

Where Love is, there God is also.

In the city lived Martin Adam, a shoemaker. He lived in a basement, in a little room with one window. The window looked out on the street. Through the window he used to watch the people passing by; although only their feet could be seen, yet by the boots Martin Adam recognized their owners. Martin Adam had lived long in one place, and had many acquaintances. Few pairs of boots in his district had not been in his hands once and again. Some he would half-sole, some he would patch, some he would stitch around, and occasionally he would also put on new uppers. And through the window he often recognized his work. Adam had plenty to do, because he was a faithful workman, used good material, did not make exorbitant charges, and kept his word. If he can finish an order by a certain time, he accepts it; if not he will not deceive you,—he tells you so beforehand. And all knew Adam, and he was never out of work.

Adam had always been a good man; but as he grew old began to think more about his soul, and get nearer to God. Martin's wife had died when he was still living with his master. His wife left him a boy three years old. None of their other children had lived. All the eldest had died in childhood. Martin at first intended to send his little son to his sister in the village, but afterwards he felt sorry for him; he thought to himself, "It will be hard for my Kapit to live in a strange family. I shall keep him with me."

And Adam left his master, and went into lodgings with his little son. But, through God's will, Adam had no luck with children. As Kapit grew older, he began to help his father, and would have been a delight to him, but fell sick, went to bed, suffered a week, and died. Martin buried his son, and fell into despair. So deep was this despair, that he began to complain of God. Martin fell into such a melancholy state, that more than once he prayed to God for death, and reproached God because he did not take him who was an old man, instead of his beloved son. Adam also ceased to go to church.

And once a little old man, a fellow-countryman, came to Trinity to see Adam; for seven years he had been absent. Adam talked with him, and began to complain about his sorrows. "I have no more desire to live," he said; "I only wish I was dead. That is all I pray God for. I am a man without anything to hope for now."

And the little old man said to him,—

"You don't talk right, Martin: we must not judge God's doings. The world moves, not by your skill, but by God's will. God decreed for your son to die,—for you—to live. Consequently, it is for the best. And you are in despair, because you wish to live for your own happiness."

"But what shall one live for?" asked Martin.

And the little old man said, "We must live for God, Martin. He gives you life, and for his sake you must live. When you begin to live for him, you will not grieve over anything, and all will seem easy to you."

Martin kept silent for a moment, and then says, "But how can one live for the sake of God?"

And the little old man said, "Christ has taught us how to live for God. You know how to read? Buy a Testament, and read it; there you will learn how to live for God. Everything is explained there."

And these words kindled a fire in Adam's heart. And he went that very same day, bought a New Testament in large print, and began to read. At first Adam intended to read only on holidays; but as he began to read, it so cheered his soul that he used to read every day. At times he would become so absorbed in reading, that all the kerosene in the lamp would burn out, and still he could not tear himself away. And the more he read, the clearer he understood what God wanted of him, and how one should live for God; and his heart constantly grew easier and easier. Formerly when he lay down to sleep, he used to sigh and groan, and always think of his Kapit; and now he only exclaimed, "Glory to thee! glory to thee, Lord! Thy will be done."

And from that time Adam's whole life was changed. In other days he, too, used to drop into a saloon, as a holiday amusement, to drink a cup of tea; and he was not averse to a little brandy either. He would take a drink with some acquaintance, and leave the saloon, not intoxicated exactly, yet in a happy frame of mind, and inclined to talk nonsense, and shout and use abusive language at a person. Now he left off this sort of thing. His life became quiet and joyful. In the morning he sits down to work, finishes his allotted task, and takes the little lamp from the hook, puts it on the table, gets his book from the shelf, opens it, and sits down to read. And the more he reads, the more he understands, and the brighter and happier it is in his heart.

(To be continued.)

The Counties.

Copy for this Department must reach the editor on Saturday preceding date of issue.

Jackson county. Clover Bottom.

After a separation of about a week, John Garrett and wife are reunited. The meeting closed at Cavo Springs with an addition of four to the church.

Mrs. Wonsley Baker and daughter Laura, are visiting relatives and friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Powell lost their baby boy last week. His death was caused by a disease of the head or brain.

Misses Alma Bicknell and Eliza Gentry, of Red Lick, and Miss Laura Coyle, of Berea, have been visiting friends at this place.

Fever is raging here. John Bicknell is recovering from a severe attack of typhoid, and Miss Laura Lane has a fresh attack of the same. Lloyd Click has been having malaria fever, but is rapidly recovering.

"If you scour the world you will never find a remedy equal to One Minute Cough Cure," says Editor Faceler, of the Micanopy, Fla., "Hustler." It cured his family of Lagrippe and saves thousands from pneumonia, bronchitis, croup and all throat and lung troubles. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Estill County. Locust Branch.

Miss Lillian Bicknell is in Berea on a visit.

We are having very fine weather, but need more rain.

Miss Daisy Richardson is very ill with typhoid fever.

Fred Click and Jeff Murphy visited Ella Bicknell Sunday.

A few days' meeting will be held at Bever Pond, commencing last Saturday.

Mrs. Kate Still is very low with consumption and is not expected to live long.

Quite a number of young folks from this place attended the meeting at Panola Sunday.

Yes, we know winter is near for we saw the white frost last Thursday. Farmers will now have to save fodder and dig potatoes for a while.

President Kink, Farmer's Bank, Brooklyn, Mich., has used DeWitt's Little Early Risers in his family for years. Says they are the best. These famous little pills cure constipation, biliousness, and all liver and bowel troubles. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Rockcastle County. Scaffold Cane.

Mr. Taylor Abnar has commenced to build a barn.

Grinding cane, cutting corn, running shingle and saw mills seem to be the most important work.

John M. Shearer left Sep. 22 for Illinois where he will visit his relatives and friends. He has not been there for fourteen years. Willis, his brother, went with him.

"When our boys were almost dead from hooping cough, our doctor gave One Minute Cough Cure. They recovered rapidly," writes P. B. Belles, Argyle, Pa. It cures coughs, colds, grippe, and all throat and lung troubles. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Pulaski County. Bee Lick.

Mrs. S. A. Barnes is very sick. Mrs. R. W. Reynolds is very sick.

We had a good rain Thursday night, which was badly needed.

We had a heavy frost Tuesday night, which proved fatal to late corn.

Rev. John Todd is holding a protracted meeting at the Christian Church.

Read Covington and Mitchell's ad. on the first page. They have a fine lot of goods.

SEND NO MONEY WITH YOUR ORDER. GRADE BIRD CABINET SEWING MACHINE. BUREAU OF IMITATIONS. THE BURDICK.

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Owsley County.

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Buck Creek.

Miss Mattie Eger, of Beattyville, is the guest of Mrs. Mark Flanery of this place.

Thomas Kincaid who was shot a few days ago by C. C. Hydens, is very much improved.

County Attorney D. F. Collier and family of McKee visited relatives at this place during the past week.

Dr. John Mahaffy, of this county and a former student of Berea College, is the Republican nominee in this district for representative in the Legislature.

Mr. Sam Peters, an energetic young farmer of Jackson county, was married Wednesday to Miss Martha Cumble, an estimable young lady of this place.

The Mormons are again overrunning this neighborhood in the vain "hope of building up Zion." They seem to be as zealous workers as were the Pharisees.

Rev. S. F. Kelly of the Methodist Episcopal church has again been appointed pastor of this, the Booneville circuit. We congratulate ourselves on having secured the pastoral service of such an able divine.

Joseph Stockford, Hudson, Mo., healed a sore running for seventeen years and cured his piles of long standing by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures all skin diseases. S. E. Welch, Jr.

To the Voters of the 29th Senatorial District.

[The following card from one of the most distinguished citizens of our Commonwealth will be of interest to all voters.—EDITOR.]

I had supposed that my political career had closed with my service in the last constitutional convention, but the Republican convention held at Stanton, Ky., Sept. 14 gave me the unanimous nomination for the office of Senator. This nomination was wholly unsolicited and unexpected, but was felt by me to be a great honor, and after deliberation and in obedience to the wishes of my friends I have determined to accept the nomination, and, if ratified by your suffrages to discharge the duties thereby imposed on me to the best of my ability.

The election just before us is in my judgment the most important one that has been held in the state since I have been a voter. It involves not so much those important economic questions which have heretofore been matters of party division, but in fact the personal liberty of every citizen.

If elected, I shall devote every energy I possess to the repeal of the odious statute known as the Goebel Election Law, and to the restoration of that old and long tried system prevailing in the state.

I need not add that I shall endeavor to support such general legislation as will advance the welfare of all classes of people.

Relying upon the confidence you have always heretofore accorded to me, and for which you have my profound gratitude, I shall await the result of the struggle before us with every assurance of your kindness and support, I have honor to be your obedient servant. CURTIS F. BURNAM.

Millions of dollars, is the value placed by Mrs. Mary Bird, Harrisburg, Pa., on the life of her child, which she saved from croup by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. It cures all coughs, colds and throat and lung troubles. S. E. Welch, Jr.

FEUDISTS HELD.

LONDON, Ky., Sept. 27.—The sheriff, with a posse, captured Andrew Griffin, stepson of Sol Griffin, the recognized leader of the Clay county Griffin faction. He was escorted to Manchester under guard Tuesday morning.

The killing for which seven of the Griffins are to answer occurred on Horse creek, Clay county. Deputy Thacker and his brother-in-law, Smith, were fired on from ambush, killing Thacker and wounding Smith.—The Central Record.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE HOME.

Edited by Mrs. NATE E. PUTNAM, Teacher in Berea College.

She was a woman of about sixty, the wife of a Pennsylvania farmer. Her day was not eventful. She rose at four in the morning, and made up the fires in the stoves. Her husband and sons were asleep. "Men," she said, "hated house work." She did not call the girls until breakfast was nearly ready, because "young things needed sleep." She milked five cows before the sun was fairly up.

The farmer, his five children and two farm-hands sat down to breakfast, and she poured out the coffee and baked the cakes which they ate. After they had finished she ate her own breakfast, if she cared for any. Then came washing or ironing or scrubbing or baking until it was time for the heavy noon meal which she cooked. Her daughters used sometimes to help a little, but in an idling, half-hearted way. Sometimes she would drive them out with a queer, pathetic smile.

"Young folks like pleasure. They ought to have their fun!" she would say. There was the morning's work to finish after the dinner was over. After supper was over, everybody found some recreation but mother. The farmer smoked, the young people visited the neighbors, or gathered at one end of the porch chattering and laughing. Mother was inside at work, sewing or with her great basket of stockings.

She would look out at them smiling. "They like their fun," she would say. She looked at them again sometimes as if, old as she was, she would like some fun too, but she never joined them. They were with friends whom they had made at college and school. Mother had been very little at school when she was young. Besides, she had no time for idling. Sometimes when she was making shirts for the boys, she worked until midnight.

One of her days was like all others except the Sunday, when she had time to go to church. She was very happy there, especially when they sang any hymn which she had known as a girl, she would join, scarcely above her breath, for she knew her voice was cracked.

When strangers remarked she was growing thin, her children replied it was no wonder. Mother's energy would wear the flesh from any woman's body.

One day however, when they came down to breakfast, the table was not spread, and no fires were lighted. For the first time in her life, when she was needed, mother lay in her bed still and quiet. She would never work for them more.

After they had buried her they knew how much they loved her. They never wearied in talking of her unflinching gentleness, her tender patience, her perfect unselfishness.

None of them seemed to think, however, that by any effort of theirs they could have kept her with them still, loving patient and unselfish.

Youth's Companion.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

The farm department of the college was enriched last Saturday by the arrival by express of two beautiful heifer calves of the Holstein-Friesian breed. These are a gift secured through our field agent, Prof. H. M. Penniman, from generous friends of Berea and her work in far away Massachusetts. No event could more perfectly illustrate how many hands are helping on the work of placing an education within the reach of the poorest boy or girl in this section of the country. Better tilled lands, better tools, better stock all mean more money to send the youngsters to school with. Whoever helps to make the land around Berea produce better crops or induces the farmer to raise better or more profitable stock on their lands than they have been raising, is as directly helping along the cause of education as he who subscribes to the Pearson's endowment fund. So speed the day when the progeny of those black and white beauties shall dot all the pastures around us, and the day when by the use of the drain, tile, cow peas, and superior cultivation the pastures shall produce a plenty to feed them all.

The Holstein-Friesian, or as they are more commonly called, Holstein cattle are probably the oldest breed of domestic cattle in the world. They have been developed in the countries of North Holland and Friesland, countries that have been famous for their dairy products for more than a hundred years.

Long before the beef-eating Englishmen on the other side of the Channel had developed the splendid beef qualities of the Shorthorns and Herefords, the thrifty Hollanders had made their cattle famous for milk. Like the beef breeds the Holsteins have attained a higher degree of excellence at the hands of skilled and enterprising American breeders than they ever possessed at home. They are a much larger and coarser boned breed than the Jerseys that are more common in this part of the country, 1200 pounds being a fair average for a cow. Their milk differs from that of the Jerseys in being better adapted to cheese making, or in other words, it is rich in casein, the nitrogenous, muscle-making portion of milk. As butter makers, though they are not to be despised, for the cow Mercedes, of this breed, won the challenge cup offered by the Breeders' Gazette in 1883, for the greatest butter yield for thirty consecutive days by a cow of any breed. The cup was won on a yield of 99 pounds 6 1/2 ounces of unsalted butter, or an average of 3 pounds 5 ounces a day. Another cow, Aggie Rosa, gave 20736 pounds of milk in a year, or an average of over 56 pounds a day, while a record of 87 1/2 pounds of milk in a single day, with an average of 84 pounds a day for ten days, is held by another. The steers of this breed are more slow to mature into blocky beef animals than short horns, but are capable of making very heavy animals. Oxen have been slaughtered weighing 1800 pounds. The grades of Holstein breeding are excellent combination animals, the heifers making excellent milkers and the steers fattening readily for beef.

We feel that the advent of these two heifers marks an era in the college farming. A sire will be secured from another strain of the same family and thus the foundation will be laid for a pure-bred herd.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by Mrs. ELIZA H. YOCUM, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

Teachers cannot hope to be of much real help in the use of good English if they use incorrect expressions themselves everyday.

Here are a few of the things that we need to notice. "I don't know nothing about it." "I don't see none." "I aint got none." This sentence could hardly be more incorrect but the little word 'got' is subject to much mistreatment even by people who speak fairly good English. "I haven't got any" would say what it means if "got" were left out. Let everybody quit using "aint" and "haint." And then the verbs! What shall we do with our "comes" and "seems" and "dones"? How often we hear "I done it." "She seen it." "He come home yesterday". Let us take just those three verbs and improve our use of them.

Principal parts do not mean anything to children that have never studied grammar, and some of us could give pages of verbs and not make a mistake in principal parts, who, yet, cannot make our practice fit our knowledge.

We can tell the children that some words are not used with "has" and "have," and put illustrations on the black-board and into our own conversation:

"came, have come"  
"saw, have seen"  
"did, have done"

kept in view of the school for a few weeks will be a help in fixing the practical knowledge. But use is all the while fixing incorrect forms in mind, and we must give our children much practice in fine expression and not depend on merely correcting mistakes. I feel that I cannot emphasize too much the value of memorizing poems and "gems" of prose for their influence on language as well as on thought.

The leaves are putting on their Autumn dresses and there are many beautiful poems that fit the time of year. Most of you have Susan Coolidge's poem "I'll tell you the leaves come down." Let the children learn it perfectly before golden October is over, and teach them to watch Nature's changes and to love the outdoor world more and the world of people better.

I do not like to close any of our talks without some little word that will make it seem more worth while to live.

We are not expected to spend even one hundred years in this beautiful world, but even that length of time would be far too little in which to learn "all about" anyone of the things that we see daily.

I heard one old man talking about birds. He had watched them, studied them, loved them, all his life and it was a great pleasure to hear him talk of his feathered friends. I want to encourage every girl and boy to go to work at once and learn all you possibly can about the out-door world.

Our language is a growth. We have inherited most of it—perhaps a few words or expressions are original with us.

We shall find it much harder to study language alone than to study trees, or birds, or stars, or stones, without a teacher.

"The world is so full of a number of things, I think we should all be as happy as Kings."



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