

THE CLARION.

RAYMOND BREAUX, Editor and Business Manager.
OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA.

THE PRISONER.

Wee to the man who, fettered, far away,
Shall hear these voices and may not obey;
Hear the pine whisper and the clear
stream's cry:
"Come back to us, on the free mountain-
side;
Where thy heart is, there let thy feet
abide."
Never may he, a slave to duty, reap
A pure content who hears, in waking sleep,
The ruffed grouse drumming in the shadow
deep.
The leap of trout; and hearing may not go
Back to the hills that have bewitched
him so.
Never may he, though lover true and tried,
Be sure of perfect peace beside his bride
Who catches in his love's eyes, opened
wide,
The tint of some well-loved, remembered
pool
That lies deep-hidden in the forest cool.
Wee to the man, who wailed all about,
May hear these voices calling from with-
out;
Hear the pines sighing and the torrents
shout:
"Come back to us, on the wild mountain-
side;
Where thy heart is, there let thy feet
abide."
—The Century.

A NATURAL-BORN KICKER

THE man who alleges that he be-
longed toward Pochuck came
swinging in apparently heavily
charged with news of late Pochuck
happenings and so eager to unload
them that he did not pause even long
enough on the tavern threshold to
stamp the mud off his boots.
He flopped down on a chair and
opened his mouth to enter into de-
tails at once. Baldy, the landlord,
was in lively discussion on the sub-
ject of hox with Farmer Bill Leon-
ard, who lives opposite Goose Pond
mountain, but breaking away from
it suddenly, he said, after first re-
marking quite loud to Terry, the
Scottish-Irish ferrier, that if he didn't
get out he'd step all over him:
"I suppose that old Charles P. Bar-
rington, who lives over back of Hope-
well Junction, was the ding-bumble-
gusted kicker and complainer, and the
most unappreciative and ungrate-
ful follow-citizen that ever
grubbed stumps."
Farmer Bill Leonard pushed his
chair back and looked surprised and
uneasy. The messenger from
Pochuck sat with his mouth still
open, but unrelieved of a word of



"WORTH \$5,000 IF IT WAS WORTH A CENT."

the news it was surely stocked with,
and stared at the landlord, who
scratched a match on his trousers
leg, relit his cigar butt, and said:
"Yes, yes. Most amazing and per-
sistent kicker and complainer was
old Charles P. Barrington. Ungrate-
ful and unappreciative, too."
"See how it was the time his wife
was sick. Everybody liked Mrs.
Charles P. Barrington. She was the
nicest, dearest old lady you ever
saw. She pined for trout."
"It was in the early spring. There
was snow on the ground yet, and the
creeks were bank high and had ice
on 'em. It was worth any one's life,
almost, to go out and even try to get
trout. But a couple of us young
chaps made up our minds that dear
old Mrs. Charles P. Barrington
should have the trout she pined for,
no matter what happened, and we
went out to get 'em."
"I won't tell you how we waded
through snow up to our waists, al-
most; and tumbled into the icy
creek; and caught colds that laid us
up for a month and cost big doctor's
bills; and how we finally bought the
trout of a fellow who had managed
to catch half a dozen, somehow, and
who wouldn't sell 'em for less than
two dollars. But they were for nice
old Mrs. Charles P. Barrington, and
we bought 'em, and took 'em to the
Barrington place, wringing wet as
we were, and all but frozen."
"Charles P. Barrington came to the
door himself. We handed him the
trout—nice ones they were, too—
and told him they were for Mrs.
Charles P. Barrington. He took 'em,
looked 'em over, and then growled
out:
"The trout's all right, I s'pose.
But it's a wonder you wouldn't 'a'
cleanned 'em before you brung 'em!"
The landlord paused to scratch an

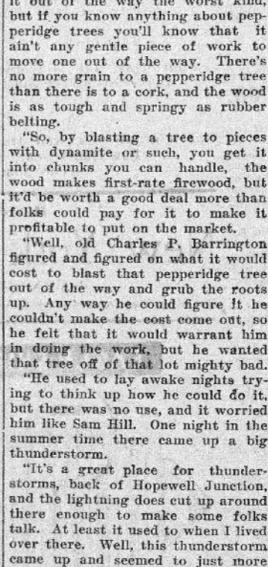
other match. The mouth of the
Pochuck newsbearer was still open,
but whether news would have begun
to issue from it is not known, for
Baldy, the landlord, spoke up again,
right away:
"Then," said he, "see the time
Charles P. Barrington's uncle died
and left him the 800-acre farm. Best
farm there was in all that country.
Worth \$25,000 if it was worth a cent.
But what did Charles P. Barrington
say?"
"Yes," said he. "The farm's all
right, I s'pose. But it's a wonder
Uncle Todd wouldn't 'a' cut the
brush and fixed the fences a little
before he went to willin' it to folks.
There's most a quarter of an acre of
brush that's got to be cut in the
back lot, and more than ten rods of
fence, that's got to be leavin' his farm
to folks it's a wonder he wouldn't 'a'
cut that brush and fixed that fence!"
"Bound to kick and complain,
Charles P. Barrington was, and he
was unappreciative and ungrate-
ful. But what started in to making folks
travel miles out of their way to see
such a ding-bumblegusted kicker and
complainer as old Charles P. Barrin-
ton was something that out-ding-
bumbledusted anything in the way of
kicking and complaining, and of in-
gratitude and unappreciativeness,
that even old Charles P. Barrington
had ever given a specimen of.
"A great big pepperidge tree stood
in a field on his place, and he wanted
it cut out of the way the worst kind,
but if you know anything about pep-
peridge trees you'll know that it
ain't any gentle piece of work to
move one out of the way. There's
no more grain to a pepperidge tree
than there is to a cork, and the wood
is as tough and springy as rubber
belting.
"So, by blasting a tree to pieces
with dynamite or such, you get it
into chunks you can handle, the
wood makes first-rate firewood, but
it'd be worth a good deal more than
folks could pay for it to make it
profitable to put on the market.
"Well, old Charles P. Barrington
figured and figured on what it would
cost to blast that pepperidge tree
out of the way and grub the roots
up. Any way he could come out, so
he couldn't make the cost come out,
from he felt that it would warrant him
in doing the work, but he wanted
that tree off of that lot mighty bad.
"He used to lay awake nights try-
ing to think up how he could do it,
but there was no use, and it worried
him like Sam Hill. One night in the
summer time there came up a big
thunderstorm.
"It's a great place for thunder-
storms, back of Hopewell Junction,
and the lightning does cut up around
there enough to make some folks
talk. At least it used to when I lived
over there. Well, this thunderstorm
came up and seemed to just more
than throw itself about the Barrin-
ton place.
"The lightning shot around and
dropped down in regular chunks.
When old Charles P. Barrington got
up next morning and went out to
take a look over his farm, he found
that the big pepperidge tree was
gone. Lightning had struck it, and
the tree stood there cumbering the
lot no more.
"And lightning had done more than
simply strike that tough old pep-
peridge tree. It had cut and split that
tree up into cordwood lengths, and
ranked it all up in rows ready for
hauling away.
"Now you would naturally suppose,
knowing how old Charles P. Bar-
rington had wanted to get that tree
out of his way, that he would have
just jumped and howled with joy
when he saw that it was gone, and
not only gone, but all ready cut and
measured to put on a profitable mar-
ket.
"But did he? Not he. He was old
Charles P. Barrington first, last and
all the time. He looked at the wood
all corded up as regular as could be,
and then growled out:
"It's a wonder the lightning could-
n't just as well 'a' chucked that wood
over the fence yonder, into the wa-
gon that's standin' there and not put
me to the work of comin' in here and
loadin' it."
"Well, there! When folks heard of
that kick, they took to traveling
miles out of their way to see the man
who was such a ding-bumblegusted
kicker and complainer and ungrate-
ful citizen as old Charles P. Barrin-
ton was. And—
"But say!" interposed Farmer Bill
Leonard, while the man from over
toward Pochuck still stares at Baldy
with his mouth open. "That light-
ning, what did folks seem to think
of that?"
"The lightning?" said the landlord,
as if he wasn't exactly clear as to
what the lightning had to do with it.
"Oh, what it did to the tree? Why,
that wasn't anything out of the ordi-
nary for lightning back of Hopewell
Junction, and nobody thought much
of that pepperidge tree act."
Baldy, the landlord, paused. Farmer
Bill Leonard sighed. The man from
over toward Pochuck closed his
mouth with a snap, rose from his
chair, glared a moment at Baldy, the
landlord, and strode Pochuckward
without a word.
"Now ain't that too bad!" ex-
claimed the landlord, going to the
door and looking after the retreating
Pochuck citizen. "Just as like as not,
now, we'll never know what he came
over here to say!"
But if the landlord was sorry the
cash register didn't seem to be, for
it jingled merrily.—N. Y. Sun.

AIDS TARGET PRACTICE.
New Invention Which Will Improve
the Gunnery Efficiency of
the Navy.

To improve the gunnery efficiency of
the navy, Lieut. Commander Chase,
acting chief officer of ordnance, has
sent to the battleship Kearsarge for
trial 200 "illuminated chasers"—a
patent contrivance which in the darkest
night shows the flight of shell. The
illuminating chamber is the invention of
a Pittsburg man, who believed that
gunners would be able to do more ef-
fective work if they could see where
the shots from their guns struck.
At the Indian Head proving grounds
several one-pound shells, fitted with
the contrivance, were fired in the dusk

of the evening, and rather good
results were obtained. In the tests
aboard the Kearsarge the projectiles
will be discharged in the full glare
of the searchlights to determine
whether the illuminating chaser can
still be seen.
The invention will be of value espe-
cially for the rapid-fire guns of small
caliber. It was explained that a man
operating a rapid-fire gun has little
opportunity to sight the weapon, espe-
cially at night, and if he can see where
the projectiles are falling he can use
the weapon as a man does a hose.
A Fish Name.
Edward Drull, of Wilkesbarre, Pa.,
wants the court to let him change
his name. It was surely he a fool
court, says the Chicago Record-Her-
ald, that denied such a petition.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



"I WONDER WHO HAS BEEN USING THIS SAW" FIND THE CULPRIT.

SOME LONELY PLACES.

Island Homes Where the News of the
World is News a Month After
the Event.

The lighthouse keepers at Eddy-
stone were 11 days late in learning
the news of the peace in South Af-
rica, but they may be quite early
compared with St. Kilda, which may
have still to learn that the war is
really over. It is strange to think
that, in this age of telegraphs and
telephones, when messages are
flashed round the world in less time
than it takes a cabman to drive from
St. Paul's to Charing Cross, there are
still lonely parts of the empire many
months removed from civilization, so
isolated that no whisper of great
events reaches them until they have
taken their place in history, and are
left but forgotten in the great world.
More remarkable still is it that in
these days of imperialism there should
be, even in an empire which shelters
shelters one-fourth of the human
race, a whole community quite for-
gotten, says St. James' Gazette.

Yet, "forgotten empire" is much
more than a mere phrase. There is
pathos as well as glory in empire.
The entire population of a lonely
island in the Pacific, over which the
British flag flies, was found two or
three years ago to be "close to
death" through starvation. For nine
months not a ship had called at the
Palmerston islands, and, though the
died killed all the coconut trees and
dried up every plant and vegetable
which could be used as food, the peo-
ple of the islands were cut off from
the rest of the world, and from food
supply of any kind. Somehow, in the
shipping arrangements which em-
brace Palmerston islands, the place
had been forgotten, and the situa-
tion of the people had become des-
perate when the relief arrived. The
owner of the island had died the day
before, and the whole population was
starving when a calling vessel, hap-
pily named the Empire, brought them
food.
The Eddystone lighthouse men,
though left for 11 days without an
historic piece of news, have never en-
dured the bitter experience of the
lighthouse men on Percy island, one
of the many small islands on the
Queensland coast. For months they
were "forgotten," and the supplies
which should have reached them in
August arrived at the end of October,
with the result that the unhappy
men, 20 in number, were found al-
most delirious from lack of food. The
food supply of Percy island is sup-
posed to be delivered once a quarter,
but no food arrived at the island
after the first week in June, 1900, un-
til a British sloop chanced to pass in
October. The islanders managed to
haul the vessel, which left behind an
ample supply of provisions, and re-
minded the Queensland government
of the lighthouse men, whose ex-
istence it had forgotten.

One Good Reason.
"I don't see," said the first intel-
lectual gentleman, "why people turn
their noses up at the thought of eat-
ing locusts, yet devour the soft crab
with avidity."
"It is because," explained the se-
cond individual, who was a natural-
born reasoner, "the locust may be
had for nothing, but the crab comes
at a dollar a dozen, and hard to get
at that."—Baltimore American.

A Suggestion.
He—What can I do to prove my
love for you?
She—I have heard of men who shot
themselves because of love and that
seemed to me conclusive proof of the
divine passion.—Brooklyn Life.

If you begin with the choice of and devotion to a low ideal you
have laid the foundation of a first-class failure.

How to Fail in Life

By Rev. Polemus H. Swift,
Pastor Wesley Methodist
Church, Chicago.

**THERE ARE FAILURES
AND FAILURES.** If you shall have
reached a goal that is lower than
you ought to have reached you will
have written the dreaded word
across the record of your lives. If
you end by being less than you
might have been you have failed,
no matter what the world says of
you. To be content with the lower
when one has the ability to reach
the higher is to be a traitor to one's
best better nature and larger hopes.

I have read of a man who, after
years of practice, succeeded in
writing the whole of the new testam-
ent on four postal cards. What of
it? It was a waste of time. He
might have done something bet-
ter.
Devotion to the lower excludes the
attainment of the higher. The boy
who secures 'F' on all his studies for
the year passes to a higher class. But
if he might have had 'E,' and if with
his advantages and talents he ought
to have had 'E,' then he has failed
in a large measure. The world is
full of men and women who are
contented with 'F' when they ought
to have had 'E.'

SOUTHERN EDUCATION

A SHARP CONTRAST.

The Church Should Not be Built Up
At the Expense of the Chil-
dren's School Houses.



"I WONDER WHO HAS BEEN USING THIS SAW" FIND THE CULPRIT.

AMERICAN SELF-DECEIT.

A Falling Which Calls for the Exer-
cise of Discipline of the
Intellect.

Our self-deceit is a sign that we
have neglected great interests con-
nected with the intellect, says H. D.
Sedgwick, Jr., in Atlantic. If our
minds were used to study not merely
material things, but also all other
ideas that surround and vivify life,
we should not be able to lead this
amphibious existence of self-deceit,
half in words and half in deeds. As
contemplation is our help to see life
as a whole, and our guide toward
ripeness and completeness, so we
may discover a help against self-de-
ceit in the observance of discipline.
Discipline is the constant endeavor
to understand, the continual grapple
with all ideas, the study of unfa-
miliar things, the search for unity and
truth; it is the spirit which calls
nothing common, which compels
that deep respect for this seemingly
infinite universe which the Bible calls
the fear of the Lord. Discipline
turns to account all labor, all experi-
ence, all pain; it is the path up the
mountain of purgatory, from the top
of which contemplation shows man
life as a whole. Discipline teaches us
to keep distinct and separate the per-
manent and the transitory; on the
moral side discipline teaches us that
right and wrong are not matters of
sentimentality, that will and energy
are trustworthy guides. Discipline
lies less in winning success than in
marriage to unsuccessful causes, un-
popular aims, unflattering ends. Dis-
cipline is devotion to form; it teaches
that everything from clay to the
thought of man is capable of perfect
form, and that the highest pur-
pose of labor is to approach that
form. Discipline will not let us nar-
row life to one or two ideas, it will
not let us deceive ourselves, or put
on the semblance of joy or grief like
a Sunday coat.
"For the holy Spirit of Discipline will see
deceit,
And remove from thoughts that are without
understanding,
And will not abide when righteousness
cometh in."
Discipline and contemplation bring
life to that ripeness which is the
foundation of happiness, of righteous-
ness, of great achievement; they are
the means by which, while we wait
for the inspiration and leadership of
great men, we may hope to piece out
the brilliant but imperfect education
and help our sons to become, in
Lowell's proud words, the finest race
of gentlemen in the world.

A SPIRIT OF CO-OPERATION.

Development of the Public Schools,
Especially Those in the Ru-
ral Communities.

In all the states in the south in
which the education board has un-
dertaken active work, the organization
has had the emphatic indorsement,
not only of the chief executive but
of the people, says the Montgomery
(Ala.) Advertiser. This has been due
to the wise and generous fidelity with
which the board has served the inter-
ests of the south. It has won con-
fidence by its actions. It has not
attempted the realization of alien and
unsympathetic theories. Placing its
work in the hands of southern men—
men of common earnestness in their
devotion to the south—it has worked
everywhere in sincere and cordial
conformity with the southern inter-
est and southern ideals.

Income from Endowments.

A common note in the financial re-
ports of institutions of all kinds is
the regret at the decline of income
caused by the fall in the rates of in-
terest. The basis is now three or
3 1/2 instead of six or seven a dozen
years ago. This means that endow-
ments must be doubled in order to
keep up the income returns. The
lower rate also has a far-reaching
effect upon the chances open to the
average man of retiring in his age
with a competency. He has to save
twice as much money to secure the
income that he desires as in the early
seventies.—Boston Waterman.

Not Possible Otherwise.

Miss Hounly (cooly)—I dreamed
last night that he caught me in a
dark hall and kissed me. What would
you say that was a sign of?
Miss Sharpe—Well, I should say
that would prove at least that the
hall really was dark.—Philadelphia
Press.

Not a Work of Charity.

In speaking of the purposes of the
education board, the World's Work
says:
"The aim of the board is not a
'missionary' aim. It is broadly patri-
otic. It will do its work in a prac-
tical way—its personnel is a guaran-
tee of that—without fads or theories,
without sectional feeling, race prej-
udice or any aim except the building
up of the neglected masses of our
population. It is organized on a
broader basis than any body was ever
before organized for such a purpose;
and its personnel includes men of
northern birth and men of southern
birth. It is not unlikely that this
board may exert the strongest force
in aid of popular education that has
ever been brought to bear on public
opinion. It ought to receive a larger
fund than any board has ever had to
administer; for it has machinery, ex-
perience, sources of definite, first-
hand information, and practical abili-
ty such as has perhaps never been
brought to such an undertaking."
"One reason why there is so much
unrest among the working classes,"
says President McAllister of Drexel
Institute, "is that our public educa-
tion does not give them all the help
they need to enable them to pursue
their work successfully and happily."
Education is not attainment, but
opportunity. It is not a panacea, but
rather an endowment for service.—
Presbyterian Standard.

A Fool is One Who Can Learn Nothing from a Wise Man; and a Wise Man is One Who Can Learn from a Fool.

KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mrs. Louise M. Gibson Says
That This Fatal Disease is
Easily Cured by Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I felt very
discouraged two years ago, I had suf-
fered so long with kidney troubles and
other complications, and had taken so
much medicine without relief that I
began to think there was no hope for
me. Life looked so good to me, but
what is life without health? I wanted
to be well.



MRS. LOUISE M. GIBSON.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Veget-
able Compound cured me and made
me well, and that is why I gladly
write you this, and gladly thank you;
six bottles was all I took, together
with your Pills. My headache and
backache and kidney trouble went,
never to return; the burning sensation
I had left altogether; my general
health was so improved I felt as young
and light and happy as at twenty."
—Mrs. LOUISE GIBSON, 4813 Langley
Ave., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 forfeit if above
testimonial is not genuine.

If you feel that there is anything
at all unusual or puzzling about your
case, or if you wish confidential advice
of the most experienced, write to Mrs.
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