

**BRIGHTEST OLD COUNTRY OF ALL**

Ain't it a mighty good country—spite of its troubles an' all,  
From the red o' the blooms in the May-time to the crimsonin' fruits o' the Fall!  
Then ho, for a song  
As we're trudin' along—  
For the brightest old country of all!

Ain't it a mighty good country—answerin' quick to your call,  
From the fields that are heavy with harvest to the clustering vines on the wall!  
Then ho, for a song  
All the bright way along—  
For the brightest old country of all!

Ain't it a mighty good country—from cottage to garlanded hall,  
With room in the hills an' the valleys for the hearts an' the homes of us all!  
Then it's ho, for a song  
All the glad way along—  
For the brightest old country of all!  
Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

**WHY HE PAID.**

OLD man Boyne, the boss teamster, was sitting by a coal-oil lamp in his best room. He had taken off his shoes and his coat, and his coarse woolen socks and his hickory shirt showed that he was not a man of airs. He was deep in his newspaper, of which it was his habit to read every word, including ads., and he had filled his old clay pipe for the third time when a rap at the door caused him to shout: "Come in!"

"Good evening, Mr. Boyne," said the stalwart, well-groomed young man who came in.

"She's out," growled the old chisp, resuming his reading.

"I know she is, sir. That's why I called."

The old fellow put down his paper and peered over his spectacles.

"At least," resumed the young man, nervously, "I came to talk to you about her, sir. We want to get married." He sat down, looking flushed and excited, and the old man stared at him a minute before he began:

"Well, suppose you do? Have you the means to keep her decent? How much have you saved? Three hundred; that'll buy the furniture. How long did it take you to save that?"

"A little over a year, I—"

"A year! You must be an awful spendthrift. How much do you get?"

"Thirty a week since the beginning of this year. I'll get a raise—"

"What?" shrieked the father, putting his hands on his knees and peering at the lover. "Thirty dollars a week—a bachelor, all alone, and have only three hundred left! How the mischief—do you drink?"

"Oh, no; it isn't that, sir: I must live pretty well. You see, I wasn't figuring on getting married till I met Margy, and you see I've always been used to having everything."

"Do you own a place, a house or anything?"

"No, sir."

"You must be daft, then. Where was you going to live? At the Auditorium, maybe?"

"Oh, we could get a neat flat for a little money, and—"

"And pay rent? You're a fool, my boy. I won't give her to you till you get a house—I don't care if it's only two rooms, so it's your own—to keep her in."

Margy's voice singing was heard then from the rear rooms. Boyne resumed his paper. Joe Stewart, muttering "skinfint, miser," and other endearing epithets directed against his hoped-for father-in-law, but wisely keeping very quiet, waited for Margy to come in. That was his first but not final effort to get dad's consent. He came again on Saturday evening, while the girl was at market, and the crusty old drayman, with coarse frankness, suggested that he had a "tidy little place" in the West Side, three rooms and a summer kitchen, that he would sell to Stewart if he really meant to marry the girl at all. The meanness of this proffer struck him like a blow, but he said he'd think about it, and he did. He talked it over with Margy, a wholesome winsome girl who had been trained for a school teacher by the canny old man, who "knew the value of money."

"Let's try it, Joe," she laughed: "it's a rusty old cottage, but we'll fix it up. Dad won't be hard on us for the payments, and perhaps by the time it's paid for we can sell it and get a nicer home."

Stewart, thoroughly despising old Boyne, bought the place on time payments and signed about sixty notes at \$25 each, listening with suppressed hatred to the miserly old man who had thus unloaded \$1500 worth of frame shanty and cheap ground on his own daughter's husband. For the wedding took place within a month. When the cottage was painted and furnished and the young couple was well installed the old man would come around during the day to see Margy, but Joe's hatred of him rose to the top pitch when the first note fell due and old Boyne in person came to the office to collect it. After that the young man quit speaking to his wife's father, and the young wife herself felt

ashamed and grieved to observe the grasping eagerness with which he pursued Joe for the payments.

Month after month the efforts to pay Boyne came harder, for there were the painters and carpenters to pay, a bathroom had been built into the cottage, and the plumber's bill was a caution. To make matters harder for Joe, the little Stewarts began to arrive, and when the time came to pay the young husband saw that he'd have to "stand off" either the doctor or Boyne. He paid the doctor. His father-in-law hounded him at the office, at the house, waited for him at the street corner, and then scrawled a letter in which he threatened to foreclose if the note past due wasn't paid. Margy almost broke her heart when she found out the truth, but when Dad called she pleaded with him to give them a little more time. She showed him her pretty baby and promised that they would now begin to economize in earnest.

Old Boyne promised an extension, but harped upon the need of economy until she felt like striking him. It was the same every time a new note came due. He was insatiate, gave them neither peace nor hope of leniency, lectured her, scolded Joe even when the hard-earned money was forthcoming. It was necessary to reduce all their expenses. Joe quit smoking and began to carry his lunch in a collar-box. When he contrived to have the money ready for the recurring notes he sent it by check to avoid meeting the miserly Boyne. By mutual consent they quit mentioning his name. Sometimes when he called during the day to see Margy and her baby she wouldn't let him in, feigning to be out, and thus escaping the everlasting homily about "economy." It was cruel, and she cried a good deal, but she knew Joe would fret and fume if he knew that Boyne had been harrying her. And so they came to have such a terror of his visits that Stewart bent all his efforts to forestall the impending payments and thus keep the despised old drayman from showing his grizzled face either at the office where Joe worked or at the little home where Margy toiled with no less patience and far more cheerfulness.

And when the last note was paid and old Boyne and his hateful ways were commencing to be forgotten by the estranged daughter and the unforbearing Stewart, the young pair had a kind of informal celebration. Little Joe in his best blouse and baby Margaret in high chair were sitting at table, their pretty mother a-bloom in her pink kimono, when Joe came home with the last note—and a big bouquet of roses for the tea table.

"Well, Margy, we're done with the old skinfint, eh? Excuse me, sir."

For the old man was sitting by the fireplace, and when he came over to shake hands the old face was so radiant that Joe couldn't help taking Boyne's bony hand.

"He's given me back all you paid him, Joe," cried the wife, shaking a budget of bank notes at them; "he was only fooling us—fooling us into being economical."

"I tell you, Joe Stewart," began the old drayman when they sat down to supper, "there's no use to make money if you don't savé it. When I was your age—"

And then for the first time old Boyne's lecture on economy seemed interesting to them all.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**He Died Comfortable.**

All the world over, people are attached to the grooves in which the daily course of their life runs, but nowhere perhaps more than among the bourgeoisie class in France. To have "to break with one's habits," "to be rooted up out of one's habits" is thought one of the worst evils that can happen. This love of habit was pushed to an extreme degree by a wealthy grazier near Le Mans, of the name of Chapelain. In order to avoid the uprooting from his habits that in his opinion death might cause he had a little chapel built over the family burial place, and so arranged that he could use it every day as a sitting-room. He used to spend in it the early hours of the afternoon reading his paper, going over his account books, and writing letters. His coffin contained a comfortable mattress, and he used it as a bed. When the cure came to administer the last sacraments, M. Chapelain said, on being asked whether he felt comfortable, "Absolutely so, M. le Cure. In dying, you see, I shall not break with my habits, and in the grave I shall be in a home that I am used to." He begged that his old pipe and tobacco pouch, his pen-holder that he had used thirty-five years, and some other familiar objects should be buried with him.—Paris Correspondence of the London Daily News.

**Dog Life Savers a Failure.**

The dogs trained to save people drowning in the Seine have proved absolute failures and have been sold. Four were retained, named Paris, Meidge, Athos and Diane. This last actually saved a man some months ago. Some of these dogs have pups which are being trained to the profession. It is hoped they will turn out greater adepts than their parents. They already show a liking for the business.—Paris Correspondence New York Herald.

**THE CHILDREN ENJOY**

Life out of doors and out of the games which they play and the enjoyment which they receive and the efforts which they make, comes the greater part of that healthful development which is so essential to their happiness when grown. When a laxative is needed the remedy which is given to them to cleanse and sweeten and strengthen the internal organs on which it acts, should be such as physicians would sanction, because its component parts are known to be wholesome and the remedy itself free from every objectionable quality. The one remedy which physicians and parents, well-informed, approve and recommend and which the little ones enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects, is—Syrup of Figs—and for the same reason it is the only laxative which should be used by fathers and mothers.

Syrup of Figs is the only remedy which acts gently, pleasantly and naturally without griping, irritating, or nauseating and which cleanses the system effectually, without producing that constipated habit which results from the use of the old-time cathartics and modern imitations, and against which the children should be so carefully guarded. If you would have them grow to manhood and womanhood, strong, healthy and happy, do not give them medicines, when medicines are not needed, and when nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative, give them only the simple, pleasant and gentle—Syrup of Figs.

Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic syrups and juices, but also to our original method of manufacture and as you value the health of the little ones, do not accept any of the substitutes which unscrupulous dealers sometimes offer to increase their profits. The genuine article may be bought anywhere of all reliable druggists at fifty cents per bottle. Please to remember, the full name of the Company—**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**—is printed on the front of every package. In order to get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine only.



**The Size He Wanted.**

Speaking recently of queer college fads, Prof. Henry A. Beers of Yale said that in his undergraduate days mourning hat bands became so popular as to grow from a mark of bereavement almost to a feature of natty dress.

One day he went into a store with a friend who, after buying a hat, said he would like to look at some mourning bands.

"These widest bands," explained the storekeeper, displaying his assortment, "are worn for immediate members of the family. From that they narrow down according to the relationship. Which width do you need, sir?" he asked.

The student made a moment's inspection. "Oh, give me about an uncle," he replied.

No greater sanitary advance has been made in the last decade than that relating to the extermination of mosquitoes in yellow fever and malarial districts. If any cumulative proof were needed of the part played by mosquitoes in spreading these diseases it is found in the September statement of the health officer of Havana, Cuba, from which it appears that there has not been a single case of yellow fever reported in that city for year past. Besides the crusade against the mosquitoes themselves, extraordinary precautions have been taken to prevent mosquitoes from gaining access to apartments where yellow fever patients are confined.

It is said that in Philadelphia there is a "vegetarian church" and its meeting house in that city is the only one of the sect in America. Though this church has but the one meeting house

**A Cough**

"I have made a most thorough trial of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and am prepared to say that for all diseases of the lungs it never disappoints."

J. Early Finley, Ironton, O.

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral won't cure rheumatism; we never said it would. It won't cure dyspepsia; we never claimed it. But it will cure coughs and colds of all kinds. We first said this sixty years ago; we've been saying it ever since.**

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

**Which?**

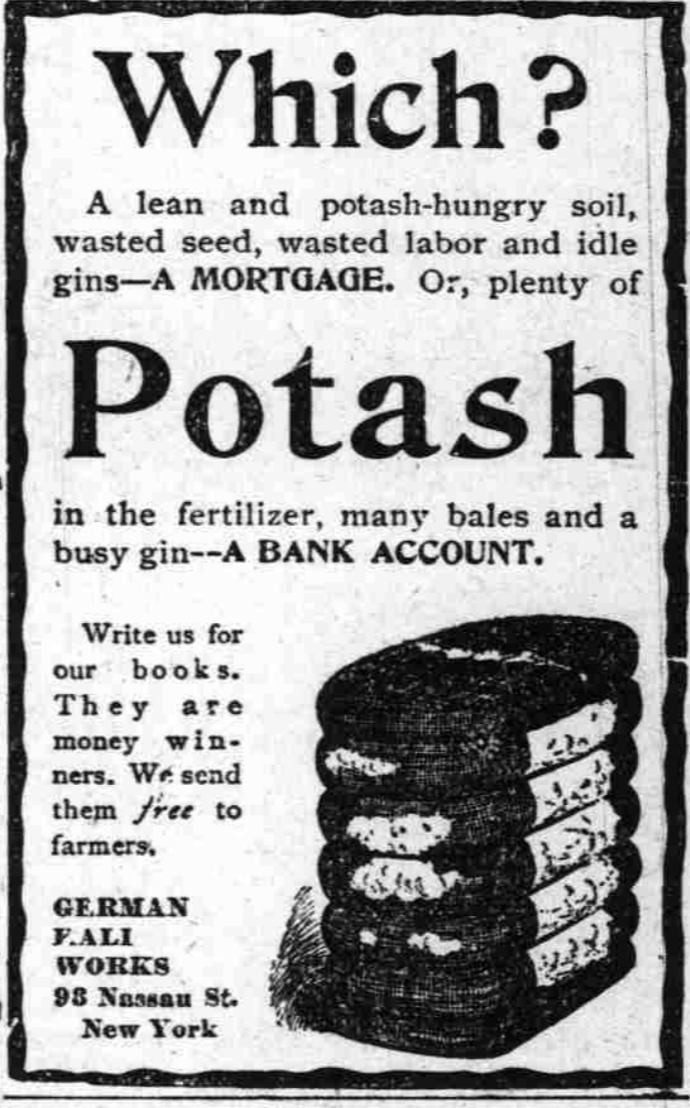
A lean and potash-hungry soil, wasted seed, wasted labor and idle guns—A MORTGAGE. Or, plenty of

**Potash**

in the fertilizer, many bales and a busy gin—A BANK ACCOUNT.

Write us for our books. They are money winners. We send them free to farmers.

GERMAN FALL WORKS  
95 Nassau St.  
New York



So. 5.

**SWIFT CREEK Stock and Dairy Farm.**

Has for sale a large number of nice young registered A. J. C. C. Jersey Bulls and Heifers. None better bred in the South. Combining closely the most noted and up-to-date blood in America. Bulls 10 to 12 months old, \$25.00. Heifers same age, \$18.00. POLAND-CHINA PIGS, \$5.00 each. Send check and get what you want.

T. P. BRASWELL, Prop., Battleboro, N. C.

**Current Events.**

The Methodist ministers of Indianapolis, in order to stimulate fresh interest among their congregations, have adopted a plan of exchanging pulpits. The congregations are not told what preachers they are going to have and this deprives them of the excuse often made for not going to church—that they know just what the sermon is going to be.

The best ten chapters course of Bible studies, which is being given in the chapel of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, New York city, on Sunday evenings at 7:30 o'clock, is arousing unusual interest. Three hundred and sixty-five persons were present for the study of the fourteenth chapter of John and about the same number of the third chapter of John. Five of the "best ten" chapters are found in John, and the other five represent five other books of the Bible.

The Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, referring to the agency which is most keenly felt in the destruction of the influence of the church of today, says: "It isn't the higher critics that are destroying the influence of the church—and I have no more sympathy with the destructive critics than you have. The trouble is not with the higher critics, but with the lower living of Christians. The fog of higher criticism is not to be dissipated by firing great guns at it. That only adds to the fog the smoke of the powder. You can dissipate the fog only by the sunbeams of Christian living. I'll wear myself out preaching the evidence of Christianity, and some cross-grained representative of Christianity in the Jews will spoil the whole inside of ten minutes after I get through."

John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, in bidding farewell to the Coal Commission before going West to the miners' convention in Indianapolis, declared that the non-union miners had been decoyed into giving testimony in favor of the operators.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF CLEVELAND, ss.  
LEWIS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY, make oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A million one-dollar bills, packed solidly like leaves in a book, would make a pile 275 feet high.

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

One thousand five hundred and thirteen novels were published in England in 1901.

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

Two men and one woman living in Wiltshire, England, state that they are centenarians.

If you want creamery prices do as the creameries do, use JUNE TINT BUTTER COLOR.

There are two women of seventy-five years and over for every man of that age in the borough of Finsbury, England.

Jamsure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOMAS ROBINS, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Dublin Museum now possesses a large stuffed elephant, the first mounted specimen ever exhibited in Ireland.

**Girls Punish Deceiver.**

A young man living at Heydekrug, Prussia, was recently beaten to death by three indignant girls whom he had deceived. He proposed marriage to the three damsels, and by careful management successfully avoided detection until recently, when one of his fiances caught him walking in the country with another young lady. The young man tried to explain the situation, but to no avail. The other night he was attacked by the three girls, who tied him to a tree and with heavy whips lashed him to death. They then calmly walked to the police station and informed the authorities of their act.

The constant widening of the scope of school courses is instanced by the recent introduction of classes in gardening, housework and basket-making in the Hyannis (Mass.) Normal School and a course in millinery in the Boston public schools.

A Berlin dispatch says that President Castro must pay the amount of the allies' demands or furnish guarantees of payment before the blockade will be raised.