

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 21, 1894.

VOLUME XXVIII.--NO. 34.

## PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY.

WE have always believed that a good business could be done in this town in Paints and Oils, provided a man would put money enough in it to keep a stock and furnish the people what they want. We have kept out of it heretofore for lack of the store-aid consideration, but have concluded this Spring to venture, and have placed orders for a full line; and when we say full line we mean full line, because we believe that only thus can a business be done. We, therefore, ask a share of the patronage, and every body who will be enabled to please both in quality and price. As our prices are quite small, we shall, therefore, sell strictly for cash.

We can please to any size.

Don't imagine we are not "in it" on Drugs, Medicines and Garden Seeds.

HILL BROS., Druggists, Anderson, S. C.

ASK FOR "CHOLERACIDE."

## SULLIVAN HARDWARE COMPANY'S Special Offer:

### BLACKSMITH BELLOWS, BLACKSMITH COMPLETE OUTFITS.

No such Prices, No such Goods, Ever offered before.

BARBED WIRE--50,000 pounds.

### POULTRY and GARDEN FENCING, AGRICULTURAL HARDWARE, AND IMPLEMENTS.

EVERYTHING USEFUL.

PRICES down with any market in the United States.

## COME TO SEE US!

In our New Quarters, 15 South Main Street, Broyles New Building.

### In order to close out our Stock of CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS,

AT ONCE, we offer every article in this department at a SACRIFICE.

Don't fail to see the Stock. You certainly need some of our Bargains.

Don't buy a pair of SHOES until you see our Stock.

Our Motto: "Best Goods for Least Money."

TAYLOR & CRAYTON.

## LADIES' STORE!

BEGINS A GRAND CLEARANCE SALE!

FOR THE NEXT SIXTY DAYS WE WILL SELL OUR ENTIRE STOCK--

### AT AND BELOW COST!

In order to be ready for a large "Spring Stock," we are determined to have a clean store to begin the Spring with, so we propose to give our Goods for COST. All who want BARGAINS can have them by calling early with the CASH.

This is a bona fide offer. We invite all to come and see for themselves, and be convinced that we mean just what we say.

With thanks for the liberal patronage you have bestowed this season, we are respectfully yours,

MISS LIZZIE WILLIAMS.

1845. THE 1893.

## Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.,

OF NEWARK, N. J.

AMZI DODD, President.

Assets: Market Value, \$51,395,903.59.

Paid to Policy Holders since Organization: \$124,558,722.56.

Surplus: Massachusetts Standard, \$3,661,250.01.

Policies Absolutely Non-Forfeitable after Second Year.

In case of lapse the Policy is continued in force as long as its value will pay for; or, if preferred, a Paid-Up Policy for its full value is issued in exchange.

After the second year Policies are incontestable, and all restrictions as to residence and occupation are removed.

Cash Loans are made to the extent of 50 per cent. of the reserve value, where valid assignments of the Policies can be made as collateral security.

Losses paid immediately upon completion and approval of proofs.

## WEBB & MATTISON,

Managers for South Carolina, Anderson, S. C.

## SEED BARLEY AND RYE,

FLOUR, HAMS, LARD,

And a Fancy Line of Canned Goods,

For sale at Low Prices by

D. S. MAXWELL & SON,

NO. 5 CHICOULA PLACE.

160-acre Farm to rent.

## ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!

We may be able to save you some money, provided you need any kind of Groceries.

If you ever expect to buy FLOUR CHEAP, now is the time to buy, as a man don't usually stumble on Bargains like we are offering more than once in an ordinary life-time.

FLOUR! FLOUR! FLOUR!!!

Just received a big lot of Blue Ribbon Flour--the best Flour on top of dirt for \$4.00. Don't forget the brand. Remember, too, that you can only get this flour from JOHN A. AUSTIN & CO. It is the nearest approach to the \$5.00 article to be had.

We have had a nice trade, indeed, for which we return our sincere thanks to our friends; but we want a larger trade, and to get it we will make special inducements in all kinds of Groceries. AUSTIN & CO. is the place. Call on us and we will give you a cordial welcome.

PALACE GROCERY, J. A. AUSTIN & CO.

### BILL ARP' LETTER.

Mountain Climbing is Fun, He Says, to Walking in Florida Sand.

Atlanta Constitution.

Gainesville is a beautiful town, but it is not ripe. The people do not pull together. They are not "discordant, discovered, belligerent," as Daniel Webster said, but they do not harmonize on public matters. They lack an unselfish, enterprising leader in whom everybody would have confidence. They have been trying for three years to build waterworks and can't do it. Towns have character just like individuals. Take Cedar-town, in Georgia, for instance. Half a dozen of her best men determined to have waterworks and electric lights, and within twelve months they had both established and everybody is proud. These men sold their town bonds at par in New York about the same time that Atlanta sold hers for 95 cents. Both plants cost less than \$50,000. Now Gainesville is a larger and richer town and has three times the trade, but her people do not pull together. Atlanta is the most remarkable city in the South for her perfect harmony in public affairs. Her newspapers quarrel, her preachers get into bitter controversies, her society falls into scandal, but her commercial people are a unit for Atlanta. They spend money like water on public enterprise. They have checked enough to invite the world to come to Atlanta and they dare to rival Chicago in an exposition. In the office of the Constitution there is every year conceived some new venture that will draw thousands of people there, and straightway all the newspapers and preachers and merchants and manufacturers and railroads fall into line and the movement is a success.

Gainesville is the center of Florida's best agricultural region. More long staple cotton is grown in this region than any other. Larger areas are put in cabbages, lettuce, and potatoes for early shipment to Northern markets. Strawberries are grown in fields instead of patches. They were shipping while I was there. These early berries bring 50 cents a quart at home. It is a lovely surrounding country and is not at all dependent on oranges for a support. I was the guest while there of an old friend who was with me in the late white man's Legislature in Milledgeville during the dark reconstruction days of 1866. His looks are white now, but there is the old rebel fire in his eye. I wonder how many Georgians are left who remember Major Teach--remember him as a comrade of that body? How we did talk and talk about those perilous times and about those who are dead. Dead! We could hardly recall half a dozen who still live. Old Father Time seems to be cruel and relentless.

I met another old friend at Archer--a man of God who, for twenty years, preached at Cartersville and had to leave there for his health. Rev. Theodore Smith and his good wife are known from Chester, S. C., to Cedar Keys, and they are loved wherever known. Moving from Cartersville to Florida saved his life. There is no doubt about that. The truth is, if a man should live all his life in Florida one lung would do him, and he might have been built that way, especially if he lived near the gulf coast. I went from Archer to Cedar Keys, which twelve years ago was the proud emporium and trade center of western and middle Florida. Ocean steamers come in there and all roads pointed to Cedar Keys from the Tampa and Leesburg and Ocala country. It is sad to bear the history of a ruined town--ruined by the mighty progressive power of railroads. It is the same old story. "Lium fuit." Cedar Keys is commercially dead, but there are still a few good people holding the fort. Fish and oysters are still shipped in large quantities, and the cedar pencil factories give employment to a hundred hands. It is still quite a resort for invalids who testify to its delightful and curative climate.

I visited some phosphate plants in this region around Archer, and it looked like a solid business. Great banks of the lump phosphate are seen along the railroads, waiting transportation. The lump phosphate looks like stained chalk and is full of the remains of animal life. Mining it gives employment to thousands of people, white and black, but all the dirty work is done by negroes. They get their dollar a day every Saturday night and gamble it away Sunday. They are uncertain, unreliable and take no thought for the morrow. Ben Akerman, of Cartersville, is in charge of a large plant and says that some Saturdays he quits with fifty negro men and does not know whether he will have fifty or five when Monday comes. They go and come like tramps. He became so disgusted with them last week that he went up to Cartersville after negro labor that he knew. He came back with thirty and says he had rather have one north Georgia negro than a dozen of these Florida tramps. This phosphate business is just immense and is on the increase in that region. Some imprudent ventures have come to grief, but it was not the fault of the phosphate. I was told of one plant that cost \$20,000 to get started getting out \$1,500 worth and then the bottom fell out. The phosphate was only a small pocket and no more could be found on the property. But most investors are now very careful while they buy. They have many tests made and pits sunk, but even then the pockets will sometimes unexpectedly give out.

Returning from Archer to Clear Water I tried a new road known as the short-cut to Tampa. It is a short cut and goes through a lovely country along by Blue Springs and Dunellen--a long moss and lake country, with orange groves alternating. It crosses the orange belt near Lacochee, and I expected to get off at the crossing, for the law says that all trains must stop at crossings. When I told the conductor to put me off at the crossing he respectfully declined and said his train never stopped there; that it slowed up a little, but I must get off at Macon, which was two miles from Lacochee. Well I never fight a railroad, of course, and so I got off at Macon, which was no town--no nothing, but a station, and so I took my heavy valise in one hand and my cloak in the other and turned tramp myself for Lacochee. If you never walked two miles in Florida sand you don't know anything about an uphill business. It is on a dead level, of course, but it is worse than climbing a mountain in north Georgia. My valise got heavier and heavier all the way. I sat down or laid down every hundred yards and looked behind me to see how far I had got, and ahead of me to the distant spires of Lacochee. I had two hours' time to make it in and took nearly all of it. I sank down in Mr. John's hotel piazza and faintly asked for water. I tried to appear calm and serene, but I couldn't. My legs had grown shorter and my arms longer than they had been in ten years, and I trembled all over like a whipped school boy. But old Father Time is a good doctor, and by the time I got a good dinner I was ready for the train that brought me to Clear Water again. My candid opinion is that I am too old for this sort of business, and if Mr. Plant wants me to ride on his short-cut again he must issue a special order to have me dropped at the crossing and the Orange belt must have me carefully picked up when it gets there. The railroads ought to be made to have a good station house at these crossings, with chairs and benches to recline on and ice water and the morning papers.

But now I am at rest again. I found seven cousins here from Louisville, Ky., and some other friends and acquaintances. The town is filling up and the boarding houses are on a strain, but if anybody else wishes to come rooms for them will be provided. This is the place and we are the people. BILL ARP.

### ONE WOMAN'S PERFDY.

Result of her Trifling With Two Brothers. From the Philadelphia Times.

ARKANSAS CITY, ARK., Jan. 3.--A recent cave-in of the bank of the Mississippi carried away a ruin of ghostly reputation, which has been left abandoned for a number of years to the unearthly tenants which are said to have claimed it as their own. Situated as it was some seven or eight miles from this place and no longer a stopping place for the boats as they pass, few white people ever visited it, while the negroes could not be prevailed on to go near the spot even in daylight. This shell of a house was all that remained of a once splendid country place which some years before the outbreak of the war was the home residence of a wealthy family named Bentley. From the landing wharf here, which has long since decayed and fallen into the river, hundreds of cotton bales were sent away on the steamers, which were only too glad to stop and partake of the good cheer of the hospitable owner, a veteran of the Mexican war. But a cloud fell over the home.

One of the sons went mad in St. Louis and killed himself over the gambling table where he had lost the proceeds of the crop of an entire year, which he had just sold in that city. Two of the other brothers were the devoted lovers of the daughter of a neighboring planter. It is said that this girl, a finished coquette, led both young men to believe that she would marry them, pledging them to secrecy. But one night the elder, going to call on his sweetheart, found her absent from home, and was riding back through the plantation, the sound of his horse's feet being hushed in the wet earth, and came upon the lady and his brother standing beneath a tree, oblivious of the driving rain, and by a flash of lightning saw his brother bend and kiss the woman he loved without any objection on the part of the lady. The lovers did not observe that they were watched and the other rode on resolved on punishing what he looked on as the treachery of his brother.

He waited for him for some time, nursing his wrath, and when at last the young man ran down the stairs to meet him the younger brother saw him coming and seeing, too, the gun in his hands ran up to seize the weapon, crying to his brother to hear him and to tell him at least what he had done. But the jealous man wrenched the gun from the hands of his victim and, placing it against his heart, killed him instantly. The mother, hearing the scuffle, ran out of her room and slipped upon the blood of her youngest son, who had fallen on the stairs.

She fell with her face against her dead one, while the murderer ran from the house to where his horse still stood, and putting spurs to him rode like one possessed for the home of the lady. He threw himself at her feet, begging her to fly from the country with him, and suspecting something of the truth she parleyed with him until she wrung from him a confession of what he had done. Repulsing him the moment the dreadful truth was told her, she told him that she had never loved him nor his brother; that both had served only to pass the tedium of country life, and announced that she was about to be married to a wealthy Frenchman in New Orleans.

The madman, for such he now was, rose to his feet and dragging her by one hand, while his other stifled her cries, he flung her upon the hearth of the open fireplace and buried her face in the burning coals, and held it there until both her eyes were burned away, with portions of her face. Releasing the suffocating, half-dead woman he galloped back home and hung himself to a tree before the house.

The mother went raving mad, and would wander about the plantation wringing her hands and bewailing her loss. The father, who was away from home at the time, returned now to die of a broken heart, leaving as sole heiress of the place his only daughter, a young girl who had been in the convent during these frightful tragedies.

Filled with the idea that it was her mission to atone for the sins of her brothers by prayer she returned home and spent her days and much of her nights in praying and scourging herself until her mind also gave way under this strain, and one day she flung herself from the top of the stairway that had been the scene of her brother's crime, and was found by the frightened servants dead with a broken neck. The place now fell into the hands of a distant relative, who rented it out to a tenant. But this man only remained a few weeks and left, declaring that he would not stay a week longer if the entire plantation was made his. Tenant after tenant succeeded each other, none remaining, however, more than a month or two, though all were reticent as to the cause of their leaving so abruptly.

The owner began now to sell off the acreage in small lots, and so was able to turn the place to account. But no one would buy the mansion house itself, and stories each more weird than the other were soon in circulation concerning it and the sights and sounds to be seen and heard within its gloomy portals. Thinking to raise the cloud of superstition from the place the owner brought his family from the East to make it their home during the summer months. He did not tell his wife of the uncanny reputation of the house, thinking that if she was not prejudiced against her presence might prove there was nothing in the stories.

### Hard Times and the Remedy.

There is now, as well as for several years past, a spirit of discontent and restlessness among our farmers caused by a lack of prosperity. A casting about for some change more profitable; something that will give more ready money than the farm, with its short crops and shorter prices, and the little demand for the little that is to sell from the farm.

There are only two courses open to us. The one to leave the farm and go to the town and seek a better paying business. The other is to stick to the farm and change methods, and add new lines and more intelligent methods until the farm will pay.

Now which will you choose? It must be the one or the other. There is no escape from making the choice; there is no way out of it. We have gone on with poor farming from year to year until we have gone about as far as we can go. Our lands are impoverished, many are in debt, and the general condition of many of our farms are pitiful to behold.

We spoke last week of the increase of population in the towns at the expense of the rural districts, as shown by the United States census. This is due to the causes above spoken of. These farmers who are abandoning the farm for the town, will tell you that they are making the change in order to educate their children, and to give them social advantages. But the real cause is that they have failed of success. They have either lacked the energy, intelligence or business habits necessary to success in any business requiring these qualifications.

So far as educating their children is concerned, in the cases of most of those who desert the farm for the town for this purpose, the expense of house rent and the increased cost of the necessities of life, as well as many other expenses that would not be incurred in a life upon the farm, would hire a good teacher in the country; and as far as society is concerned, it is a matter of grave doubt whether or not any advantage that might result from association with this so-called town society, might not be overbalanced by other disadvantages. If you want your boy to learn how to tie his cravat in the latest style, to gracefully handle the seductive cigarette, or to do many other things more ornamental than useful or manly, he will get this kind of education faster, and more perfectly in the town, than he would in the country.

My opinion is that in a majority of cases the reasons above given are not the true ones. The farmer has tried one way of farming and has found that it does not pay. He has not had the vim, energy and perseverance, if he had the intelligence, to start out aright in the right way to success on the farm.

There is a way to farm and farm successfully. We have examples before our eyes in every community. It is of no use to say that poor labor and poor prices prohibit successful farming. It has been done and is now being done. There is no royal path to success in any pursuit. Success is the reward of patience, toil, care and the employment of intelligent methods. There are no remedies pleasant to the taste of the ill that our farmers are now suffering from. The medicine is unpalatable, but it must be swallowed regularly and continued for a long time before we recover from our diseases.

The quick doctors will be around this summer. I mean the politicians. They are going to many of your houses to see you and to tell you why you are not prospering, and those they do not visit they will invite to come out to public meetings, and they will get upon a stump and tell you exactly what is the matter with you, and if you will come out and vote for them--that is put your case in their hands for treatment--they will remove all your diseases; that the doctors you have had in the past did not understand your case, and some of these quacks will tell you that the doctors you have had in the past wanted to keep you sick so they could make money out of you.

### Curiosities of the Calendar.

The year 1900 will not be a leap year simply because, being a hundredth year, although it is divisible by four, it is not divisible by 400 without a remainder. This is not the real reason, but the result of it; the real reason being the establishment of the Gregorian rule, made in 1582.

The Nineteenth Century will not end until midnight of Monday, December 31, 1900, although the old quarrel will probably again be renewed as to what constitutes a century and when it winds up, and thousands will insist on a premature burial of December 31, 1899.

But as a century means 100 years, and as the first century could not end until a full 100 years had passed, nor the second until 200 years had passed, etc., it is not logically clear why the Nineteenth Century should be curtailed and broken off before we have the full 1,900 years.

April 1 and July 1 in any year, and in leap year January 1, fall on the same day of the week.

September 1 and December 1 in any year fall on the same week day.

January 1 and October 1 in any year fall on the same week day, except it be a leap year.

February 1, March 1 and November 1 of any year fall on the same day of the week, unless it be a leap year, when January 1, April 1 and July 1 fall on the same week day.

### All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—The man who breaks a law of nature mocks God.

—Out of every 1,000 births in England 12 are twins.

—Oranges are grown in every continent of the world.

—Prior to 1657, tea was sold in England for \$50 a pound.

—Ninety-one per cent. of the farmers in Utah own their farms.

—Condors have been killed in Peru with wings of 40 feet spread.

—Few persons have courage to appear as good as they really are.

—Many small animals eat their own weight in food in a day.

—In giving the devil his due you are liable to give yourself away.

—The only way to curb a young man nowadays is to bridal him.

—It is the reply rather than the statement that makes the quarrel.

—Blue paper of every conceivable shade is the present fad in stationery.

—Those who complain without a cause may soon have cause to complain.

—It costs England \$1600 a year in maintenance for every man in her navy.

—No man can worry about how he looks and keep his bank account growing.

—No man will ever be celebrated for his piety whose religion is all in his head.

—The latest musical phenomenon in Paris is a monkey that plays the violin.

—The man who would have done so and so if he had been there never gets there.

—Nearly 10,000 men were enlisted in the United States army during the past year.

—The man who is waiting to be happy will next year at this time be waiting still.

—The prices of medicines are fixed by law in Prussia, and a new price list is annually issued.

—It is estimated that on an average each penny in circulation changes hands eleven times a week.

—There are people who seem to lose all their religion the minute they can't have their own way.

—It is estimated that last year 1,285,000,000 bananas were consumed in the United States alone.

—You will discover what a number of things you can do without when you have no money to get them.

—In many parts of California quail pick up grain with the domestic chicken and roost in orchard trees.

—Some man who is good or figures says that 10,000,000 tubers can be raised from a single potato in 10 years.

—No Japanese is ever guilty of swearing, for the simple reason that oaths are unknown to the Japanese language.

—An instance of misdirected energy--the man who blows in his soap to warm it and on his fingers to cool them.

—We find plenty of people who don't average well; they know too much for one man, and not quite enough for two.

—A New York hotel is said to use a machine that washes and dries 1,000 dishes an hour. Two persons attend to it.

—An advocate of electrical cooking claims that of every 100 tons of coal used in a cooking stove 95 tons go to waste.

—The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

—Josh Billings says, "When you strike life, stop boring; mummy a man has bored clean thru and let all the ile run out at the bottom."

—A sensible woman will not fail to keep a bottle of Salvation Oil on hand for cuts and bruises. It is unrivaled. 25 cts.

—The Alaskans often have eating matches, at which great numbers of the villagers compete. The one who eats the most is considered the biggest man.

—Kettles for boiling purposes are now made with tubes running diagonally through them, on the principle of the locomotive boiler. Water will boil quickly in them.

—Some one sent to Luther to know whether it was lawful to use warm water in baptism. Luther replied: "Tell the blockhead that water, warm or cold, is water."

—Every season brings a new crop of cough remedies, but they cannot compete with that grand, old Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

—An Illinois man has been amusing himself lately by advertising an infallible cure for drunkenness for one dollar, and sends in reply this prescription: "Drink nothing but water."

—A treasury official says that a man had better have a live rattlesnake in his pocket than a counterfeit dollar, carried as a pocket-piece. It is contrary to law, and the official cities several instances where much trouble has been caused.

—Russia still has many odd and curious marriage customs. One is for the bride and bridegroom to race rapidly down the aisle as soon as the bridal procession enters the church, because of the belief that whichever places a foot first on the cloth in front of the altar will be master in the household.

—At a church meeting in one of the suburbs of Chicago, the inquiry was made whether a certain lawyer of the congregation, whose financial affairs were somewhat involved, had "got religion." To which another lawyer present responded: "No, I think not, unless it's in his wife's name."

—The parson was complimenting the tailor on some mending which he had done for him. In the course of the conversation he, however, incautiously observed: "When I want a good coat, I go to London. They make them there." Before leaving the shop he inquired, "By the way, do you attend my church?" "No," replied the tailor. "When I want to hear a good sermon, I go up to London. They preach them there."

—The farmer who has a good home and plenty to eat for man and beast, should be happy without money in these days when he knows that millions of his fellow creatures in the cities are destitute of food. How much work has been done on our farms since last July except sowing a few acres of small grain and gathering a small crop? Idleness has been the rule among our farmers--work the exception.

—Those who have worked the least complain the loudest of the hard times. But when the farmer, like the mechanic and business man, is found with his business every day in the year, he is succeeding and is satisfied with results. You need not say there is nothing to do. Every farmer worthy of the name and of his high and honorable calling, has so much to do

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