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In Use for Almost a Century.

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PRATT. MUNGER. EAGLE. WINSHIP. SMITH.

We make the most complete line of any concern in the world. We also make

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We sell everything needed about a Cotton Gin. Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

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Removes all swelling in 8 to 20 days; effects a permanent cure in 30 to 60 days. Trial treatment given free. Nothing can be fairer.

Write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Socialists, Box 5, Atlanta, Ga.

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The farmers' salvation. Common cotton seed. Flordora is T. O. Sanders, Hagood, S. C. seeds for 10c. T. E. Hardman, Mansfield, Ga., in 20 days from planting, grows stalks averaging \$500 bolls and squares. Grows anywhere; ginned on saw gin; of early maturity. High priced lint comes from pure seed supplied only by the originator, myself. Price \$2 per bushel, f. o. b., shipping point, cash to accompany order.

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CORN MILLS AND MILLSTONES

If in need of Corn Mill or Millstones you will find it to your interest to correspond with

CAROLINA MILLSTONE CO.,
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careers of CORN MILLS from the famous **Moore County Grit.**

WANTED—In each State, Salesmen to sell large line Tobacco; permanent Position.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

WINCHESTER

"LEADER" AND "REPEATER" SHOTGUN SHELLS

The proof of the shell is its shooting. Because they shoot so well, Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" and "Repeater" Smokeless Powder Shotgun Shells have won almost every important prize shot for in years. Good shots shoot them because they give better results, shoot stronger and more uniformly and are more reliable than any other make

ALWAYS SPECIFY WINCHESTER MAKE OF SHELLS

Shower Proof Hats.

An Austrian genius has made the discovery that celluloid, prepared in a special way, provides a material out of which hats and the most delicate flowers can be made. These hats are not only beautiful in themselves and cannot be told from those made of the usual material, but will stand the most severe shower and look even better after than before. They are used to some extent in Germany, especially in Vienna. They would be exceedingly popular in London during the rainy seasons, for many a charming bonnet is ruined there by the persistent drizzle, from which no umbrella can protect a woman.

CUTICURA SOAP.

The World's Greatest Skin Soap, the Standard of Every Nation of the Earth.

Millions of the world's best people use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the purest and sweetest of emollient skin cures, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings and chafings, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery.

ECONOMY.

"Now, Mabel," said the financially embarrassed banker, as he surveyed a bill for \$1,000 for fall hats, "I don't wish to chide you, but we must really economize, my dear."

"Why, Henry, I am economizing," replied his wife, in a hurt tone. "I've given up all idea of going to Europe next summer."—Houston Chronicle.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 a bottle. Treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

There are about 400,000 species of animals on land and sea.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles. Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Druggists will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 30c.

Roumania has ordered from Krupp 300 field guns.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

At one time King Peter of Servia was a Socialist.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Last year, in India, over 23,000 persons were killed by snake bites.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on box. 25c.

The Japanese are small eaters, and indigestion is almost unknown among them.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by all druggists, \$1. Mail orders promptly filled by Dr. E. Detchon, Crawfordsville, Ind.

There is nothing harder on the nerves or worse for the clothes than packing water on both shoulders.



To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband should be a woman's constant study. If she would be all that she may, she must guard well against the signs of ill health. Mrs. Brown tells her story for the benefit of all wives and mothers.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will make every mother well, strong, healthy and happy. I dragged through nine years of miserable existence, worn out with pain and weariness. I then noticed a statement of a woman troubled as I was; and the wonderful results she had had from your Vegetable Compound, and decided to try what it would do for me, and used it for three months. At the end of that time, I was a different woman, the neighbors remarked it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. It seemed like a new existence. I had been suffering with inflammation and falling of the womb, but your medicine cured that, and built up my entire system, till I was indeed like a new woman.—Sincerely yours, Mrs. CHAS. F. BROWN, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., Vice President Mothers Club.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

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GLAMOUR.

I have read so long in the Book of the Brave, I hear the tramp of their feet In the quiet village street. I catch the sound of an echo cheer, Blown down the night wind, faintly clear, And the drums' unaltered beat.

I have read so long in the Book of the Brave, Their flags go streaming by, Sharp comes the sentry's cry; The shaded light of my study lamp Seems a low glimmer from some still camp Where the sleeping soldiers lie.

I have read so long in the Book of the Brave, I march where the heroes are; On my breast I feel a scar. I turn to gaze on the rayless night; The gloom is cleft by a beacon-light, And behold—the bivouac star! —Lulu Wheldon Mitchell, in the Century.

Madame the Countess

A Good Story With a Moral From the Washington Post.

HERE was a reception at the hunting castle of the Prince, the Chateau of Friedberg.

In the grand saloon a bright fire crackled at the bottom of a great chimney, and through the half closed windows the freshness of the moonlight and the murmur of the Bavarian forest entered like a caress. The chase that day had been a fatiguing one, and in the choice circle which gathered around His Highness, the conversation became familiar and without constraint. It was in the midst of this that the valet swung open the doors and announced the Count and Countess of Aleneck, and all heads were turned with eyes full of curiosity. Even the Prince, ordinarily so blasé, sat wondering what might come.

It was the first time that the Count of Aleneck had appeared socially for many years, and many foolish and untrue stories had been circulated about him. He had married, so it was said, but far below him, and lived, retired, on his own estate and yielding only to the formal demand of the Prince, had come to present his wife to the intimate circle of the court.

But what a difference between them! He was a man of noble appearance, of fine face and noble bearing, and she, a common woman, with short hair and a peasant's face, wearing a black dress which fitted her badly, and without taste. The circle which unpolitely stared at her, did not stop to see the rare grace of her eyes, nor the kindness which covered all her features. It only saw the birthmark, written in undeniable traits—plebeian!

She came forward with timidity, made a rustic courtesy, and said cordially, in a high voice:

"I thank you for this honor, sir Prince. My husband has always said that we have a most kindly Prince for master. We have named our boy Louis Ferdinand, out of respect to our Prince."

As she spoke she looked furtively at her husband. Had she said the wrong thing that the room was so silent? He understood the ill-concealed mockery of the company, and felt the coolness of the Prince, who heard the words without reply, and the big slash in the forehead reddened.

Turning to his wife affectionately, he said:

"Come, Anna Marie, I wish to show you the park and the hot-houses. There are some splendid specimens of cedars and orchids there."

No one detained them. They went out in the moonlight.

A silence of stupefaction followed their departure, and then a babel of voices filled the room.

The Prince, slowly, slightly shrugging his shoulders, said: "It is ridiculous." This was the signal, the raising of a latch which opened the door to the torrent of criticism. What a fine opportunity.

"She's no lady." "Poor Aleneck," said another. "Too bad that he seems so satisfied." "Crafty woman, I wonder how she inveigled him," said a third.

Major Xylander, the favorite both of the Prince and Aleneck, answered General Van Orff jokingly.

"She is not a woman of quality," the general had said.

"Beg pardon, to me she has many qualities."

"But she is low born."

"Wrong again; she was born in a little village 4000 feet above the sea level."

"Oh, but you are an incorrigible joker. What may her name be?"

"Anna Marie Scholastika Hosi," said Xylander, with as much importance as if he was detailing the complete pedigree of a duchess.

Everybody laughed.

"Now," said the Major, "with the permission of the Prince, let me tell you a story. It reads like a fairy tale, but you may well be assured it is perfectly true. It commences at Sedan where 43,000 dead and wounded strewed the hilltops ofilly and Honig.

"The German ambulance found there that day a man stripped of everything and literally covered with wounds. On being taken to the military hospital, it was weeks before he began to recover, but as his strength of body increased, his intelligence made no progress. He remembered nothing—neither his name, nor his country. In the hospital he was known by his number only—two. Finally dis-

charged from there, his comrades, who baptized him 'Silent William,' made an arrangement for him to go with a workman, a mason, and to work for his living, and he went contentedly to carry brick and cement, happy if the daughter of Salome would bring him the meals which she had herself prepared.

"She it was who took him under her protection, and finally refusing all other (and many of them advantageous offers of marriage), went one day to the church with 'Silent William,' and they were married.

"'William has need of me,' she said, 'more than the others.'

"The village was indignant.

"Some years passed. 'Silent William' carried, day by day, his loads of masonry and Salome did her full part with her vigorous arms in earning the bread for the family growing up around them. And so it might have gone on.

"But one wintry day, when the wind and rain were impetuous, William's work was to carry his load up a high scaffolding. The other men had taken refuge from the storm, but he kept on. At this moment Salome, who had come with his dinner, terrified at an unusual gust of wind, cried:

"'William! William! In the name of heaven, descend quickly!'

"He turned to her as he heard her cry, and, mistaking his footing, slipped and fell. He was quickly carried to the hospital, and hovered many days between life and death. The whole village, hearing the news, openly congratulated Salome on the approaching decease of her husband.

"'Far better for him and for you,' said they.

"One day when she arrived at the hospital she found the bed empty. Another room had been taken for him. They took him there that morning. Was he dead? Her heart leaped to her throat. Coming to the door indicated, she knocked and was met by an old man of noble appearance, who said briefly that his son was sleeping, and received no one. Salome answered humbly, she did not seek the son of monsieur, but her husband, William Hosi.

"He tried to make her story short, but a voice came from the room. 'Let her enter, father; she is the good wife of the late William Hosi.'

"With a cry of savage joy the woman rushed to his side, threw herself on her knees beside the bed and cried out between laughter and tears. 'My God, I thank Thee! Then, raising her eyes, she was confounded with the change in his countenance. The nobility of his face had returned to him, his energetic will, his brilliant eyes, his energetic voice, the joy of living, had come back again. Even her boy, Sepher, trying to hide in the skirts of her dress, sobbed out: 'Father is not father now. He has changed.' When Silent William reflected on what had passed, he could now remember the attack on the hill, atilly, but the other life, as a mason, lay hidden under a shade, only the love of Salome and that last call for pity which brought about the fall from the ladder remained and the doctors declared that this had in some sort re-established the life which was lost at Sedan.

"One never knew what passed that morning between the two, but the first words of Salome, when she came to understand all that had happened, was:

"'And now you have no more need of me, William, adieu.' And she got up from her knees to go.

"'Ah, well,' said Major Xylander, with a careless air, 'it is certain if the Count of Aleneck had repudiated his wife Salome, whom I must call now Anne Marie Hosi, his savior in those years of distress, now that he had come to his own, the humiliation of this evening would have been saved him.'

The signal for supper was now given. The lackeys opened the doors, and all prepared for the somewhat ceremonious entry into the grand saloon.

When Maximilian d'Aleneck and his wife reappeared, calm but very pale, all eyes turned to them gain.

Then His Highness, the Prince, stepping forward to Anne Marie, offered her his arm, and said with a gracious smile, so all could hear:

"Madame the Countess, will you do me the honor?"

Wiles of the Taxidermist.

These are busy days for the taxidermist, and his little tricks are the amusement and amazement of the amateur hunter. A successful gunner brought in a beautifully-marked wood-duck and wanted it mounted. "Save me the body," he remarked, after the preliminaries were settled. "Impossible," said the taxidermist. "See this table. It has arsenic on it, and I am afraid some of the poison might adhere to the flesh; you are poisoned, I am blamed. It would not be safe to give you the body." That stereotype reply usually results in the customer yielding the point—and the duck. The latter is either eaten by the taxidermist and his family, or he passes it along to some friend with his compliments. The experienced hunter lays down the law: "See here; no fooling. Skin my duck on a piece of clean paper and send me the body. D'ye hear?" There is no further controversy.—New York Press.

Considerate.

He was the most awkward dancer at the swellest ball of the swell watering place, and she the most graceful. After they had literally bumped their way through a waltz she smilingly remarked to a group of admirers that she had danced since she was a little tot.

"Don't be discouraged," he answered in a kindly tone, "you'll get the knack of it yet."—Detroit Free Press.

Experience in Massachusetts.

In Massachusetts, when they first undertook road building, the commissioner laid down the rule that the work must be well done, whatever the cost. The cost was to be kept as low as was consistent with safety, but the construction must be good at all events. The most expensive sections of road were selected for improvement first; for, as a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so a road will permit the transportation of only such a load as can be hauled over the worst part, and to improve the worst part is to improve the whole. Consequently, in Massachusetts the cost of original construction has tended downward a mile. This gives satisfaction, as in other States the cost tends upward.



GOOD ROADS

For Government Appropriations.

FOR over a century we have been pottering and fudging about the making of the roads we are just obliged to use, from January to December in every year of our mortal lives, and yet multitudes have spent all their days in driving and trudging over bad roads, because there has been no concerted effort made to make an advance in this needful business which would perfect a road or two each year in good order for a dozen or twenty years without repairs.

Millions upon millions have been appropriated for rivers and harbors, yet the every day road, the road that ninety-hundredths of the population are obliged to use, if they go anywhere, has never had a dollar from the Federal Government or a fraction of help from the National Treasury. Money is voted for all sorts of things regardless of the taxpayers' necessities, right at their own doorsteps.

As Senator Lattimer remarked: "One hundred and sixty millions areas of land were given to the Pacific railroads" to help those bonded syndicates to build up a paying investment for themselves, while the most important and most needful public improvement, namely, country roads, have had no help at all.

He said also: "More than a third of the seventy odd millions of our population live away from the cities and towns"—are, in fact, country people. They live on an average of from one to twenty-five miles from the nearest town or city. Upon this class depends in large measure the bodily comfort of the whole country, and the wealth of the country is drawn primarily from their labor.

"It is a self-evident proposition that the advancement of our agricultural classes should be the prime concern of every statesman and patriotic citizen. The necessity of their education in mind and in improved methods and means of production and of their contentment in their vocations cannot be overlooked. * * * But a more serious tendency is the inclination of the farm people to go to the cities. If we would do away with this evil, some means must be devised to make farm life attractive and pleasant, and to give to that class of our people some of the benefits and advantages enjoyed by the other classes. The Government must stimulate and aid the people in this work.

"The burden of building and maintaining these roads should be distributed equally among all the people. The State must either levy a tax to do this work, or the Federal Government should do it."

Senator Lattimer's proposition is to collect half from the State and half from the general Government, and do the work well from the beginning to the end.

Here is one of the Senator's plain illustrations:

"Take, for instance, the farmer who owns 100 acres of land valued at \$30 per acre, who has farm animals, farm implements and other property which will amount to \$4000. Levy a five mill tax on his property, which will amount to \$20. I hold that under the provisions of this bill there are three ways in which he would make 100 per cent, and pay his taxes. This farmer would haul at least fifty tons over these roads in a year, eight miles being the average haul, and twenty-five cents per ton per mile, and under the present state of the roads making \$100 in expense.

"By reducing the cost of transportation one-half by reason of improved roads, he could move the fifty tons for \$50. He could pay his \$20 tax and save \$30."

Another reason given by the Senator was the uses made by the Government of these roads in mail distribution. The people are now made to pay for their mail privileges and also provide the roads over which the mails travel.

But the main point in the argument is the existence of a tremendous surplus in the Treasury, which is now loaned out to national banks without interest. He denounced this method of assisting one class to the injury of the taxpayers as unjustifiable, and insists that this money should be used to benefit the people who need these good roads, and who have contributed so largely to the revenues of the nation, and who get no return or benefit from this accumulated surplus. He estimated the surplus at \$260,000,000, and \$158,000,000 has been loaned to national banks without interest, while the country roads must be built and maintained by the labor of the people who live in the vicinity, and even their mail privileges must be paid for, while their taxation continues to be heavy.

Snide Lights on History.

Mrs. Julius Caesar had just picked a young blonde hair from the left shoulder of her husband's toga.

"Ah, ha!" she exclaimed, angrily. "So you have been trotting around with some drug store fairy, have you, wretch? I have suspected you for a long time, and now—"

"See here, Cornie," interrupted the dictator, somewhat impatiently, "how often must I tell you that Caesar's wife should be above suspicion?"

But sentimental historians put another construction on the phrase.

The peasant's wife had just given King Alfred an awful tongue lashing for letting the pancakes burn.

"Gee whiz!" cried the perturbed monarch, "I wish those fellows over in Battle Creek would hurry up and invent a ready-to-serve breakfast food!"—Chicago Journal.

A Niagara Made to Order.

Two Swiss engineers have worked out plans for tapping the lake of Stills, in the Engadine, and letting the water drop down the mountains and creating a waterfall which, it is said, would develop 50,000 horse power. During the tourist season the lake would resume its normal look, in spite of the drainage, as it would be necessary to store the water for a time.—New York World.

How to See the Wind.

Select a windy day for your experiment. Take a polished metallic surface, two feet or more, with a straight edge—a large hand saw will answer. Hold this at right angles to the wind (i. e., if the wind be north hold your surface east and west) and incline it at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that the wind, striking, glances and flows over the edge.—Chicago Journal.

TEACHING GERMAN CHILDREN.

Using the Surrounding Country as an Object Lesson to Pupils.

An interesting treatise on the education of children in Germany has just been published by Mr. George Andrew, one of His Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, in the course of which he remarks that "the subjects treated at first are the school and its surroundings, points of the compass, main streets, squares, bridges, public buildings, churches, et cetera. Then the local river (Die Spree), its source, course, fall, island, peninsula, docks, canals, et cetera; next the local heaths and woods—known to most of the children—give the rudimentary ideas of flat and rising ground, hill and valley, mountain chain, et cetera. Similarly the street traffic and railway stations are dealt with, while Berlin and the neighborhood suggest the difference between the capital town, town and village, and so the extension to the province of Brandenburg is made. The lesson includes also some elementary ideas about the sun, moon and stars. On the more historical side a beginning is made with some account of the present Emperor and his family. It is evident that the children have a familiar knowledge of the various members of the Royal House, as the readiness with which they can tell the dates of the various royal birthdays proves. The lessons then proceed backwards to the Emperor's more immediate predecessors, story and incident being frequently resorted to, to interest the children. In similar fashion, some of the most important local historical associations are touched upon. The whole subject is one which an intelligent teacher can make delightfully interesting to a class, but it certainly postulates intelligent teaching. A pleasant introduction and concomitant to geography in the wider sense. It conveys to elementary classes impressions much more living than those dreary paper definitions of the obvious river and the self-evident hill."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The glory of riches does not lead to riches in glory.

A washish disposition gets no honey from the rock.

Nothing cools off a meeting quicker than a hot scolding.

The sense of smartness is sure to make a man shallow.

The Bible, in its wonderful and varied imagery, is the reflector of all human experiences.—J. S. David.

The kingdom of heaven is heart recognition and heart obedience to a Father's spirit living and ruling within our own.—John Hamilton Thom.

Depend not upon external supports, nor beg your tranquility of another. And, in a word, never throw away your legs to stand upon crutches.—Marcus Aurelius.

"I have to work like a slave," said a good woman, weary with her worries, but the answer came from a more way-wise comrade: "Oh, but, my dear, you can work like a queen."—Frances Willard.

Memoirs of a Conductor.

"My motorman was late," said the gabby conductor, "and we were doing our best to make up our time. But a lot of people wanted to get on and a lot of people wanted to get off, and the motorman was growing madder every minute, and so was I.

"At last, however, we came to a stretch of about five blocks that seemed clear. Nobody wanted to get off, and nobody was standing out by the tracks. So the motorman cut her loose. He could see five minutes as good as made up, when an old party who looked like a farmer strayed out into the street waving his umbrella. The motorman had a hard time stopping her, but he brought her up without missing the crossing very far. Then the old party hollered at me: "Say, mister, how long'll I have to wait for the suburban car to Newark?"—Cleveland Leader.

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