Catarrh Cannot be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10c., 25c.

To the Southern Baptist Convention,

At Wilmington, N. C., May 5th to 17th, 1897, the Seaboard Air Line offers the best service, quickest routes and a half rate. In addition to the regular superb double daily service, it is proposed to run three "Baptist Special Trains" from Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, making immediate connections with trains from all points North, South, East and West. For special printed matter, maps, time-tables, rates, tickets, sleepers and all information, address or call on R. A. Newland, Gen'l Agt., Pass'r Dept., 6 Kimball House, Atlanta, Ga., or T. J. Anderson, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Portsmouth, Va.

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

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. PICKETT, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1896.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe; 10c.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. I. Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c a bottle.

The members of the Kentucky Legislature have hired detectives to watch each other.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over $60,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50 cents and $1.00, at all druggists.

Affairs in financial and commercial circles are at a standstill.

Cancer Cured Without Cutting.

Dr. L. H. Graham, of Cincinnati, does it. See ad. in another column.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Spring Humors

These annoying eruptions, painful boils, annoying pimples and other affections, which appear so generally at this season, make the use of that grand Spring Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, a necessity. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will do you a world of good. It will purify your blood, give you an appetite, tone your nerves, strengthen your stomach, and cure all spring humors. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. $1, six for $5.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

S. N. U.—15—'97.

Order and method are the conjurers by whose aid a man of very average abilities may, if he chooses, secure to himself the blessing of never being buried. Only arrange properly the quantum of work which is to be got through in a day or week, or any fixed period, and a small margin over and above the bare space absolutely needed for each part of it, and that margin will be available for the chance distractions for which people complain that they have no time.

Great Women's Pastimes.

Apropos of holiday pastimes it is of interest to know that the Queen of the Belgians is fond of games that savor of chance, magic and mysticism. Queen Victoria's favorite pastime is a game of whist and her majesty is an excellent player.

Ellen Terry collects photographs and is a good amateur photographer herself. Mme. Nordica is devoted to boxing and the Duchess of Fife is a very clever fencer. Lady Henry Somerset enjoys driving and is very fond of horses. She is also an artist in oils. Mrs. Asquith spends most of her time visiting the prisons and ministering to the unfortunate. The Duchess of Westminster is an enthusiastic cricketer and Countess Cowper spends her leisure in organ playing. Oliver Schreiner divides her attention now between her writing and caring for her domestic affairs. She and her husband live in three small rooms and together do all their work. Their chief income is derived from the royalty which comes to the wife from the sale of her books.

The Wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub.

A New Botanical Discovery.—Of Special Interest to Sufferers from Diseases of the Kidneys or Bladder Rheumatism, etc.—A Blessing to Humanity.

A Free Gift of Great Value to You.

Our readers will be glad to know that the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, from the wonderful Kava-Kava shrub has proved an assured cure for all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or by disordered action of the Kidneys or urinary organs. The Kava Kava Shrub, or as botanists call it *Piper Methysticum*, grows on the banks of the Ganges river, East India, and probably was used for centuries by the natives before its extraordinary properties became known to civilization through Christian missionaries. In this respect it resembles the discovery of quinine from the peruvian bark, made known by the Indians to the early Jesuit missionaries in South America, and by them brought to civilized man. It is a wonderful discovery, with a record of 1200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly upon the blood and kidneys, and is a true specific, just as quinine is in malaria. We have the strongest testimony of many ministers of the gospel, well known doctors and business men cured by Alkavis, when all other remedies had failed.

THE KAVA-KAVA SHRUB (*Piper Methysticum*)

In the New York *Weekly World* of Sept. 16th, the testimony of Rev. W. B. Moore, D. D., of Washington, D. C., was given, describing his years of suffering from Kidney disease and Rheumatism, and his rapid cure by Alkavis. Rev. Thomas Smith, the Methodist minister at Golden, Illinois, passed nearly one hundred gravel stones after two weeks use of Alkavis. Rev. John H. Watson, of Sunset, Texas, a minister of the gospel of thirty years' service, was struck down at his post of duty by Kidney disease. After hovering between life and death for two months, and all his doctors having failed, he took Alkavis, and was completely restored to health and strength, and is fulfilling his duties as minister of the gospel. Mr. R. C. Wood, a prominent attorney of Lowell, Indiana, was cured of Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder disease of ten years standing, by Alkavis. Mr. Wood describes himself as being in constant misery, often compelled to rise ten times during the night on account of weakness of the bladder. He was treated by all his home physicians without the least benefit and finally completely cured in a few weeks by Alkavis. The testimony is undoubted and really wonderful. Mrs. James Young, of Kent, Ohio, writes that she had tried six doctors in vain, that she was about to give up in despair, when she found Alkavis and was promptly cured of kidney disease and restored to health. Many other ladies also testify to the wonderful curative powers of Alkavis in the various disorders peculiar to womanhood.

So far the Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 424 Fourth Avenue, New York, are the only importers of this new remedy, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of this paper who is a Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Noted Washington Divine's Sunday Subject,

TEXT: "I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks be made for all men, for kings and for all that are in authority."—I Timothy, ii., 1.

That which London is to England, Paris to France, Berlin to Germany, Rome to Italy, Vienna to Austria, St. Petersburg to Russia, Washington is to the United States republic. The people who live here see more of the chief men of the Nation than any who live anywhere else between Atlantic and Pacific oceans. If a Senator or Member of the House of Representatives or Supreme Court Judges or Secretary of the Cabinet or representative of Foreign Nation enters a public assembly in any other city, his coming and going are remarked upon, and unusual deference is paid to him. In this capital there are so many political celebrities in our churches, our streets, our halls, that their coming and going make no sensation.

The swift and fun look up to the Matterhorn or Jungfrau or Mont Blanc, because these peoples are used to the Alps. So we at this capital are accustomed to walk among mountains of official and political eminence that they are not to us a great novelty. Morning, noon and night we meet the giants. But there is no place on earth where the importance of the Pauline injunction to pray for those in eminent place ought to be better appreciated. At this time, when our public men have before them the rescue of our National Treasury from appalling deficits, and the Cuban question, and the arbitration question, and in many departments men are taking important positions which are to them new and untried, I would like to quote my text with a whole trumpet of emphasis—words written by the scarred missionary to the young the Jonian Timothy. "I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks be made for all men, for kings and for all that are in authority."

If I have the time and I do not forget some of them before I get through, I will give you four or five reasons why the people of the United States ought to make earnest and continuous prayer for those in eminent place.

First, because that will put us in proper attitude toward the successful men of the Nation. After you have prayed for a man you will do him justice. There is a bad streak in human nature that demands us to scoff those that are more successful than ourselves. It shows in a boy school, when the lads, all running to get their ride on the back of a carriage, and one gets on, tries failing to get on about on the driver, "Cut behind!" Unsuccessful men seldom like those who in our department are successful. They say, "He is a political accident," or, "He bought his way up," or, "It just happened so," and there is an impatient waiting for him to come down more rapidly than he went up.

The best cure for such cynicism is prayer. After we have risen from our knees we will be wishing the official good instead of evil. We will be hoping for him benediction rather than malediction. If he makes a mistake, we will call it a mistake instead of malfeasance in office. And, oh, how much happier we will be, for wishing one evil is diabolic, but wishing one good is saintly, is angelic, is godlike! When the Lord depresses a man into depths beyond which there is no lower depth, he allows him to be put on an investigating committee with the sole hope of finding something wrong. In general assemblies of the Presbyterian church, in conferences of the Methodist church, in conventions of the Episcopal church, in Houses of Representatives and Senate of the United States, there are men always glad to be appointed on the committees of malediction, while there are those who are glad to be put on the committee of religious. After you have prayed for the words of my text, for all that are in authority, you will say, "Brethren, gentlemen, Mr. Chairman, excuse me from serving on the committee of malediction, for last night, just before I prayed for those in eminent positions, I read that chapter in Corinthians about charity which "hopeth all things" and "thinketh no evil." The committee of malediction is an important committee, but I have now for the time that those are important for its work who have, out in spirit of consecration, for in spirit of earnest importunity, prayed for those in high position. I cannot help it, but I do like a St. Bernard better than a bloodhound, and I would rather be a humming bird among honeysuckles than a crow scrounging upon field carcasses.

Another reason why we should pray for those in eminent place is because they have such multiplied perplexities. This city at this time holds hundreds of men who are eminent and are from all the United States in all lands as never before are full of applications. Let me say I have no sympathy with either the utterest or printed sneer at what are called "office seekers." If I had not already received appointment as minister plenipotentiary from the high court of heaven—as every minister of the gospel has—and I had at my back a family for whom I wished to achieve a livelihood, there is no employer whose service I would sooner seek than city, State or United States Government. Those Governments are the prompteest in their payments, paying just as well in hard times as in good times and during summer vacation as during winter work. Besides that, most of the Government pay taxes to city and State and Nation for years, and while we are indebted for the protection of Government the Government is indebted to us for the honest support we have rendered it. So I wish success to all earnest and competent men who appeal to city or State or Nation for a place to work. But now many men in high place in city and State and Nation are at their wits' end to know what to do, when for some place there are ten applicants and for others a hundred. Perplexities arise from the fact that citizens sign petitions without reference to the qualifications of the applicant for the place applied for. You sign the application because the applicant is your friend. People sometimes want that for which they have no qualification, as we hear in popping "I want to be an angel" when I die. For the poorest material possible for angelhood, it is said, has to be sent to foreign parts as embassadors, and men without any business qualification wanting to be consuls to foreign ports, and illiterates, capable in orthography and syntax, desiring to be put into positions where most of the work is done by correspondence. If divine help is needed in any place in the world, it is in those places where patronage is distributed. In years gone by awful mistakes have been made. Only God, who made the world out of chaos, could out of the crowded pigeonholes of public men develop symmetrical results. For this reason pray Almighty God for all those in authority.

Again, prayer is that for those in authority is our only way of being of any practical service to them. Our personal advice would be to them, for the most part, an impertinence. They know all the facts as we cannot know them, and they see the subject in all its bearings, and we can be of no help to them except through the supplication that our best advices. In that way we may be infinite recuperators. The greatest thing you can do for a man is to pray for him. If the old Bible be true—and if it is not true it has been the envy imposition that ever blessed the world, turning barbarism into civilization and transmuting into republics—I say, if the old Bible be true, God answers prayer. You may get a letter and through forgetfulness or lack of time not answer it, but God never gets a gentle letter that he does not make reply. Every sincere prayer is a child's letter to his heavenly Father, and he will answer it, and during you may get many letters from your child before you respond to any of your letters. "Dear! I have received ten letters from my daughter, and I will answer them all in one lump and send them in just the way that she hopes for I will start in the back way, and the much she asked for for a piece of music I will not give it to her, for I do like the music she asks for, but I will send her a deed to a house and lot, to be her's forever." So God does not in all cases answer in the way those who sent the prayer hoped for, but He in all cases gives what is asked for or something better. So prayers went up from the North and the South at the time of our Civil War, and they were all answered at the treasury. You cannot make me believe that God answered only the Northern prayers, for there were just as devout prayers answered south of Mason and Dixon's line. He gave them what they asked for, or something so much more valuable as a house and lot are worth more than a sheet of music. There is not a good un intelligent man between the Gulf of Mexico and the St. Lawrence River who does not believe that God did the best thing possible when He sewed this Nation down in 1865 a glorious unity, never to be rent until the waters of the Ohio and the Savannah, the Hudson and the Alabama, are lifted up by the long, red tongues of a world on fire. Yes, God sometimes answers prayers on a large scale.

In worse predicament nation never was than the Israelitish nation on the banks of the Red Sea, the rattling shields and the clattering hoofs of an overwhelming host close after them. An army could just as easily wade through the Atlantic Ocean from New York to Liverpool as the Israelites could have waded through the Red Sea. You need to sail on its water to realize how big it is. How was the crossing effected? By prayer. Exodus xiv., 15: "And the Lord said unto Moses: Wherefore cries thou unto Me? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward"—that is, "Stop praying and take the answer." And then the water began to be agitated and swung this way and that way, and the ripple became a billow, and the billow embedded other billows, and now they rise into walls of sapphire, and invisible trowels mason them into firmness, and the walls become like mountains, topped and turreted and domed with crags of crystal, and God throws an invisible chain around the feet of those mountains, so that they are obliged to stand still, and there, right before the Israelitish army, is a turnpike road, with all the emerald gates swung wide open. The passing host did not even get their feet wet. They passed dry shod, the bottom of the sea as hard as the pavement of Pennsylvania avenue to New York's Broadway or London's Strand. Oh, what a God they had! Or I think I will change that and say, "What a God we have!"

What power puts it hands upon astronomy in Joshua's time and made the sun and moon stand still? Joshua x., 12, "Then spoke Joshua unto the Lord." Prayer? As a giant will take two or four great globes, and in astounding way swing them this way or that, or hold two of them at arm's length, so the Omnipotent does as He will with the great orbs of worlds, with wheeling constellations and circling galaxies, swinging easily star around star, star tossed after star, or sun and moon held out at arm's length and perfectly still, as in answer to Joshua's prayer. To God the largest world is a pebble.

Another reason why we should obey the Pauline injunction of the text and pray for all that are in authority is that so very much of our own prosperity and happiness are involved in their doings. A selfish reason, you say. Yes, but a righteous selfishness, like that which leads you to take care of your own health and preserve your own life. Prosperous government means a prosperous people. Damaged government means a damaged people. We all go up together, or we all go down together. When we pray for our rulers, we pray for ourselves, for our homes, for the easier gradient of a livelihood, for better prospects for our children, for the hurling of these hard times so far down the embankment they can never climb up again. Do not look at anything that pertains to public interest as having no relation to yourself. We are touched by all the events in our national history, by the signing of the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower, by the small ship, the Half Moon, sailing up the Hudson, by the treaty of William Penn, by the hand that made the "Liberty bell" sound its first stroke, by Old Ironsides plowing the high seas, and, if touched by all the events of past America, certainly by all the events of the present day. Every prayer you make for our rulers, if the prayer be of the right stamp and worth anything, has a rebound of benediction for your own body, mind and soul.

Another reason for obedience to my text is that the prosperity of this country is coming, and we want a hand in helping on its coming. At any rate I do. It is a matter of honest satisfaction to a soldier, after some great battle has been fought and some great victory won, to be able to say: "Yes, I was there. I was in the breach that stormed those heights. I was in that bayonet charge that put the enemy to flight." We time my will come when all the financial, political and moral foes of this republic will be driven back and driven down by the prosperities that are now on their way, but which come with slow tread and in "fatigue dress" when we want them to take "the double quick." By our prayers we may stand on the mountain top and beckon them on and show them a shorter cut. Yes, in answer to our prayers the Lord God of Hosts may from the high heavens command them forward, swifter than mounted troops ever took the field at Eylau or Austerlitz.

In 1672 Holland was assailed. Her people prayed mightily. The ships of her enemies waited for the high tides on which to come in. In answer to the prayers offered the tide, as never before, was detained twelve hours, and before that twelve hours had passed a hurricane swooped upon the enemies' ships and destroyed them, and Holland was saved. If God detained the high tide in answer to prayer, will He not hasten it in answer to prayer? Surely it has been low tide long enough. May the Lord hasten the high tide of national welfare. American citizens, our best hold is on God. We have a Jacob faculties in prayer and churches in prayer. What we want yet to see is this whole Nation on its knees.

The most of them are dead—those who in 1851 moved in that procession that marched from the city hall of Washington down Louisiana avenue to Seventh street and then through Pennsylvania avenue to the north gate of yonder Capitol to lay the cornerstone of the extension of that capitol. The president who that day presided and solemnly struck that stone three times in dedication long ago quietly sleeps, and the lips of the great orator of that hour are dust, and the grand master of that occasion long ago put down the square and the level and the plumb with which for the last time he pronounced a cornerstone well laid. But what most interests me now is that inside that cornerstone, in a glass jar, hermetically sealed, is a document of national import, though in poor penmanship. It is the penmanship of Daniel Webster, which almost ruined the penmanship of this country for many years, because many thought if they had Daniel Webster's poor penmanship it might indicate they had Webster's genius. The document reads as follows:

"If it shall hereafter be the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundation be upturned and this deposit be brought to the eyes of men, be it then known that on this day the Union of the United States of America stands firm that their constitution shall endure unimpaired and with all its original usefulness and glory, growing every day stronger and stronger in the affection of the great body of the American people and attracting more and more the admiration of the world, and all here assembled, whether belonging to public life or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and the happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayers that this deposit and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures now to be erected over it may endure forever. God save the United States of America. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State of the United States."

That was beautiful and appropriate at the laying of the cornerstone of the extension of the Capitol fifty-eight years after the cornerstone of the old Capitol had been laid. Yet the cornerstone of our Republic was first laid in 1776 and at the roosting place of our National Government was laid again in 1863. But are we not ready for the laying of the cornerstone of a broader and higher National life? We have in a Nation received so much from God. Do we not owe new consecration? Are we not ready to become a better Sabbath-keeping, prayer-loving, virtue-honoring, God-worshiping Nation? Are we not ready for such a cornerstone laying? Why not now let it take place? With long prayer on of prayers, moving from the north and the south, from the east and the west, let the scene be made august beyond comparison.

The God of nations, who hath dealt with men with no other people, will preside at the solemnization. By the square and the level and the plumb of the everlasting right let the corner stone be adjusted. Let that cornerstone be the masonry top tier of the two granite tables on which the law was written when Sinai shook with the earthquake, and inside that cornerstone put the sermon on the mount and a scroll containing the names of all the men and women who have fought and prayed and toiled for the good of this nation, from the first martyr of the American Revolution down to the last woman who bound up a soldier's wounds in the field hospital. And let some one worthy to do so strike the stone three times with the gospel hammer in the name of God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. Then let the building rise, and wall hived by the Pacific ocean and the other washed of the Atlantic, until its cap-stone shall be laid amid the shouting of all nations, by that time as free as our own divinely founded, divinely compacted, and divinely protected republic, the last throne of oppression having fallen flat into the dust and the last shackle of tyranny been hung up in museum as a relic of departed ages.

The prayer that the great orator wrote to be put in the corner-stone at the extension of the Capitol I echo now as our own supplication. "God save the United States of America," only adding the words with which Robert South was apt to close his sermons, whether delivered before the Court at Christ-Church chapel or in Westminster Abbey, at anniversary of restoration of Oliver Cromwell and the worst tempest that ever swept over England: "To God be rendered and ascribed, as is most due, all praise, might, majesty and dominion, both now and forever. Amen."

"Spell ferment, and give its definition," requested the schoolteacher. "Fer-ment-ent, ferment, to work," responded the diminutive maiden. "Now place it in a sentence, so that I may be sure you understand its meaning," said the teacher. "In the summer I would rather play out of doors than ferment in the schoolhouse," returned the small scholar, with such decided frankness and unconscious humor that the teacher found it hard to suppress a smile.

When a woman catches a woman he knows fighting to get to a bargain counter she feels much the same as the man does when she catches him coming out of the stage entrance of a variety hall.

BILL ARP'S WEEKLY LETTER.

RANDOM REMARKS ON THE DINGLEY TARIFF BILL.

"MUDSILL HAMMOND" IS QUOTED.

It Was He Who First Said "Cotton is King"—William Sees a Prophecy Being Fulfilled.

In my last letter I said that I did not know who first said "cotton is king." This admission of my ignorance seems to have surprised and awakened some of my Carolina friends and now I know from many sources that ex-Governor Hammond said it in a speech in the United States senate in 1858, during the debate on the admission of Kansas. It was a great speech, for he was a great man. It was a states right speech such as Calhoun might have made, and in it he said: "No, sir, you dare not make war on cotton—cotton is king. Until lately the bank of England was king, but last fall she tried to put the screws upon our cotton crop and was utterly vanquished—cotton is king." That speech gave much offense at the north and won for him the title of "Mudsill Hammond," for in it he said: "In all social systems there must be a class to do the drudgery of life—a class requiring but a low order of intellect and but little skill. This class must have vigor, docility and fidelity. Such a class you must have, or you would not have that other and higher class which leads progress, refinement and civilization. This inferior class constitutes the very mudsills of society and of government, and you might as well attempt to build a house in the air as to build except upon the mudsills. Fortunately for the south, she has a race adapted to that purpose. We call them slaves—a word discarded by ears polite—but you have a similar class at the north. Yes, you have it—it is there, it is everywhere, it is eternal."

I remember how the northern press scarified him for his mudsill speech, but he spoke the truth and it is still the truth, and more so for the mudsills are more numerous now in proportion to population. Almost everybody in this region is a mudsill, and if that Dingley tariff bill becomes a law the masses will all be mudsills for the privileged and protected classes. The common people of a nation can never prosper under a protective tariff until a man can lift himself up by the straps on his boots. Only the protected will prosper and they are but a small class compared with the unprotected. Even Mr. Atkinson, the Boston statesman, says the Dingley bill will prove a burden on the people and bring in but little revenue.

But I did not intend to branch off on this tariff question, though it is an alarming and serious one to the southern people, for we manufacture nothing to speak of. Everything in this room where I am writing came from the north. I have been working in my garden all day with northern tools and even the wheelbarrow has the stamp of "Grand Rapids" upon it. I didn't used to be a mudsill, but I am now and my hands are so cramped by digging and forking the ground that I can hardly hold the pen in my fingers.

But Senator Hammond did not use that word in any invidious sense. He did not mean to sling mud at anybody. He had built a mill on his farm and knew that it was necessary for the mudsill to be sunk deep down below the water and quicksand or else the floods would wash the mill away. Protection props will not protect the mill unless the foundation is laid deep and strong, and it is the toil and sweat of labor that makes our food and clothing. Labor is the mudsill—the foundation of society and government. Extinguish labor for a year or half a year or even a month and the Goulds and Astors and Vanderbilts would perish. We are told that there is never a week's supply of food in New York and those millionaires couldn't ride and wouldn't walk to the west after it. I am mighty sorry for these rich and helpless people. Just let the trains stop running and the cooks quit cooking and all the butchers and bakers shops be closed for lack of supplies and all the horses get out of food what would become of the millionaires in New York city? They would be as helpless as a painted ship upon a painted ocean. They would be like Mr. Rouss, who says he will give any man a million dollars who will restore his sight. The mudsills must not be dishonored, for they are the only class who are fulfilling destiny, for the Lord said to the man, "by the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Yes, I am a mudsill right now, and if it is a curse it brings a blessing with it. I work hard at manual labor and get all over in a sweat of perspiration, as Cobe says, and I feel proud of my day's work, and Mrs. Arp gets off her matronly dignity and walks out to see what I have done and condescends a few remarks of approbation. That satisfies me till next morning, when I work some more before breakfast—work makes me forget to brood over little troubles and it gives me a good appetite and my food digests and I sleep better and snore less and don't cry out with the nightmare. It is a blessed privilege to be a mudsill, a horny-handed son of toil, for it secures good health and brings a man nearer to his Creator, for he was made out of dirt and unto dirt he must return. Adam worked in a garden and so do I. Eve stepped around and smiled on Adam while he toiled and so does Mrs. Arp smile on me. So let the tariff roll on. It won't affect what I raise in my garden, I reckon.—BILL ARP in Atlanta Constitution.

Guy—Could you spare me a cigarette? Gontran—My dear fellow, my doctor has strictly forbidden me to smoke. (A fortnight later Guy meets his friend puffing away at a splendid Havana.) Guy—I thought you had to give up smoking? Gontran—Oh, my doctor died a week ago.—Le Figaro.

Which?

Wickwire—Have you noticed that Mudge has quit cigars and taken up a pipe.

Yabsley—Yes; I wonder what is the cause? Has he been playing the race or getting engaged?—Indianapolis Journal.

She Was Too Young.

The other day a couple of little girls came to a physician's office to be vaccinated. One of them undertook to speak for the other, and explained:

"Doctor, this is my sister. She is too young to know her left arm from her right, so mamma washed both of them."—New York Tribune.

STATE CROP CONDITIONS.

Section Director Von Herrman Issues the First 1897 Bulletin.

The first North Carolina climate and crop bulletin for 1897 was issued Tuesday of last week by Station Director C. F. Von Herrman, of Raleigh. In it Mr. Von Herrman gives a review of the crop conditions during the week ending April 5th. He says:

The crop season of 1897 has not opened very favorably in North Carolina. Heavy rains during February and March delayed all farm work, while the excess of temperature advanced vegetation so that fruit trees were generally in bloom before the end of March and were considerably injured by frosts between the 25th and 27th. The latter part of March was more favorable for work; but rain early in April placed the soil in excellent condition for preparation, and though farmers are still behind, a week or two of fair wether will enable them to catch up.

The weather conditions for the week ending Monday, April 5th, have not been favorable. The temperature fell to the freezing point on March 27th and April 2d as far east as Raleigh, with, it is thought, considerable injury to peaches, plums and pears, though apples escaped. Rain occurred on four days, small in amount except that of Sunday night (4th), which though not needed, will not materially delay farm work. The amount of sunshine was about normal.

Eastern District.—The frosts this week damaged fruit trees, strawberries and truck crops to a considerable extent, except in the extreme south and east portions of the district. Gardens are generally backward. Considerable preparation of the soil has been done and corn planting is progressing rapidly now, while some early planted corn on dry uplands is coming up well. Rye and wheat are looking well and oats have been planted. Tobacco plants are growing nicely and are numerous. High water has delayed plowing in river fields and put that work behind about two weeks. Much work has been done on the truck farms and big crops planted.

Central District.—Preparations of soil for corn, cotton, and tobacco was pushed on every fair day, but is still behind. In extreme south portion considerable corn has been planted, and some upland corn is up; elsewhere planting is now progressing. Low land all too wet to work. All reports indicate that rye, wheat and oats are looking unusually well. Unfortunately chinc bugs are reported at one or two points. A large crop of spring oats has been planted. Tobacco plants are up and doing well. Gardening very slow, though some cabbages and tomatoes have been transplanted. Apples just budding; other fruit, especially peaches and strawberries, seriously damaged by frosts; in exposed places entirely killed.

Western District.—There were only three fair days, and an excessive rainfall continues to delay farm work, which is about two weeks behind. Land is being prepared for crops, and a little corn has been planted in the southeast portion. The freezing weather has caused much damage to fruit, and peaches will be practically a failure, though a number of correspondents report fruit still safe. Wheat and oats are looking especially promising, and some oats have been planted. Tobacco plants are plentiful and of good size. Grass is growing finely, but not long enough yet for pasturage. Forest trees are beginning to bud.

These reports will be issued each week during the crop season and abound in information of much value to the people.

Victim of Stage.

Mr. Skemer—Mrs. Sapsmind, I am going to bring a visitor around this evening to introduce to your daughter. I think he will be a good catch for her.

Mrs. Sapsmind—What sort of person is he, Mr. Skemer?

Mr. Skemer—He is a wealthy planter.

Mrs. Sapsmind—I don't care how wealthy he is. I'll never let my daughter marry an undertaker.—Boston Courier.

A New York girl committed suicide as the result of tight lacing. If she was a sensible girl it is a pity that she should be wasted like that.

MIRACLES

Belong to an older age than ours. But we still have things that remind us of the misty past.

Under date of March 16th, 1897, Mr. H. S. Lipscomb, of Pacolet, S. C., writes: "Please find check for 3 doz.

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