king.

While at breakfast this morning two northern men took seats at the same table and one remarked: "This town is on a boom. They are building all over it." "Yes," said the other, "the whole south is on the upgrade, and if it keeps on Bryan won't carry a single southern state." Well, they were for McKinley, of course, but they will know by waiting. A northern man who has never been south finds much to interest and astonish him. Not long ago Mayor Dial took one over the city and asked him what he would like to see specially. He replied that he would like very much to see where the negroes lived and how they lived. So the mayor drove up to negro town, where he saw numerous women and children and heard them laughing and talking merrily. "What are they laughing at?" he inquired. "I dident know they ever laughed.' "Why," said Mr. Dial, "they laugh all the day long; they laugh at anything." "Is it possible?" exclaimed the yankee. "Suppose we stop and ask them what they are lauging about? My curiosity is greatly excited." So the mayor stopped, and calling one of the women whom he knew to the gate, said: "Hannah, this gentleman is from the north—up in God's country—and says he dident know that the negroes down here ever laughed, and he wants to know what you were all laughing about as we drove up." This, of course, provoked another spell and all they got out of them was that "Jinny axed Mandy which was de most alike, a 'possum or a coon?" The stranger was profoundly impressed, and made a note in his memorandum book.

Mr. Dial says the new law about voting works well in Mississippi, and has ceased to excite any comment or dissent. The negro population of Meridian is about equal to the white, but there are only about fifty colored voters—most of these are teachers, preachers and barbers. About eighty registered the first year after the law was passed, but the number has decreased from year to year, and the negro has long since ceased to take any interest in politics. Quite a number of white men have retired from registration because they can't swear that they have paid their taxes for the two past years. Mr. Dial says that the registrar's office was in his office, and that officer was uniformly considerate toward the negroes who applied. Some of them who couldent read made right good answers when called on to explain a clause in the constitution, and if he was a good negro he was questioned very lightly and was admitted. But some who could read missed it a mile and were rejected. The law, he said, was harder on a poor, trifling white man than it was on a thrifty, industrious negro. But nobody makes any fuss about it or proposes to change it.

Well, I have been impatiently waiting on the stars, but do not believe that this is the year for the meteors—my books do not say so. Humboldt is pretty high authority, and so is Appleton's cyclopedia, and both say the periodic interval is thirty-four years instead of thirty-three. They fell in 1799 and in 1833 and a partial display in 1867, and so they will not come again until 1901—year after next. And the anniversary was 12th and 13th, November, which has already passed. But we will know by waiting another day whether Mr. Ashmore is right or Humboldt. I remember well the fall in 1833 and would like to see another before I die, and I wish my wife and children to see one. It is a grand and solemn sight. BILL ARP.

SOME NOTED BACHELORS.

Men of Mark in Politics, Art And Literature Who Never Married.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Samuel J. Tilden was the richest Americans who ever entered public life and remained single to the end of his days. His persistent celibacy was remarkable, for, unlike Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. Tilden was born with money, and thus from his youth was considered eligible by the mammas of many young women.

No Republican of half Mr. Tilden's prominence has gone through life without marrying, but, including David Bennett Hill, who seems to be a confirmed bachelor, Democracy's rolls show a noteworthy triumvirate of the distinguished celibates, James Buchanan, the only bachelor President, being the third member thereof. Buchanan is understood to have refrained from taking a wife because the girl upon whom he set his youthful affections was obdurate. He is said to have regretted the single state to the day of his death. Mr. Hill, on the other hand, is reported to be a bachelor from choice.

Literature has furnished a long string of names to the list of eminent bachelors. Possibly the best-known unmarried man of letters today is Henry James, the novelist. He maintains stoutly that the artist, no matter what the medium of his expression, should remain single, on the ground that the petty cares and carpings of domestic life tend to wear on delicately adjusted nerves and exhaust the mental fiber of genius, whether its possessor be a painter of pictures, a worker in works, a modeler of statues, a composer of music, a singer, or one who amuses the people from the stage.

John Greenleaf Whittier was a bachelor, though not from the same cause as the brilliant fiction writer mentioned. Whittier was a great admirer of the married state, we are told, and in his boyhood had a blue-eyed, red-cheeked New England girl for his sweetheart. Together they went to school as children, and when they grew to youth's estate he told her the story most girls like to hear. She heard it gladly, too, but he was poor, and a poet love must wait for recognition. She promised, but waiting is wearisome; before recognition came to the young, gentle versemaker she forgot him as a lover, and was married to someone else.

Edward FitzGerald, the translalor of Omar Khayyam's quatrains, was a bachelor, and there was a romance in his life, much like the one which saddened Whittier's, but there was little else which they had in common. The celibacy of Charles Lamb was full of pathos, for he remained single all his life that he might care for his sister. Venerable John Burroughs, naturalist as well as writer, and one of the most charming of men, has never married. Mr. Burroughs was not even a woman hater, neither has anyone ever surmised that a romance caused his bachelorhood.

The only literary bachelor who is acknowledged to be a hater of women is the English poet, Algernon Charles Swinburne. His sentiment appears to be based upon the fear that a woman of little culture would be dull beyond description as a life partner, and the conviction that the clever woman is the least attractive of her sex.

Only one noted Protestant divine has been a bachelor. He was Phillips Brooks, who finished life as Bishop of the Episcopal Church, and seemingly possessed every quality desirable in a model husband. The cause of his remaining single appears never to have been understood, even by those who were closest to him. He did not avoid the fair, nor has anyone been able to recall a romance in his life. In his student days and his career as a clergyman he had many friendships with women, while his passionate fondness for children was remarked often. His letters to some of his juvenile friends, published in one of the magazines, were models in their way.

The bachelorhood of Sir Isaac Newton was a puzzle to some of his contemporaries, but others knew he remained single solely on account of his mother. He thought the world of her, and her affection for him was unbounded; but her maternal love was marred by jealousy, and whenever her son thought on marriage or evinced a passing interest even in a pretty face she wept and wrung her hands, and managed somehow to check true love's course. He finally told her he would give up all notion of marriage as long as she lived. After her death he found himself too deeply absorbed in his scientific work and too mature to think of matrimony.

Something Funny.

Mistress—Well, Anna, have you found the rose for my hair yet?

Anna—Yes, madam; but I cannot find the hair.

Gerald—I'll bet you a kiss on the result of the next general election.

Geraldine—Isn't there an election before that?

He—Nell's engagement to Jack is broken off.

She—Goodness! Who did it?

He—Both. They're married.

Brownleigh (visiting friends in the country)—I don't often get such a good supper.

Johnnie (son of the host)—Neither do we.

Jiggs—Pshaw! any man of ordinary intelligence ought to be able to see that.

Biggs—That may be. But understand, sir, that I'm not a man of ordinary intelligence.

Barker—Well, my little man, how would you like your hair cut?

Freddy (age six, seated in a barber's chair)—Like father's, with a round hole at the top.

She—Promise me that if I die you will never marry again.

He—What? And let people think my dear little first wife, was such a terror that I didn't dare to? Never!

Van Gabler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear ear-rings. I suppose now you'll need to have your ears bored.

Miss Ennui—I'm used to that.

WHY THE SOUTH IS POOR.

Charlotte Observer.

The Staunton, Va., News calls attention to the fact that "of the stock held by the New York Life, the Equitable and the Mutual Life Insurance Companies of New York at the beginning of the present year, only $226,000 was invested south of the Potomac." There is no lack of opportunity for safe and profitable investment of insurance premiums or any other money in the South, but what is need here is not so much that these Northern companies re-invest here all or a part of the money they collect here, as that Southern people organize and conduct their own insurance companies and get the dividends as well as the benefit of a part of the surplus. The Staunton paper says the Northern companies would find Southern cotton mills and iron furnaces yielding as good returns as the railroad, bank and trust company stocks in which they put their money; which moves the Charleston News and Courier to say that it does not know that it would be to the interest of the South for these companies to own the stock of the Southern cotton mills in any large or controlling measure. Nor would it. The South needs the profits these mills are earning, even more than it needs the first investment necessary to their erection, and in like manner it needs the profits to be derived from insurance and not merely the investment of such part of the surplus above interest as may be doled out to it.

Our Charleston contemporary remarks further that "Southern fire insurance companies managed on business principles have paid good dividends to their stockholders, and Southern life insurance companies managed upon the same principles would pay equally well," it has no doubt. There is no reason for doubt. There is in Charlotte a fire insurance company which is doing well, as it deserves to. It is quartered in its own building, the finest office building in the State. O her home fire insurance companies of the State are likewise doing good business, and encouraged by the success already won in this field, a combination of gentlemen of business experience and financial standing is about launching in this city another company, organized under the laws of the State. Of course the field is an inviting one else they would not enter it. If for fire companies why not, then, for life also? Both kinds—we mean backed by local capital—are needed, and Southern people need to give them their business, not from sentiment; not for personal regard for any of their stockholders, directors or officers, but from business considerations solely. Of course they must be solvent, conducted on business principles and able to pay the risks they take, otherwise they are not entitled to expect public favor; but these essentials assumed, it is not simply the duty of the people to give them their business but their individual selfish interest to do so. We decline to put the case upon any other ground than this.

The News and Courier concludes what it has to say upon the enormous drain upon our resorces with the observation that "what, with paying premiums on insurance policies for the benefit of Northern companies; tariff duties on imported goods for the benefit of Northern manufacturers, and taxes for pensions, for the benefit of Northern 'patriots,' it is only of the Lord's mercy that the people of the South have not been utterly consumed." This is a phase of the question upon which we have touched, even dwelt, very often, perhaps to the fatigue of our readers. The tariff and the pensions in particular are factors in Southern poverty which we are not able to contemplate with an equanimity and which the most amiable of us of the South, who think much upon them, are not always able to discuss temperately.

A Free Choice.

Many anecdotes are related of John Randolph, of Virginia. One night, when traveling through the "Old Dominion," he stopped at an inn near the forks of two roads. The inn-keeper was a fine old gentleman, and, knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into conversation, but failed. But in the morning, when Mr. Randolph was ready to start, he called for his bill and paid it. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation, tackled him again.

"Which way are you traveling, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sir?" said Mr. Randolph, with a look of displeasure.

"I asked," said the landlord, "which way are you traveling?"

"Have I paid you my bill!"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No."

"Well, I'm going just where I please. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

The landlord by this time got somewhat excited and Mr. Randolph drove off. But to the landlord's surprise, in a few moments he sent one of his servants to inquire which of the forks of the road to take. Mr. Randolph still being within hearing distance, the landlord yelled, at the top of his voice:

"Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me a cent. Take whichever road you please."

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident is narrated by John Oliver, of Philadelphia, as follows: "I was in an awful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite, growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Then I was advised to use Electric Bitters; to my great joy, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c., guaranteed, at Fetzer's drug store.

Crushed Him.

The Shoe Clerk—Beg your pardon, madam, but it is a number five shoe you want instead of a number three.

She—Number five? You must be thinking of the size of your hat.

RULES FOR YOUNG MEN STARTING IN LIFE.

St. Louis Republic.

Men who become successful in the latter part of their life sometimes give out the set of guiding rules to which they attribute their success. The following rules are said to have been formulated by Andrew Carnegie for his own guidance:

1. Never enter a barroom, nor let the contents of a barroom enter you.
2. Do not use tobacco.
3. Concentrate. Having entered upon a certain line of work, continue and combine upon that line.
4. Do not shirk; rather go beyond your task. Do not let any young man think he has performed his full duty when he has performed the work assigned him. A man will never rise if he acts thus. Promotion comes from exceptional work. A man must learn where his employer's interests lie, and push for these.

The young man who does this is the young man whom Capital wants for a partner and son-in-law. He is the young man who, by and by, reaches the head of the firm.

5. Save a little always. Whatever be your wages, lay by something from them.
6. Never speculate. Never buy stocks or grain on margin.
7. Never indorse. When you enter on business for yourself, never indorse for others. It is dishonest. All your resources and all your credit are the sacred property of the men who have trusted you. If you wish to help another, give him all the cash you can spare. Never indorse; it is dishonest.

Another set of rules for young men to follow are those laid down by a man who built up an immense business, the ramifications of which extended all over the United States.

They will bear perusal, and are as follows:

Keep good company or none. Never be idle.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth. Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.

Ever live (misfortunes excepted) within your income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquility of mind.

Never play at any game of chance.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it.

Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Never speak evil of anyone.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

General Lee's Way.

Soon after General Robert E. Lee went to Lexington, Va., he was offered the presidency of an insurance company at a salary of $10,000. He was at that time receiving only $3,000 as president of the Washington and Lee University.

"We do not want you to discharge any duties, General," said the agent; "we simply wish the use of your name; that will abundantly compensate use."

"Excuse me, sir," was the prompt and decided rejoinder; "I cannot consent to receive pay for services I do not render."

Nearly every mail brought him similar propositions, and just a short while before his death a large and wealthy corporation in New York City offered him $50,000 per annum to become its president. But he refused all such offers and quietly pursued his chosen path of duty.

Advantages of Worrying a Little.

An Atlanta paper says, "Don't join a Don't-Worry Club. Don't try not to worry. While contentment is a pleasing virtue, the people who are contented would be better off if they worried more. Absolute contentment and indifference to the possible troubles of tomorrow will land anyone in the poorhouse. The cow doesn't worry, neither does the clam, but people are built to worry, and it was intended that they should. On the other hand, if you worry much it will land you in the insane asylum. It is the insane asylum on the one hand and the poor-farm on the other; the point is to worry just enough to keep out of both."

Used By British Soldiers in Africa.

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Galishe. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men, and in every case it proved most beneficial.—For sale by M. L. Marsh & Co., Druggists.

How He Knew.

Hotel Manager: "I see you have given our finest suite of rooms to a man named Bilkins. Are you sure he can pay the charges?"

Clerk: "Yes, he's rich enough."

Manager: "How do you know?"

Clerk: "He is old and ugly, and his wife is young and pretty."

SOUTHERN MEN IN LAST WAR

Did Their Part and Won Full Share of Distinction Against Spain.

Chicago Times Herald.

The long list of officers killed and wounded during the struggle of the last 18 months includes a large share of Southern names. As large a share of the names known to the Southland may be found in the list of the officers of the army and navy who during the same time have distinguished themselves for heroism. Saffold, killed Saturday at the head of his men in a charge at Novelets in the Philippines, claimed the same Alabama home as does Hobson of Merrimac fame. Worth Bagley, the only naval officer killed during the Spanish War, came from North Carolina. A negro was killed by a fragment of the shell which struck Bagley down. The dying ensign asked that the negro receive the first care. Victor Blue, Southerner and Annapolis graduate, dared the fate that overtook Nathan Hale during the Revolution by traversing with a single companion the Province of Santiago, subsequently reporting to the American authorities the disposition of the island's defective forces. Andrew S. Rowan, Virginian and West Pointer, dared death in a similar way by piercing the heart of Cuba before any other American soldier set foot on its soil.

Twenty years ago there entered West Point with the writer of this article two Southern boys—William E. Shipp and William H. Smith. They met each other for the first time as they left the ferry boat to toil up the steep hill leading to the hotel. Their orders of appointments as cadets gave them until the next day to report for examination. The two young Southerners occupied the same room at the hotel; they passed their examinations together; they tented together during the troublesome months of plebe camp; they roomed together during the four long years of their cadet course, and finally joined the same regiment as second lieutenants, the Tenth United States Cavalry. We used to speak of Shipp and Smith as Damon and Pythias, and more than once it was jocosely remarked that in order to carry the comradeship to a dramatic end they ought to die together. Smith and Shipp were shot and killed within five minutes while they were leading their dismounted black troopers of the slopes of San Juan hill.

In the same West Point class was John W. Heard, of Mississippi. Heard is now a captain of the Third United States Cavalry. On the way to take part in the battles before Santiago the transport to which Heard and his immediate command were assigned ran close to a point of land where a large body of Spaniards were in ambush. The decks of the transport were swept by Mauser bullets for half an hour. It was necessary to transmit orders from forward to aft. This could only be done by the appointment of a man to do the duty. Every step of the messenger's way was one of imminent danger, though this fact at first was not realized. Two men were ordered to the dangerous duty, and they were both shot in quick succession. Captain Heard said: "I'll ask no more of my men to expose themselves. Give me your orders." For 20 minutes he carried messages from one end of the vessel to the other, though Mauser bullets cut his blouse, spattered the deck and splintered the railings about him. Every stride of his way was marked by leaden volleys, yet he came through unscathed. He now wears the medal of honor given "For Valor."

In the blood of its sons in Cuba and the Philippines the union of the North and South has been cemented. In the wiping out of sectional lines the nation finds full compensation for the cost of the war.

Bismark's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. Only 25 cents at Fetzer's drug store.

Two Men.

Paterfamilias (furiously)—You scoundrel! why did you elope with my daughter?

New-Son-in-Law—To avoid the insufferable fuss and nonsense of a society wedding.

Paterfamilias (beamingly)—Thank heaven! my daughter got a sensible husband, anyhow.

Reason for Haste.

The Irishman was painting his barn, and he was hurrying his work with all his strength and speed.

"What are you in such a hurry for, Murphy?" asked a spectator.

"Sure, I want to get through before me paint runs out," was the reply.

A newly married editor gets off the following: "What's the difference between a honeycomb, a honeymoon and a pretty girl? A honeycomb is a small cell, a honeymoon is a big sell and a pretty girl is a damsel."

"Did that bottle of medicine do your aunt any good?"

"No; as soon as she read the wrapper she got three new diseases."

ROYAL
Baking Powder
Made from pure cream of tartar.
Safeguards the food against alum
Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

MANAGEMENT OF MEN.

Baltimore Sun.

It is commonly supposed that one must have an understanding of men in their various humors to successfully manage them, but some men and some women have intuitive knowledge on the subject. They are born managers. The success attending the careers of great men has generally resulted from their ability, natural or acquired, to pick out the right assistants and get them to use their best efforts. Their methods are not always the same. Some men have to be driven and some led, with every possible shade of difference between the two processes. But the successful managers of men exhibit one characteristic in common. They have command of themselves and pursue their course, whatever it may be, with an even temper. When they drive they do so with moral force rather than with physical; when they lead it is with cheerful manner. They are always in earnest, and their purposes command respect. The driving man may be very quiet, though determined; it is his persistence without passion that breaks down opposition. If he should be arrogant, he would arouse resistance and perhaps fail in his purpose. The noisy, abusive, domineering ruler of men may command them through fear, but he has no real hold upon them, and the moment they are given an opportunity to escape from his tyranny they rebel. He is not a good manager of men, though for the time being they may obey him with alacrity. Successful management of men implies that they have been so trained by him that they will do their duty whether he is present or absent; whether he has the power to punish or reward, or is the mere agent of another and higher authority. Such a man rules by force of character, because the men under him have learned that he is fair-minded, sympathetic and devoted to duty. He is not arbitrary or bad-tempered, but has obtained control over himself before undertaking to control others. He is, moreover, an observant man and quickly learns the dispositions of those whom he rules and treats them accordsngly. With one he is indulgent, with another severe; with all he deals justly. Such men are, of course, rare, but these are the men who rise to the higher positions in business life; they are the men who are fitted to become foremen, managers and principals. Some of them are fitted for such posts by nature; all can qualify themselves for higher office by giving some attention to the qualities required of those who are to successfully manage other men. They must first of all learn to control themselves so that their tempers shall be even; they must be free from prejudices, able to deal justly with all men; they must have a definite purpose in life and sufficient determination to follow it unswervingly. Men thus constituted command respect, and are, therefore, fitted to rule or manage other and weaker characters. The common idea of a manager or boss is of an arrogant, loud-mouthed, cruel ruler who governs by the fear he inspires, but the real rulers of men are gentle and just, but persistent. They are men who control themselves and are thus fitted to control others.

Playing the Fool.

Nashville Advocate.

This a free country. Nowhere else on the earth do men have such unlimited opportunities for making fools out of themselves, and nowhere else, we may also add, do so many of them live up to their chances. But we must confess that in our poor judgment Mr. E. Benjamin Andrews, once a Baptist minister, late President of Brown University, and now Superintennent of Public Schools in the City of Chicago, has gone beyond all his fellows in this respect. He objects to teaching Kipling's "Recessional" to the children on the ground that it is too theistic, and may offend those parents who do not believe in God. If Dr. Andrews will find any English poetry worth the name that is not distinctly theistic, outside of Shelley and Swinburne, we shall be glad to be informed of the fact. To be consistent, he must rule out Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning. Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Lowell, Sidney Lanier, and Paul Hayne. When theism is torn from the works of the great master singers the poor shriveled remnants will be without life and value of any sort.

"How do you make your paper pay? I never see it anywhere."

"We print pictures of prominent men, and they buy it."

"To distribute?"

"Oh, no; to destroy."

"Something is going on in that house with the green blinds," said the neighbor opposite. "From the looks of the women who are arriving, though, I really can't tell whether it's a reception or whether they've advertised for a cook."

"So his mother intends making a pianist of him?"

"Yes."

"Who is to be the master?"

"She hasn't got that far yet; at present she is merely just letting his hair grow."

Lady (to dog fancier)—What kind of dogs have you for sale?

Dog Fancier—Scotch terriers, Chinese pugs, French poodles and English setters.

Lady—Have you any of those ocean greyhounds that I have read about?

"Want a situation as errand boy, do you? Well, can you tell me how far the moon is from the earth, eh?"

"Well, guv'nor, I don't know, but I reckon it ain't near enough to interfere with me running errands."

He got the job.

Mrs. Nagsby (impatiently calling)—Nora, drop everything at once and come to me!

Nora—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Nagsby—Now, what's the baby crying for?

Nora—'Cause I dropped him, mum.

That Cough Hangs On
You have used all sorts of cough remedies but it does not yield; it is too deep seated. It may wear itself out in time, but it is more liable to produce la grippe, pneumonia or a serious throat affection. You need something that will give you strength and build up the body.
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will do this when everything else fails. There is no doubt about it. It nourishes, strengthens, builds up and makes the body strong and healthy, not only to throw off this hard cough, but to fortify the system against further attacks. If you are run down or emaciated you should certainly take this nourishing food medicine.
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