## E FRANKLIN

VOLUME XX.

FRANKLIN. N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7

FIELDAW GARDEN

The Crop That Never Falls.

I know of only one sure crop on the

farm that never fails, no matter what

the weather or the condition of the

soil, and that is the word crop. The

past season has been very favorable

for this crop, and an abundant yield

of seed is sure to follow, so that we

may expect a large weed crop next

summer. On occasional farms there

are comparatively few weeds, except

those in fence corners, along the roads,

or in places not cultivated or grazed

by sheep. These places on our farms

should be looked after, the weeds cut

and left on the ground, If green; if

ripe, burn them. It is surprising how

ond of alfalfa hay, and ale m

far than any other cow in t

would respond more readily than with any other food st

If it happened that oats

rolled and the hulls rem the better. This was her

Even though rolled oats

chased at the St. Louis.

the same money as gro thought by some that

not est the same food selves had so often

morning meal, littl

many times they b

at their supper t

en the name of

one feeder, rathe

had been given

name, resorted

a quality that

and almost

the particul

ed, exercir ly fair to

Ilaritle

stations a

It was als

n have ye seen the mining-camp bey're building over you? as suddenly created there ween the night and dawn. y built it by the glinting light it gold, beside the street, i they built it on the desert there the desolutions meet.

And mountain rocks and lesser roc
Bertb the rugged seene,
And some are hard and golden rich
And some are hard and lean.
There's not enough of water there
To bicks: down a rill,
But stronger drink, of viclous rod,
Flows over up the hill.

The homes, of mud or canvas—like
The dies of fortune's throw—
Are scattered on the ups and downs
Of rush and fever row.
And fifty hundred men are there,
And twenty hundred mules,
And twenty homen gambling halls,
And twenty hundred foois.

And have ye seen the fling of chance.

The men that luck will choose—
The tyres here who win the gold.
The rundles there who lose?
And have ye seen the ancient shame off women lost to hope.
That may not even walk to hell.
But weakly roward it grope?

And have ye counted half the sum
Of pity and applause
The gods record who traffic not
With puny, human laws?
And wot ye aught of tragedy
And councy—the twain.
So-fair and dark, and dark and fair,
That march beside the train?

Yet when you see that mining-camp,
(You cannot miss the trail;
It's blased with empty bottles and
With signs of flerce travail).
Rebard the homes—the garden spots—
That on the desert press
Where men of arrength, with woman's aid,
Subdue the wilderness!

sonally, I incline to the opinion that

we did not talk and laugh enough, also

that a cigar would have much improved

our chances. Be that as it may, our

chan. P. and I built it next morning,

and an interested audience of some

tifty old women and children sat round

and commented. We hollowed out a

large bush, and built the platform up

inside; on the top we put a cunning

roof of plaited leaves. Derisive ac-

the settlement and asked if it was a

race meeting or a Punch and

Judy show? But we were satisfied; at

least it was better than roosting in

trees with all manner of nocturnal in-

sects, and we made it very comfortable

with a mattress and cushions. Here

we watched over Piggy II, for three

Alas! that such a trival incident

should cause even temporary estrange-

ment between two fast friends. Even

if it was my watch, there were plenty

more dogs to be had; besides, the dog

had been sleeping comfortably at

pony and made the most r

crep quietly out of the tree, stole back

to the camy, and enjoyed the first

three I was called, and went down to

my own tree. Now, I w... not guaran-

original idea: but about half an hour

in 50 yards of my tree. At my first

determined, in spite of our last flasco

Within an hour I had collected thir

ty men, and sent out coolies to find P.

The animal's trail was easy to follow.

for the bushes were splashed with

blood, but the undergrowth was so

from the right of the line-of which

I was the center-and a howl from one

through the foliage the yellow and

black stripes of the tiger standing a

the howling of the beaters, who were

There were many trees around me

under certain circumstances were

meant for climbing. Before, however

I had got as high as I wished a branch

broke, and I came down some fifteen

however, no sign of the tiger, and

returned to the open, where I found P. had arrived. Between us we bound up

been dropped by his carriers, and had

brute went down with a roar, evidently

the mauled beater-who had actua

feet on to the ground.

to try a beat again.

nights without result. On the fourth

neither my companion nor I

awake at the time.

A Tiger Hunt in China.

By F. Hayley Bell.

Tiger shooing is, I believe, generally | -whether of pure fright or because regarded as serious work, and not a she was possibly in extremis when purpicnic to be lightly entered on; but chased-was dead! from the moment P. came round to my compound to say that four of the as to whether tigers took carries or brutes had been located in the Yikma not, we again trudged sadly home. Perjungle, some four miles from the settlement, to the morning of the last disastrous beat the gods appeared to do their best to make fun of the whole expedition, and to rob us of that feelthird sttempt was made from a maing of dignity due to those engaged in big-game shooting

Perhaps I should not include P. in this. P. was different. He spoke knowingly of shikars, machans, and all parapherealia of a big shoot; he mused pensively in the heat of the day, when he should have been asleep, over Bad- quaintances, who had never even seen minton on Big-Game Shooting and a tiger running wild, rode out from guidebooks with blood-curdling pictures that made me nervous. Between whiles in a desultory manner he ran the camp mess, or sat in state receiving deputations of villagers, bringing the latest reports of the movements of the enemy

There was no doubt about the tigers, It must be understood. The recollection of journey's of several days' length to the reported habitat of some man-eater, only to find at each village that it was so many "li" further on was still fresh in my recollection, and It seemed too good to be true that a whole family had taken up quarters So near to the settlement: but in the soft paddy and sweet potato fields bordering the cover, one could hardly walk ten yards without crossing their spoor. Had we the proper arms, it may be that our hunt had ended differently. P. had a Martini Henry of bore and a Mauser pistol. hester repeating car amped in the

bult so that I pitch dark w the tree we had chos

he was likely to make the most noise. shameless preparations for snaring th The grateful villagers, whom we had tiger. Soon after dark settled down I come out to rid of the blood-thirsty animals that were devouring their cattle, required some three times its night's rest I had had for a week. At value before they would part with it. Too late we discovered the deceitfulness of that pig. In the temple it had tee this plan as infallible, and it may protested so loudly as to drown all ne- be that the result had nothing to do gotiations, but when at last tied up on with what I still regard as rather an the field of action it was the most contented pigs I have ever known, and after the first streak of dawn, and in frantic pulls at the string attached to a light by which a .44 carbine is my his leg were utterly useless to stir him only excuse for not dropping him there to a sense of what was expected of him. and then, a magnificent tiger emerged At length, bitten all over by mosqui- from the dense cover and passed withtoes, and covered with ants, tree frogs, and that delightful bettle known to the shot the brute bounded into the air Chinese as the "water buffalo," I and made a dash in my direction, apclimbed down and charged out on the proaching to within twenty yards of wretched animal, and by the light of the tree, where I gave him a second the rising moon chased him round and through the right shoulder. With a round his tether till his squeals and snarl like that of a dog, the animal disthe shouts of laughter from my com- appeared into the cover again, and I panion in the tree might have been heard for miles. Hardly had I regained the foot of the tree when P. gave a shout of warning and commenced firing rapidly over my head. An instant later one short wall from plggy unnounced that his duty was done, and turned in time to see the tiger-a thick that in some places it was dark, formless mass-disappear into necessary to crawl on hands and knees.

the cover with six dollars' worth of In this position I suddenly heard a roar pork belonging to us.
It was against all rules and precaient. P. had struck a match and was of the men. Pushing through as fast as lighting his pipe in calm disregard of I could I found an unfortunate beate my request that he would cover my had literally stumbled on the tiger and sortie. I was on the ground within a got badly mauled, his heel and the sole few yards of the bait, while, I repeat, of the foot being half torn off. I directnoise of laughing and talking ed two men to carry him out, and was should have been, according to all our just about to follow when I saw instruction books, sufficient to scare every tiger out of the province. However, fairly or not, the tiger had scored few yards off and perfectly motionless the first point, and there was nothing evidently listening to the banging and to do but to return to the temple.

Early next morning the headman of closing round. I took a steady shot a

he village was summoned, and, after what I imagined to have been his ribs much argument, some twenty men and the brute went down with a roar, were produced to beat the cover for us. at which all the men near me fled. started across the paddy like the chorus of a comic opera, with hoss, and I hurriedly selected one, for trees pitchforks, executioners' swords, and inliberds. One man preceded the party with a huge gong, which he smote lustily, to the great delight of scores by reasons of our occupying the village colroom, and the rear was brought up by half a dozen kerosene tins and he village flautist. It was as imposwible to keep them quiet till we should reach the ground and take up positions crawled out alone—and sent him into as it was to get them to stay there the settlement. Guided by the beaters, when we had done so. Gradually and imperceptibly the beaters—who commenced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by prodding gingerly at the extension of sailors clinging menced by the extension of edges of the jungle-melted made another assault on the cover, and P. and I concluded that. The tiger was snarling and tearing up since beating was impossible, we must the grass within a few yards of the edge. It was impossible to aim at a vital spot, owing to the foliage, so we each gave him a bullet, and again the

watch over balt again.

This time we were ensconced in our tree long before sunset, with a goat for balt. Hardly had the moon risen than out stalked at about 100 yards' (by the subsequent gasping and "thun-range, an enormous tiger, who atrolled dering") shot through the lungs. Here nonchalantly across the glade and dis-

ably the female, sprang out at me, knocking me down backward. With the brute standing right over me, I doubled my self up, covering my body -Philip Verrill Mighels, in Harper's Weekly. 

with my arms and legs, and after biting me several times below the knees, the animal sheered off, and I crawled back to the open. The tiger had won the second point and the rubber, for this ended our amateur tiger hunt. For some days after bringing me back P. was laid up with sunstroke, while the villagers refused to go near the cover. For all I know, the mould ering skeletons of twenty-nine beater may yet hang in the trees of the Yik ma jungle. At least, somewhere his den in the undergrowth lies a tiger whose skin is destined never to grad the hearth of his enemies. Some day when I have recovered from the effect of big-game shooting, I am going take possession of what is left.—Lon After a long whispered conversation

don Field.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

that the brute was dead, but not a man

would accompany us even those few yards to find the carcass. It was now

getting late, and, as it was imperative

that we should secure our bag, and induce the frightened villagers to come

down from their trees before it grew

As I crawled cautiously in a man

called out something I could not catch,

but which was a warning that there

An instant later the brushes to my front were shaken violently, and, with

a terrifying roar, a smaller tiger, prob-

dark, I started into the cover

were two tigers.

The ink plant of New Granada is a curiosity. The juice of it can b used as ink without any preparation At first the writing is red, but after a few hours it changes to black.

Miss Mabel A. Ayer of San Fran cisco, Cal., has succeeded in trainin a number of butterflies. Sugar an water are the inducements, and the little winged pets go through several droll performances.

It is a strange fact, as has been frequently demonstrated, that rate never remain long in a house where the bagpipes are often played. Th rats are like a great many peoplethey don't like that kind of music.

A tailor named Gabriel of Boston we tried to tempt the tiger with a dog. England, has in his window a num which, however, apparently gnawed ber of small tortoises, each bearing through its rope and escaped, the most on its back one of the seven letters serious part of the incident being that of his name. He gives a prize of £2 to any one who discovers that the turtles have arranged themselves so a to spell the name correctly.

> The builders are at work on a stone viaduct at Plauen, Saxony, over the River Syra, which contains the long

long and three inches wide. When they reached the ch. ysalis stage, as cording to the Indianapolis News, in stead of weaving round cocoons the twigs prepared for them they pre ferred to travel up and down th smooth upper side of a strip of woo nine feet long and three inches wide Back and forth they went, spinning their silken web, until at last the made a beautiful ribbon, transparent in its centre and golden yellow at the neavier edges. The scarf is amazing-

ly strong for a fabric so delicately

oven. A difference of ofinion seems to have arisen over the effect of firing a candle at a board. For a long time the ancient tradition has held its own that the soft tallow hurled at the mark by a musket would put a hole through an ordinary plank. Yet here comes a gun-bearer who declares that he has tried the experiment and finds the material of the candle wildly scattered upon the target. Of course, with present-day rifles and breech loaders it may not be possible to discharge a candle effectively from a military arm or from the latest style of sporting guns. But it would certainly be a pity to leave the question unsolvęd.

Mrs. Blank's Club Paper.

Ever since young Mrs, Blank joined the Mutual Culture club the prospec some day having to read a pape ere has hung like a pall over her. When, after evading her duty as long as possible, she found herself set down for a thesis on Neo-Platonism or Bab ism, or something equally beyond her ability, she nearly resigned from the club.

There are ways, however, of man aging these things, and Mrs. Blank found one of them through the kindness of Miss Jinks, a fellow member who writes for her living. Mrs. Blank arrived at the club on the appointed day in a new gown. She had, indeed, spent the time that ought to have served to make her more familiar with her paper in having that gown fitted.

The paper, however, was neatly typed, and Mrs. Blank read it most impressively till she came to the bottom of the first page. There a word asively till she came to the bot seemed to be lacking. Mrs. Blank stated, re-read the line, and hesitated again.

Miss Jinks popped up eagerly.
"The word is 'syllogism,'" she said New York Press.

A Man of Nerve.

"Myrtilla," said the old gentleman sharply, "that young man you had in the parlor last night is dull of compreion. All I had to do was o when the other chaps remained too late and they would take the hint and depart. Did this one say anything when I coughed last night?" "Yes," replied the beautiful daugh-

naintry across the glade and us we lett him to stilled or the opposite cover. Again poured buckets of water over each "Yen," replied the beautiful diled furiously at the batt. Not a other and cooled down. Within an ter, "he said the next time he tollowed, and, after some hours' hour the panting sounds had ceased, he was going to bring you a bot we descended, to find poor namy and soon the treed beaters called out cough syrup."—Newark News. ter, "he said the next time he called

or be fed with older chickens, or they will be trampled and half starved.

The Aplary.

There are a few things which must be kept in mind to insure success. I will briefly touch these points. The first rule, which has very appropriatey been called "the golden rule of beekeeping," is that you must keep your colonies strong at all times, if you wish to get a honey crop. Keep this in view always and work for it. The second thought or rule, and one very closely related to the above is in

relation to the queen. A good prolific comme queen is necessary at all times. You should see to it that your queens to not outgrow their usefulness, a queen over two years old, as a rule, becomes unprofitable, as the queen is the life of the colony, it is very essential that this matter be considered very carefully.

The hive is a very important mat-

Here are the points to consider in hive: First, success in wintering; second, amount of comb honey obtained; third, ease and speed of manipulation L. L. Langstroth, the father of modern bookkeeping came very near solving all those points, or at least the irst two, successfully. His ideas on those two points are the best known today. His hive has been changed slightly to secure the third, so that his hive, all things considered gives the best results of any hive in use today. Each manufacturer has some pet hobby or theory to catch the fancy; but for safety in wintering and results give me the Langstroth hive adapted

for pound nections. common mistake with beginners is to think that they can improve the standard hives. Don't try it. If you want to make your own hives, send to some factory and get a sample hive all nailed and fitted up, and make your hives exactly like it. Each piece and space has been carefully thought out and tested and means something.— George W. Williams, in The Indiana

Best Cow Liked Alfaifa.

In his interesting reference to the Jersey cow test at St. Louis, Mr. Van Pelt, under whose charge it was conducted, in the Jersey Bulletin refers to

iducted, in the Jersey Bulletin refers to the great Jersey cow that stood at the head. He says:

Perhaps no cow in the whole usst was so much a subject of habit as No. 37, that averaged 42 conts a day net profit in butter alone. It will be noted by the feeding tables that her ration differed greatly in its own composition at different times. She was particularly

Experiment working out problems in irrigation and sub-irrigation that are extremely interesting. In southern sections, where two or three crops may be grown on the same land within the year, returns would be better than in ly is grown. But some means for increasing the output of land on the

smaller farms and in trucking districts "A great deal has been done of late years to conserve the natural rainfall with the result that better crops are grown aimply by better cultivation. The habit of keeping the ground loose on top to prevent evaporation is grow ing and extending each year. The val ue of rotation to prevent a plentiful supply of humus also is recognized by better farmers everywhere. It is now well known that soil containing plenroul into a knave. ty of humus also contains sufficient moisture for the needs of all crops when rainfall is abundant. When th soil is very loose water is not brought. up from below with sufficient rapidity to feed the roots of growing plants. In such soils probably no means of sup-

Passing of the Veterans. Grant was a general; so were Hayes and Garfield and Harrison. McKinley was a major. Since Andrew Johnson all the presidents, except Arthur and Cleveland, down to Roosevelt, were soldiers of the civil war. McKinley was the last. The civil war veteran has passed from the president's office to return no more. Senator Bate was perhaps the last of the old Confeder-

ates in the senate from Tennessee, He

is also the last of the old school of

southern gentlemen who link the past

plying moisture will be found until ir

rigation is fried. But other soils hav-

ing a clay subsoil and furnished with

sufficient humus the moisture question

in canter."

with the present. Turner was last confederate to serve as governor. It is doubtful whether another old confederate will be elected governor, senator or representative.-Nashville American. First Ald to the Injured. On a rock-strewn beach on the Cor-

hish coast the fury of a violent storm was just abating. A vessel had gone to please on the rocks and after display of much berolam on the part of the villagers all the crew and passengers had been saved, with the exception of one man. He had been washed ashore apparently drowned and the new curate knelt at his side his circulation

"My friends," he said, turning to the rillagers, 'how do you usually proceed As one man the simply folk replied, Search his pockets,"

The United States and Canada. The courteous and cordial recep-on extended by the United States senate to several visiting Canadian cent presidential inauguration, and the appropriate terms in which the visitors after their return home pub-licly appreciated their reception at Washington, constitute an internation-

fields. Walt reverentward the world. Be thankful for life and not afraid of death. Let nature be to you a sanctuary, the world a holy place. Invite the dew of the morning to wet your head; and in that hour of stillness, reference and joy, you will receive a baptism, the end of all

novitiate and prob Or what of the chination of a min-ister of religion? Does the candidate stand in the spostolic line? Has he had the hands of a bishop on his head? Has he been consecrated by a rite which separates him from his fellows? of grave importance? Or do they concern anybody in this busy world but the ecclesiastic? Indeed, what is minister of religion more than a man Or what can ceremony add to a man Not by any miracle can a priest be fools and knaves have been ordnined o the priesthood, but neither bishop's ands nor the most sacred rite can make a fool learn wisdom, or teach a lown to be serious, or put an honest

And then there are the apostolic peo-And then there are the apostolic peo-ple. These form an exclusive set in the kingdom of God, a sort of chosen-people. They have gone through the gate, and have shut the gate behind them. Nothing of ceremonial or belief has been left undone. They have taken out insurance for eternly. But what of humanity? What of the round world? Where stand the majority of men and women? In the winnowing of souls, why so few grains of wheat? As I try to answer, even in part, I think of those who are doing the world's work. I think of the men and women who are fighting the world's battles and winning its victories. I think of the shoulders beneath the ponderous wheel of progress, now rolling o down to the hub in the mire. I think of those who are lending a hand in the gigantic world struggle for the subrem-ncy of righteousness. I think of those in the vanguard who light watch fires on the hills, who are educating, human-izing, liberating. Or I tishk of the gentle hands, the swift feet, the tender hearts, the angels of mercy and peace, in whom dwell sweetness and light. called? To what church, if any, ido they belong? Idle the question, im-possible the answer. Sufficient is jit that they establish a Christian civilie tion. No, not an exclusive set, not a lovers and comrades and workers walk together, constitute the kingd

walk together, constitute the kingdom of God. If this be not so, wee unto the world, hopeless our human lot!
Humanity has made many experiments, and from failure leatned wisdom. All that the ecclesiastic would to-day teach has been tried, and it has failed. At least for 1000 year the religion of dogma and ceremontal ruled the world. These ten centuries are distinguishable by the supremacy of a billid faith. For 1000 years men knelt to the ecclesiastic, and in death turned to him as the arbiter of their elernal o him as the arbiter of that this ab-destiny. I do not forget that this ab-solutism of the church forbade prog-solutism of the church forbade progscholarship a dangerons calling, set a price on high intelligence, stamped every new thought as h that it burned the thinker and that it burned the thinker and the truth. And all this was done in the name of religion. It was done in defense of the faith. It was done to holy church and God. The experiment holy church and God. The experiment wever, was a failure. The a tism of the church was chec manity broke the fetters that be Humanity broke the feiters that bound it to little things, and the awakening, wondering world started for freedom. We boast a modern age, we taik of democracy, we preciaim the rights of men, because, in the bitter conflet, mediaccalism fost. It lost in art; it lost in literature; it lost in science; if out in politics; it lost in religion. The rimph was not of a party; it was a rimph for humanity. The destiny of the round world was provided.

den, to lighten the trails, to be covered gift; but the Great Physician holds the precious soul in His hands. and we can only stand aside and trust

DESCENT FULL OF PERIL

Difficultles Overcome by This striking pcture represents the climber, Marquignaz, descending the face of the Grand Mulets on Mont

Blanc. The Grand Mulets is a mass of granite "rising up like an island in a



On the Face of the Grand Mulets. adous billowy ocean of ice and

In the face of the rock a rough shielding of stone and boards has been built where a bed and refreshments can be had. It is in charge of a woman who ascends in the begin ning of the season and remains there

Commenting on the revolution, The tron Age expresses the opinion that too much attention has been given to much attention has been given to the development of metal adapted to extreme speeds, and not enough to the production of sies! suited to a more moderate one. It may safely be assumed that of all the tool machinery on the world's market not two per cent is yet designed for actual high speed working.

Girls Do Not Keep A principle which obtains in business is simply the matter of keeping one's word. An article is bought and ordered sent home; you expect it to be

there. You may engage a maid and there is no certainty whether she will keep her engagement or not. At first I could not understand why, when I took a place, the employer would say, "Now, you will surely come; you won't disappoint me?" or "Be sure and do not fail me."

One day I asked, "Why do you act as if I would not come? I'll keep my word." And the reply was: "I have had so many dissappointments." I lived to learn that the merest whim on the part of either employer or employe is sufficient to cause both one and the

other to "change her mind." This is not right. If a maid promises to go to an employer and disappoint her without good and comcleh reason, the office from which she was engaged should strike her name from their books. And when an employee is engaged, after spending time, trouble, and expense to obtain a place, only to be told that the lady has "changed her mind," it would seem to be the wisest thing for the keeper of that intelligence office to request the discontinuance of such patronage.-James Seymour Klink, in the Atlantic.

And She Swallowed It. At a recent dinner in London the conversation turned on the subject of lynchings in the United States, It was the general opinion that a rope was the chief end of man in America. Finally the hostess turned to an American, who had taken no part in the conversation, and said: "You, sir, must often have seen these affairs." "Yes," he replied, "we take a kind of municipal pride in seeing which city can show the greatest number of lynchings yearly. The night before I sailed for England I was giving a dinner to a party of intimate friends when a waiter spilled a plate of soup over the gown of a lady at an adjoining table. The gown was niterly ruined and the gentlemen of her part at once seized the waiter, tied a around his neck and at a signal from the injured lady swung him into the air." "Horrible?" said the hostess with a shudder, "And did you actually see this yourself?" "Well, no," said the American, apologetically. "Just at that time I was downstairs killing the chef for putting mustard in the

Don't Forget That-

There is plenty of opportunity for uperior talents. The top of the ladder of success offers plenty of stand ing room and invites guests. The low-er part only is fearfully crowded There is no excuse for the universal wall of lack of opportunity, for the is no lack. The trouble lies with demands laid upon those who as to first place. One thing is certain there is no quarter for the whi those who do not care to work will might and main.-Chicago

An Ambition Quenched "Some day you may be president the United States," said the patro

"I hardly think so," anes mall boy with spectacion