CONFEDERATE MONUMENT

To Mark the Graves of Those Who Fell on Manassas Fields.

WHERE THE DEAD LAY THICK

Federal Positions All Marked and This the First on the Confederate Side.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch)

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Aug. 27.—Bull Run Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, have made all arrangements for attending the unveiling near Wellington, in Prince William county, August 30, of the monument to the Confederate dead who fell in the first and second battles of Manassas. The local members of the chapter, with members of other Southern organizations, will leave here Tuesday morning, and will reach Groveton Cemetery, where the shaft is to be erected, shortly after 10 o'clock. The program includes the ceremony of unveiling and addresses by prominent Virginians.

The cord by means of which the monument will be divested of its coverings, will be drawn by Miss Nevell Dogan, daughter of Mrs. J. F. Dogan, President of the Bull Run Chapter. The addresses will be delivered by Mr. Thomas Lyon, member of the State Legislature from Prince William county; Governor Montague, Judge J. B. McCabe, of Loudoun, and others.

THE MONUMENT.

The monument is of white marble, standing about sixteen feet. Around it there are fourteen marble markers, bearing the names of the States represented. On the front is the inscription: "Erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the Confederate dead." And under this is the following verse:

"We care not whence they came,
Dear in their lifeless clay;
Whether unknown, or known to fame
Their cause and country still the same.
They died—and wore the gray."

On the opposite side of the shaft are engraved the following lines:

"They gave their lives in defence of their country, on the fields of the first and second battles of Manassas. They sleep well in their unknown graves on the far-away battle fields. But for them the counting of time is not; for they dwell in the city of God."

The memorial will crown an eminence in the center of the cemetery. It will stand on a circular plaza which is approached by a wide gravel walk set off by concrete curbing. The tall stately shaft will be a solitary testimonial to the brave deeds of the Southern dead.

BATTLE SWEPT REGION.

Of the valor of the Confederate arms, it will bear record in a battle swept region, where before only the heroism of the Federal soldier was perpetuated in stone and marble. On the slopes and eminences including and surrounding Groveton Cemetery, the Southern and Northern dead lay thickly strewn after the second battle of Manassas. As the years of peace after the great conflict passed, the spots rendered especially memorable by the heavy slaughter of union troops were appropriately marked by monuments, but, excepting the enclosure of Groveton Cemetery and a few modest slabs here and there, that portion of the battlefield bore no memorial to the Southern dead. The lone Confederate monument to be unveiled Tuesday will stand on a hill between two others, both of which are surrounded by shafts, erected to the memory of union soldiers. On one hand is Henry Hill and on the other Dogan Hill, each with its many mounds, and each with its monument.

Groveton Cemetery covers an acre of ground. Within this space are the remains of five hundred Confederate soldiers. They were buried practically where they fell and for that reason Groveton is essentially a battle cemetery.

Soldiers who succumbed to their wounds in the hospital, or fell on the march, were buried elsewhere. There only those who were slain in battle were interred.

GROUND NEGLECTED.

For years after the war the burial ground remained neglected. It finally passed under the supervision of the Groveton Memorial Association and was later taken charge of by the Bull Run Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy. Soon after its organization seven years ago by Mrs. James E. Alexander, of this city, the chapter began an active movement for the improvement of the grounds. Thousands of circulars appealing for financial aid were sent out, by which means enough money was slowly secured for the erection of an iron enclosure. The work was done at a total cost of $850, and now a serviceable and attractive railing surrounds the cemetery. That much accomplished, the Daughters turned their attention to plans for the long desired monument. Mrs. Alexander, as treasurer of the monument fund, took an active part in the all important effort to raise the financial means. Gradually the chapter accumulated about $600, and the present monument was assured.

The officers of Bull Run Chapter are Mrs. J. F. Dogan, president; Mrs. A. H. Compton, treasurer; Mrs. Mollie Dogan, recording secretary; Mrs. Henry Dogan, corresponding secretary; and Mrs. James E. Alexander, treasurer of the monument and cemetery fund.

Mrs. Dogan, the presiding officer of the chapter, now resides near Wellington. She has the distinction of having been an eye witness of both the fierce struggles of Bull Run. Mrs. Alexander was close to the lines during the second battle where she could see all the principal movements of the troops.

New Books Received.

Appended is a list of the books received at the Virginia State Library during the week of August 18th to 25th: The Lower South in American History, William Garrott Brown; Statutes of Quebec, 1901; Chronological and Alphabetical Record of the Engagements of the Great Civil War, Charles R. Cooper; The Ozone Treatment of Public Water Supplies, James H. Bridge; Register of University of Chicago, 1903-'04; The Encyclopedia Americana, Volume XV; The International Year-Book, 1898, 1899, 1900 and 1901; A Comparison of the Features of the Earth and the Moon, by N. S. Shaler; Nature Study, June, 1904.

HAPPY WOMEN

Are always healthy women, for happiness and good health go hand in hand. Sickly women, however, need not suffer any longer for in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters they will positively find good health and happiness. It will strengthen their various organs, establish functional regularity, induce sound sleep and cure Backache, Cramps, Sick Headache, Vomiting, Nervousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Constipation. Try it and see.

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SPLENDID CROPS IN WESTMORELAND

Great Improvement in Methods and Land in Demand.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

HAGUE, VA., August 27.—Your correspondent has lately passed through the country generally here, and had the opportunity of meeting the people and seeing the crops. The farmers are in fine spirits. They harvested an unusually heavy wheat crop, and the prospect for corn is very good, though not so good as the heavy crop of last year.

The hay crop was rather short, and the farmers are trying to make up the deficiency by a large area in peas, paying two dollars per bushel for the seed, with now a large number of very pretty fields of peas.

The area in tomatoes is thought to be about as large as usual, not so large, however, as the unusual one of last year, and the yield promises to be much under the average.

Nine canneries in this the lower end of the county, are now running with a flush supply of tomatoes, and one is canning corn, having canned earlier in the season a limited quantity of cherries and blackberries. Two canneries that ran last year are idle this year. The people here use large quantities of guano, and the agents are now very active, and the fall supply is coming in by the vessel load. The use of guano has proved a paying investment, very much in evidence to one who passes through the country now after an absence of twenty years.

In fact, great improvements are noticed in the last three to five years. Much pine bush and heavy wood land has been cleared up and now show heavy crops of corn.

With the improvements in agriculture, the value of lands has greatly increased. Much land will now bring double what it sold for ten to fifteen years ago, and the anxiety to sell land has changed to the wish to buy. But little land is now on sale, except for good prices.

The Circuit Court for this county, Judge T. R. B. Wright presiding, had but a two day's session this term—last Monday and Tuesday—and nothing of importance transpired. No indictments were made.

The case of most interest was one against Mr. S. J. Hopkins, a merchant at McGuire's Wharf, on Nomine Creek, for selling liquor in this, a local option district. There was a hung jury and the case goes over again for next term.

The young people of this vicinity had a pleasant sail on the 23d given by Mr. Wilbur Rice, of Baltimore, to Colonial Beach. It was somewhat marred, however, by lack of wind on the return trip, and they reached home, instead of during the night, not until 9 A. M. next day.

A good many summer visitors and boarders from the cities are scattered through the community. Mr. Charles Taylor, at Kinsale, has increased his house room, and still has more applicants than he can accommodate.

Mr. Thomas Brown, of Buena Vista, has some boarders from Baltimore—young ladies who are quite attractive.

Mr. W. R. Crabbs, of Mt. Pleasant, has a good many relatives and friends from Baltimore visiting him.

Mrs. O. B. Morgan and daughter, Miss Hope Morgan, of Richmond city, are visiting at Ayrfield, Hickory Hill, and Sunny Side.

A young man from this section, now living in Washington—Mr. Ogle Tayloe—son of the late Colonel E. Poinsette Tayloe, is to be married in Washington on the 1st of September next, and many of his relatives and friends here will attend the wedding.

Miss Marie Hoomes Davis, who has been spending vacation with her relatives at Hickory Hill, expects to leave to-morrow on her return to the Rosebud School, at Monterey, Mexico, touching at the St. Louis Fair on her way, in company with Mr. Fletcher Campbell and others.

ELKO NEWSLETS.

Mr. Henry Raetlig, Jr., of Chicago, is visiting his father, Mr. Henry Raetlig, Sr.

Mrs. W. G. Bowery is visiting Mrs. Horace Furman, at Turkey Island.

Mrs. Marion Hughes and her little boy, Miss Binford, and the Misses Brackett are visiting Miss Myrtle Sharpe.

Mrs. Charlie Spencer has returned from a delightful visit to friends in Newport News.

Miss Sallie Irby left for Richmond a few days ago, after a pleasant visit of several weeks to her daughter, Mrs. W. C. Baker.

CHICAGO STIRRED BY AN ENGAGEAENT

Son of "Reaper King" McCormick to Wed Miss Katherine Dexter.

CHICAGO, ILL., August 27.—News reached Chicago to-night of the engagement of Mr. Stanley McCormick, youngest son of the late Cyrus H. McCormick, "the reaper king," and Miss Katherine Dexter, daughter of the late Wirt Dexter, one of the foremost corporation lawyers of the Chicago bar.

Miss Dexter is traveling with her mother in Germany. It is understood that the wedding will take place in Paris September 10th. Miss Dexter is famed for her beauty and intellectual brilliancy. She will marry one of the wealthiest young men of Chicago.

Stanley McCormick is a brother of Harold McCormick, who married the daughter of John D. Rockefeller.

A want advertisement in the Tee-Dee Want Ad. columns "canvasses the city" with your proposition, and if no returns come to you there is something wrong with your proposition.

CLIMB A HIGH MOUNTAIN IN A MODERN RAILWAY CAR.

How Sightseers Are Conveyed to the Heights of Pilatus, in Switzerland.

A MARVEL OF CONSTRUCTION

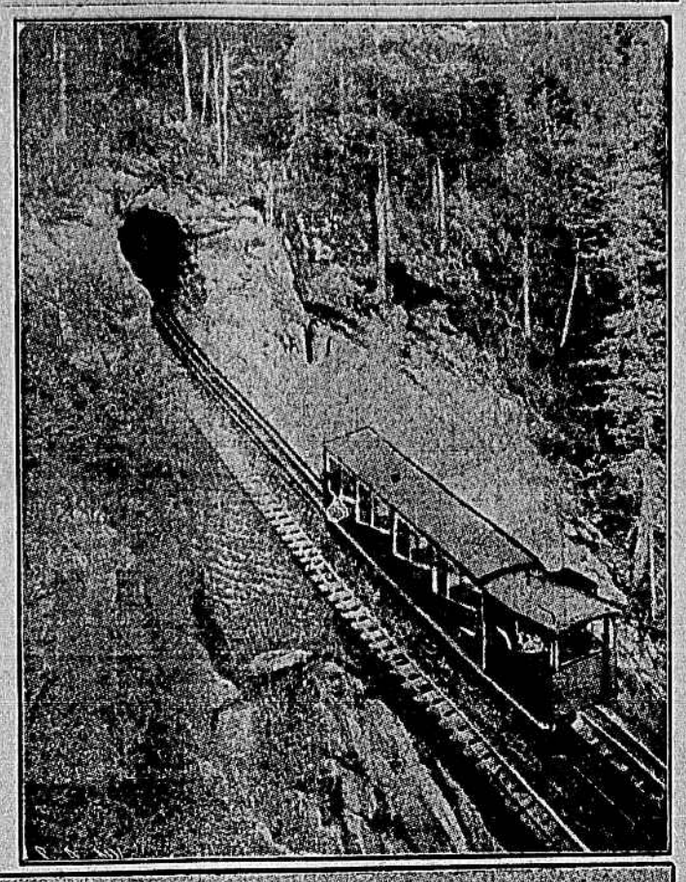
This Unique Railroad One of the Most Remarkable in World. Engine and Car Together.

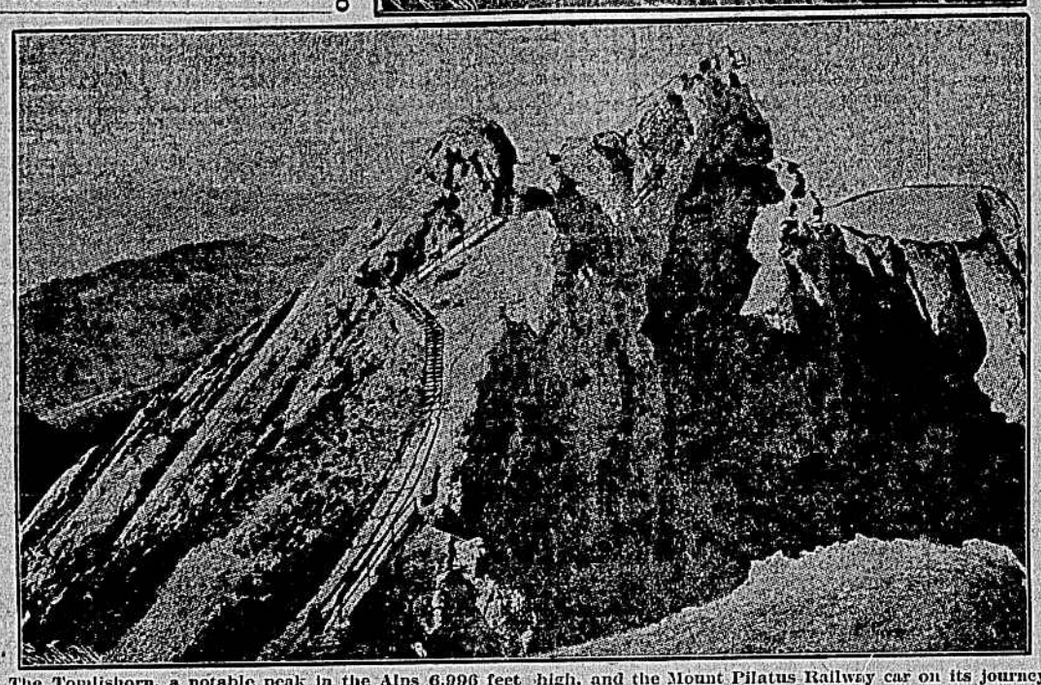
Emile Guarini, writing in the Scientific American of last week, gives a highly interesting and instructive account of the wonderful railroad by which passengers ascend Mount Pilatus, in Switzerland. He says:

Among the innumerable sites that are annually visited by the tourists who travel in Switzerland, Lucerne, that classical resort of foreigners, is, with its lake and remarkable surroundings, assuredly the most picturesque. But, just as one cannot claim to have seen Switzerland without having made the ascent of some one or other of its mountains, just so he cannot say that he has seen Lucerne unless he has ascended Pilatus, which of all the mountains of Switzerland, is the most celebrated by the writings of which it has been the object, by the splendid panorama there unfolded to view, by the sea of fog that is sometimes seen forming there, by the magnificent spectacle presented to the spectator when he is on the top of the mountain, by the terrible legend of the damnation of Pontius Pilate, and, finally, by its meteorological legend, which has it that when clouds occupy the summit it is a sign of fine weather, and, when they are situated half way up, it is a sign of rain, a fact expressed in the country by the following archaic stanza:

"Quand Pilate a son chapeau,
Dans le pays il fait beau;
Mais quand il ceint son epe,
Gare l'ondee."

Formerly, when the ascent of Pilatus was made (an event that for centuries could not take place without a special permit for fear that the visitor might disturb the soul of Pilate and let loose a scourge upon the country, but in reality because certain lakes had for a long time been the refuge of a pagan cult), it was made by following a steep footpath that started from Alpnach-Staad and ended at the summit. It is this footpath that the Mount Pilatus railway follows for quite a long distance. But, while the modest footpath accommodates itself to all the capricious meanderings of the slope, the railway goes straight to the top, boldly crossing narrow passes and ravines, and traversing walls of rock that seem to bar its passage.





The Tomlishorn, a notable peak in the Alps 6,996 feet high, and the Mount Pilatus Railway car on its journey through Wolfort Gorge.

Locomotive With Cog-Wheels.

When the tourist leaves his conveyance at Alpnach-Staad, he finds himself at the lower station of the track railway that runs to the summit. He is then at about 1,450 feet above the level of the sea. The car is there inclined upon the track, the gradient of which is already 36 per cent. The locomotive and the car form a single vehicle. The car is divided into four compartments, placed one above another, and each accommodating 8 passengers. Its lower part is occupied by a water tank having a capacity of 100 gallons. The axles are arranged in such a way that curves of very small radius may be taken despite the distance apart of the axles, viz., 20 feet. Four pairs of cog wheels, two in front and two behind, serve for the propulsion, running, and braking of the vehicle. Rings that embrace the head of the rails prevent the car from being blown from the track in a gale or from running off because of ice or snow that may exist upon the roadbed. The boiler, which is of the tubular type, is 6 feet in length, has a heating surface of 225 square feet and employs a working pressure of 12 atmospheres. It is placed at right angles with the axis of the track, in order to prevent the various gradients from producing fluctuations in the level of the water. The average gradient is 38.1 per cent.; the minimum, 19.2 per cent.; and the maximum 48 per cent. The engine cylinders are 8.75 inches in diameter, and the piston stroke is 12 inches. The normal speed of the trip is a little over three feet a second. The dead weight is 9.6 tons, and the load, with 32 passengers, 2.4 tons. The locomotive is of about 70 horse-power. The braking arrangement has naturally been very carefully looked after. It consists of a compressed-air brake, an automatic brake, and two friction brakes. The suspension of the vehicle is assured by a system of four pairs of elliptic springs combined with spiral ones. The play of the car is prevented by safety stops, so that the vibrations are no greater than they are in an ordinary well-suspended train.

Well Constructed Road.

Such, then, is the singular, but powerful engine, constructed by the Winterthour Locomotive Works, of Switzerland, that daily traverses the 5,400 feet which separate the Alpnach-Staad station from that of Pilatus-Kulm, which is at an altitude of 6,800 feet. This altitude is reached by means of a track of 15,150 feet in length, constructed by MM. Lucher and Guyer-Freuber, of Zurich. From the edge of the lake to the top of the mountain, the substructure consists of solid masonry covered with large granite flagstones. The track itself, which is all of iron and steel, is solidly riveted, once in every three feet, to the underlying masonry. The bed for the track is placed between the two rails, which it slightly exceeds in height. Attached to each side of it is a steel rack with which engage horizontally, on the right and left, the four cog wheels of the vehicle. Numerous bridges had to be constructed under most difficult conditions, and yet, in spite of that, the Pilatus railway, its rolling stock, stations, and shops, cost but $380,000 and took but four hundred days to finish.

The track in the first place traverses plains bestrewed with wooden buildings, and then reaches the gorge of Wolfort, at an elevation of 2,950 feet, which it crosses by means of a bridge constructed with surprising boldness. This bridge, which is entirely of dressed stone, is within the radius of 200 feet uniformly adopted for the curves of the track. Its span is 75 feet. The railway afterward enters Wolfort tunnel, 145 feet in length, and then climbs the Risleten, the gradient of which is 48 per cent. In order to cross this critical place, it became necessary to employ a number of hurdles and piles, and to construct subterranean vaults, as well as huge sustaining walls. Continuing the ascent, the tourist reaches a wild region intersected by the two Spycher tunnels, 107 and 318 feet in length. Upon leaving the upper tunnel, after a magnificent view of the lake Quatre Cantons and the Righi, the traveler leaves the forest region and reaches Aemsigenalp at an altitude of 4,590 feet, a charming place provided with an inn and a small wooden structure containing two pumps of small size, but great power, which furnish drinking water to the two hotels situated at about 2,300 feet higher up in a rocky and arid region.

Region of Bare Rocks.

The train, after taking a supply of water for the second time, traverses one of the most pleasing regions of Mount Pilatus, and then reaches the huge and fantastic blocks of the Mattalp, whence the view embraces a magnificent panorama of the Matterhorn, the enormous mass of the Esel, and the ridge that connects these summits. The railway then reaches the region of bare rock, describes a curve toward a point of the southeast ridge, and then climbs the wild escarpment of the wall of the Esel. It is difficult to imagine a bolder direction line. At an altitude of about 6,230 feet, four tunnels of 144, 180, 148 and 36 feet, here and there pierce the colossal mountain sides. Between the two upper tunnels, there unfolds the panorama of the Bernese Alps. The railway then begins its last climb up a 48 per cent. grade, and reaches the Pilatus-Kulm station at about 6,800 feet altitude. The mountain falls perpendicularly upon the charming country of Lucerne, beyond which we discover a vast extent of hills and valleys strewed with blue lakes, cities, and villages, and numerous rivers, which, between the low eminences, shine like threads of silver. There are two hotels to receive the tourist, who, from their terraces, obtains a magnificent view over the lake of Quatre Cantons, which appears in such splendor that one does not know what to admire the most, the dark azure of its waters, or the variety of the sinuosities that they form. In order to complete the attraction of Mount Pilatus, the railway company has undertaken the construction of the road which is the most singular in Europe, and that is the Tomlishorn road running from one of the hotels to the peak of the Tomlishorn along the most abrupt of the walls of rock, and ending at a platform whence may be enjoyed a scene such as Switzerland alone is capable of presenting.

But here we are far from the railway, about which we have not much further to say, however, unless it be to speak of the intrepidity of the Italian laborers, who sometimes suspended by ropes, along perpendicular walls of several hundred feet in height, were employed in the construction of the railway, and, finally, to give the number of the travelers furnished by the last annual statistics and which amounted to a total of 41,231,520 of whom were Americans and 12,011 English. The success of the road is easily explained. The traveler who is not very familiar with mountainous countries and with ascents finds himself here carried gently and without fatigue to the summit of one of the most celebrated mountains of Switzerland, and preserves a deep impression and lasting remembrance of the spectacle that unfolded under his eyes and of the gigantic work that permitted him to see it and that attests both the genius of man and of nature.

Splendid Crops.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

LYNCHBURG, VA., August 27.—A well-known tobacco buyer, who has just returned from a trip through Bedford and Campbell counties, report that the farmers are unusually jubilant over the splendid crops this year. Both the wheat and oat crops have been good. More hay than usual has been made and the corn crop promises to be larger than for a decade. The acreage of tobacco is much smaller this year than usual, but the large yield promises to make it look as though the farmer will have more tobacco for sale this than last season. The prospect of an apple crop this fall is poor, and there will be few apples sold from this section this year.

LUMBER RAILROAD.

To be Built From Covington Up the Bull Pasture River.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

MONTEREY, VA., Aug. 27.—Mr. John Armstrong, of Eastern Highland, is authority for the report that his section of the county is soon to have a tramroad, for the purpose of marketing timber. Recently big tracts of timber land have been sold by Mr. J. B. Neil, Mrs. Sommers and others to a West Virginia company, and it is this new company that is said to have the matter in hand. The road is to be built from Covington, on the Chesapeake and Ohio, up the Bull Pasture River.

Prior to the timber scourge—when nearly all the valuable pine of the State was destroyed—this section was rich in the different varieties of pine, but, while some escaped destruction, the other timbers will have to come in as a large supplement to justify the building of such a road.

The annual Holiness camp meeting is now in progress on Back Creek, near Mr. Robert Lightner's. There are a number of visiting ministers, amongst them Rev. Mr. Nugent, of Richmond.

Misses Sallie Campbell and Edna Slaven have gone to Culpepper county on a visit of several weeks.

Don't Say

Want a Piano Now,

but don't feel you can buy an expensive instrument at present.

To make room for new stock, will sell all used Pianos, squares and uprights, half price—

Square Pianos, $25, $30, $50, $100; terms $5 cash, $2, $3, $4 and $5 per month.

Upright, $100, $150, $175, $200, $225; terms to suit.

STIEFF,

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WHIMS OF THE IDLER

What's Doing in the Country.

LEWISTON, VA., Aug. 27.—Dear Editor: If the folks in Spotsylvania county aren't good by now, there's no hope for 'em, and they'd better surrender to old Nick without another struggle.

Both the white and colored people have been having "all-day meetings" recently, and if any man, woman, child or suckling babe stayed away from worship, he, she or it must have been hidden pretty deep in the hayricks, for verily it looked to me as if the whole population went to church.

Religion hereabouts is everything and what's better still, it appears in the form of practical piety and evokes a degree of reverence which ought to delight the souls of the clergy.

At both the white and colored meeting places, despite the vast crowds, the dust, the fly-bitten, thirsty horses, the unregenerate hound dogs, and the oceans of food for recess time, I saw nothing in the slightest degree disorderly or flippant.

The nearest approach to sensationalism during the meetings occurred last Sunday at old Waller's Church, founded in 1769, when a worthy citizen inadvertently tied his team of mules over the domicile of an exclusive set of yellow jackets. During the services the mules and the insects got together—not in a spirit of brotherly love, but after the manner of the Muscovites and their Oriental opponents. The "little yellow fellows" soon won all the strategic points and made such effective attacks that the air became charged with the most unholy asinine brayings.

Anyone who fancies that a mule will unmurmuringly suffer in silence, needs only to give the animal a letter of introduction to a yellow jackets' nest and his mind will quickly be disabused of the erroneous impression.

It is fitting at this juncture, too, that I should tether my Pegasus for a moment in the sassafras brush of my barren imagination and pause to place a laurel chaplet on the hairless scalps of the Spotsylvania babies—or at least that portion of them who go to church.

The infants in this vicinity—and the crop has been a splendid one this year—are nothing if not angelic when they attend protracted meetin'. Equipped as they are with gutta-percha "tum-tums" and zinc digestions, they easily withstand the pie, pickle, country ham, spare ribs, chine and chicken gizzards which come their way, and never for a moment get squirmy, whiney or whimpery. They are good listeners and good sleepers and better still, absolutely fly-proof.

So far as infantile ululations are concerned, one would never know that there was a baby in the county, but as a matter of fact nearly every household keeps one. And more are expected!

The gist of the colored parson's discourse, last week when things began to glow and the sisters were shoutin' every minute, was that "we must be borned agin." Surely he could not have made a more potent argument in this sweet land of peace and plenty, where the period of infancy is one long, soft snap, with nothing but food and slumber and occasional flea-bites.

Were I allowed the actual, physical privilege of being "borned agin" I would unquestionably elect to be a Spotsylvania baby, clothed with all the rights, privileges and prerogatives of this favored class.

* * *

Nothing on earth so vividly illustrates the vast difference between the white and black races as their respective modes of worship. A negro church service in the country—that is, such services as we have at protracted meetin' season—is utterly beyond Caucasian powers of description. It is a whirl-wind of emotion; a hurricane of pious enthusiasm; a cyclone of contrition, which, however, does not take long to dwindle down into a mere fitful zephyr of repentance after the meetings are over.

And by the way, the "cullud brer" is absolutely and heartlessly unconscionable in the matter of all worldly duties when it comes to attending revivals. He will unhesitatingly leave the tobacco fields of the best master when the meetings begin, and that, too, though every plant is a mass of worms and suckers. Worse still, he never announces beforehand that he intends to quit—he prefers to turn up missing" and to stay missing until the last sinner has had his sins washed away in the creek.

But once at "protracted meetin'" he is all religion—genuine, heart felt, soul-stirring and soul-uplifting religion, backed by a faith that questions nothing. This zeal could be made to go a steady gait, throughout the entire year the negro would be the best man on earth.

* * *

The process of "getting happy" is the weirdest, strangest, most thrilling and withal the most pathetic thing a thinking white person could behold. It carries one completely out of the realm of civilization and yet it cannot be said that it transfers the beholder to a scene of barbarism. Rather say that the whole peculiar process is mysterious and almost inexplicable. To my mind getting happy is possibly the blended result of negro music and negro emotionalism. One never "gets happy" until the services take on a certain rhythmic swing and the mourning sisters become inspiring with their cronings. Then the volume of noise—or rather sound—begins to swell and swell and swell until it fills the whole church and the whole surrounding grove with a strange, inimitable music. By now, the parson has lapsed into a metrical strain and preaches almost in blank verse which seems to come natural to him under the excitement of the occasion. If he is a good parson—that is to say, a good producer of shoutin's—his body will keep time with his own intonations and possibly, if the day is comfortably warm and there's plenty of perspiration, he'll slip into a kind of circumspect jig-dancing which sets the congregation wild.

And here's where the shoutin' and the seekin' and the mournin' and the gettin' happy begins in earnest and the leaven commences to work in the loaf, just where you least expect it, there is a wild shriek and a dusky sister leaps into the air, gives a frantic yell and falls back stark, rigid and apparently unconscious. Willing, not to say eager hands, divest the "happy" one of her bonnet and stretch her out on the bench, where she lays in a stupor during the rest of the service. Other sisters by now, are repeating the same performance in different parts of the house of worship and the very air seems electrified.

The acquisition of each individual case of "happiness" adds zest to the parson, makes him more musical, but more incoherent. And the mourning soprano—usually some old sister known for miles around—now pours forth her croning melody unceasingly, while sedate old colored brothers add all sorts of vocal curly q's which somehow accord wit hwonderful harmony.

Occasionally, too, if the white heat of the religious fervor begins merely to redden, the pulpit exhorter warms things up again by directing questions to his congregation which are answered in a chorus, and which quickly produce other uproarous evidences of beatitude.

So far as I could observe nobody got "happy"—that is, nobody reached the cataleptic state of religious joy—except the adult women. The children, when touched by the "spearit" merely went and hid their faces in their handkerchiefs. The brethren, however, were very dutiful in the matter of manipulating palm-leaf fans in the neighborhood of the swooning sister. Indeed, one consequential old deacon seemed to be the official fanner of the church and be it said that towards the last he worked overtime.

The congregational singing of the colored folks is indescribably beautiful and utterly beyond the reach of white folks. There's no use trying to reproduce it under artificial conditions—it won't reproduce. Sooner could the horticulturist raise wild flowers in cities or make the old field pine grow on urban sidewalks.

And sweeter still, though less exuberant, is the singing when the protracted meetin' ends—as it always does in Baptist camps—with a whopping big baptizin' in the creek. Then, indeed, religion gets close to nature, despite the gnats and the flies and the swamp mosquitoes, and the stamping horses on the bridges, and the belligerent hound dogs and the threatening clouds.

Country niggers are not so bad after all—leastwise they are pretty good critters when one doesn't need them in one's business and when one has got the tobacco crop well in hand and doesn't care who's elected.

* * *

White folks, as a general thing, keep their emotions to themselves when they go to all-day meetin'. No shoutin' for them; no seekin' if you please and absolutelly no such thing as getting happy. They are a quiet, self-contained, circumspect lot—these country codgers. You don't catch them letting strangers turn any X-ray apparatuses on their think-tanks, nor do they, on the other hand, ask impertinent questions and seek to stick their worthy, sun-burned noses into you business.

But when it comes to eating they are charmingly aggressive, and if you don't at least snap up a chicken leg or so with them, they're mighty apt to think you are offish, though they'll never say so. And in the matter of food these Spotsylvanians are kings, or rather queens, for I notice that it is the wimmen folks who have all the trouble of fixin' and preparing the "vittles."

It is amazing, but still more delightfully thrilling, to see the vast quantities of edibles brought to all-day meetings. From all points of the compass came buggies, carriages and wagons, and each and every one has tied behind it a big box or trunk packed and jammed with food. When the gigantic lay-out is spread beneath the oaks the sight is good for sore eyes, but my, it is a producer of dyspepsia!

This is the season for "pee-g"—the kind of little shoat that melts in your mouth and that drips all over your face and smears your physiognomy with irresistible grease which keeps your tongue a-licking out spang up to your eyebrows.

And the pies—the yaller, tater pies, a-gleaming like disks of summer sunshine and that fat and sassy that you'd eat 'em if you bust.

And the sweet pickle which you know you oughtn't to touch and which you go 'long and eat just the same as if there weren't such a thing as dyspepsia and grumblin' headaches.

And the cakes which you don't think you can possibly squeeze into your internal omnibus, but which you DO squeeze in, just the same.

And the cold tea and the cold buttermilk and the cold sweet milk.

And the cold spring or pump water with trash in it.

And the sermon after dinner.

And the way the preacher hits at the brethren in the amen corner and scatters bird-shot all around the back-sliders and never touches you, who sit in a shady seat down near the door and feel that you never so much as harmed a fly in your life.

And then the breakin' up of the meetin' and the outpouring of gals in white, so sweet and pure and cool looking that you could pin back their ears and swallow 'em whole (if some younger fellow wasn't on hand to do that act.)

And the chatter of the older folks about the sermon, which is dissected paragraph by paragraph; and the re-appearance of hundreds of unhitched, but half-harnessed horses from the woods near by.

And the 'Howdy-do-cousin-Jims' and the I-hope-you-are-well, aunt Sally's and the handshaking and the grumblings about the roads and the niggers and the tobacco worms.

And the cloud of dust on the highways as the cavalcade moves homeward; and the distant hum of voices saying that 800 were at "old Waller's" at the morning service.

And the long, sweet ride at eventide through oak-girt highways and corn-fringed lanes, and over a land whose people know no malice and are ever kind and gentle and respectful and sympathetic.

Gee whillikins, 'tis bully, and if I could have my way, I'd have it all brought to town.

SKIN DISEASES

Altoona, Pa., June 20, 1903.

I was afflicted with Tetter in bad shape. It would appear in blotches as large as my hand, a yellowish color, and scale off. You can imagine how offensive it was. For twelve years I was afflicted with this trouble. At night it was a case of scratch and many times no rest at all. Seeing the good the medicine was doing a friend who was taking it for Eczema, I commenced it, and as a result the eruption began to dry up and disappear, and to-day I am practically a well man. Only two tiny spots are left on the elbow and shin, where once the whole body was affected. I have every confidence in the medicine, and feel sure that in a short time these two remaining spots will disappear. S. S. S. is certainly a great blood purifier, and has done me a world of good. I am grateful for what it has accomplished, and trust that what I have said will lead others who are similarly afflicted to take the remedy and obtain the same good results that I have.

125 East Fifth Ave. JOHN F. LEAR.

While washes, soaps, salves and powders relieve temporarily, they do not reach the real cause of the disease. The blood must be purified before the cure is permanent. S.S.S. contains no potash, arsenic or mineral of any description, but is guaranteed purely vegetable. Send for our book on the skin and its diseases, which is mailed free. Our physicians will cheerfully advise without charge any who write us about their case.

SSS

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.