

Carl Smith.

The following story is from the Charlotte News:

A few days ago a little blue-eyed boy, Carl Smith, was hauled up in the recorder's court to face a charge, that of larceny. For several days the little fellow sat alone and sorrowful in his prison cell. The story of Carl's life is a sad one, but one which can be duplicated all over this country. It was several years ago that the boy's father died. Soon after his death his mother married again, only to forsake the second husband in a short while to run away with another man and to leave Carl in the hard world alone. The boy's stepfather was driven mad and taken to a mad house because of his wife's inconstancy, while she voluntarily entered a life of prostitution.

What picture could be sadder in every detail—a lone boy, forced at an early age to begin the hard fight for existence, a piece of driftwood on a troubled sea, tossed by every breaker, too frail to steer his course? Little wonder it is that the child was beguiled by the temptations of the street existence. Little wonder it is that he committed crime. No one he had to point out his pathway. The one whom God had given him to direct his young feet, instead of being an inspiration to him to better things, made herself a shadow upon his life, a source of life-long shame. And weak and untrusting that he was, he erred, sinned and fell.

The story might have been far worse were it not for the fact that the man from whom he had stolen certain property, had a heart, and had consideration for a little fellow who sinned, probably because he knew no better. And so the charges were withdrawn and the boy was released. It is stated that an effort will be made to get him into a reformatory institution somewhere. And here we are faced with the question which should be carried home to every one, where will he be taken? Shame upon us, there is no such institution in good old North Carolina, so abundantly supplied with other institutions for the comfort and well-being of those unfortunate ones in trouble and distress.

Brethren, we have need of a Charles Dickens. The women have plead, the newspapers have written, all to no avail. Only the touch of genius can rouse us to duty. Every State in the South is amply able to care for the insane, the helpless, the blind, the old soldiers, the orphans and the unfortunates of other classes. Yet we are going in a half-hearted way, doing a small per cent of the work that ought to be done. The other day we read that in the richness of St. Louis, there were fourteen hundred insane persons crowded into a building intended to accommodate nine hundred. This case is not an overly exaggerated one. The South is getting rich, why should we not use our money as well as to merely have it? What excuse is there in North Carolina that there should not be abundant provision for all the unfortunate? What excuse?

Public Sentiment to Blame.

The first political change of the year in Democratic circles of consequence was the defeat yesterday of Judge Shaw for re-nomination. Mr. Riggs was nominated on the first ballot to succeed him. The result is regretted by many, but is surprising to few. Judge Shaw is what is commonly known as a "hard" judge, stern in his decisions and relentless in his judgments. He is also said to have been unpopular with some of the lawyers who did not like his way of running court.—Charlotte Chronicle.

Judge Shaw has been retired because a maskish public sentiment has decreed immunity to criminals. We hear a good deal about the courts not giving justice and about the lawyers getting criminals off from punishment. Does anybody suppose there would be so much laxity and immunity from punishment if there were not behind it a public sentiment on which the courts and the lawyers could rely? Here is Judge Shaw trying to enforce the law and the sovereign voters turn in and put him out the very first opportunity they have! Juries are fair representatives of dominant public sentiment, and yet it is rare that a jury has the backbone to stand up and do its duty in a capital case.

But, it may be added, if this is true, why is it that there is so much mob violence? The answer is plain. Mobs are dominated by the tough element, who, under the immunity received from the presence of a few so-called good men who go along from one motive or another, commit a crime against law and order, not because public sentiment demands it, but because they know that public sentiment will shield them in the crime they are committing. If your "good man" desires to see criminals dealt with severely, why doesn't he say so when serving on the jury?

riot Air Beats Cold Air as a Source of Revenue.

When the Honorable Marion Butler retired from the Senate he took a summer jaunt to the University of North Carolina, stopped in Raleigh to pick up law license, and then set

led in Washington city as a lawyer. Pretty soon it began to be noised down this way that he was getting immensely rich through many projects. One of these was as the president of a company organized to liquify air. It turns out, however, that hot air, and not solidified air, is the ex-Senator's specialty, just as it was in the hey-day of his power in North Carolina. It seems that his law practice consists chiefly in hatching schemes to get into the public treasury. Such a scheme was the effort to collect the repudiated bonds of this State. Another one got aired in the Senate last week. Several years ago he and other lawyers entered into a contract with a tribe of Indians in Washington State whereby they were to be paid ten per cent of the amount if they could collect a million and a half dollar claims the Indians had against the government. The contract expired four years ago and became null and void. After that Congress voluntarily paid the claim. "Now," says the Wilmington Messenger, "Butler and his associates claim one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for their legal services. During the debate in the Senate it was stated that all the lawyers did outside the investigation of the land involved was to ply the trade of lobbyists. They rendered no other legal services to the Indians, and, besides, their natural contract had expired when Congress acknowledged the government's obligation to the Indians and made provision for their settlement."

Some of the Senators talked pretty plainly about the scheme, among them Senator Tillman, who remarked that it looked to him like a steal. Yes, sir, hot air beats cold air as a revenue producer.

Miss Jones of Selma, the young lady who killed the negro who was preparing himself to assault her, was exonerated by the coroner's jury. This is as it should be. If the victim of an outrage has the opportunity to kill the brute, or the killing is done openly and above board by some natural protector of the wronged woman, it would be infinitely less demoralizing to the public than the exhibition of savagery that a mob often goes through with. And the consequence in the way of example for mob violence would not then exist. We are fast passing in the South from the question of lynching negroes for the usual crime to that of lynching white men for other crimes. We don't believe that God fearing men, who are in the habit of taking the second thought, engage in mob violence except in cases of outrageous assault. It is said that mobs murder prisoners because they feel that justice cannot be done by the courts. The average mobist don't care a continental for justice and has little conception of it. He is out for the fun and would join in a lark to help mob a man for stealing watermelons about as quick as for anything else. Want justice, the ideal!

Have the Kennalls Been Frightened Away?

"Assassination is a dangerous weapon and often employed," said Judge Bennett, in speaking of the developments at Wadesboro when the Johnson lynching was being investigated. The intimation of intimidation in the following, from the Messenger and Intelligencer of the 14th, is interesting.

On Sunday, June 3, Messrs. Henry D. Kendall and Henry D. Kendall, Jr., the persons who turned State's evidence in the Johnson lynching case, passed through Wadesboro. They had a double barrel gun in their buggy and were going in the direction of Monroe, and later were seen at both Monroe and Wingate. No one paid much attention to the fact that Mr. Kendall had left home as he was not considered in any danger until Monday, when Mrs. Kendall phoned persons in town that he had gone away and that she did not know whether she would ever see him again or not.

Mr. Kendall, the Messenger and Intelligencer learns, was somewhere in Burnsville township as late as Sunday, but as to his present whereabouts this paper has no information.

Big Meeting of Masons. Wadesboro Messenger and Intelligencer. Mr. W. C. Crowell, D. D. G. M., of Monroe, has called a district meeting of Masons to be held here July 12th. The district is composed of all the Masonic lodges in the counties of Anson, Union, Richmond and Scotland. A public address on Masonry will be made in the court house on that day by Hon. Francis D. Winston, and secret meetings will be held in the hall at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and 8:30 in the evening.

[It may be added that a team from the Monroe lodge, which has earned the reputation of being one of the best in the State, will give an exhibition of team work in the goat riding department.—The Journal.]

The President yesterday turned down H. S. Harkins, the present collector for the Western district, and appointed G. H. Brown, a banker of Statesville, at the instigation of Congressman Blackburn, it is said.

Don't be fooled and made to believe that rheumatism can be cured with local applications. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is the only positive cure for rheumatism. 25 cents, tea or tablets. English Drug Company.

The Old Fashioned Top Harrow.

Written for The Journal.

Early on the morning of the 10th of May, a two-horse farmer of Vance township stepped into Belk Bros. store in Charlotte and saw one of his neighbors standing with a group of salesmen. They were discussing the frost. His neighbor said, "You can go home and plant your cotton crop over. I have just received news through a 'phone message that all of the cotton in our neighborhood was killed." Then visions of "a little cracked cotton" in the fall, instead of a full crop, flashed before him.

He had thoroughly prepared his clay land when dry, had manured it well and had planted a large crop in April. The planting had been well nigh perfectly done with a Lynch planter. On the 27th rain began to fall, and when the weather cleared he ran a top harrow over it.

On the 7th of May another heavy rain fell. A fine stand. Then the frost. Much of his cotton was killed. What was left was made very sick. What his neighbors planted over, and instead nursed the sick back to health and aided the belated seed in raising their heads in air.

By the 11th the ground had dried and he placed upon the row an eight-year-old mule upon whose feet shoes had never come, and again followed the top harrow, which was heavily weighted. Within three days the crust upon every row was pulverized. Thus cracking and drying was prevented, a coat of grass was destroyed, and sunshine and air let in.

About the time the "rain out," his neighbors who did not plant over saw that their cotton was dying and started in with side harrows. Now if in time the side harrow would have done the work, but only half as fast, and the large smoothing harrow drawn diagonally across the rows, there would have been all right if there had been cotton to spare. For him the frost only checked the growth and delayed the side harrowing, chopping and drying, or putting the cotton on a very narrow ridge, which he broadened later on.

Now, there is much in the hand. There is much about the implement he weighs. The first top harrows the writer ever saw for Dr. T. W. Redwine twenty years ago by Samuel Leander Forbes. He made one made like them which prizes as one of the most useful tools on his farm. He also uses it, slightly changed and heavily weighted, to board off corn. One day an old man who had spent his life on a farm had made nothing to speak of, saw him boarding off corn that had been covered with two heavy side harrows, and said, "That is one throw thrown away, the corn would come up without it. Ha, ha, ha! that was the best furrow that corn ever got. There is little use in planting without preparation, and less in planting and never coming back."

In the long ago the writer lived near two brothers, land owners with small families, both promising young men. A bad year to get a stand of cotton came. One of them exerted himself to get his cotton up. He even raked the top of the rows with a garden rake. The other laughed and said, "I have done enough to mine, if it doesn't come up it can stay in the ground."

The former made a good crop, is today a successful farmer and owns a fine country home and several tracts of land. The latter made but little, has been living from hand to mouth ever since, does not own a foot of land and has long since joined the army of "the never do wells."

Waiting for suggestions and galloping with the gang may do well in clear weather, but comes upon their farming that put them upon their mettle. Then most a man grasps the situation, be quick to see and prompt to execute. Many fill up their own tracks, but work, the right kind of work done at the right time, is the key to success on the farm.

Improved tools have their place, but they cause no genuine farmer to relax his efforts. He goes to the field to accomplish something. In land breaking time he wears his whole stock, no leather shoes, which keep his feet dry and protect them from thorns and briars, and with which he crushes clods and kicks waxy dirt and clods from his plow.

Cotton, like wheat, requires compact earth. It does not grow well in loose ground. If the land has been broken deeply, then a heavy rain must settle the ground before cotton will take a start to grow, and cultivation must be shallow. Many years ago a man asked the writer why his cotton did not grow. He in turn asked him what he did for it. He replied, "I plowed it as deep and close as I could with a bull tongue. That was its roots are gripped by mother earth firmly." MOSKAW.

Legislative Candidates Must Take Notice of the Quart Bottle and Pistol Toters.

For the Editor of The Journal.

The health of the country is good. The farmers have been keeping Green in his place, but today seems like an equinoctial gale. Give the farmer fair weather and he will succeed. Our last legislature settled the labor question. Today if a gentleman quits his job and steps within twenty miles, he is escorted back by an Hotel de Dieu until arrangements are made to transfer him to Mr. Fletcher's camp. We also have a law to protect our poor little remnant of birds. They are almost extinct, especially the Bob Whites, the innocent bird that droosts the church belfry and other insects that are enemies to the farmer. The great need of North Carolina now is a law to regulate the quart bottle and revolver to the rear. The courts of Union county are hives crowded with negro murder cases, caused by liquor and pistols. Our list-takers say that a negro seldom returns a pistol, but just let a funeral come off and a fight begin and you find nearly every negro on the hill with a pistol in his hand shooting for all he is worth. Even the colored damsel carry them. The candidate for the legislature who is not in favor of an iron-clad liquor and pistol law need not ask for my support.

Let a negro funeral be announced. The blind tigers order a good supply of lightning truck from Salisbury to Fort Mill, S. C. The pistol bully republishes his arsenal and greases his weapon and is ready for business. There have been four negro murders in Union county since Christmas, and they will consume our August term of court and may cost the taxpayers of the county a thousand dollars.

While John W. Bevins was in the legislature, he introduced a bill to make it an indictable offense for any one to be found intoxicated on the public highways of Union county, but the quart bottle had too many friends and John's bill was tabled. If Union county can stop the sale of liquor outside of the county seat, why can't she confine the sale of pistols and cartridges to the county seat? Let the seller pay a tax of one hundred dollars and keep a register of sales, and let the tax go to the public schools.

R. L. Stevens, Jas. N. Price, Ben McWhorter and perhaps others will be candidates for the legislature, and the voters in the primary will tell which ones are wanted and what they want them to do, and if they heed not the wishes of their constituents they may knock the dust of the legislative halls from their feet, for they will not return.

Joseph Redwick was an obedient servant of the people. He represented Gates county for twenty eight years in succession. Nathaniel Mason served his people for thirty years and never asked a man to vote for him nor was ever defeated in a political campaign.

Today the great searchlights of North Carolina are turned on our Governor to see his action on July 2nd, in the Hasty and Samuels case. Twelve good men of Wilkes county said they were guilty, and a judge who was elected by the people of his district imposed a very light sentence on them for the crime of which that jury said they were guilty. The 2nd day of July, 1906, will tell us where our Governor stands. So let us be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. If the Governor carries out the wishes of the people and the decision of those twelve good men and the judgment of his honor who passed sentence on those men, there are 20,000 men in North Carolina able to bear arms and ready to sing the good old song by Judge Gaston:

"Carolina, Carolina! Heaven's benighted land, While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her."

The writer will visit at the village of Wadesboro.

Wadesboro Cross Roads. Sandy Ridge Farmers' Association to Picnic.

The farmers of Sandy Ridge township held a meeting at Union school house on Saturday evening, June 9th, for the purpose of appointing a committee to make arrangements for the farmers' rally on July 14th at Union school house.

The following were appointed on the committee of invitation and entertainment: Sam Redwine, Union; Albert Howe, Pleasant Grove; Charles Winchester, Wesley Chapel; J. P. Simpson, Antioch; A. J. Price, Weddington; R. L. Thompson, Beulah; Clyde Ezzell, Marvin; Charlie Parks, Boyd's Grove. It is this committee's duty to unite and urge everybody to come, and especially the ladies, and bring well filled baskets.

The committee on arrangements consists of R. B. Cuthbertson, W. T. Shannon, H. W. Redwine, J. M. Clark, J. I. Clark, E. H. Morris and H. M. Parker. These gentlemen will make the necessary arrangements for speakers and a plentiful dinner.

Enthusiastic for McWhorter.

For the Editor of The Journal.

We see that Jackson township is clamoring for the nomination of Esq. Henry McWhorter as representative. Now, when the Republican party has not the chance of a soap bubble in a cyclone, is the time of all times to reward party loyalty. During the inauspicious times of Fusion supremacy, Esq. McWhorter stood as steadfast as the great pyramid. In the House of Representatives, waves of Republican ebullience might roll and fall, but not one of them would reach his exalted ear. If a measure should arise in the legislature with him as a member, if he knew what Democracy was, Democracy should have his vote. If Esq. McWhorter is elected, we guarantee that he will carry with him to the legislative halls, for the benefit of obstreperous Republicans, a stick, and an old hickory stick at that, beside which Roosevelt's so-called big stick will appear as a wisp of crab-grass hay. Let every slate slab of New Salem, every granite boulder of Jackson, every winding stream of Vance and Gosse Creek, every historic hill of Buford, every fertile valley of Lanes Creek, every level plain of Sandy Ridge and most of all every brick and wooden wall of Monroe vials from now until the decisive day the sincere cry of, Hurrah for McWhorter!

McWhorter has not had a representative in fifty-six years. Monroe now jumps her and says she is entitled to that honor. Let us elect McWhorter.

MAN CIPHERS.

President Likes Tillman.

Washington Special, 17th to New York Sun. There is a prospect that before the end of the Roosevelt administration the President and Senator Tillman of South Carolina will shake hands and make up. Recent remarks made by each of them indicate that no bad feeling would be displayed if the two should happen to come face to face all of a sudden.

"I like Senator Tillman," said the President to Senator Gallinger the other day, when the latter called at the White House on a matter in which the South Carolinian was interested. "He couldn't do anything to make me mad any more."

In his final speech on the railroad rate bill, Senator Tillman started his colleagues by commending the efforts made by the President to put an effective rate bill on the statute books. A caustic discussion of the incident with the President.

"Do you know," said the President, "I don't think it was possible for Senator Tillman to do anything that would surprise me."

Senator Tillman was talking about the President to a friend.

"Well, you got a good law," said the friend, "but did you ever think that a commission might be created that would be dominated by the railroad?"

"Oh, no," replied the pitchfork statesman, "I haven't got much use for the man in the White House, but I guess he's straight."

All of which goes to show that the man from South Carolina and Mr. Roosevelt may yet get together and declare bygones to be bygones.

A Great Surgeon's Motto.

Dr. Lorenz is pre-eminent among the surgeons of Europe. It is of interest, therefore, to note that on the occasion of his second visit to America during the past year, where his remarkable operations attracted much attention, he emphatically declared the danger of alcoholic drinks.

A banquet was given in his honor in New York city, and wine was served. The eminent surgeon declined it, and politely requested the waiter to bring him a cup of tea. This caused him to be asked if he were a total abstainer from the use of wine and other liquors.

His answer was as follows: "I cannot say that I am a temperance agitator but I am a surgeon. My success depends up my brain being clear, my muscles firm, and my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquors without blunting these physical powers which I must keep always on edge. As a surgeon I must not drink."

Special Fountain Pen Sale This Week!

Do you need a Fountain Pen? Do you write? If so, now is the chance of a life-time. It makes writing easy, it works well and looks well. We have decided to make a special sale of the Rudge's Mercantile Fountain Pen for this week and will let you have choice of any point that we now have in stock for the special price of 75cts.

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The W. J. Rudge Co.

Bargains for This Week At Belk Bros. Special Line Linen Laces. Bates' Seersucker at 8 1/2 cents. White Linen Finished Waisting. White Dotted Dress Swiss Bargains. Bargains in White Counterpanes. Gents' Furnishings. Big Assortment Men's Underwear, 25c. and up. Full Line of Men's Shirts, Negligee, 25c., 48c. and 98c. Men's Genuine Scriven Drawers at 65c., two pairs for \$1.25. Complete line of Socks, Collars, Handkerchiefs, etc., in fact, everything usually found in an up-to-date establishment such as ours.

MAN'S WEAKER HALF.

One Side of His Body Always Stronger Than the Other.

The popular belief is that the left side is weaker than the right, and, as in all popular beliefs, there is much truth in this. In most cases, says the Grand Magazine, the right arm is the slightly stronger than the left, the bones are larger and the muscles more vigorous.

When we come to consider the lower limbs, however, we find a precisely opposite state of affairs, the left leg is stronger than the right in the great majority of cases. This want of symmetry is noticeable all through the body. Nine times out of ten we see better with one eye than with the other and hear better with the left than with the right ear, or vice versa.

Not only so, an injury to the body—a burn or a cut, for instance—causes more pain on one side than it would were it inflicted on the other. Even diseases attack one side of the first in preference to the other. Eczema, varicose veins, scabies and even tuberculous legic invariably manifest themselves on our weaker side. A blistering plaster, too, will provoke an eruption only if applied to the right side in certain individuals; in others, only if applied to the left side.

The simplest way, apparently, of discovering which is our weaker side is to observe which side we lie upon by preference when in bed, as it is certain that we will instinctively adopt the attitude which is most agreeable, or, rather, which causes the least inconvenience. In other words, we will lie upon the side the muscles of which, being more vigorous, are less scalded by the pressure upon them of the weight of the body.

Statistics and observation go to prove that in about three cases out of four it is the left side which is the weaker, thus giving reason to the popular dictum. Curiously enough, however, pneumonia, it has been noticed, unlike most diseases, usually attacks at first the right—that is to say, the stronger—side of the body.

The Lazy to Live.

Tim Wooden was literally "too lazy to live," as the anecdotes of him told in an old "History of Milwaukee" go to prove. It may be that the doctors of today would pronounce him a victim of the indolent germ which works to uncontrollable languor, but the diagnosis of the good old times of Tim's career reads simply, "plumb laziness."

A party of Indians, knowing Tim's peculiarities, once captured him for fun and made him believe that they were going to burn him at the stake. They took him to some distance from the village, tied him to a tree and the plow wood about him. Just as the pile was ready to light the chief approached and whispered in Tim's ear that if he would never tell who had captured him he would release him and let him return to Milwaukee.

"What walk twenty miles?" exclaimed Tim. "If you'll lend me a horse I'll agree to it."

One time when Tim was lumbering a loose log made a perilous descent down the side of the hill. The shouts of the other men warned him that the danger was coming his way, but rather than expend vital force in jumping he let the log strike him and break his leg.

Pulled the Court's Leg.

The following remarkable judgment was delivered some years ago by a magistrate in one of the English colonies: "Tachus is hereby charged with having on the 11th of January followed the court on its rising and while said village, tied him to a tree and the plow wood about him. Just as the pile was ready to light the chief approached and whispered in Tim's ear that if he would never tell who had captured him he would release him and let him return to Milwaukee."

There was the minister of Tweedsmuir who on a certain Sabbath found a salmon stranded in shallow water and who, being unable conscientiously to take it out on such a day, built a hedge of stones around it and, returning on the morrow, claimed his prize. There was the old farmer who could not go to the kirk because he had neglected to shave on the Saturday night, and he would not profane the day by the use of any edged tool.—Macmillan's Magazine.

A True Fish Story.

Here is a fish story told by a British nobleman: An Irishman had caught a big pike. Noting a lump in its stomach, he cut it open. "As I cut it open there was a mighty rush and a snapping of wings, and away flew a wild duck, and when I looked inside there was a nest with four eggs, and she had been sitting on that nest."

Shocking Precedent.

"What is the result," asked the teacher of the primary class in arithmetic, "when you put two and two together?" "A kilt," lisped the curly-headed little girl in the front row.—Chicago Tribune.

CATCHING COLD.

Suggestions That May Keep One From the Doctor.

A person in good health, with fair play, easily resists cold, but when the health falls a little and liberties are taken with the stomach or with the nervous system a chill is easily taken and, according to the weak spot of the individual, assumes the form of a cold or pneumonia, or it may be lameness, or one of the most efficient. A jaded man coming home at night from a long day's work, a growing youth losing two hours' sleep over evening parties two or three times a week or a young lady heavily "doing the season," young children overfed and with short allowances of sleep, are common instances of the victims of cold.

Luxury is favorable to chill taking. Very hot rooms, feather beds, soft chairs, create a sensitiveness that leads to catarrhs. It is not, after all, the cold that is so much to be feared as the antecedent conditions that give the attack a chance of doing harm. Some of the worst colds happen to those who do not leave their homes or even their beds, and those who are most invulnerable are often those who are most exposed to changes of temperature and who by good sleep, cold bathing and regular habits preserve the tone of their nervous system and circulation.

Probably many chills are contracted at night or at the fog end of the day, when three people get the equilibrium of their circulation disturbed by either overheated sitting rooms or underheated bedrooms and beds. This is especially the case with elderly people. In such cases the mischief is not always done instantaneously or in a single night. It often takes place insidiously, extending over days or even weeks.—London Lancet.

Fighting the Current.

Papa has swift streams well stocked with fish. An explorer tells of Papan fresh water muller which sometimes weigh as much as fifteen pounds. "These fish are wonderfully provided by nature with an appliance which helps them to combat the extraordinary currents. At one moment you will see them being swept down restlessly, but suddenly they shoot off into the quieter water and attach themselves to the rocks by a strong sucker near the mouth. There they hang just outside the current, their tails moving gently with it, and when they have recovered their strength they make another dash through the swifter waters."

Observance of the Sabbath.

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There are many diversities of view, but it is one never falling effect of it to live displaced and discontented.—Seneca.

Christian Work.

Baptist Argosy.

There is much misconception and visionary thinking regarding Christian work. What is Christian work? Many sigh and say, "Oh, that I could do some Christian work!" To them it is going as a missionary, or preaching from the pulpit, or teaching in Sunday school, or talking to sinners about their salvation. All this is truly Christian work, great and glorious work. But that is by no means all. Christian work is anything which in any way contributes to the glory of God, to the building up of the kingdom of Christ, to the salvation and development of men and women, which is done for that purpose. There is no Christian who has not both the ability and the opportunity to do Christian work. Serving faithfully for Christ's sake an employer, being helpful and kind at home, nursing the sick, saying encouraging words to discouragements, inviting some one to church, Sunday school or prayer meeting, speaking kind words about your neighbor, all this is Christian work.

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