************************* THE MILE RUN.

By Leslie M. Quit

The coach laid down the paper o which he had been figuring, and looked at the members of the track team. "To n," he said, slowly, "we must get a

There was no response at first. Over the corner the hig football player who threw the hammer straightener up as if to make a speech. Then he ed to change his mind, and turned slowly toward another part of the

"Well, Denty?" he said in a chalging tone.

Denty, the mile runner, shrugged my best," he his shoulders. "I'll do my best," he declared, slowly, but you all know my time in the trial race was no-

where near the record." The gaze of the football player wan-dered on round the room.

"Baby Elton!" he said, sternly. Elton flushed with embarrassment Denty won from me in the trial race," he said, simply. "I-I-" then

he stopped. The football player turned to the Who else can run a mile?" he de

manded. "I don't know of any others," confessed the coach.

"Then," said the football player, with slow precision, "the race must be wen either by Denty or Elton-or by

"Yes, that's it," said the coach. He was glad the others were beginning to "I see," said the football player.
"Denty, can you win that race!" Denty forced a smile. "I might try,"

he said vaguely. That's not the question," said the football player, sharply. "We do not want to rely on mere chance. Elton,

can you win the file run?"

Down in his heart Elton believed o was capable of taking at least second place in the event. Denty had him in the trial race, to be sure, but of the two runners Denty was at the time in far better condition. The reverse, however, was now

times. Just nov ching eyes of the big faothall player embarrassed him; he flu painfully. He was conscious that his little body was trembling all over. He felt like crying out at the top of his voice that he could win the race. Instead, however, he meekly answered, "I don't know; perhaps I could." The football player brought his fis-

down on the table.
"What we want," he said, "is confidence in ourselves. Neither of you two fellows can expect to win that race if you go into it with the bare hope of capturing a place. Why, the other team will have runners who know positively they are going to win. They will win, too; and they will win ecause they know they are going to do it not because they hope to get t place. You fellows-" But he stopped suddenly at a look in Elton's face. Be neath his great muscular bulk the football player had a kind heart.

"Our only chance to win the mile run," broke in the coach, "lies in our 'pulling' their runners. It is old. I know, but a man isn't himself in race, and the best runner in the world is apt to misjudge his speed."
"Yes, that's true," agreed the foot-

Il player.
Then, and the coach with a sigh of relief, "that is settled Efton, you will do the 'pulling' and let Denty win the race. Be out on the track at 4 sharp every day from now on! That's

The members of the track team rose owly from their lounging positions and straggled out of the little room. on was the last to go. He was still of the coach's decision, and was just beginning to realize what it

He, who had trained all the spring and half the winter before, was to come in last in the mile run! Even now he could see the race. At the start the runners would be off at the same instant and break into the same swinging gait. Then he would increase his pace a little and draw away from the rest. Bit by bit he would lengthen the distance until the runners of the other team would become alarmed and endeavor to gain his side. Still be would keep up the rapid gait until his own runner should be far to the rear, coming with long, easy strides in sharp contrast to the short, distressing steps of the others. And then, on the last lap of the track, his running partner would quicken his stride, and still comparatively, fresh, pass him and

he others with a burst of speed. It-was probable his opponents would by this time have discovered the trap that It would be too late and that they would pass him, trembling and almost exhausted, in a futile effort to catch the other man, who had harbored his strength by running throughout at the same pace he used in practice six af-

his running mate would break the well in advance of the others. Next the two runners of the other team, completely exhausted, would fall across the line into the arms of their comrades. And last, far to the rear, he would straggle on the finish, too tired to hear the laughs and taunts of those who did not recognize the sacri-

the crowd's verdict that hurt him; he one and taking the had trained one and taking with the hope of vincing, and the thought that he night be departed from even trying o do so had not effected his head.

His father had written that he would

cld him with gruff indness that he was a "plucky boy." At home his friends would hear of the race and chuckle knowingly; for they had

ap of the track. As he ran now, his eyes burned with sharp pains, the mun-cles in his legs jerked and tugged, his breath rushed in and out through s throat sore and purched with dust. Try as he might his body refused to swing evenly and his steps faltered with He had meant to show them his He kept his eyes fixed on the track worth some day, and had thought

that race. You have the true college

spirit, my boy, which is an important

element in a higher education. I shall

come to see you lose the race, and shall be gind when you do it."

The day of the dual track meet cam

almost before Elton realized it. The

air was heavy with the soft lariness

of early spring, yet there was a cool

ness in the atmosphere that foretold

Both universities had a large fol-

owing. Each was confident of win-

ning; each cheered its men frantically.

Followers of college athletes were on

the field in large numbers, for the meet

was practically to decide the cham

Down under the grand stand, in the

rack team lounged about in luxurious

idleness. The coaches, judges, time-

keepers and other officials rushed here

and there in greatest haste, endeavor-

ing to get the great athletic meet start-

It was, as usual, a full half-hour af-

ter the advertised time when the first event occurred. But from that mo-

nent there was no hitch, and slowly

the spectators checked off their pro-

grams as each race was ended. For

the coaches there were no surprises.

Each had figured out the results of the

various events from the previous rec-

ords of the contestants, and each saw

Almost before he knew it, Elton had laid down on the great bare table, and

lipped on his running suit and taken

As he waited for the signel he re-

membered the coach's last advice. He

looked now at the three other runners

Denty was on the outer edge of the

track, smiling and confident, one

mined to do his best to draw them on

the starter, the pistol shot and they

were off, each running with a long,

measured stride. For a time they ran

inders underneath in perfect unison

After a moment, Elton, almost afraid,

took a little longer step, and quick-

ened his stride. For a minute he

eared the change in the pace was

enough to be noticed, but a quick side

glance showed the other runners at his

elbow. So bit by bit he increased his

speed until he knew he must be set

At the second lan of the quarter

mile track, when the race was half

ended. Elton was full 50 yards ahead of

other team had by this time discov

ered the attempt to tire them at the

start, and had dropped back until they

were midway between Elton and

Just how well the plan had worked

could not be decided until the last

lap, when the critical sprint at the

inish took place. It seemed to El-

ton, however, that the two other run

ners must be much more exhausted

than Denty. Elton himself was breathing hard, and keeping step only

in a mechanical way. He was glad

he was not expected to sprint the last

As he rounded the curve of the track

at the finish of the last lap but one,

Elton took a quick glance back at the

other runners. Then he gasped sud-

denly, lost step and nearly fell. . He

There was a blurred sight of the ty

other runners, already beginning to

gain upon him, but back of them.

where Denty had been a moment be

fore, the track lay black and deserted.

Had he fallen? Had he given up the

race? There was no time, however,

in Elton's mind; Denty was gone; he

must win the race himself.

for conjectures. But one thought was

He crossed the line and started on

the last lap. Well in the rear, the

two other runners quickened their pace, and began to draw nearer and

searer. Up in the grand stand some

one yelled a word of encouragement, and Elton tried to move his legs a

little faster. His breath was coming

in queer, choking gasps now, and his lips were burning hot and dry.

Half-way round the track he stu-

forced his legs into the stride again

he could hear the labored breathing

of some other runner close behind

With desperate onergy he dug the spikes of his running shoes into the cinder track, and leaped ahead as he

would with a long stroke in skating. For an instant he lost the prodding sounds behind, and hope returned. Then ouce more, seemingly closer and louder than ever, he heard the breath-

He began to count now, out loud, that he might keep the stride, for he knew

if he lost it once his chance of win-ning the race would go with it. After a time, when his legs were moving better, he raught the thud! thud! of the other junner, and he stopped counting and listened engerly to the erunching lootfalls. Elton fully realized that his chance of winning was small. He had delit-erately tired himself out at the start

oled from sheer exhaustion, and lost

Denty.

few yards.

could not see Denty!

He doubted it, but he deter-

his place on the cinder track.

his prophecies, one by one, fulfilled.

pionship of the west.

fast races.

ed on time.

as he ran. It seemed to be rushing to was nothing to do but to forget his meet him, and he fancled it swaye ambitions and help win the race for his university. So he wrote to his the cinders too soon, sometimes the father explaining the circumstances track dropped down, almost out of and suggesting that it would hardly reach. But still he forced his less up and down, up and down, up and down, meet. But his father, who was an old until it seemed that the terrible, moncollege man himself, answered his letotonous stride must finally give way ter in a way that made Elton's heart to the toddling gait of a little baby just learning to walk. "I am proud of you," the father wrote, "and under the circumstances

Elton lost all count of his position on the track until his gaze fell upon would prefer having your team win the little holes the runners of the hundred-yard dash had dug in starting. Then he knew the race was almost ended, and he tried to put forth the whole strength of his body. Could he run those last 100 yards without fall-

> Up in the grand stand the crowd was yelling madly. He heard his own name shouted again and again, but the sounds seemed to come from a great distance. The footfalls of the other runner had died out now, and he wondered if it were possible that the man had passed him without his noticing it. He looked at the track ahead, half xpecting to see the runner, but it was deserted clear up to the taut little string that marked the finish. So he owered his head and began to count

once more as his feet hit the cinders. He was close to the finish now, runfressing rooms, the members of the ning with mouth open and eyes half shut. He staggered from side to side of the track, only dimly seeing the crowd that lined it. Then, through his half-closed eyes, he saw the tape ust ahead.

The sight seemed to put new strength lf the at into him. He opened his eyes wide and threw back his head, squaring his shoulders. His legs thumped up down with more evenness.

There was one awful o to melt away into the next instar break a

had his muscles loosened by careful rubbing and kneading, and then had en friends s he fell into t uick sweep of air runner who had followed eels crossed the line, a good Elton looked curiously at him inute, too tired to grasp the Then he blinked wonderingly, rubbed his eyes once or twice, and started to speak.

of the other team's men was on each But before he had uttered three side of him. Elton looked curiously at words, the announcer of the races belthem, and wondered if they would be lowed through a great megaphone; fooled by the simple game he was to "Result of the mile run: First, Eiton: second, Denty; third, Pastor." Then came the sharn commands of

It was true. The runner who Elton had feared would pass him was none other than Denty, his own man, The thing was explained simply At the time when Elton enough. together, with feet that touched the glanced over his shoulder, to find his mate apparently missing. Denty had just come up rapidly into the place of one of the other runners who dropped out exhausted. Elton's blurred vision had been unable to distinguish faces Instead of getting first place by a par row margin, his team had taken see ond as well. The meet was unques tionably won.

ting a pace that would soon tire the For the first time since the race, Elothers. And still they clung to his ton smiled broadly. His university had won the meet; he had taken first place in the mile run. Such a combi nation he had long ago regarded as im possible. the nearest man. The runners of the

While he was still smiling, the megphone bellowed out some other an uncement. In an instant the crowd was yelling and cheering in a perfect fury. The coach of the team rushed up and grasped Elton's hand. "What is it?" asked Elton Walf

dazed. oach, with happy face. "You broke the intercollegiate record for the mile

They were crowding round him now in great numbers, each ready with congratulations. The coach thumped him on the back with great heartiness. The big football player scattered the crowd right and left as he made his way to Elton's side, and slipped one of the runner's white hands into his great brown one.

But best of all, a pleasant-faced man authoritatively pushed his way through the group of Elton's admirers, and reaching him at last, threw an arm affectionately round his shoulders and turned to introduce him to the men

"Gentlemen," he said, with proud emphasis, "this is my son!"-Youth's Companion.

Whether any of the people who now ide on the elevated trains will be in New York when the world come to an end is a question, but if any of them happen to be doing business in this neighborhood they will be able to stand the shock better than others who have never traveled on the "L. The sensation will be nothing new to them, because they get a foretaste of the final shake-up every, time the

train stops.

There are other movements other cessations of movement that produce strange, indescribable thrills produce strange, indescribable thrills in the human frame, but none sends the same shiver from head to toe as the spasdomic jerking of the elevated train when slowing up or getting under way. It may be the new electric system, but, whatever the cause, the pasengers, specially those that happen to be standing when the train stops and starts again, feel as if the notand starts again, feel as if the not-tom was dropping out of overything and they are sinking down, down, down into a fathomiess abyss. Of course, that may not be at all the

With wireless telegraphy recently the Kaizer Wilhelm II spoke with the Min-neapolis at a distance of 210 miles, a

with no thought of being forced to the 'A SERMON FOR SUNDAY the imr

ELOQUENT AND HELPFUL DIS-COURSE ENTITLED "LOST AT HOME."

Instructively on the Parable in Luke, Which Deals With the Grace of God

New York Cry.—"Lost At Home" was the subject of the sermon preached Sunday evening by the Rev. Prancis J. McConnell, pastor of the New York Avenue M. E. Church. The sermon was based on Luke zv. Mr. McCounell said:

All the parables of this fifteenth chapter of Luke deal with the grace of God toward the lost. There is the story of a sheep lost, another of a coin lost and another of two sons lost. The parable from which the text of the evening is taken is not the parable of the lost soos. A great many of us stop at the twenty-fifth verse. We rejoice in the sound of music and dancing which welcomes home the prodigal, and prefer that the story should end with the happiness of the banquet. The remaining verses, perhaps, seem to us somewhat out of place. The beautiful narrative is marred by reference to the

must take supreme delight in them. They are creations of His children; they take value from the fact that the children's fingers have toiled lovingly upon them. God values our doings because we are His children. If we come, however, claiming to be servants and pointing to the great things that we have done, the only response is that we are usprofitable servants.

The stay-at-home was lost so long as he looked upon himself as a servant. The first step towards recovery was for him to take-himself as a son. The first step out of the lostness of the servant life is to take son-ship for granted and to act upon the assumption.

the subject of the sermon preached Sanday evening by the Rev. Prancis J. McConnell, pastor of the New York Arenue M. E. Church. The sermon was based on Lake aw. Mr. McConnell, pastor of the New York Arenue M. E. Church. The sermon was based on Lake aw. Mr. McConnell, pastor of the New York Arenue M. E. Church. The sermon was based on Lake aw. Mr. McConnell, pastor of the New York Arenue M. E. Church. The sermon was based on Lake aw. Mr. McConnell and the prace of God toward the lost. There is the story of a sheep lost, another of a coin lost and another of two sons lost. The parable from which the text of the evening is taken is not the parable of the lost son, but the springer of the lost of the common tous somewhat out of place. The beautiful narrative is marred by reference to the ulliness of the elder brother but if we leave the elder brother out of the parable we have lost in large part the Master of point. Remember that Jesua is speaking of the lost; He is justifying His desling with publicans and ainners. These are lost sheep which have wandered far from home to spend all in riotous living. The parable was poken in response to the murnurs of Pharisees and Scribes into the parable. The elder brother is the Scribe, who cannot understand the love of the Master for publicans and ainners. The scluss put the Pharisees and Scribes into the parable. The elder brother is the Scribe, who cannot understand the love of the Master for publicans and ainners. The scluss put the Pharisees as lost, between the mount of the master of the mount of the master of the mount of the master of the furniture in order, board up the wind the parable of the lost is false conceptions and false feelings the parable was spoken in response to the murnurs of Pharisees is lost—lost not in open prodigality and outbreaking vice, but lost in false conceptions and false feelings the "open forces and the parable o

iese's, and irretrievably lost, is himself wandering in the wilderness far from safety.

Lastly, the lostness of the stay-at-home appears from his thought of reward. "Thou never gavest me a kid." The elder brother seems to have been swring with the thought of material pay. He was doing the work for what he could get out of it. His shought of reward moves along a low plane. Jesus condemned Pharizaism because of its low view of reward. The taskmaster was to pay at the close of the day. Similarly some of us seem at times to think of heaven as a place of material and rather carthly prizes. And again, the elder brother was lost in placing emphasis upon an extraordinary forgiveness and welcome as of more than the favor of the father's continued and ever present affection. It is sometimes suggested that one of the important lessons of this parable is its rebuke of the Christian who complains because the contrition of the returning penitent sometimes is rewarded by more of cestatic blessing than is his own long continued service of God. However this may be as a matter of strict exegosis, it is perfectly clear that the thought which rates the exceptional manifestation of interest as of more value than the continued favor of the father's presence, wanders far atray. "Son, thou are ever with me, and partnership with the Father—a spiritual benefit and blessing beside which all material things fall into nothingess. The principal reward is spiritual. We are not to think of pay but of companionship with the blessed God! Any thought of reward is spiritual. We are not to think of pay but of companionship with the blessed God! Any thought of reward is spiritual. We are not to think of pay but of companionship with the blessed God! Any thought of reward is spiritual. We are not to think of pay but of companionship and love which were poured out around him. There were two produgals in the family. It would be rather a difficult task to decide which was the worse.

Resurrection of Christ,
The resurrection of Christ was absolutely necessary as a proof that His life and
teachings were divine. It was not merely
required as a fulfillment of prophecy, and
especially of the prophecy of Christ Himself, though it was needed for this, but it
was also demanded as an inspirer of hope,
because no hope of life beyond the tomb
could have sprung out of the grave of a
could have sprung out of the grave of a

Bartow Sage Draws Inspiration from Flowers.

IS HAPPY AND RESIGNED

Opening of New Library Interests Him Greatly, and He Makes Suggestions Regarding Books that Should be Kept on Hand.

tired. I feel like Lord Byron did when he penned his beautiful farewell to Childe Harold

"I am not now that which have been and my visions filt less palpably before me, and the glow that in my spirit dwelt is fluttering faint

But I will not say farewell to my readers. I can still feed on the happi ness of those around me and rejoice with the children and the birds and the flowers. Every day I visit the garden and gather flowers for the neighbors, the sick and the bereaved. They are treasures of delight and of love and every household can have them if there is a mother or a daughter there, and yet there are families who have none and care for none. not even a vine over the door or a gate to the front yard. Would a young meat is eaten by the lower classes man be fool enough to marry a girl There are great slaughter hou who was not fond of flowers? The Bible tells of diamonds and pearls and ev precious stones

"Brother Gray," said the d sternly, "the question of pay is no qualifications. You are excused, sir."
And so Brother Gray went back to

Lawrenceville and studied law.
Frank Goulding, who wrote "The Young Marooners," also wrote "Robert Harold," "Little Josephine" and "Ma-rooners' Island." He died in Roswell, Ga. Now, all such books should be in the children's department of every library. They sow the seed that will bring fruit in due time. Yes, we are all proud of our library, and the next work of the ladies will be to fill the shelves with good books. For older heads they have already provided substantial histories and cyclopedias. I see they have already secured a beautifui edition of Dodd, Mead & Co.'s last edition of "The International," which is in itself a library that will educate anybody who will study it.

But I must stop now, for I am weak and tired, and, as Byron says, my ions flit less palpably before me and the glow that in my spirit dwelt is fluttering faint and low. But I will soon rally and then cut flowers for the library, and especially some choice ones for the vacant desk of the dear girl we mourn and who was chairman of our library committee -- BILL ARP in Atlanta Constitution

HORSE MEAT IN EUROPE.

Cities Which Eat Thousands of Animale Every Day.

Not only in Berlin, but in almost all the great cities of Europe horse Paris which

tive as outward ap vices that manifest the signs are no more deadly i spiritual vices that work Not all vices are rough Again, in the parable before us we may fail to see the lostness of the elder brother because he remained at home. We are very apt to think of lostness as spatial. The younger son was in a far country, and whether we realise it or not, something of our thought of his lostness has to do with his geographical position. The elder son was at home and, therefore, safe; but the lostness of the parable has very little to, do with spatial relation. The father could not have saved the younger son by fastening chains upon him and keeping him at home. The son was already far away when he clasped his father's hand to say goodby. Nearness in a spiritual sense is not at all a matter of physical distance. The son who remained at home was in a spiritual sense as truly lost as the son who wandered into the far country. Spiritual lestness consists in false ways of looking at and feeling about spiritual things.

It may be that some will object that the Pharisees were a particular class of people living at a particular date in the world's history; that they have long since passed on, carrying all their frailties with them. Of what use to speak of Pharisees to day? It must be responded that this view is wholly superficial—that Jesus spoke for all ages; that in Pharisaism were certain fundamental traits that appear over and over

wholly superficial—that Jesus spoke for all ages; that in Pharisaiam were certain fundamental traits that appear over and over again. Pharisaiam is not yet dead; the name is changed, but the characteristics reappear. Few men are far enough beyond reappear. arisaism to make a protest against the cussion of the lostness of Pharisaism

Pharmanian to make a protest against the discussion of the loatness of Pharmanian especially relevant.

Pirst of all, the stay-at-home was loat in his thought of himself. "Lo, these many years do I serve thee." The word "serve" is not at all accidental; it is a very essential part of the picture; it strikes at ong deep faults of Pharmanism—the inability of the Pharmace to rise above the idea of servantship in his thought of man's relation to God. The elder brother did not take himself as a son, but as a servant, and therefore was lost in his thought of himself. After the prodigal among the swimself. After the prodigal among the swimself. After the prodigal among the swimself, after the servants." The prodigal thought of himself as lost forever to sonship and hoped only for servantship; and yet the great redeeming fact in the reckless sinner's case was that he had come to the point where he could appreciate sonship. Upon that fact the father restored him. The prodigal had learned something in his disgrace. He had learned to think of himself as one who had sinned against sonship. With this lossed there

filled the sprice. The stay resolute still further appears from his unnatural heart-leasness. Thy son!" These words are doubly heartless, they repudiate brother-hood with the returning prodigal and they reproach the father for not looking upon such a son as his own. Heartlessness almost inevitably follows mechanicalism. It is natural that it should be so. There is no heart in a cumbersome set of commandments. Commandments having to deal simply with doings and not with feelings are in the nature of the case wooden and lifeless. If life be looked upon as something to be fitted into a scheme of commandments, all the fragrance of fine feeling evaporates. This picture of the elder brother is the perfect setting forth of the heartlessness of developed Pharisaism. The heartlessness came not out of deliberate diabolism, but out of mechanical legalism. In the end, however, these two are not far apart.

It would seem quite the fashion in these matter of fact days to ridicule emotionalism. There is instead a kind of emotionalism that deserves ridicule. The piety that consists only in being happy is a poor piety. But strike emotionalism out of religion and religion is not religion. In the land that presence manifests itself in various forms of feeling. Do you love the brethren? That is to say, do you feel the force and power of friendship. A part of the witness of God's spirit is to be found just here, in the quickening of those fine feelings of friendship and love which seem to come so naturally as we relate ourselves to one another. Is the feeling for brothers and sisters becoming more kindly? Is the attitude towards fathers and mothers and children more affectionate? It the circle of loving interest widening? This is the mark of the presence of God—this and that other feeling like unto it, the affectionate going forth of the heart in the cry of "Abbs, Father." Remove emotionalism of this kind and you take the substance out of life as well as out of religion. Life is a matter of feeling. All values are realised in feelin

Surface indications are sometimes a better guide in morals than the deeps of ethical philosophy. One man will tell you why the theatre, for instance, is indispensable; another will tell you, no less logically, why it ought to be dispensed with. The deeper the argument goes into foundation principles, the surer each becomes of his position. But here is a programme of a pure play, from one of the best class of theatres. At the end of the bill are several heavy-type advertisements, one of a "ale-house," one of a "ale-house," one of a "saloon," one of a "bar," etc.—all in the neighborhood. These advertisements are not so likely to be found on the programme of a symphony concert, an oratoric, or an illustrated lecture. Why not? Never mind the reason. Two things, oratorio, or an illustrated lecture. Why not? Never mind the reason. Two things the stage and the bar, are associated, and openly proclaimed to the audience. The fact ought to count, if arguments do not Tendencies tell their own tale.

The entire Christian life must bear the haracter of a daily renewed thank-offering to the glory of Him who in grace bestowed perfect atonement in Christ Jesus; a to be givey or tilm wen in grace becomes
a perfect atonement in Christ Jesus;
thank offering of willing, undivided devotion of ourselves, with all that in ours, to
Him. For what other purpose is man, a
head of earthly creatures, placed below it
sich, a temple, save that he, as prices
should offer such a sacrifice, daily conse
crating to Him the spiritual offerings o
self denial, love and obedience?—F. F. Ves
Conterges.

It is wonderful what miracles God works in wills that are uttwiy surrendered to Him. He turns hard things into casy, and bitter things into sweet. It is not that He puts easy things in the puce of the hard but He actually changes the hard thing into an easy one.—Hannah Whitali Smith.

Symbols on Tombstones.

of religion. Late is a maccount, and the All values are realized in feeling, and the feelingless mortal is an unnatural monstrosity. Any system of religious thought or practice that makes men feelingless is to be condemned. Pharisaism was feelingless to be condemned.

In Scotland it was for a long time usual to piace on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Especially in the burial ground of the abbey has been found that of those tomb stones, which are from 100 to 206 marked, the symbols being in low re-lief. A sugar cane may be seen as showing the grave of a grocer; an ax and saw, with hammer and nails, occur on the grave of a carpenter; an awl and a hammer on that of a shoemaker. There are many other graves similarly marked.—Stirling Observer.

FRIED BEEF KIDNEY .- Cut a beef ridney into slices one-third of an inch hick; put them in a bowl and pour boiling water over; let stand ten min-utes: lift the alices from the water to a towel and dry thoroughly; then roll in flour; put a little butter in the fryen brown on the underside turn and own 'he other; sprinkle with salt ove; add a little lemon juice; the equitor of the pl

to our community. It is the day fixed for the formal opening and dedication of our public library. It is wonderful what these ladies have accomplished in this little town. Two years ago they organized a little library club which included village improvement and now they have a pretty park with grave'ed walks and a fountain of gold fish and they rented a room upstairs and began to solicit money from the good people wherewith to buy books. and then they begged a beautiful corner lot from the city fathers and have built a two-story brick building upon I took was from an ordinary old street it and equipped it with shelves and ta- car plug, tougher than ordinary. bles and other conveniences and everybody is proud of it. And one evening Mr. and Mrs. Granger, who are al. like a big barnyard surrounded by low ways doing something for the education and refinement of our humble people, gave a reception to everybody and nobody knew what it was for, but when everybody was feeling good and above their elbows and their bare, generous, Mr. Granger handed an open brawny arms covered with blood, book and called a generous friend to Each hubber had a leather option, head a subscription for the library, well spattered, and looked altogether and he did so with a hundred dollars, and others came up and were liberal, had a permit to see the establishment, and the building was nearly paid for and in addition gave a small fee to that night. I see that Valdosta has one of these men, so that everything done the same thing and two gener-erous people have subscribed a liberal sum for books for children. Yes, espe- ed the horses that had been killed cially for children and young people.
That is right, and I hope they will score of them hung like beeves from have "Georgia Scenes" and "Uncle Remus" and the "Young Marooners" and ward. A splendid bay horse which "Arabian Nights" and mix them up had just been killed was being dresswith some more solid reading. Young ed on the floor, a white horse was people must have mixed food to make it all digest. Just think of it, the Young Marooners" has been published in seven different languages, and I expect "Uncle Remus" in as many Leaving this room I was taken to more. Rev. Frank Goulding was a another where they were killing. As wonderful man. I went to achool with t watched them a magnificent black his brothers, Ed and John. Their carriage horse was brought in, worth, grandmother was my mother's adopt-

a beautiful di

Today is one of no

od mother, as will be found in my book, "From the Uncivil War to Date," 1861-1803. Those who want this book should apply to Mr. C. P. Byrd, the publisher, Atlanta, Ga. If an autograph copy is wanted send \$1.35 to me. These Gouldings were a notable family. Rev. Thomas Goulding, the father of these boys, was the first Preabyterian preacher born in the theological seminary and president Oglethorpe university. The old of tor was a very learned and a very stern old man. He was orthodox to stern old man. He was orthodox to the core. I remember that when I was a young man I went with my father to Columbus, Ga. to attend synod, for my father was an elder. A school teacher from our town, whose name was Gray, a smart but willful trishman from Dublin, was ex-amined for license to preach. He

of Cartie a cold, and that

for rheumatism This man's family was when I called, and upon my asking he ate horse meat himself he took me into his dining room, where his wife and children were devouring plates of soup made from horse bones. The children looked healthy and he told me that their bodies were largely made of horse flesh.

He asked me to sample a bit of the meat, and I did so. It tasted like tough deer, with a light gamy flavor. don't like it, but that may be owing to prejudice, or it may be that the bite I have visited several of the horse

slaughter houses. The first one was stables and fenced in at one side with long buildings of red brick. At the right of the gate stood a group of butchers, their shirt sleeves rolled up rather repulsive than otherwise. was thrown open to me.

The first room we entered contain being skinned, and an inspector was going over the various cuts of those hung from the rafters and stamping

not more than six years old, and a month or so ago his value was perhaps \$500. He had slipped on the smooth streets a few days before and had so injured himself that he would be lame for life.-Frank Carpenter

tempoonful of salt to one quart of flour; dissolve one traspoonful of seds in one tablespoonful of boiling water; add this to two and a quarter cupfuls half an inch thick, but the also ; breakfast plate; place on a hot s die; when brown on the under turn and brown on the other; a butter and nerve hot.