The Southern Sentine BES COATES. Editor.

WINNFIELD, : : LOUISIANA.

A COUNTRY SONG.

"Who cares what you think?"

saw you place it there." "You lie!" should the conductor.

The Californian sprang to his feet, but when he caught sight of the elder-

ly man's placid face he paused, and

with a satisfied smile, sat down. "It neither requires a cultiv..ted mind

nor a high moral character to enable

one to call another a liar," said the

elderly man gently. "I will undertake

to settle this matter in a different way:

You will return to that kind gentleman

"Yes, I will!" sneered the conductor.

may look at these credentials, if you

The conductor stood staring at his

"You will return the money." Mechanically the conductor obe; ed

"I will wire the division superintend

course, understand my meaning. You can take the train through to the end

me. Dign't he wilt: On! dign't he wilt? The puppy! Insult an old lady! I thought when I left California that I was coming to God's country, but this kind of thing is new to me. Do you know what he'd be in five minutes, out one way? Not Country held?

you know what he'd be in nve minutes, out our way? No? Crow-bait!" He thrust his big hands into his pockets and laughed flercely to himself. "You see," he went on, recalling his auditors, "It kind of riles me to think of any-one's mistreating an old lady. I have

"Who are you?" "The president of this road.

superior, unable to utter a word.

ent from the next station.

like.

the order

round of applause.

hile the willow spreads her honey, Come away! rds are singing, banks are sunny: Come away! ave the city's toll and thunder or the bright, entrancing wonder of the May, May, May, green fields are young lambs bleating rove and coppice laugh their greeting, rery steep an orchard seems, ade for beauty, love and dreams: Come away!

In the flush of summer weather Come away! Youth and gladness yours together For a day. Seek the meadows, asure-tented, Dusky, coaxing, myriad-scented With the hay, hay, hay. Down the windrows' tumbled maxes Crickets chirp the sun-rod's praises; There the firefly's restless spark Braids its pattern on the dark: Come away!

When the hoar-frosts crip and whiten,

Then the hear-frosts crip and whiten, Come away? hen the skies and forests brighten: Come away? Finds are whistling, nuts are falling, oud at dawn the marsh-hawk calling, And the jay, jay, jay. Utumn, wreathed with leaf and berry, 'reads a medsure wild and merry; Jourt her blessings ere they fly: Horms will rout you by and by-Come away! -Dora Read Goodale, in Youth's Com-panion.



WITH a rumble and jar suggesting an accident, the train came to a halt between stations, startling the a halt between stations, startling the passengers, and the conductor, who had been taking fares, went forward to discover the difficulty. A slight fe-male figure in black, surmounted by an old-fashioned "poke" bonnet, sat still as though nothing unusual had happened, and a small elderly man white hair and blue eyes placed book gently, almost caressingly s his knee and looked curiously ds b across his knee and looked curiously at the passengers. To all appearances he was a student, a dreamer of dreams, one little accustomed to the way: of the business world: He sat in the third seat behind the little figure in black; while just across the sisle 3 big fellow with long, bushy beard and dremed in the garb of the typical Calamed in the garb of the typical Cal-ruis miner of those days, seemed terested in finding room for his long drestless legs, or in twisting his ond shoulders into a more comfort-be position, than is learning of any smible accident to the train. The conductor soon returned, break in the engine-take an hour to it," he curtly replied to a passenger the weat on taking fares. When he ached the figure in black, he sammed ven more than his causi bracquences. "Tare," he demanded harshly, but a woman did not move.

oman did not move. nket," he insisted, to

"It kind of riles me to think of any-one's mistreating an old lady. I have a mother myself—or I hope I have," he added more softly: "and just to think of her being treated that way! Why, I haven't seen mother for 20 years; ran away from home in '49, when I was a boy and went to Califor-nia; went in rough and tumble to make money—made some, 'most enough. But I tell you I used to lis awake nights thinking of mother; wondering if she would look much older, and wishing I hadn't run off." He was sitting on the arm of his seat, addressing the mild-eyed raliway presi-dent. The passengers were intently listening, but he went on unconscious of them, driven by the force of his long pent-up emotions: "Tim going home to mother—going to finish up being a boy—if she is alive? and I'm going to take care of her as long as she lives." ake queried in tremulo

re-fare. Pay your fare." His was loud and strident.

was loud and strident. the passengers were looking and eg. The elderly man sat quict-tiching will an expression of thy on his hindly face. The big with the slouch hat and taxied stridghtened up in his seet in the standard optic his seet in

took my ticket when we left mid the tremulous water

ed in your mind. I don't believ money into his private "Oh! I would know him, though." "Oh! I would know George any-here!" she exclaimed.

where!" she exclaimed. "I den't know about that. Folks clapped approval and th whole car rang will the response. The Californian geletly took his seat. Doggedly the conductor gave the lady a check and went on taking fares. When he reached our gentle-eyed, elderly man, the latter said: e. The change. He isn't a boy any more, but a great big man, big as I am, with a great, rough beard, rough as mine."

"O yes! George is big; not like the little chap that used to climb the tall "Are you quite sure, now, that the lady had not already given you a ticket? I think she had." oak tree back of the house and swing on the top limb and yell like an Indian."

"Why, did George tell you that?" she "Who cares what you think?" "Well, you may not care; and yet, opinions are of much importance in this world. I would rather have a man think well than ill of me. Now my opinion is that you have the lady's ticket in your left-breast-pocket, for I asked, with a surprised smile lighting up her gentle face.

Without answering directly, the Californian went on: "You remember how he rode the gray colt, Caleb, without bridle or saddle, and how you all thought he would be killed; and how Caleb ran into the woods across the creek and tried to scrape him off against the crooked old basswood tree where the big hornets' nest was. And you remember how the hornets stung the colt and sent him flying out into the pasture with George on his back; and how George came out of it all with only a deep gash on his forehead, just below the hair; and how you worried lest the scar would spoil your boy's beauty, and old mother Blinkerhoff said, 'Never mind-things always happen for the best, and you'll thank the gray colt some day.'

"Why, you talk just like you knew all about our old place!

"Oh, well, I've traveled-ran away myself, and am going home to mother now. Maybe when you see George that scar will help you to recognize him." He paused and looked at her so strangely that her eyes opened wide with surprise. Then, taking of his hat and lifting his hand, "The scar was up here, somewhere." "George!"

You, of

of your division, being careful to ful-fill all your duties to the letter, re-membering that criminal courts are The old lady was in his arms. The sometimes more rigorous than railway deep "poke" bonnet fell to the floor. The snow-white hair rested upon his Retribution so swift and from m. Few people in the car that day source so unexpected was too much for the already excited passengers, and the condutor had scarcely passed to the had eyes clear enough to watch the wonderful transformation on his face s he stood there giving expression to next car before they broke into a

his feelings in a medley of sobs and laughter. But suddenly he seemed posround of applause. "Gimme yer hand, old boy—Oh! ex-cuse me—Mr. President," cried the Californian. "I was going for him myself for calling you a liar, but some-how or other I saw you didn't need me. Didn't he wilt! Oh! didn't heed its provide the sold lade! used by a new idea, for whirling

around, he yelled: "Where's that confounded conduct-

"My dear friend," said the white haired president, as he gave the ex-cited Californian his hand, "let the conductor go. I would not mar a mosed as this with nent so OB thought of him. Moreover, I happen to be in a position to settle that little

"I guess that's so," the big fellow answered with a smile.

The train started, and mother and son began joyfully uniting the broken threads of memory where they had parted 20 years before.-National Mag-azine.

Disgnosis and Treatment.

The late Judge Dykman once had before him a respectable-looking man who was charged with the theft of jewelry. The man pleaded guilty, but it was urged that there were extenuat-ing circumstances. The defense introing circumstances. The defense intro-duced a n.edical expert who swore that the prisoner suffered from klep-

"What's that?" asked the judge, "lit's-a-er-disease, your honor." "What kind of a disease?"

Well-it's a-mental disease, that erty not his own." "Makes him steal?"

"Yes, your honor; that is generally he case." the ca

"I know the disease." said his hon "I know the disease, and I am here to cure it."-Philadelphia Ledger.

Costly Privilege.

In certain cities of high civilization ne has to pay for the privilege of be-

The Governing Power of the Christian Faith By DR. A. T. HADLEY.

President of Yale University.



Seven years ago when England was celebrating the fiftieth anniversay of the accession of her queen, and when every part of the British empire united in offerings of patriotic pride, the chorus of congratulation was broken by a sharp note of warning from that empire's greatest poet :

"If, drunk with sight of power, we loose Wild tongues that have not thee in awe, Such boastings as the Gentiles use,

Or lesser breeds without the law-Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget-lest we forget.'

If wealth and dominion follow as a result of faith and enthusiasm, they are good. But if wealth and dominion are made a primary object and are trusted as a source of national strength instead of its consequence or evidence, they prove a false reliance. And it is an unfortunate fact that very few nations have achieved wealth or dominion without suffering loss of faith and enthusiasm and remaining with the empty husk of greatness at the very moment when they deemed themselves most powerful.

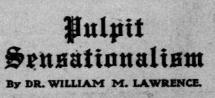
Our chief danger comes from the other quarter-from trusting to the work of reason in places where we are imperfectly prepared for its operation. Most of us are so constituted and trained that the relaxation of discipline will not leave us at the mercy of blind passion, but it may leave us at the mercy of an almost equally blind spirit of selfish calculation.

To make human unselfishness the fundamental standard of right conduct is as disastrous as the attempt to make our unchecked animal instincts the standard of right conduct.

Almost every evil-political, social or commercial-which constiutes a serious menace to the permanent prosperity of our country can be traced directly to our tolerant acceptance of selfishness as a basis of morality.

Do not be blind to this truth: That if you have no higher motive than your own personal interest it means that your soul is for sale if the price be made sufficiently high. It is for you to show in your lives that honor of a gentleman is not for sale, the faith of a Christian something more than an empty form of speech.

The really fundamental thing in a man's life is his choice of a religion. Two religions are to-day struggling for the mastery. There is the religion of mammon, whose dominant purpose is selfishness and whose creed is indifference to moral considerations, except so far as they may be regarded as instruments of individual advancement. There is the religion of God, whose purpose is service and whose creed is loyalty to something larger than yourselves.



the hearts of the modern churchgoer by arguments that will appeal to the imagination as well as the reason.

Exaggeration in the pulpit is entirely allowable. If the modern ninister stated things as they actually are people would not listen to him. I do not give this as an apology for lying, but it is a fact that the audiences of to-day demand sensationalism. They want to be impressed by big and extraordinary things, and the preacher must supply this demand. This necessitates exaggerated statements. The audience is attracted to them, discounts them, and accepts them at their real worth, while without the exaggeration they would never have noticed them.

The minister who understands the psychology of the crowd can easily see how exaggeration 'governs a multitude. The swaying of a crowd in different ways illustrates the power of unionism and clubs. The congregation succumbs to this government and really loves to be mastered.

A congregation's attention falls off if the sermon is on its own level.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREA

Truly Touching Situation 1 About by the Cutrageous Dust

The wind swept a cloud of dust them as they turned the corner of the relates the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Did you get any dust in your ever ling " he asked fondly, holding her to him, as though to keep the too exercise away. "Yee," she murmured, searching for a handker thief.

away. "Yee," she murmured, searching in a mandkerchief. "Which eye, dearest?" "The right one, love. Did you get a thing in yours?" she asked anxioudy, and his handkerchief appear. "Yee, darling." "Which eye, dearest?" "The right one, love." "How sweet!" she exclaimed, with an light glowing in her well eye. "Do you pose, dearest heart, that it could have pose, dearest heart, that it could have pose, dearest heart, that it could have por eyes, darling?" "I hope it was," he said, beaming with a eye and wiping the other. "Wouldn't it, love?" "Mod the wind howled around the could as though it was in pain and from the heart three doors below a denist's sign fell a

SUSPENDERS AND SUSPENDE

What Uncle Sam Needs the Fa For as Stated by a Halting Speaker.

A certain congressman from a mouth district, says the New York Sun, is the bled with a weak, squeaky little view which sometimes fails in the mids what might otherwise be an eloquet

oration. Recently in addressing the house as matter connected with tariff, he

Recently in addressing the house matter connected with tarif, be elaimed: "Why, tariffs are like a pair of me ders, sometimes tight and sometimes ib but Uncle Sam needs them just the to keep up his-" Here the congressman's voice struk-high treble note, flared and stopped. The house held its breath while cleared his throat. The supener, was seemed to last for fully a minute, more painful to the auditors that is orator, for everyone was work whether he would say "trougen" "pants," and some were even hoping he might say "pantaloons." Even " alls' would be better than "parts" "pants," is most unparliamentary.

alls' would be better than 'parts ''pants'' is most unparliamentary. But all fears were without found He cleared his throat with the pr care, and in a death-like stillness me his oration where he had dropped it keep up his running expenses." The words which followed were forever in a gale of laughter.

WISE BEYOND HER YEARS

Senators Cullom and Cannon 1 by a Bright Little Girl

At the republican state convents Springheld, III., Senator Cullom and Base Cannon tried to get a popular ruling any which is the handsomer man, asys the N York Herald. "If I had a face like yours, Joe." and senator, "I'd wear a veil or build a to around it." "And if I looked like you, Shelby," an "Uncie." Joe, "I'd walk backward th time. Your rear elevation isn't so in the front facade is a bad blotch." "I'll tell you, Joe, we'll leave fit walk tittle girl. She doen't want any pop be and I guess she'll be konest, "and Senator Cullom."

If a preacher does not

exaggerate he will have

Senator Cullom. The little girl's mother was will "Which do you think is the best lea Dorothy?" asked the proud mother. The child looked at both out of here eyes and said: "I don't like to say, mamma, which I best. I might 'fend Mr. Cannon."

Enriching the Languag Mrs. McCall-You haven't got it pous butter any more. Mrs. Nuritch-No, we discharg He didn't-er-buttle to suit us-kee Sentinel.

If it were not for the parodim a great poem would go unread.-C

A BACK LICK

Settled the Case with 1

Many great discoveries have ident and thin cold mines have been found in th or eran le when even the fiscovery that coffee is the re one's sickness proves of mo and the person has then a



with a

y my

the cur, but the Californ to his feet, demanded: you take that lady's the

she lives." Just then the deep "poke" bonnet turned and the old lady looked around at the burly stranger with anxious, embarramed difidence. Her hair was white, and her face, beautiful even in old age, was glorified by the luster of her gentie brown eyes. "Did you say you are from Califor-nia?" she inked. ke, bu lived in Ca

"I have a boy?" "I have a boy in rhers—or I did have bu know him?"

was Ge

are so

is only one George in all the to me. His name is George Ben-

t of April. Oh, it :

you live, it's nat," said the

ages for injuries so received. So administration of what is called ice in India may prove rather exting to the crip

Several natives were arrested there not long ago, on suspicion of having committed a crime. They were im-prisoned; but before they came to trial the real culprit confessed his guilt. The story was told to Sir Montagu Gerard, who asked:

"Well, have the poor fellows been eleased?" "No," said the native officer who

ught the news, "certainly not, until they have paid up." "Paid up? For what?"

"Oh, a present must be provided for the court for the trouble of arresting them."—Youth's Companion.

Inherited

"Jim," an old colored retainer, had ever been on speaking terms with uth. One day his mistress lost her mper, and rated him soundly. "Jim," d, "you have been on this place efore I can remember, and eve ber, and eve ce before i can remember, and even ce I can remember you've been the st unmitigated liar I have even own. To my own knowledge, you've a promising these 40 years pas at you'd learn to tell the truth, bu sver learn. Now, I want , once for all, will or will ye a one single instance, tell me ti """Deed, Miss Lizzie," Jim a d, his head hung in shame, " od, his head hung in shame, "I' but you mus' member I was bo's fambly, and I 'spect I'me 'herited of de fambly traits."-Argonau

ad Reason for It

What are you crying ab

s not like to d te or reason, and objects to being compelled to reason. The members of a congregation are never able to appreciate the truth when placed in doctrinal relations. So the popularity of a minister depends on his power to impress his hearers with such language that they will spread his message of their own accord. The tearful preacher has no place in the pulpit nowadays. People

despise him. They would rather have frowns and scowls than overworked tenderness or sloppy sentimentalism.

The finishing touch te

the young minister's ed-

ucation should be one or

two years' experience as

a reporter on a daily

newspaper. The dis-

tinctive characteristic of

the American of to-day



is his deep interest in education, as demonstrated in our public school system, and in the developmtnt of our colleges and universities. As a result, America is a nation of educated men and women. Hence it is necessary that we have a thoroughly educated ministry to serve them.

The minister's education must be exact, scientific, and philosophical As a foundation there should be the primaray college degree, to which should be added a close intimacy with Biblical literature, church history, the progress of civilization, and a thorough knowledge of the conditions of life as they are to-day.

For this knowledge of social conditions and the problems of life there is demanded an extensive actual experience which shall bring him in contact with all sorts and conditions of men. To my mind there is no better way of acquiring this experience than by doing regular reporting in a great city. The news gatherer comes in contact with real life in all its phases. His knowledge of people does not come from books but from a study of their actual relations and attitudes. He deals with human nature and its puzzles constantly.

The theological graduate who for a year or two does newspaper rork and studies the men with whom he comes in contact has an almost expressible advantage over the bookworm who has acquired all his owledge of men from theses on the subject of "Man!"

"For over 25 years," says a ach and even the best greed as to the cause v saving it was gastritis, indig raigia, etc., so I dragged along year to year, always half sick, finally I gave up all hopes of ever well again

"When taking dinn one day she said she had a new ch turned out to be Po liked it so well I told her I th would stop coffee for awhile a which I did.

"So for thr in place of coffee without even one of my old spells but was healthy and vigorous instead. "Husband kept saying he w

finced it was coffee that c pells, but even then I wo it until one day we got out of I and as we lived two miles from I thought to use the coffee we

"The result of a week's use d ain was that I had another ell of agony and distress prot fice and nothing ettled it and I said good bye forever and since then Postum been our hot mealtime drink.

"My friends all say I am worlds better and my comple much improved. All the other i of our family have been benefit by Postum in place of the old di " Name given by Postum tle Creek, Mich

Ten days' trial of Postum in ffee or tea is the wise thing for coffee drinker. Such a trial tells act truth often where coffee is I

Look in each pkg. for the famous tie book, "The Road to Wellville"