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ARP'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

He and Mrs. Arp Overwhelmed at Interest Shown.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

The celebration of our golden wedding is over and my good wife and I are still marching to the end of the journey. The fiftieth anniversary of our wedded life brought no change and did not for a moment stop the ticking of the marble clock upon the mantle. The days and the weeks and the months are still coming this way. We did not cross the Rubicon nor the Jordan nor the Styx, but only set up another mile stone and marked it fifty. Now we are on the last quarter stretch nearing the goal, and it was left to us we would make it an even race. Birth and marriage and death are the most notable events of this life, the most pregnant with fate, and destiny, of happiness or misery and it becomes us to pause occasionally and ponder them. If we can do this with serenity and gratitude it is well for there is no comfort in melancholy.

And so we were made happy on our wedding day, and are happy yet as we recall the kind loving greetings of children and kindred and friends. A shade of sadness came over us of course as we thought of the missing ones, the youngest boy afar off in Mexico, but he will come some of these summer days, and bring his sunshine with him. He always brings it and he always sends it in his letters. There is no better sign of a boy than for him to write home often and regularly, and Carl does that. Mr. Craig, of Macon, sent us by express prepaid a pretty iron double seat for the verandah or lawn and wrote, "I made this with my own hands for your golden wedding. My wife and I wanted to show our love for your son Carl who was so good and kind to our dear boy while he was sick in Mexico. Our boy came home and died, but we have not forgotten Carl, God bless him." What a comfort to a parent are the letters from the children. What comfort are good, kind letters from friends known and unknown and we have had them by the hundred during the past two weeks, and telegrams, too, from New York to Texas—and from the islands of our new domain. We were amazed—overwhelmed and wondered what we had done to provoke such interest in our home affairs. And then the press has showed its benedictions so lavishly that I was constrained to whisper when will this thing stop—where will this bird light. We are proud of all this, but not vain and we are more gratified than proud, but the query is still with us "What have we done and is not this all a dream?"

And then there are the beautiful gifts and souvenirs that kept on coming from friends near home and friends abroad. They crowded our tables and adorned the walls. These golden presents gladdened our golden years and fitted the golden wedding so appropriately, and the flowers did, too—beautiful flowers from Brooklyn and Atlanta and Rome and Mobile and Marietta and all laden with pretty sentiments and some with the ever living lines of Mrs. Hemans:

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers for the bride to wear;
They were born to blush in her shining hair."

Yes, all is for the bride. She lets me look at the beautiful things, and even to handle them, but they are all hers except the gold headed cane and the French clock that my dear old college mate, Jim Warren, sent me. And she has given me one of the gold fountain pens and a pair of the cuff buttons and the new fangled carving fork that I thought was curling tongs for my scattered hair. It seems to me that I am a little humbler than I was before the wedding, for she claims all the pretty things, from the massive golden ladle of Mrs. Akin and the beautiful golden chalices of the *Constitution* and the lovely spoon service of the *Home and Farm* and the gold mounted umbrella from Kansas City, down to the golden bookmark and the golden toothpicks. There are scores of other beautiful things in glass and gold, and they are all hers. I am no longer the cashair of this bank, for the bride has put away the golden coin, though she says she only wants to keep it awhile and will then give it back to me. I remember when my father got a pension of $700 for a poor old man who owed him $90 and had owed it for years. Father counted out the gold and gave it to him, thinking that of course he would pay the debt, but he wrapped it up carefully and put it away down in his pocket and started for his horse, who was hitched to the rack near by. As he was about to get up father said to him, "Mr. Jenkins, I thought you told me you would pay me when you got your pension?" "Yes, I did, Ass," said he, "and I'm gwine to do it tomorrow shore. I jest wanted to take it all home and let the old woman look at it and feel of it and count it, and we would sleep with it in the house one night, Ass—just one night, Ass." And sure enough he did bring it back next day and paid the debt and put the rest in my father's safe.

I know that my bride will do that, too. Fifty years ago she promised me everything she had or was going to have and so I will wait. She has always given me everything that came to her except the children. She claims all of them and still speaks of them as "My children—my boys and my girls." Evan Howell, my old friend, came to our wedding and brought his good wife with him. You see, I was at his father's wedding long before he was born and I wanted him here, but when he was called upon to respond to Judge Akin's beautiful speech, I thought he went a little out of his way to say that every man was made better by his wife and that he had reason to believe that his friend, Bill Arp, was indebted to Mrs. Arp for his fame and name and good repute—that she was the power behind the throne—the guiding star—the pilot at the helm, the inspiration, and all that sort of thing. My wife was standing meekly by my side and heard it all, and it seemed to me she straightened up a little and seemed taller as he spoke. He continued on that line until I began to feel like I was nothing but an old ship that my wife had steered through the breakers. I saw that his remarks were very grateful to Mrs. Howell, for she stretched up a little, too, and as I looked around upon the matrons they were all stretching up, and my fear is they will stay so. I don't think I will invite Evan to our next wedding.

And now comes the aftermath—the second reaping of this harvest of love. We must answer all these kind letters, and we must thank the donors for all these beautiful gifts. It will take time, but it will be a labor of love. Many of the letters are in verse, and what is remarkable, most of the poems are from our aged friends. Just take note of this from Dr. Alexander, the veteran physician of Atlanta. Who would have thought that he would have turned bard in his seventy-fifth year? He sent me a beautiful cane, and the following verses, were wrapped around it. May the good Lord lead him gently to the grave:

"I never can forget it—whatever time decrees—
The dear old time in youth's sweet prime,
When 'Bill' and I were boys.
It is the only bright memory no earthly
dross allays,
For sweet bells chime of that dear time,
When 'Bill' and I were boys!

"I was there when 'Bill' was married, in the
pleasant far away,
To the fair and noble woman
Whom he weds again to-day.
His golden marriage time it is. Ah, time
no love destroys!
For they love each other better than
When 'Bill' and I were boys!

"Well, here's a greeting for you, 'Bill,'
And blessings on your life,
And love and forever
To your jewel of a wife!
To me you're both a memory
No earthly dross alloys,
Thank God we're still as happy as
When 'Bill' and I were boys!

"You need a staff to lean on, 'Bill,'
For love's your staff and guide,
And love has led you safe thus far,
And love is by your side:
But take this staff, old comrade,
With your golden wedding joys—
And lean upon it for these days
When 'Bill' and I were boys!

—JAMES F. ALEXANDER.

"March 7, 1899."

Oh the dear memories that these lines crowded on me—the branches where we fished for minnows and perch and horny-heads, the shoal creek where we seined and the mill pond where we jumped from the springboard and the water seemed a mile deep, and the trees we climbed for chestnuts that seemed a mile high. What a fine coon dog was Rover, and what a good rabbit dog was Tag. But the long red hills have shrunk and the mill pond is but a little pool and the trees have been cut down and the dogs we hunted with are dead. Alas! how cruel is time.

And here before me are some tender lines from old Colonel Gibbons, who has passed his four score years. He adds another verse to "John Anderson My Joe." So does my dear old partner, Judge Branham, and he says that Dr. Deems wrote it. And an old lady from Washington, D. C., sends still another verse and says it was written by a man in Ohio. Here are three different additions to the poem and all are beautiful. And here are several loving verses from our cherished friend, Captain Calhoun, who is no spring bird or bard, but is old enough to write poetry. There is a man who always brings sunshine. His life is a struggle and strain, but "like the sun of Alkonmok, he never complains."

Then there is the double-hearted gem from our unknown friend, "Dunne Brown," with its graphic illustrations. Nothing prettier or more appropriate was ever written or designed. He is both a poet and an artist, and the gem is to be encased in a golden frame and placed upon the golden papered wall. And dear, good Charlie Hubner never forgets or neglects to write the right thing in the right way and at the right time. And then there were the golden wedding's golden bells that were rung to sweet music by Colonel and Mrs. Roy Mason, of Richmond, Va.

Besides all these there were beautiful prose poems by Uncle Remus, Frank Stanton, Wallace Reed, and Frank Richardson, and Mr. Knott, of the *Home and Farm*, and Mr. Einstein, of the New York *Press*, and Albert Shaw, of the *Review of Reviews*, that have been placed carefully among our wedding treasures. What shall we render to our friends for all their benefits and benedictions? Why, here is a massive wedding ring that Dr. Benham, the oldest and noblest Roman of them all, sent to my wife to be placed by me upon her wedding finger as I renewed the promises I made her 50 years ago. And here is another that our dear good friend, Joe Brown, sends. It is exquisitely engraved "Golden Years, Golden Hearts," and his letter is another gem—a prose poem that is worth more than the ring to me, for I am not a woman. And here is a Klondike nugget sent from a friend who lives in the far off state of Washington and is now mining in Alaska. And here, hanging on the parlor wall, is a beautiful picture of John Anderson my Joe, and his loving spouse. It is encased in an exquisite golden frame, and nothing can be more tenderly pathetic than this sketch, where the good old matron is smoothing the thin and silvery hair of her life-long companion as she sings, "Now we must totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go." This came from Mrs. Ward, of Birmingham, a dear old family friend, who was a school girl in pantalettes when we moved to Rome in '51. She, too, had to flee from the foul invader in '64 the same night my wife and children did, and when they two got together I tell you they make the yankee fur fly and the yankees' ears burn when those who wear them are talked about. Did you ever try to drive an old hen with a brood of right young chickens out of the garden. Well, that's the way these two mothers fled and dodged and raised their feathers, and pranced around all over the country trying in vain to find some place where the foul invader could not come. But let that pass. After fifty years, let all sad memories be smothered, and all resentments buried. We have many dear friends among those yankees and on this glad event they have all been kind; very kind. The lawyers tell us of a statute of the limitations which is called a statute of repose, and which quiets title to land and cuts of punishment for crime. The Jews made a jubilee of every fiftieth year and proclaimed liberty throughout the land and cancelled all debts and gave the land and the cattle rest. And so now let us have rest and peace in both body and in mind. That is all very sweet and very pretty, says my wife, but we must work on. She made up her bed this morning as usual, and is now sewing new buttons on my vest. But I can't help seeing the new rings on her fingers and the golden hair pin that Major McCollum gave her in her hair. As for me, I have my orders, for it has long been my habit when I get a new suit of clothes, to keep them on as long as she will let me, and sometimes when she is not looking, I work in them. Already she has put my wedding suit away, and I will not get it again until Sunday morning. The truth is, I don't see much difference between now and then between the past and the present. I am still the boy. She wants me to bring in some coal right now.

There is no sign of rest for me
In this our year of jubilee.

RESULTS OF VACCINATION.

The Death Rate From Small-pox Reduced From 2,000 to the Million to 26 per Million.

Speaking of vaccination and its results the Richmond *Dispatch* says:

"In the fight in England to get Parliament to eliminate the conscience clause in the vaccination act and re-establish compulsory vaccination, the following interesting facts have been brought out.

"During the last century the small-pox death rate in England was over 2,000 to the million of the population. After vaccination was introduced, but only in a permissive way, the death rate was reduced to 417 per million. In 1871 compulsory vaccination came into force, since which time the death rate has been reduced to 26 to the million of the population.

Germany follows on similar lines. During the last century the death rate from smallpox in Germany was several thousand in each million of population; then the government adopted a permissive scheme of vaccination, which resulted in a reduction of deaths to 300 in each million. The government next decreed compulsory vaccination, with the result that the death rate was reduced to seven only to each million.

Italy also has adopted the permissive scheme, and the death rate from smallpox came down to 440, and later (in 1888) adopted compulsory vaccination, and the death rate was reduced to 100 per million.

While Germany is down to 7, England to 26 and Italy to 100 death per million under the compulsory laws, in the following provinces of Spain, where there is very little vaccination, the deaths per million are very high; Almeria, 3,085; Mercia, 2,670; Corunna, 1,230. It is also shown that in England 1,100 medical officers of health have testified by signed declaration vaccination and re-vaccination prevent and control smallpox, and that nearly the whole of the medical authorities of the country who are in favor of compulsory vaccination."

A New Gun.

Atlanta Journal.

It is claimed that the best naval and heavy artillery guns in the world are made in this country.

The power and precision of our guns was superbly demonstrated in the war with Spain, and gave the American gun-makers great reputation.

There is a new American gun of which wonderful things are predicted. It is the Brown segmental wire-wound gun, and is made at the Diamond Drill works, Birdsboro, Pa. The inventor is John Hamilton Brown, a well known rifle shot of New York.

The government is conducting a series of tests of the Brown gun. One of these was made at Birdsboro a few days ago with most interesting results. A five-inch gun was used. With smokeless powder this gun developed a force of more than 25 000 pounds to the square inch. The gun was mounted on an open railroad car, and so great was the force of the concussion that the bed-plate of the mount was broken and bolts two inches thick which fastened it to the foundation were snapped off.

The shots did great execution, but no report is to be made upon the merits of the gun until three hundred shots have been fired. If it is found satisfactory under such a severe test the government will order one hundred of the Brown guns.

A peculiarity of this gun, besides its wire winding, in its inner tube, or core, made up of eighteen longitudinal plates one-eight of an inch thick, wrapped around a liner tube one-half to two inches in thickness with a five-inch diameter. When beat the plates are in the form of an involute curve, looking like a figure 6. Around the core is wrapped one-seventh inch-square wire to the thickness of two inches, and over all is an outer jacket. The length of the five-inch gun is nineteen feet; length of bore 225 inches; weight 75,000 pounds; weight of shot 55 pounds; weight of powder charge 16 pounds of smokeless.

The Brown gun is very highly endorsed by experts who have seen it tested, some of whom predict that it will prove more effective than any other gun of its size. The tests so far have been highly satisfactory.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS WITH LIQUID AIR.

Inventor Tripler Demonstrates the Powers and Possibilities of this Marvelous Substance—Steamships and Locomotives Relieved of the Necessity of Carrying Coal, Will be Enabled to Make Their Own Fuel.

Philadelphia Record.

Experiments with liquid air, so long a curiosity in the scientific world have been largely conducted of late with a view to the utilization of the atmosphere as a power-yielding substance. What high pressure steam is to water ordinary atmospheric air is to liquid air—except that ratio of pressure is far greater. The current scientific problem is to produce liquid air so cheaply and in such abundance that the energy liberated by its transformation under proper conditions into a normal state may be used in all the mechanical processes which now require steam pressure. From a mere toy of the laboratory, liquid air at a temperature of 312 degrees below zero is to be exalted to the high and dominant position of the world's greatest power agent, supplanting steam and electricity as completely as these forces have driven out other artificial methods of evolving and applying mechanical force.

Whether this glowing prospect shall ever be realized or not, the practical field for the use of liquid air is broad and alluring enough to engage the earnest efforts of scientific experimentists in every civilized country; and, naturally enough, American skill and genius have thus far produced the most noteworthy results in this new branch of scientific inquiry. In the laboratory of Charles E. Tripler, in New York city, there has been installed a plant for liquefying air which makes the once precious fluid at the rate of fifty gallons a day, at a cost of not more than twenty cents a gallon. The first ounce of liquid air made by Professor Dewar, in England, cost, $3,000; and when he succeeded in producing it at an outlay of $500 a pint the achievement was regarded by the scientific world as a veritable triumph. But Dewar used costly gases and expensive apparatus; whereas the Tripler process employs only air itself, under heavy pressure to make liquid air. The material is the cheapest conceivable; the supply is unlimited, and the process of manufacture comparitively simple. According to a description of the Tripler method in the current issue of *McClure's Magazine* the inventor has already succeeded in producing ten gallons of liquid air by the use of three gallons in his liquid air engine. Clearly, if this astonishing ratio of surplusage could be exhibited and maintained on a large scale the new power would speedily usurp the industrial field to the exclusion of all other earlier agents for creating and transmitting controlable force.

It is this singular element of increasing and almost costless production which invests the Tripler experiments with more than ordinary interest at this time, when the climax of efficiency with steam power seems to have been attained, and the entire manufacturing world is eagerly awaiting the development of a new and cheaper source of energy. Coal supplies, however vast, are limited in extent; while the atmosphere is practically eternal and infinite. Has Mr. Tripler hit upon the long concealed tremendous secret of costless and limitless power? Will the ocean liner of the future have no coal bunkers nor boilers, the locomotive no fire box, water tank or tender: the great iron works no batteries of boilers and relays of mighty steam engines? Without heavy machinery, storage batteries or fuel reservoirs, shall the aeronaut of the Twentieth Century glide through space, taking his power from the surrounding air on his way? These dazzling possibilities, with all their multiform and implied developements, are involved in the success or failure of the attempts to place the production of liquid air upon a sound commercial basis. The civilized world would be transformed, indeed, if mankind should learn at last to rely upon the hand of the normal atmosphere as an exhaustless source of mechanical power!

There is nothing mysterious in the operation of Mr. Tripler's device for producing liquid air in large quantities no appeal to unknown forces, no juggling with storage machines, no necessity for a new vocabulary of scientific jargon. The power he develops and uses is in reality the heat of the sun—the source of all energy in our corner of the universe, whether pervading the atmosphere or stored up as coal.

As explained by the inventor, the intense cold needed for the initial production of liquid air is persistent; so that the pressure of the compressing engine may be materially reduced while liquefaction proceeds unabated. "So great does the cold actually become," says Mr. Tripler, "that the external air rushing in to fill the vacuum caused by the liquefaction is itself liquefied." In other words, the output of liquid air remains as large as ever while very much less is required to keep the compressor engine going. This strange phenomenon in the practically unknown region of very low temperature affords a basis for further investigation which may lead to momentuous results. It seems like the very border land and out post of a new domain of science, the beginning of a new industrial earth.

From the article above mentioned, by Ray Stannard Baker, the following extract is taken:

"I saw Mr. Tripler admit a quart or more of the liquid air into a small engine. A few seconds later the piston began to jump vigorously, driving the fly-wheel as if under a heavy head of steam. The liquid air had not been forced into the engine under pressure, and there was no perceptible heat under the boiler; indeed the tube which passed for a boiler was soon shaggy with white frost. Yet the little engine stood there in the middle of the room running apparently without motive power, making no noise and giving out no heat or smoke and producing no ashes. And that is something that can be seen nowhere else in the world—it is a new and almost inconceivable marvel.

FUEL FOR THE TAKING.

"Air," said Prof. Tripler to Mr. Baker, "is the cheapest material in the world, but we have only begun learning how to use it. We know a little about compressed air, but almost nothing about utilizing the heat of the air. For centuries men have been digging their source of heat out of the earth at enormous expense, and then wasting 90 per cent. of it in burning. Coal is only the sun's energy stored up. What I do is to use the sun's energy direct.

"It is really one of the simplest things in the world when you understand it. In the case of a steam engine, you have water and coal. You must take heat enough out of the coal and put it into the water to change the water into a gas—that is steam. The expansion of this gas produces power. And the water will not give off any steam until it has reached the 212 degrees Fahrenheit.

"Now, steam bears the same relation to water that air bears to liquid air. Air is a liquid at 312 degrees below zero—a degree of cold that we can hardly imagine. If you raise it above 312 degrees below zero it boils, just as water boils above 212 degrees. Now then, we live at a temperature averaging, say, 70 degrees above zero. In other words, we are 382 degrees warmer than liquid air, we are living in a burning fiery furnace. A race of people who could live at 312 degrees below zero would shrivel up as quickly in this room as we would if we were shut up in a baking oven. Now, then, you have liquid air—a liquid 312 degrees below zero. You expose it to the heat of this furnace in which we live, and it boils instantly and throws off a vapor which expands and produces power."

A WONDERFUL ENGINE.

There would be no practical advantage of making a liquid air for running an engine, for under ordinary circumstances it would be more economical to use the steam direct according to the present practice for the reason that a quantity of liquid air introduced into Mr. Tripler's engine produces many times its equivalent in liquid air.

"There is no perpetual motion about it. The heat of the atmosphere is boiling the liquid air in my engine and producing power just exactly as the heat of coal boils water and drives off steam. I simply use another form of heat. I get my power from the heat of the sun; so does every other producer of power. Coal, as I said before, is only a form of the sun's energy stored up. The perpetual motion crank tries to utilize the attraction of gravitation, not the heat of the sun.

"You will understand this progressive operation better after I show you exactly my process of making liquid air. Briefly, the liquefaction of air is caused by intense cold, not by compression, although compression is a part of the process. After once having produced this cold, I do not need so much pressure on the air when I am forcing into the liquefying machine. Indeed, so great does the cold actually become that the external air rushing in under ordinary atmospheric pressure to fill the vacuum caused by the liquefaction, itself becomes liquefied. That is, my liquefying machine will keep on producing as much liquid air as ever, while it takes very much less liquid air to keep the compressor engine going. This difference I save. It is hard to understand just how this comes about, for you must remember that we are dealing with intensely low temperatures—an unfamiliar domain, the influences and effects of which are not yet well understood—and not with pressures.

TEN GALLONS MADE WITH THREE.

I have actually made about ten gallons of liquid air in my liquefier by the use of about three gallons in my engine. There is, therefore, a surplusage of seven gallons that has cost me nothing and which I can use elsewhere as power."

If Mr. Tripler can build a successful "surplusage machine" it is bewildering to dream of the possibilities of a source of power that costs nothing.

Gun Firing Sunday.

Lincoln Journal.

A rifle shot ringing out in the calm of last Sabbath morning created considerable excitement among those living on the court house square. Looking out the window we saw a skirmish line of men and boys, armed with guns, pistols and other weapons, led by the town marshal armed with a Winchester rifle, charging north across the square. A couple more shots rang out and a little dog about as big as one's fist, was seen to fall. Everybody naturally thought it was a mad dog, but inquiry developed the fact that it was an untaxed female dog running at large. The dog could have been tolled to a back street and quietly dispatched with a stick. Instead of this, it was chased with Winchester rifles and shot-guns and the women and children frightened by the firing. It was an outrageous proceeding and a disgrace to the town.

We have saved many doctor bills since we began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our home. We keep a bottle open all the time and whenever any of my family or myself begin to catch cold we begin to use the Cough Remedy, and as a result we never have to send away for a doctor and incur a large doctor bill, for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never fails to cure. It is certainly medicine of great merit and worth.—D. S. MEARKLE, General Merchant and Farmer, Mattie, Bedford county, Pa. For sale by J. E. Curry & Company.

No! it is not claimed that Foley's Honey and Tar will cure CONSUMPTION or ASTHMA in advanced stages, it holds out no such false hopes, but DOES truthfully claim to always give comfort and relief in the very worst cases and in the early stages to effect a cure.

For sale by J. H. KENNEDY & COMPANY.

BEAT JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE.

A Novice, a Steeplechase Course, and an Old Hunter.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Frank Clarke tells a very thrilling and interesting story of his first and last ride over a steeple chase course. The trip of the celebrated John Gilpin could not have been more sensational as William Cowper wrote:

"Away went Gilpin neck or naught
Away went hat and wig:
He little dreamt when he set out
Of running such a rig."

"It happened at Pelham," said Clarke, "when I went up to look over the steeplechase course and pass upon it. I had a little pony of my own that carried me to Pelham, but he had pulled up lame and I did not care to ride him around the fields to examine the course and the jumps, so I borrowed a horse from one of the gentlemen connected with the enterprise. He was one of those weight-carrying hunting horses and stood about 17 hands.

"We passed through the gates into the field where the steeplechase course began, I trailing behind four or five others. As soon as we neared the first jump my companions put spurs to their horses and away they went. This old brute that I was riding began to snort and kick up to follow them.

"'Where are you fellows going?' said I. 'Oh, come on; we'll just take a trip over the course.' But,' I remarked, 'I'm no hunter,' and while I was wondering whether to slide off the big brute or hold him down, he went away at a racing gait towards the first obstacle. I was scared near to death, for I had never ridden a horse over a jump in my life. My hair was standing up straight. All I could do was to hold on and let the horse take me. He was doing his best to catch the hunters in front, who were sailing over jump after jump.

"The old horse and I took the first stone wall pretty awkwardly for I remember when he arose I dropped back and came near slipping off over his cropper, and when he landed on the other side of the fence I dropped down on the saddle like a ton of bricks. I couldn't hold the horse and every jump he took increased my troubles.

"It seemed to me as though there was a jump at every stride. At the Liverpool I pitched forward and only saved myself from a fall by grabbing the horse around the neck. I guess he knew he had a novice on his back. I remember the last obstacle very well. It was a stone fence with a row of corn stalks on the top and it looked as big as a house to me. The darned old horse galloped up to it and it got bigger at every stride. Finally he raised up to the air and I'll bet I was four feet out of the saddle. I never thought I would come down but I finally landed and I must have come pretty near breaking the old hunter's back for he stopped short and I soon fell off him.

"My friends had watched me take the last two fences and they were much amused. It was not a very humorous proposition for me. I had been scared, but I was thankful I had not broke my neck. I was sore all over however,—so much so that while my family were comfortably seated around the table eating Thanksgiving turkey I had to take mine from the mantel.

"It was my first and last ride over a steeplechase course, and I wouldn't take another such trip for a large farm."

Wait For the Crash.

Sterling Gold Republican.

One queer feature of the trust business, as noted in Wall street, is that business men who have sold out to a trust at an absurd valuation, not caring to risk any connection with what they know so much about, are investing their money in the securities of other trusts formed and inflated in exactly the same way. Thus the paper trust at a highly profitable figure, declining to hold investments in a combination which he knows all about is buying stock in the steel and sugar trust, of which he knows nothing beyond the fact that they must be as inflated and unsafe as the paper trust. The leather manufacturer who has sold out to the leather trust is investing the proceeds, say in the tobacco or oil trust. It offers a very striking illustration of the blind perversity of human nature, which is the chief support of Wall street in its wilder periods.

In Lenoir County.

Kinston Free Press.

Peach and plum trees are in bloom. It is not thought that many of the blossoms were killed by the cold weather last week. Most everybody thinks this will be a good fruit year. We certainly hope so.

Not a Cent for Postage.

Mills Times.

A man from Wilkes was in our office yesterday who said he was 65 years old and had never in his life spent one cent for postage, never wrote or had any letters written for him. Of course we did not secure his subscription.

THE BREAKFAST FACE.

On It Depends the Success of the Day—Stay Sleep.

Philadelphia Times.

How many of us—I mean we women—get up cross and by being open the inference is naturally that we are not good looking, for how can we be sweet and pretty at the same time? We come down to the table a very different individual from the one who rose from it the evening before, and behind a coffee urn we sulk and give our particular men folks the impression that sunshine, beauty in an impossible and improbable quantity is the early morning.

This is really a matter of habit, as after all, living is, any way you wish to put it, so I say advisedly, no matter how you may frown at 4, for goodness' sake beam at 8. The early morning impressions that a man takes away with him are the ones that last all day. The wife who takes pains to curl her hair, to put a dab of powder on her nose, to slip in her most becoming negligee at breakfast time, can loaf all day if she so desires, and there will never be a word of protest from the man who, on the street, in the stock exchange or office, has time for a thought for the gentle creature who kissed him good by at the door. The thought may not be so pleasant but it will be tremendously persistent if the creature who yawned good-by with a soiled frock, with dishevled locks and a "got-up-to-early" expression of countenance, and that is a revelation to a man not used to seeing woman in the day's beginning. If you can't look pleasant and genuinely awake at breakfast don't get up to it. Better to let your husband to think you slothful than sulky. The breakfast face should be sunshiny. Remember this, all ye grumblers. The coffee may be bad, the chief sodden and the meat fried—awful word—to a crisp, but such havoc in the menu will be lost sight of if the mistress of the mansion has a sweet smile and a winning personality to overcome the material discomforts due to a bad cook or a faulty digestion.

TO IRON TABLE LINEN.

There is an Art in Giving It Luster and Smoothness.

St. Louis Republic.

Linen by good rights should be dried only enough to make it possible to iron it well. It is well nigh impossible to iron out wrinkles that have once dried in; even with good sprinkling this is a difficult task to do, as any one may know who has tried it. After the linen is washed and rinsed until quite clean, then let it hang in the sun if possible until just dry enough to iron nicely. Have the iron hot; a lukewarm iron will not do. Fold the cloth lengthwise, if at all, for the first pressing; press hard and iron smoothly, until the linen is quite dry; unless it is perfectly dry it will not have that lustre and brilliance that all well-ironed linen has. Fold the cloth lengthwise until it is narrow enough to suit the taste, and then crosswise folding is allowable.

The only points to be observed are these: Iron the linen before it is dry and iron it until it is perfectly dry. This will insure perfect work.

Avoid starch in linen as you would upon silk or such fabrics. It is entirely out of place.

Table linen should be ironed in the same way as tablecloths, and all fancy foldings avoided. Sometimes in hotels fancy foldings are used, but for the home table let the napkins be folded in plain squares and be ironed perfectly that their gloss will be an attractive feature of the table decorations.

An Unusual Man.

Statesville Landmark.

Speaking of people who have peculiarities or oddities, Mr. Thos. A. Kerr, of Fallstown township, tell The Landmark of one of his neighbors, which is worthy of record. Mr. John Bass is 81 years old. He never in his life bought a box of matches or a gallon of kerosene oil, and never carried a pass. He has two mules and one of the mules is 35 years old and was never shod nor trimmed.

It is very hard to stand idly by and see our dear ones suffer while awaiting the arrival of the doctor. An Albany (N. Y.) dairyman called at a drug store there for a doctor to come and see his child, then very sick with croup. Not finding the doctor in, he left word for him to come at once on his return. He also bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which he hoped would give some relief until the doctor should arrive. In a few hours he returned, saying the doctor need not come, as the child was much better. The druggist, Mr. Otho Scholz, says the family has since recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to their neighbors and friends until he has a constant demand for it from that part of the country. For sale by J. E. Curry & Company.