

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. ABBEY.

SPIRITUAL COURIERS.

When the news of the passing of General George W. Gordon of Memphis was wired to the country there were many sincere mourners.

None who have ever heard General Gordon's silver oratory will forget his fervid pleas for a united country.

He was a gallant Confederate officer, the idol of his soldiers. But when the war was over his was one of the first of all the voices eloquent for the Union.

He was a great friend of Grant and Sherman and of many of those against whom he fought in the time that tried men's souls.

Gordon's last words were these: "Send other couriers; those may be killed."

In his last moments the general's mind went back to the days of carnage, when the thunder clouds of black war burst over the head of the nation, and in spirit he accompanied again with Lee and Johnston and the comrades of the former days.

Therefore his order to "send other couriers."

He had learned in the grim theater of war that oftentimes couriers were cut off by the enemy and the messages lost.

More murmurings of a dying man?

What do you or I know about the telepathy between minds here and now? Much less what do we know about the means of communication between kindred spirits here and yonder?

Is it only fancy that the spirit of Gordon, crossing the Potomac at Death, should be sending couriers forward to headquarters to appraise his old comrades of his near approach?

Who will say that on "fame's eternal camping ground" the couriers did not report?

It is not strange that on the eve of his departure a strong soul should feel the powerful impulse to send sure couriers in advance.

And so, my friends—

When the time of your departure and mine is come, when we shall have said goodby to those on this bank of the river, what more natural than that we should seek to send quick couriers to those "we have loved and lost awhile" to tell them of our approach?

YOUNG OLD FOLKS.

Uncle Joe Cannon, at the age of seventy-five, is as spry as a boy.

At about the same age Chauncey Depew walks Broadway as straight as an Indian.

Chief Justice Harlan, at seventy-eight, recently wrote his famous dissenting opinion in the Standard Oil case.

Edison says he is just beginning at seventy to live and learn and is planning ahead thirty years.

Wu Ting Fang, the famous Chinese diplomat, says a man should be his best at seventy—as he is.

Although he is ninety-one, Dr. Daniel K. Pearsons, the philanthropist, says he feels in his heart all the thrills of youth.

Shelby M. Cullom, at eighty-one, represents the state of Illinois in the senate and is soon to begin writing a history of his times.

Lord Strathmore of Canada, who recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday, works every day at his desk.

John Bigelow, our former minister to France, at ninety-four is writing a history of the tariff.

Isaac Johnson, who invented Portland cement, is 100 years old. He recently began to translate the gospel of St. John from the Greek.

Susan B. Anthony, who died at eighty-six, within a year of her death always ran upstairs like a girl.

Now—

What is the secret of the longevity of these young old persons?

Chiefly this: They did not grow old in mind or dull in spirit. They kept in close touch with the ongoing of things.

They refused to be pushed into the chimney corner.

Would you stay young through the advancing years? Then select some work that will stimulate your hope and stir your enthusiasm. Let that work lead you as your task led you in the days of your youth.

Spend no time in regrets over the road by which you have come. Look not at the road ahead of you.

And, above all, continue to think. When the life snags quit going to your head you will begin to die at the top. Like certain trees.

Accustom yourself to the spirit of progress. Stay young in soul. Cultivate the spiritual part of you and thus put about your gray hairs the halo of eternal youth.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Fight. Be a soldier.—Togo.

The modest little admiral who sent the Russian fleet to the bottom of the sea of Japan in the most spectacular fight of the age, like most great commanders, is a man of few words.

During his recent visit to this country he gave a short interview, stating that the soldierly qualities in a man make him successful in both war and peace, adding:

"Fight. Be a soldier."

The famous admiral clearly sees that all life is a battle and that a man must either fight and win or run away and fall.

Where is your battlefield?
As a captain said to the recruit who

inquired where he should fight: "Go in anywhere. The fighting is good all along the line."

The question is, Are you willing to fight?

If so there are foes of the common good, fierce fighters, who are ready to meet you, a soldier of the common good.

Are you eager to contend for the higher things of life? When innocence is trampled on and honesty is exploited for selfish purposes does your throat swell with resentment?

Then fight.

The moral courage that endures hardship for the sake of righteousness is infinitely nobler and rarer than mere physical bravery.

Moreover—
There are foes within you as dangerous as those without.

You may fight with sloth, or with passion, or with narrowness of spirit, or with selfishness, or a myriad of other things.

Beat them down, else they will ruin your life.

Fight. Be a soldier.

Life is filled with sorries, and skirmishes, and deadly onslaughts, and bayonet charges, and pitched battles, and weary marches, and defeats and victories.

Fight.

Fight every hideous thing that is the moral equivalent of war.

Fight public wrong full in the face and with all your might.

Fight the foes within you—selfishness and egotism and low desire.

Fight. Be a soldier.

A GOOD PHILOSOPHY.

Let us not care too much for what happens. Let us not leave our peace of mind at the mercy of events.—C. G. Ames.

I like that philosophy.

It smacks of a certain audacity, and yet it satisfies.

Whatever happens, happens. If you tried to prevent it you did your best. Let it happen. It is too late to mourn.

I do not care how healthy or prosperous or fortunate you may be, things will happen to make you miserable—if you will let them.

The happiest man I ever knew had the Ames philosophy.

He believed in God and loved boys. He was a big brother to all of us. No gang was complete without him. And when something happened to prevent a nutting expedition or fishing or what not he would say:

"Well, let's do something else."

"But, Uncle John, the day is spoiled."

Whereat he would laugh his boyish laugh—he was over sixty—and reply, "Every day is good for something."

He never cared too much about what happened, and his peace of mind did not depend upon events. One saying in especial I well remember:

"Don't cry over spilled milk. Go and get some more. There's plenty of milk."

Looking back to those days, when our boyish feet joyously brushed the dew from the meadows of asphodel, I can see that his life had many happenings that might have spoiled it, yet I never saw him in any but a cheerful mood.

He felt that happenings, however grievous, must in the end be endured. Therefore why should he spoil his peace of mind?

Rare serenity!

When I see men and women fret and fidget and chafe and shorten their lives because of that which must needs happen I think of Uncle Ben.

Men and women die daily for want of his bit of philosophy.

Because none of us ever reaches his ideal. All of us are disappointed. Despite our best laid plans, grievous things will happen.

Shall we therefore be the playthings of fate? Shall we, because of events we cannot stay, spoil our lives?

Let us not care too much for what happens.

If it happens, let it.

HER KINGDOM FOR A DOG.

"Have you seen Trixy?"

Trixy is a common brindle pup, about a year old, with white breast and white fore legs and a long tail.

Kennel experts would say Trixy is worth about 80 cents. But for love of the pup a little girl nearly sobbed her life away—seven-year-old Irene Rohm of Chicago.

It was this way:

The dog disappeared while the family was at a summer resort, and the grief of Irene was such that the cottagers instituted an automobile search everywhere throughout the woods without success.

Insoluble, little Irene was taken back to the city.

Her throat began to trouble her, and an operation was made necessary. Day and night at the hospital she cried for Trixy. The parents offered a reward, but no trace of the missing dog was ever discovered.

Irene was taken home.

Her sorrow assumed a serious phase. It threatened to make her condition dangerous.

"If I don't get Trixy back I don't want to get well," wailed the child. And the doctors shook their heads.

"I'll give anything I have to the person who will bring Trixy back," said Irene. "I will give my Teddy bear and my bank I've been saving in since Christmas. And I'll give the kind person a million kisses besides."

Her kingdom for a dog!

Irene recovered her health, but she nearly died for Trixy, and even now her eyes fill with tears at thought of her great loss.

Unnatural grief?

You may think so if you have never loved and lost a dog.

Is there in your memory some Trixy or Fido or Rex, faithful, affectionate, devoted, your companion and friend,

who died and made your heart sore for many a day?

Then you can understand the real bereavement of this little girl, sorrowing because she will see Trixy no more.

The long, long sorrows of youth!

You are older and may conceal your feelings. There have been so many sore spots in your heart that have healed and calloused over.

But the heart of a child is naked to the wound.

Surely if by any means you should happen to see Trixy you will write to Irene.

EDWIN A. ABBEY.

"He did his best."

There could scarcely be a better epitaph than that to write over the tomb of the late Edwin A. Abbey, American artist.

Nothing less than his best was good enough for Mr. Abbey.

When he was a struggling illustrator for Harper's, a quarter of a century ago, it was said of him that he could have made twice his wages had he been content to do less than the best that was in him.

He lived up to his ideals.

Abbey's favorite work was his illustrated Shakespeare. In these paintings he worked from models exclusively. Further, in his desire for absolute accuracy he bought the costumes and furniture of the Shakespearean period and posed his models under the best possible surroundings.

Always it was his fixed determination to do his best.

Abbey painted many pictures only to destroy them. They seemed to be good. He easily might have sold them. But they did not satisfy his artistic sense.

Love's labor lost, you say.

Abbey did not think so. He felt that a picture which fell below the standard set up by its maker did not deserve to live.

Abbey succeeded.

He did not become a great painter like Michelangelo or Da Vinci or Millet, but his work will live, and his death at sixty was a distinct loss to the world of art.

Hard work and high ideals could not make him a Raphael, but it made him an Abbey—a successful, admired and happy man.

And you?

Hard work may not make you great, but it will make you successful and comfortable and, if along right lines, influential.

The example of Edwin A. Abbey is of more encouragement to the struggling youth than is that of the greater genius. It shows what moderate ability, coupled with conscientious endeavor, may accomplish.

Do your best.

When you look up at Abbey's mural work at the Boston Public Library, or see his great picture at Harrisburg, or look upon a copy of his paintings, let it remind you that—

He did his best.

Ant Bears Are Queer Creatures.

An extraordinary looking animal is the proechidna, a species of ant bear which is found in certain parts of New Guinea, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine. The natives of the Arfak mountains have a very peculiar theory as to the origin of this species. They believe that a certain bird now and again lays a special sort of egg in its nest, hatching it out in the ordinary way. On discovering that something has gone wrong and that the shell contains some weird kind of animal instead of a fledgling, the mother bird, not unnaturally, gets angry and decides to evict the little stranger. Noting that its snout is suitable for burrowing, she takes it down to the ground and buries it, whence it later emerges as a full grown ant bear. The native idea, of course, is quite wrong, but the little beastie itself, curiously enough, lays eggs and lives by burrowing in the ground for worms and insects. It likes a rocky limestone country and is only able to move very slowly.

Confusion of the Senses.

If you want to see how curiously suggestion works just visit a moving picture show where they supplement the films with synchronous noises, where stage hands make the sea roar and whistle for the approaching locomotive. Watch the pictures and you will wonder how the assistants make such adequate and suitable sounds to go with the scene. Then shut your eyes and try to figure out what the noises you hear mean. You are sure you hear the washing of waves, and when you open your eyes you see that it was the wind that you heard. Close your eyes again and more than likely what you thought was intended for a train of cars turns out to be an automobile. The experiment holds good with a ventriloquist, the moving mouths of his puppets doing the heavy part in creating the illusion. A ventriloquist in the dark would be an anomaly. All of which shows how interdependent the senses are in conveying a mental impression.—New York Sun.

A Left Handed Job.

The advertisement called for a left handed dressmaker's assistant, but the first person who answered it was neither left handed nor a dressmaker.

"Why do you want a left handed apprentice?" asked the curious visitor.

"Because the girl who just went away was left handed. She left a lot of unfinished work, and it will take another left handed girl to finish it. Left handed people begin work in the opposite direction from a right handed sewer, and if a right handed person attempts to finish it there is sure to be a muddle."—New York Times.

TIMELY HINTS FOR FARMERS

Value of Pure Bred Hogs.

Judge E. E. Axline of Oak Grove, Mo., is one of the most successful swine breeders ever produced by that state. In a recent article he says that the value of pure bred hogs depends largely on the care and attention given them. Care and attention pay well when given to any kind of live stock, and if we have pure breeds we naturally feel more interest in them and will take better care of them than if they were grades of inferior quality.

Pure breeds breed even, are more uniform in color, have more style and finish. They feed quicker, mature and develop earlier, with less fat than most grades. This makes them more profitable for the farmer and feeder to grow and feed, and, of course, they are better sellers.—Kansas Farmer.

Harm of Inbreeding Turkeys.

It is a rare thing for a farmer to send very far away for a gobbler, and it is a fact that the turkeys in any community or county are more related than any other class of fowls.

This is because turkeys are not raised very extensively, and it is so easy for the owner of a flock to go a few miles away for new blood, and the gobbler that he secures is generally closely related to the hens for the reason that he is usually the son of some turkey hen in the community that is used as a breeder.

Do not use the same gobbler over and over season after season, but send to some distant point where none of the farmers in the neighborhood have ever sent and get a good gobbler. The results in the end will be better and you will be more satisfied.

Filling the Silo.

If immature crops are to be placed in the silo do not cut when too green or when a maximum of sap exists. So to do would result in very sour, undesirable ensilage. Allow the immature crop to partially cure on the ground. Let it stand until the lower leaves burn slightly and until the stalks and leaves have given off some of the surplus moisture.

When filling the silo, tramp, tramp, tramp. Tramp the outer edges as well as it can possibly be done. While tramping keep the ensilage well distributed. This will have the effect of settling evenly and thoroughly, and this is essential to the good keeping of the ensilage, whether you have stone or cement or any other kind of silo.—Kansas Farmer.

Fattening Fowls.

Fowls that are desired to be fat should be kept quiet and have plenty of rest. They should not be allowed to run around very much; neither should they be kept in small closed coops. Give them every comfort and plenty of food and keep them from working for their meals as much as possible, and in a week or ten days there will be a noticeable difference in them.

THE VALUE OF STABLE MANURE.

Essential In Maintaining the Fertility of the Land.

The most universal byproduct of the dairy farm is the stable manure resulting from keeping dairy cows and the necessary young stock, says Collin C. Lillie. Scientific men have made various estimates of the value of the manure produced by a cow in a year. They figured the value of the nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash produced at market prices. Some of them have told us that the manure from one cow would amount to as much as \$25 per year if we had to buy these fertilizer ingredients in the open market in the form of commercial fertilizer.

Of course we practical dairymen know very well that the immediate benefit at least of the result from manure from keeping a dairy cow does not amount to \$25 per year. We realize, however, that there is much benefit to a dairy farmer from this product, and, whether it is worth \$25 per year or not, we know that dairy farms as a general thing are getting better every year.

The crop producing power of it increases, and it comes largely from the fact that the crops produced upon the farm are fed out upon the farm and the manure drawn to the fields, thus keeping the soil filled with organic matter, which is one of the very essential things in building up, improving and maintaining fertility. A casual observer can tell in almost any community who are the dairy farmers. The grain farm is gradually getting poorer, while the dairy farm is getting better.

House Cattle Comfortably.

There is no use talking about ventilating a stable and making it sanitary if there are cracks in it large enough to throw a peck measure through. If you ever contemplate building a basement stable be sure to put in windows enough. Plenty of light should be provided there by all means.

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Sheriff's Sale.
No. 15,394—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La.: R. D. Tilley vs. T. S. Atkins.
By virtue of a writ of seizure and sale to me directed from the Honorable First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, Louisiana, in the above numbered and entitled suit, I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction for cash without the benefit of appraisement, at the principal front door of the court house of Caddo Parish, Louisiana, during the legal hours for sales, on SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1911.
Lot ten, block nine of the Queensborough Subdivision of the City of Shreveport, La., as per map of same recorded in conveyance book 41, page 385, of the conveyance records of Caddo Parish, La. Said property seized as belonging to the above defendant and to be sold for cash without the benefit of appraisement, to pay and satisfy the debt as specified in said writ, say in the sum of twenty-two hundred and forty dollars with eight per cent per annum interest thereon from the 3rd day of April 1911, until paid, and all costs of this suit, as well as ten per cent on said principal and interest as attorney's fees.
J. P. FLOURNOY,
Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer,
Caucasian, September 7, 1911.

Judicial Sale.
No. 14,378—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La.: Succession of William Sims.
By virtue of a commission to sell to me directed from the Honorable the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, Louisiana, in the above numbered and entitled cause, I will offer for sale at public auction for cash and according to law, at the principal front door of the court house of Caddo Parish, La., during the legal hours of sale, on SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1911.
Lot eighteen (18) block "B," 10-acre lot thirty-five (35) of the City of Shreveport, Caddo Parish, La., with all the buildings and improvements thereon; an undivided one-half interest in lots twenty-nine and thirty, 10-acre lot seven, Allendale Subdivision of the City of Shreveport, Caddo Parish, La.; lot 7 block 2 Talbot & Perrin subdivision, less 30 feet off of lot seven lying next to lot six, block two, said subdivision sold to Dick Thompson by William Sims on April 20, 1909, as per act recorded in conveyance book forty-nine, page 351, of the conveyances of Caddo Parish, La., with all the buildings and improvements thereon. Said property to be sold for cash according to law for the purpose of paying debts.
J. P. FLOURNOY,
Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer,
Caucasian, Sept. 10, 1911.

Judicial Sale.
No. 15,326—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La.: S. G. Spencer vs. Mary Lurline Rencher, Minor Heir of F. N. Rencher.
By virtue of a commission to sell, to me directed from the Honorable First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, Louisiana, in the above numbered and entitled suit, I will offer for sale at public auction for cash and according to law at the principal front door of the court house of Caddo Parish, Louisiana, during the legal hours for sales, on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1911.
Lots twenty-seven and twenty-eight of the L. E. Carter Subdivision of the City of Shreveport, La., with all the buildings and improvements thereon, as per map filed and recorded in conveyance book 2, page 798, of said records. Said property to be sold as belonging to the above parties litigant for the purpose of effecting a partition.
J. P. FLOURNOY,
Sheriff, ex-Officio Auctioneer,
Caucasian, Sept. 10, 1911.

Sheriff's Sale.
No. 14,122—In the First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, La.: J. B. Nelson vs. Charlie McCall.
By virtue of a writ of seizure and sale to me directed from the Honorable First Judicial District Court of Caddo Parish, Louisiana, in the above numbered and entitled suit, I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction for cash and without the benefit of appraisement, at

Succession Notice.
No. 15,421—First District Court of Louisiana: Succession of Richard W. Davis.
Notice is hereby given that E. I. Davis has this day applied to be appointed administrator of said succession, and unless opposition be made thereto within the time specified by law, he will be appointed as prayed for. Witness the Honorable T. F. Bell, judge of said court, this 24th day of August 1911.
A. S. HARDIN,
Deputy Clerk.

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Deputy Clerk.