

STARR WINS HIS SUIT.

JUDGE PRUETT AWARDS HIM A THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Thinks His Employer Should Have Warned Him of the Danger He Incurred.

Judge Pruett yesterday handed down his decision in the case of Albert H. Starr against Silas Carle and L. Kreuzberger. The suit was for \$10,550 damages for injuries sustained by plaintiff by the falling of a brick wall in a brewery where he was engaged in doing some work while in the employment of the defendants. The suit was dismissed as far as it related to Mr. Carle, and was tried as relating to defendant Kreuzberger, and judgment given against him.

Following is the text of the decision: This is an action for \$10,550 damages for the injuries sustained by the plaintiff by reason of the collapse and fall of a brick wall upon which he was at work on January 19, 1897, under the employment of defendant Kreuzberger.

The plaintiff avers that the dangerous condition of the wall, and that he himself was not aware thereof.

This, it may be remarked, is substantially the only question of fact left for the court to determine. The evidence is very singularly free from conflict upon all the main points of the case, save possibly as to the degree of knowledge possessed by the plaintiff as to the dangerous character of the wall.

The evidence is conclusive that the wall which fell was only eight inches in thickness, and that the method of cutting into it detailed by the witnesses was a dangerous one.

It appears entirely certain, also, that the plaintiff knew in fact that the eight-inch wall was there, but he contends that he did not know that it came as low down as it did, and that he relied upon the overseers of the plaintiff to see that they did not get high enough to cut into it.

The eight-inch wall was not taken down, and it does not appear to have been the intention of the defendant to take it down at all. In this he was not treating his employer fairly, as his contract and the specifications called for the reduction of this wall.

The testimony of the witness Cor-saw tends to show that defendant Kreuzberger pointed out to the workmen the place at which he desired the work of brick cut out of the eight-inch wall. He also testifies that Starr said to defendant: "Are you not getting a little high?"

The witness Day corroborates Cor-saw as to the fact that defendant pointed out the place for the course to be cut out. Charles Hanson, who has ever been an interested party, testifies to the same effect. W. H. Lynch testifies to the same facts. Thomas Jackson testifies that he told defendant to take the wall down, and that Mayo had told him to remind defendant of it.

For the defense, J. E. Kerr testifies that he actually warned the plaintiff of his danger, and that plaintiff replied that he knew his business, and that thereupon he (Kerr) removed his team from what he believed to be a dangerous position.

I do not think that defendant placed the plaintiff in charge of the work. Robert Goods testifies that Kerr told him that it was a shame that the men got hurt, and that the man who put them there ought to be hung. This, it is true, tends to contradict Kerr's testimony that he warned the plaintiff of the danger.

Under this state of testimony the court holds that the defendant when he sent the plaintiff to work at the point at which the accident happened knew that it was dangerous; but I apprehend that this doctrine cannot be carried so far as to excuse an employer when his attention is drawn to a possible danger, and he in effect assures his workman that no danger exists. This is practically what took place in the case now before the court.

The query by the plaintiff to the defendant as to whether or not he was getting too high was effectually met by the declaration of the plaintiff in reply thereto, as shown in the testimony.

The plaintiff suspected a danger, but did not know it, and did not know that the defendant was able to acquaint him with the existence of the danger if it existed. The plaintiff was justified in relying upon the direction of his employer after the attention of the latter had been called to a possible danger.

I think that even if the attention of the plaintiff was drawn to the danger by Mr. Kerr, the plaintiff was still justified in continuing work, under the very reasonable assumption that the defendant, if any danger really existed, would have stated it to plaintiff when the latter asked him if they were not getting a little too high.

As to the injuries, I am constrained to believe that the plaintiff has very greatly magnified them. The case appears to differ but slightly from any ordinary case of fracture of a leg, and with the accompanying pain and suffering.

There is no element of malice or intentional trespass on the part of the defendant, and I see no just reason for imposing upon him a heavy judgment for damages.

Let the plaintiff prepare findings awarding to him damages in the sum of \$1,000 and costs.

Let such findings be submitted to the attorneys for the defendant within five days from notice of this opinion, and let defendant within five days next ensuing serve and submit amendments.

MAINE PRAIRIE GESE.

They Will Fall Victims to Explosions of Billy Hamilton's Gun.

It will be a bad day for geese. Little do they know what risk they will have to run for the next few days. If they did they would make a beeline for the North Pole, through by daylight.

Yesterday an expedition left this city that was small in numbers, but large in purpose and the expected scope of its operations. It consisted of County Clerk Hamilton and "Doc" Stewart, who lives down the river, and they will

go to the shooting grounds of the latter and his partner, Abe Crump, near Maine Prairie. The party goes well equipped with all that is necessary to make a successful hunt and the gun stores of this city have sent word by telegraph to San Francisco to forward immediately sufficient ammunition to fill up their depleted stock again. The County Clerk was wonderfully and fearfully arrayed, and if he does not keep carefully hidden from the geese when he first enters Solano County they will take wing immediately and never stop until they have left him far behind them.

He expects to have, if anything, a better shoot than he did at the same place last year, when he so thinned the goose crop that the hunters have been complaining all this winter that there were no geese left. Judge Hughes expects to leave for the same locality tomorrow and see that the County Clerk takes no unfair advantage of the confiding geese and that he himself gets a fair share of the sport before the geese are exterminated. It is expected that roast goose will be a common article of diet with their friends for the next week.

SANTA ANA PROTESTS.

Would Like the State Horticultural Society to Meet There.

B. M. LeLong, Secretary of the State Board of Horticulture, has received the following protest and petition, signed by thirty-three members of the Santa Ana Chamber of Commerce:

"We are informed and advised that you, as the Secretary of the State Horticultural Society, have appointed State meetings of said society at Riverside, Redlands and San Diego, but that no appointment has been made for holding a State meeting of said society at Santa Ana, the county seat of Orange County.

"While we do not wish to gain advantage at the expense of another section, yet we respectfully represent that Riverside and Redlands are sections quite near each other if not adjacent, and a State meeting held in one of those cities might be easily attended by persons living in the other city or section, and thus one meeting in that section would answer the convenience and demands of the horticulturists in that portion of the State.

"We therefore, under these representations, do most respectfully petition you to cancel the meeting in either Riverside or Redlands, and make an appointment to hold a meeting of the State Horticultural Society in Santa Ana."

In answer to the protest or petition, Secretary LeLong has sent the following in reply:

"I have in receipt of a communication, dated Santa Ana, February 11th, in the form of a petition, to which your name is subscribed, asking that the State Fruit-growers' convention hold a session at Santa Ana this spring.

"The State Fruit-growers' convention at its last session held in this city, adopted a resolution providing for a spring convention in the southern part of the State. It was then thought advisable to meet at Los Angeles two days, then adjourn to meet at San Diego, Riverside and Redlands, one day each, and at such other points as the committee may determine. The Executive Committee of this board was appointed a Committee of Arrangements and all matters relative to the convention were referred to this committee, with full power to act.

"This committee is composed of Hon. R. D. Smith, Chairman, Sacramento; Hon. E. L. Woodruff, Santa Barbara; and Hon. T. A. Rice, El Rio, Ventura County. The committee has been corresponding with different organizations and fruit growers in general and will soon decide as to where this convention will be held, and also the date.

"From conversations had with members of the committee I am inclined to the belief that the convention will only be held at two points, but which points will be selected I am unable to say. It is probable that it will meet for two or more days at Los Angeles, and then adjourn to meet for two or more days at some central point, so as to give the visitors an opportunity to visit the important fruit sections while attending the sessions.

"I have referred your communication to the Executive Committee and hope that if they determine to hold sessions in the different localities, Santa Ana will not be omitted. Personally I feel a deep interest in the welfare of the horticultural industry of Orange County and whatever lies in my power towards its betterment it will always be my pleasure to do.

ANNUAL INSPECTION.

General Dickinson Issues an Order For It.

Major-General Dickinson, Division Commander of the National Guard of this State, has issued orders for the annual muster and inspection of the State forces.

The Second Brigade will undergo inspection between March 12th and April 4th and the First Brigade between April 4th and April 20th. The Third Brigade inspection is set for the most convenient time between April 15th and May 15th, and the Naval Battalion will be inspected at such time as its commander thinks best prior to the 1st of April. The Sanitary Corps will be inspected prior to June 1st.

The men will be mustered in service uniforms, and the inspectors are instructed to perform their duties most carefully, in order that the condition of the troops can be thoroughly determined by the Division Commander.

The brigades will be inspected by their respective inspectors and the Naval Battalion by their Captains.

The order also announces that, previous to the muster, a series of questions regarding the brigades will be submitted to the inspectors, who will be expected to answer them in detail in their reports. It is evident by the tone of the order that General Dickinson is anxious to know just what can be expected of the guardsmen should they be called out for active service.

The division headquarters, which have heretofore been located at the Baldwin Hotel, have been changed to General Dickinson's office in the Mills building.

HIS HEAD CUT OFF.

Daniel Keefe Falls From a Moving Freight Train.

On Wednesday an accident occurred near Dixon whereby a young man of this city lost his life.

It appears that Daniel Keefe and others were stealing a ride on the bumpers of an eastbound freight train and the engineer, seeing some cattle on the track, brought the train suddenly to a standstill with the air brakes. Keefe was thrown from the bumper and across the track, and his head severed and his head being cut off and thrown about sixty feet from the track. The coroner held an inquest at Suisun and the jury found that deceased came to his death through his own carelessness, while stealing a ride on the train. He was a native of Sacramento, aged

23 years and a brother of John A. Keefe of the firm of Prior & Keefe, of this city.

WORSE THAN REPORTED.

The Aged Couple Still Have Much Need to be Relieved.

In Wednesday's "Record-Union" appeared a statement that in the alley between N and O, Fourth and Fifth streets, there was a couple, aged and destitute of the necessities of life and sadly in need of food and fire to enable them to sustain life.

Mrs. E. J. Smith of 1308 N street, visited them on reading the article, and reports that she found their condition even worse than had been represented. She furnished them with some bed-clothes and food, but says that they still need many things to render them comfortable. There is an opportunity for charity inclined people to render them substantial aid at a very small outlay.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the Orpheum to-night the last but two of the present mixed and very entertaining programme, with Francis Jones in the clever old-time comedy "In Old Madrid," and the athletes, the musical team and the other attractions.

The Orpheum box office will be open to the subscribers to the "Chamber of Commerce Night," from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. to-morrow, Saturday.

Hotel Arrivals.

Arrivals at the Golden Eagle Hotel yesterday: Louis Hamburger, New York; G. W. Brown, Denver; J. W. Holmway and wife, Charles Riddell, Chicago; L. O. Meayer, City; E. E. Smith, Detroit; A. Schoenfeld, C. E. Cumberland, P. H. Bradbury, T. R. Tilley, W. J. Platt, Leigh H. Irvine, G. W. St. Clair, W. F. Boardman, W. H. Seaver, J. J. Norman, San Francisco.

Rev. B. B. Burton to Preach.

Rev. B. B. Burton of San Jose, formerly pastor of the First Christian Church in this city, will preach at the First Christian Church this evening at 7:30 o'clock and also on Sunday morning and evening. He will be warmly welcomed by his many friends here.

Foresters Officially Visited.

Deputy Grand Chief Ranger Fred Harris, representing Grand Woodward J. W. Hughes, officially visited Chief Star, Foresters of America, at Woodland last night, accompanied by J. Alexander, Chief Ranger of Court Capitol of this city, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Met With an Accident.

B. McDonald, who is a machinist in the sawmill at the railroad shops, met with a painful accident yesterday, by which the thumb and forefinger of his right hand were cut off, having been caught in the machinery. He was taken to the Railroad Hospital for treatment.

Petition in Insolvency.

Edward Dieterle has filed in the Superior Court his petition in insolvency. His liabilities are placed at \$12,471 \$3. He has real property valued at \$10,550, but incumbered to its full value by mortgage. His stock in trade in the store is valued at \$1,225.

Final Account Filed.

Adolph Heilbron, administrator of the estate of Frederick J. Stauffer, Jr., which consists of real property valued at \$2,000 and personal property valued at \$41,98, has filed his final account and petition for distribution of the estate.

Went to Chico.

Superintendent of Public Instruction Samuel T. Black, went to Chico yesterday, and will to-day pay an official visit to the Normal School at that place.

THEN HE HAD TO QUIT.

His Enemies Made This Editor Run For His Life.

The Gulchman Yelper has passed into history, but it left a memory that will be kept green as long as the Gulch is a place of human habitation. The Yelper was conducted by Michael Rannigan, in whom was combined Irish wit and Yankee shrewdness. We all said that the enterprise couldn't last, but it did, and Mike garnered gold without having to dig.

In a manner firm but quiet he induced all gambling joints and concert saloons to advertise with him. When one of them attempted to sever its allegiance it was promptly presented to the press as a den of iniquity and a deadly menace to the morals of the Gulch. Then Mike would get a gun in either hand and sit in his sanctum facing the door until peace had been restored by restoring the advertisement. His policy never failed.

As Mike was enterprising, he would gallop twenty miles to report a shooting or get a reliable report of a lynching. He came to grief through the double dealing of his enemies. There was to be a dance at Goldbrick, forty miles down the creek. One of the Yelper's advertising patrons, who had been called back several times after he wanted to quit, was going to the dance to settle an old grudge.

Just as a matter of accommodation to Mike this patron told the whole story in advance, and assuring the editor that all would come off as per programme. There were to be two killings and a lynching, and Mike had it out next morning under flaming headlines. His faith had been imposed upon. It was all a fake. Mike, however, was still alive, without his hat, and the next I heard of him he was a legislator down in Texas. His office was divided up among his creditors, and there wasn't a handful of type apiece.—Detroit Free Press.

But They Wouldn't.

First Citizen—I suppose Congress could pass a tariff bill by a two-thirds majority over the veto of the President.

Second Citizen—Oh, yes; even over the veto of the President of the sugar trust.—Puck.

Carrying a Flattery Too Far.

The doctor—It's twins, sir. Your husband—I might have known it. It's my wife's hobby that two can live as cheaply as one.—Hit-Bits.

Coronado water, Stockton sarsaparilla and iron, champagne ginger, ginger ale, orange drink, J. McMorry, agent.\*

Auction and at retail of the Red House every day and evening.

If you want to rent your house, see Curtis, Carmichael & Brand.

Cold lunch and the best kept beer at the El Dorado, 528 J street.

Try McMorry's 50c uncolored Japan tea; E. B. tea, 90c; G. P. tea, 75c; P. F. Japan tea, 40c; 33 J street.

Electrical lamps at Scott's, 303 J.

Try McMorry's Blend Coffee, 35c.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

AMONG THE SCOTCH PEOPLE.

ON BURNS' BIRTHDAY.

A Strange Old Man Who Believes That His Prayers Are Being Answered.

It often happens that we find things right around us never dreamed of, and spiced with the softness of pathos or thrilled with the fire of adventure to the fullness of our hearts.

One of these things could be no better place to see the one hundred and thirty-ninth birthday of Robbie Burns celebrated than among his countrymen at the granite quarries of the lower part of DeKalb. Going there for this purpose and listening to the words of the poet, we would say great seas of granite, we would say "Aftan's Sweet Waters." We could no more describe the sweetness of this occasion than we could picture the merits of the hardy men and bonnie lassies who have been seen in the section by the granite industry everywhere so abundant.

We were carried to the grave of the first Scotchman who came here for this purpose, and the first man to cut a block of stone now so common upon streets. He is remembered so fondly that he has been decorated in his grave in the cemetery of Lethbride in a most artistic and appropriate manner. This man was James R. Willson, Aberdeen, Scotland. The Gate City of Atlanta, once paid this man \$5,000 too much in granite check, and he has never recovered after arriving in Lethbride. He at once telegraphed the bank to save them worry, and the next day carried the money back.

The bank official received it without even thanking Willson or paying his car fare or telegraph expense, which was only remarked upon if the thing ever occurred again.

At Stone Mountain we had a look at the crown head of the Confederate monument to be erected at Chickamauga battlefield. This monument will truly be a wonderful piece of work, and was performed by one—a Mr. J. M. Beacon and another gentleman whose name I have forgotten. The base of the monument is constructed of solid granite, then comes four pillars six feet in diameter; then the crown head with a horse's head from each side and end—then the shaft, and upon these will appear a bronze statue of a Confederate soldier. The statue, when placed in position, will measure eighty feet high.

Before leaving Stone Mountain, for the sake of diversion, I went to the cemetery of an old man who pays frequent visits to these granite fields, and whose belief in the efficacy of prayer would be an ornament in many other far more cultured than he.

Long ago, before the hammer of the Scotchman was ever heard in her granite mountains—Sarge Plunkett, in Atlanta Constitution.

Going With the Crowd.

Like a ship without a rudder, that goes on drifting here and there, idly tossing, weather beaten, veering with the least change of the tide. On the wave or in the trough, upon her is the man who merely shuffles with the crowd along the way. Bringing up the rear to-morrow evening. Where he started yesterday.

Better far a wooden dory With a purpose that is plain Than a stately liner tossing. Rudderless upon the main. Better far to toil obscurely for a time On some rocky path no other dares to climb Than carelessly to shuffle.

That goes on drifting here and there, idly tossing, weather beaten, veering with the least change of the tide. On the wave or in the trough, upon her is the man who merely shuffles with the crowd along the way. Bringing up the rear to-morrow evening. Where he started yesterday.

I greet the man who bravely Takes a course and fares along— Turns his steps into some rugged Path untrodden by the throng; He is deftly interlarding laurels now To be wreathed upon the lonely toiler's brow.

Leaves that never come through drifting With the crowd along the way. Bringing up to-morrow evening Where you started yesterday.

Very Modest. She—Mr. Beacon talks like a book. He—Yes; like an autobiography.—Puck.

"Two is Company, Three is Not." JUST YOU AND I.

You need no one to tell you how to buy nor how to sell. If I paid someone a percentage for every dollar you dealt with me, it would cost me money directly, and I would not do it. I would rather give you a little more than I would give you a little less. I would rather give you a little more than I would give you a little less.

Nothing on earth could have pleased this old strange man more than to scatter the mountain—scatter the hotel and the tower and keep the fashionable people. He liked the words, and he walked nearer to the church, even to the door, and then inside. Such commotion was never seen in a country church before. His good old wife ran down the aisle to meet him, and throwing her arms around his neck, she shouted for joy. Then the daughters and the sons gathered around him, and there was wild confusion which soon brought the whole congregation to tears and shouting. Such a revival as grew out of this incident had never been seen before. The meeting went on for weeks, and many joining the church, and the old man joined.

It would be too much to give the whole story in detail, but the old man became a praying member, and the burden of all his prayers was to have the Lord remove the mountain. It was not a great while, as many now living can testify, until a great storm came and blew away the hotel and shattered the tower. Aaron Cloud went away and was never

again seen in this country, remaining in Florida for a short while, he went to Florida, where he died. In time this strange old man moved away, but he still pays the neighborhood occasional visits, and, old and feeble, he smiles as the trains are loaded with granite for distant places, and shouts to the sound of the dynamite that tears and scatters the great rock like chaff before the wind.

Returning to the region where the countrymen of Robbie Burns so like to dwell, we are lost in wonder at the immensity of the granite supply of DeKalb County. Miles on miles of solid granite can be viewed from any vantage ground about Lithonia. Granite could be had here to build a Chinese wall around the world. Greater than the Klondike in the money value, thousands of acres lie unscarred by the hand of progress only waiting to be turned into the channels of usefulness and to the benefit of the people.

Lying south of Lithonia is a region known as "Arabia," and it is the only region that we know in Georgia that can boast of a king. W. L. D. Crossley is the man that wears the grand title of "King of Arabia." He is old now—along in the eighties, but he is still hale and hearty and none the less disputes his rights or questions his judgment on matters of weight.

As the sobriquet, "King of Arabia," implies, Mr. Crossley has been a man of importance in this district, and, of course, there have been many thrilling and interesting events in his long life, but as the geographical appearance of the section is so different to anything seen elsewhere in Georgia I have not space for biography.

Granite, granite, granite! One naturally exclaims at the great stretches of granite that everywhere attracts the eye. If it were proper to call it seas, we would say great seas of granite. At places an almost level rock reaches out for a mile before you, gray and grim, creating a feeling that is easier thought of than described. To the right and to the left, in front and behind, mountains of this grim granite look back centuries upon centuries of the past. We would say great seas of granite. At places an almost level rock reaches out for a mile before you, gray and grim, creating a feeling that is easier thought of than described. To the right and to the left, in front and behind, mountains of this grim granite look back centuries upon centuries of the past.

We had passed out of the granite region proper and had come to the flourishing farm along South River, when our attention was attracted to a mountain away in our front, and hovering around it like a dark cloud and still pouring from it in a roaring fury was a stream of bats as dark as midnight.

We learned that this was called Rock Mountain, and that from time immemorial this same great swarming of bats was to be seen in the afternoons as they came out and in the mornings as they returned to the great cave in the mountain. No man can tell how long this cave has been a den for these bats, but perhaps since the world began—and the amount of bats that have died there makes a bed of fertilizer that would enrich every hill of our county if it could only be arrived at; as it is, only a small portion can be fished out and utilized.

The day will come when people will come from across the ocean to see the wonders of DeKalb County in her granite mountains.—Sarge Plunkett, in Atlanta Constitution.

CRESCENT BICYCLES.

Two is Company, Three is Not. JUST YOU AND I.

You need no one to tell you how to buy nor how to sell. If I paid someone a percentage for every dollar you dealt with me, it would cost me money directly, and I would not do it. I would rather give you a little more than I would give you a little less. I would rather give you a little more than I would give you a little less.

Nothing on earth could have pleased this old strange man more than to scatter the mountain—scatter the hotel and the tower and keep the fashionable people. He liked the words, and he walked nearer to the church, even to the door, and then inside. Such commotion was never seen in a country church before. His good old wife ran down the aisle to meet him, and throwing her arms around his neck, she shouted for joy. Then the daughters and the sons gathered around him, and there was wild confusion which soon brought the whole congregation to tears and shouting. Such a revival as grew out of this incident had never been seen before. The meeting went on for weeks, and many joining the church, and the old man joined.

It would be too much to give the whole story in detail, but the old man became a praying member, and the burden of all his prayers was to have the Lord remove the mountain. It was not a great while, as many now living can testify, until a great storm came and blew away the hotel and shattered the tower. Aaron Cloud went away and was never

again seen in this country, remaining in Florida for a short while, he went to Florida, where he died. In time this strange old man moved away, but he still pays the neighborhood occasional visits, and, old and feeble, he smiles as the trains are loaded with granite for distant places, and shouts to the sound of the dynamite that tears and scatters the great rock like chaff before the wind.

Returning to the region where the countrymen of Robbie Burns so like to dwell, we are lost in wonder at the immensity of the granite supply of DeKalb County. Miles on miles of solid granite can be viewed from any vantage ground about Lithonia. Granite could be had here to build a Chinese wall around the world. Greater than the Klondike in the money value, thousands of acres lie unscarred by the hand of progress only waiting to be turned into the channels of usefulness and to the benefit of the people.

Lying south of Lithonia is a region known as "Arabia," and it is the only region that we know in Georgia that can boast of a king. W. L. D. Crossley is the man that wears the grand title of "King of Arabia." He is old now—along in the eighties, but he is still hale and hearty and none the less disputes his rights or questions his judgment on matters of weight.

As the sobriquet, "King of Arabia," implies, Mr. Crossley has been a man of importance in this district, and, of course, there have been many thrilling and interesting events in his long life, but as the geographical appearance of the section is so different to anything seen elsewhere in Georgia I have not space for biography.

Granite, granite, granite! One naturally exclaims at the great stretches of granite that everywhere attracts the eye. If it were proper to call it seas, we would say great seas of granite. At places an almost level rock reaches out for a mile before you, gray and grim, creating a feeling that is easier thought of than described. To the right and to the left, in front and behind, mountains of this grim granite look back centuries upon centuries of the past.

We would say great seas of granite. At places an almost level rock reaches out for a mile before you, gray and grim, creating a feeling that is easier thought of than described. To the right and to the left, in front and behind, mountains of this grim granite look back centuries upon centuries of the past.

We had passed out of the granite region proper and had come to the flourishing farm along South River, when our attention was attracted to a mountain away in our front, and hovering around it like a dark cloud and still pouring from it in a roaring fury was a stream of bats as dark as midnight.

We learned that this was called Rock Mountain, and that from time immemorial this same great swarming of bats was to be seen in the afternoons as they came out and in the mornings as they returned to the great cave in the mountain. No man can tell how long this cave has been a den for these bats, but perhaps since the world began—and the amount of bats that have died there makes a bed of fertilizer that would enrich every hill of our county if it could only be arrived at; as it is, only a small portion can be fished out and utilized.

The day will come when people will come from across the ocean to see the wonders of DeKalb County in her granite mountains.—Sarge Plunkett, in Atlanta Constitution.

Going With the Crowd. Like a ship without a rudder, that goes on drifting here and there, idly tossing, weather beaten, veering with the least change of the tide. On the wave or in the trough, upon her is the man who merely shuffles with the crowd along the way. Bringing up the rear to-morrow evening. Where he started yesterday.

Better far a wooden dory With a purpose that is plain Than a stately liner tossing. Rudderless upon the main. Better far to toil obscurely for a time On some rocky path no other dares to climb Than carelessly to shuffle.

That goes on drifting here and there, idly tossing, weather beaten, veering with the least change of the tide. On the wave or in the trough, upon her is the man who merely shuffles with the crowd along the way. Bringing up the rear to-morrow evening. Where he started yesterday.

I greet the man who bravely Takes a course and fares along— Turns his steps into some rugged Path untrodden by the throng; He is deftly interlarding laurels now To be wreathed upon the lonely toiler's brow.

Leaves that never come through drifting With the crowd along the way. Bringing up to-morrow evening Where you started yesterday.

Very Modest. She—Mr. Beacon talks like a book. He—Yes; like an autobiography.—Puck.

"Two is Company, Three is Not." JUST YOU AND I.

You need no one to tell you how to buy nor how to sell. If I paid someone a percentage for every dollar you dealt with me, it would cost me money directly, and I would not do it. I would rather give you a little more than I would give you a little less. I would rather give you a little more than I would give you a little less.

Nothing on earth could have pleased this old strange man more than to scatter the mountain—scatter the hotel and the tower and keep the fashionable people. He liked the words, and he walked nearer to the church, even to the door, and then inside. Such commotion was never seen in a country church before. His good old wife ran down the aisle to meet him, and throwing her arms around his neck, she shouted for joy. Then the daughters and the sons gathered around him, and there was wild confusion which soon brought the whole congregation to tears and shouting. Such a revival as grew out of this incident had never been seen before. The meeting went on for weeks, and many joining the church, and the old man joined.

It would be too much to give the whole story in detail, but the old man became a praying member, and the burden of all his prayers was to have the Lord remove the mountain. It was not a great while, as many now living can testify, until a great storm came and blew away the hotel and shattered the tower. Aaron Cloud went away and was never

again seen in this country, remaining in Florida for a short while, he went to Florida, where he died. In time this strange old man moved away, but he still pays