THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

VOL. X. FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1899. NO. 7.

CITY DIRECTORY.

MAYOR—W. T. Blanton.
TOWN COUNCIL—By Committees.
Finance—W. E. Davidson, W. P. Gilliam and Chas. Bugg.
Ordinance—H. E. Wall, J. R. Farrar and E. L. Erambert.
Sanitary—A. E. Cralle, E. L. Morris and W. E. Anderson.
Cemetery—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Cralle and E. L. Morris.
Light—E. L. Morris, Chas. Bugg and J. R. Farrar.
Street—Chas. Bugg, E. L. Morris and W. E. Davidson.
Salaries—W. P. Gilliam, E. L. Erambert and A. E. Cralle.
Bonds—H. E. Wall, E. L. Erambert and W. P. Gilliam.
Opera House—W. E. Anderson, E. L. Erambert and A. E. Cralle.
Fire Department—W. E. Davidson, W. E. Anderson and H. E. Wall.
Poor—A. E. Cralle, Chas. Bugg and W. E. Anderson.
Water—E. L. Erambert, H. E. Wall and Chas. Bugg.
Safety—J. R. Farrar, H. E. Wall and W. P. Gilliam.
Town Clerk—E. J. Whitehead.
City Treasurer—John A. Scott.
Commissioner of Revenue—Herbert Rice.
City Sergeant—R. D. Miller.
Police—J. W. Beal and R. L. Orange.
Supt. Electric Plant—C. T. Wicker.

PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY DIRECTORY.

(OFFICE AT FARMVILLE.)

Hon. Geo. L. Hundley, Judge Circuit Court.
Hon. J. M. Crute, Judge County Court.
Hon. A. D. Watkins, Commonwealth's Atty.
W. H. Thackston, Clerk Circuit and County Courts.
E. J. Whitehead, Deputy Clerk Circuit and County Courts.
Supervisors—R. M. Burton, E. L. Dupuy, W. H. Hubbard, A. A. Haskins, G. W. Scott.
R. J. Carter, Commissioner of Revenue.
W. H. Ewing, Treasurer.
T. H. Dickinson, Sheriff.
R. J. Harvey, Jr., Deputy Sheriff.
Thomas J. Garden, Superintendent Schools.

H. W. FLOURNOY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will practice in the Courts of Prince Edward and adjoining counties.
Office over the postoffice, Farmville, Va.
jy 28—1y.

W. C. FRANKLIN,
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PAMPLIN CITY, VA.
Practices in Appomattox, Prince Edward and Charlotte counties. Supreme Court of Virginia and U. S. Courts.

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Will be at office in Farmville every Monday.

WHITE & CO.,
DRUGS,
Medicines and
Druggists' Sundries,
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
FARMVILLE, VA.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL PROPERTY, LOCATED IN THE TOWN OF FARMVILLE, VA.

By the terms of a certain deed of trust executed by N. A. and C. C. Jackson, to me, the undersigned Trustee, dated the 8th day of August, in the year 1898, and duly recorded in the office of the Clerk of the County Court for the County of Prince Edward, in D. B. 41, page 357, to secure the payment of the amount therein stated, default having been made in the payment of the said debt and at the request of the beneficiary, I shall offer for sale

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, 1899,

that being County Court day, in front of the Courthouse at Farmville, at 12 o'clock M., that

VALUABLE HOUSE AND LOT

located in the said town and described as follows: Being that certain piece of land that was conveyed to the said N. A. Jackson by deed from W. J. Mc dor, dated the 16th day of February, 1895, and recorded in D. B. 42, page 66, and being known as lot No. 156. This sale is made subject to a prior deed of trust to the Farmville Building and Trust Company, on which there is due about $800, the correct amount will be mentioned at the said sale.

TERMS:—Cash sufficient to pay the amount of money due on this debt and the costs of executing this trust, and balance on terms announced at sale. Satisfactory terms can be made by purchaser.

W. G. VENABLE,
Oct. 20—4t. Trustee.

Humiliating Blood Diseases.

Humiliating blood diseases can be cured. This is not a theory, it is a fact. Cures are being made every day, though they are not made in a day. The reason why so many suffer without hope is because they have been so often induced to try impossible remedies. The man who says that a blood disease can be cured by a local application or operation is a fraud. There is but one way: the blood must be purified. When that is done the disease disappears. The best purifier is David's Sasaparilla. It does the work when others fail. For sale by Winston & Gray.

Doyne has a full line of Furniture for parlor, chamber, dining-room and nursery. Consult him before you buy elsewhere.

CHRIST'S TEACHINGS.

Dr. Talmage Depicts Triumphs of the Gospel.

Victories of the Christian Religion—Drunkards Are Reclaimed and Thieves Made Righteous.

(Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopsch.)

Washington, Aug. 6.

The antagonists of the Christian religion are in this sermon of Dr. Talmage met in a very unusual way, and the triumphs of the Gospel are depicted. The text is Ezekiel 21:21: "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."

Two modes of divination by which the king of Babylon proposed to find out the will of God. He took a bundle of arrows, put them together, mixed them up, then pulled forth one, and by the inscription on it decided what city he should first assault. Then an animal was slain, and by the lighter or darker color of the liver the brighter or darker prospect of success was inferred. That is the meaning of the text: "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver." Stupid delusion! And yet all the ages have been filled with delusions. It seems as if the world loves to be hoodwinked, the delusion of the text only a specimen of a vast number of deceits practiced upon the human race. In the latter part of the last century Johanna Southcote came forth pretending to have Divine power, made prophecies, had chapels built in her honor, and 100,000 disciples came forward to follow her. About five years before the birth of Christ Apollonius was born, and he came forth, and after five years being speechless, according to the tradition, he healed the sick, and raised the dead, and preached virtue, and, according to the myth, having deceased, was brought to resurrection.

The Delphic oracle deceived vast multitudes of people; the Pythoness seated in the temple of Apollo uttering a crazy jargon from which the people guessed their individual or national fortunes or misfortunes. The utterances were of such a nature that you could read them any way you wanted to read them.

So the ancient auguries deceived the people. The priests of those auguries by the flight of birds or by the intonation of slain animals told the fortunes or misfortunes of individuals and of nations. The sibyls deceived the people. The sibyls were supposed to be inspired women who lived in caves and who wrote the sibylline books afterward purchased by Tarquin the Proud. So late as the year 1829 a man arose in New York, pretending to be a Divine being, and played his part so well that wealthy merchants became his disciples and threw their fortunes into his keeping. And so in all ages there have been necromancies, incantations, witchcrafts, sorceries, magical arts, enchantments, divinations and delusions. The one of the text was only a specimen of that which has been occurring in all ages of the world. None of these delusions accomplished any good. They deceived, they pauperized the people, they were as cruel as they were absurd. They opened no hospitals, they healed no wounds, they wiped away no tears, they emancipated no serfdom.

But there are those who say that all these delusions combined are as nothing compared with the delusion now abroad in the world—the delusion of the Christian religion. That delusion has to-day 400,000,000 dupes. It proposes to encircle the earth with its girdle. That which has been called a delusion has already overshadowed the Appalachian range on this side of the sea, and it has overshadowed the Balkan and Caucasian ranges on the other side of the sea. It has conquered England and the United States. This champion delusion, this hoax, this swindle of the ages, as it has been called, has gone forth to conquer the islands of the Pacific, and Melanesia and Micronesia and Malayan Polynesia have already surrendered to the delusion. Yea, it has conquered the Indian archipelago, and Borneo and Sumatra and Celebes and Java have fallen under its wiles. In the Fiji islands, where there are 120,000 people, 102,000 have already become the dupes of this Christian religion, and if things go on as they are now going on and if the influence of this great hallucination of the ages cannot be stopped it will swallow the globe. Supposing, then, that Christianity is the delusion of the centuries, as some have pronounced it, I propose to show you what has been accomplished by this chimera, this fallacy, this hoax, this swindle of the ages.

And, in the first place, I remark that this delusion of the Christian religion has made wonderful transformations of human character. I will go down the aisle of any church in Christendom, and I will find on either side that aisle those who were once profligate, profane, unclean of speech and unclean of action, drunken and lost. But by the power of this delusion of the Christian religion they have been completely transformed, and now they are kind and amiable and loving and useful. Everybody sees the change. Under the power of this great hallucination they have quit their former associates, and, whereas they once found their chief delight among those who gambled and swore and raced horses, now they find their chief joy among those who go to prayer meetings and churches, so complete is this delusion. Yea, their own families have noticed it—the wife has noticed it, the children have noticed it. The money that went for rum now goes for books and for clothes and for education. He is a new man. All who know him say there has been a wonderful change. What is the cause of this change? This great hallucination of the Christian religion. There is as much difference between what he is now and what he once was as between a rose and a nettle, as between a dove and a vulture, as between day and night. Tremendous delusion!

Admiral Farragut, one of the most admired men of the American navy, early became a victim of this Christian delusion, and, seated not long before his death at Long Branch, he was giving some friends an account of his early life. He said: "My father went down in behalf of the United States government to put an end to Aaron Burr's rebellion. I was a cabin boy and went along with him. I could swear like an old salt. I could gamble in every style of gambling. I knew all the wickedness there was at that time abroad. One day my father cleared everybody out of the cabin except myself and locked the door. He said: 'David, what are you going to do? What are you going to be?' 'Well,' I said, 'father, I am going to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea and be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die of a fever in a foreign hospital?' 'Oh, no!' I said. 'Father, I will not be that; I will tread the quarter deck and command, as you do.' 'No, David,' my father said; 'no, David, a person that has your principles and your bad habits will never tread the quarter deck or command.' My father went out and shut the door after him, and I said then: 'I will change. I will never swear again, I will never drink again, I will never gamble again,' and, gentlemen, by the help of God I have kept those three vows to this time. I soon after that became a Christian, and that decided my fate for time and for eternity."

Another captive of this great Christian delusion. There goes Saul of Tarsus on horseback at full gallop. Where is he going? To destroy Christians. He wants no better play spell than to stand and watch the hats and coats of the murderers who are massacring God's children. There goes the same man. This time he is afoot. Where is he going now? Going on the road to Ostia to die for Christ. They tried to whip it out of him, they tried to scare it out of him, they thought they would give him enough of it by putting him on small diet, and denying him a cloak, and condemning him as a criminal, and howling at him through the streets; but they could not freeze it out of him, and they could not sweat it out of him, and they could not pound it out of him, so they tried the surgery of the sword, and one summer day in 66 he was decapitated. Perhaps the mightiest intellect of the 6,000 years of the world's existence hoodwinked, cheated, cajoled, duped by the Christian religion.

Ah, that is the remarkable thing about this delusion of Christianity! It overpowers the strongest intellects. Gather the critics, secular and religious, of this century together and put a vote to them as to which is the greatest book ever written, and by a large majority they will say "Paradise Lost." Who wrote "Paradise Lost?" One of the fools who believed in this Bible, John Milton. Benjamin Franklin surrendered to this delusion, if you may judge from the letter that he wrote to Thomas Paine, begging him to destroy "The Age of Reason" in manuscript and never let it go into type, and writing afterward, in his old days: "Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to say of the system of morals He left and the religion He has given us are the best things the world has ever seen or is likely to see." Patrick Henry, the electric champion of liberty, enslaved by this delusion, so that he says: "The book worth all other books put together is the Bible." Benjamin Rush, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist—what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." Isaac Newton, the leading philosopher of his time—what did he say? That man surrendering to this delusion of the Christian religion, crying out: "The sublimest philosophy on earth is the philosophy of the Gospel." David Brewster, at the pronunciation of whose name every scientist the world over uncovers his head, David Brewster saying: "Oh, this religion has been a great light to me, a very great light all my days!" President Thiers, the great French statesman, acknowledging that he prayed when he said: "I invoke the Lord God, in whom I am glad to believe." David Livingstone, able to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, yet conquered by this delusion, this hallucination, this great swindle of the ages, so when they find him dead they find him on his knees. William E. Gladstone, the strongest intellect in England, unable to resist this chimera, this fallacy, this delusion of the Christian religion, went to the house of God every Sabbath, and often, at the invitation of the rector, read the prayers to the people. If those mighty intellects are overborne by this delusion, what chance is there for you and me?

Besides that, I have noticed that first rate infidels cannot be depended on for steadfastness in the proclamation of their sentiments. Goethe, a leading skeptic, was so wrought upon by this Christianity that in a weak moment he cried out: "My belief in the Bible has saved me in my literary and moral life." Rosseau, one of the most eloquent champions of infidelity, spending his whole life warring against Christianity, cries out: "The majesty of the Scriptures amazes me." Altemont, the notorious infidel, one would think he would have been safe against this delusion of the Christian religion. Oh, no! After talking against Christianity all his days, in his last hours he cried out: "Oh, Thou blasphemed but most indulgent Lord God, hell itself is a refuge if it hide me from Thy frown!" Voltaire, the most talented infidel the world ever saw, writing 250 publications, and the most of them spiteful against Christianity, himself the most notorious libertine of the century—one would have thought he could have been depended upon for steadfastness in the advocacy of infidelity and in the war against this terrible chimera, this delusion of the Gospel. But no; in his last hour he asks for Christian burial and asks that they give him the sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. Why, you cannot depend upon these first rate infidels; you cannot depend upon their power to resist this great delusion of Christianity. Thomas Paine, the god of modern skeptics, his birthday celebrated in New York and Boston with great enthusiasm—Thomas Paine, the paragon of Bible haters—Thomas Paine, about whom his brother infidel, William Carver, wrote in a letter which I have at my house, saying that he drank a quart of rum a day and was too mean and too dishonest to pay for it—Thomas Paine, the adored of modern infidelity—Thomas Paine, who stole another man's wife in England and brought her to this country—Thomas Paine, who was so squalid and so loathsome and so drunken and so profligate and so beastly in his habits, sometimes picked out of the ditch, sometimes too filthy to be picked out—Thomas Paine, one would have thought that he could have been depended on for steadfastness against this great delusion.

But no. In his dying hour he begs the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy. Powerful delusion, all conquering delusion, earthquaking delusion of the Christian religion. Yea, it goes on. It is so impertinent, and it is so overbearing, this chimera of the Gospel, that, having conquered the great picture galleries of the world, the old masters and the young masters, it is not satisfied until it has conquered the music of the world. Look over the programme of any magnificent musical festival and see what are the great performances and learn that the greatest of all the subjects are religious subjects.

Yes, this chimera of the Gospel is not satisfied until it goes on and builds itself into the most permanent architecture, so it seems as if the world is never to get rid of it. What are some of the finest buildings in the world? St. Paul's, St. Peter's and the churches and cathedrals of all Christendom. Yes, this impertinence of the Gospel, this vast delusion, is not satisfied until it projects itself, and in one year gives, contributes, $6,250,000 to foreign missions, the work of which is to make dunces and fools on the other side of the world—people we have never seen. Deluded doctors—220 physicians meeting week by week in London in the Union Medical prayer circle to worship God.

Deluded doctors—Lord Cairns, the highest legal authority in England, the ex-adviser of the throne, spending his vacation in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the poor people of Scotland. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, once secretary of state, an old fashioned Evangelical Christian, an elder in the Reformed church. John Bright, a deluded Quaker. Henry Wilson, the vice president of the United States, dying a deluded Methodist or Congregationalist. Earl of Kintore dying a deluded Presbyterian.

The cannibals in South sea, the bushmen of Tierra del Fuego, the wild men of Australia, putting down the knives of their cruelty and clothing themselves in decent apparel—all under the power of this delusion. Judson and Doty and Abeel and Campbell and Williams and the 3,000 missionaries of the cross turning their backs on home and civilization and comfort and going out amid squalor of heathenism to relieve it, to save it, to help it, toiling until they dropped into their graves, dying with no earthly comfort about them, and going into graves with no appropriate epitaph, when they might have lived in this country and lived for themselves and lived luxuriously and been at last put into brilliant sepulchers. What a delusion!

Yes, this delusion of the Christian religion shows itself in the fact that it goes to those who are in trouble. Now, it is bad enough to cheat a man when he is well and when he is prosperous, but this religion comes to a man when he is sick and says: "You will do well again after awhile. You are going into a land where there are no coughs, and no pleurisies, and no consumptions, and no languishing. Take courage and bear up." Yea, this awful chimera of the Gospel comes to the poor, and it says to them: "You are on your way to vast estates and to dividends always declarable." This delusion of Christianity comes to the bereft, and it talks of reunion before the throne and of the cessation of all sorrow. And then, to show that this delusion will stop at absolutely nothing, it goes to the dying bed and fills the man with anticipations. How much better it would be to have him die without any more hope than swine and rats and snakes! Shovel him under! That is all. Nothing more left of him. He will never know anything again. Shovel him under! The soul is only a superior part of the body, and when the body disintegrates the soul disintegrates. Annihilation, vacancy, everlasting blank obliteration. Why not present all that beautiful doctrine to the dying instead of coming with this hoax, this swindle of the Christian religion, and filling the dying man with anticipations of another life until some in the last hour have clapped their hands, and some have shouted, and some have sung, and some have been so overwrought with joy that they could only look ecstatic? Palace gates opening, they thought—diamond coronets flashing, hands beckoning, orchestras sounding. Little children dying actually believing they saw their departed parents, so that although the little children had been so weak and feeble and sick for weeks they could not turn on their dying pillow at the last, in a paroxysm of rapture uncontrollable they sprang to their feet and shouted: "Mother, catch me; I am coming."

THE FIRST STEP.

"It is the first step which is hard."

She stood alone in the doorway,
Troubled and full of alarms
As she scanned the long, long distance
To her father's open arms;
It was so easy to stumble
She knew, to her baby grief,
And the way seemed fraught with danger;
So she breathed a sigh of relief
When, after her first weak footstep,
Her father the path made clear,
And, safe at last in his keeping,
She remembered no more her fear.

So we, with many forebodings,
The untried pathway view
That leads from the world of evil
To our Father's love, so true;
We often may falter and stumble,
And pleasures the goal may dim,
We may tremble and say: "We cannot,
So hard is the way to Him!"
But the Father's hand is saving,
And perils shall be forgot,
We're safe in His wonderful keeping
Who life to the sinner brought.

—Grace I. Lane, in Baptist Union.

THE GRACE OF HUMILITY.

Not Inconsistent with Enterprise or a Right Estimate of Our Own Powers.

Why is it that we so often dislike to hear humanity spoken of as a desirable Christian virtue? We know it to be a grace of the highest order in point of fact, but many of us shrink a little from being called humble, having a sort of feeling that to be humble means willingness to be imposed upon unduly or assent to be regarded as inferior to others. This is neither necessary nor true. Humility is not self-depreciation. It is perfectly consistent with the highest and happiest proper conviction of one's own abilities and attainments. We ought to be modest. We ought also not to depreciate ourselves unduly. We ought to try to understand the exact truth about ourselves and to rate ourselves as nearly as possible just where we belong. Humility lies in accepting our own rank and situation morally, intellectually and socially without objection or complaint, without jealousy of those whom we are compelled to admit to be superior to us, or contempt of others below us.

It is not inconsistent with enterprise. A thoroughly humble man often is distinguished for energy and efficiency, for good sense and even for his conspicuous leadership. Some of the world's greatest heroes have been genuinely and nobly humble. It is not inconsistent with large fame. A man may justly attain to worldwide reputation, and know that he has deserved and secured it, and may enjoy it, and even be proud of it, without failing to be truly humble. If he should take pride in himself and his endeavors more than is just, if he should attribute to himself alone success which has come to him through the help of others or through advantageous circumstances of which anyone else might have made use, he would fail in humility. But if he appreciates the fact that, having done his best and having succeeded, his success, after all, is not worth being puffed up about, he cannot be said to lack humility.

It is an element of true greatness. It is an element of real piety. No one can be truly Christian who overestimates his ability or his services to God and his fellowmen. And no one who thoroughly understands himself, no one who studies his own heart and life from day to day and becomes conscious of the rapid and mischievous growth of evil of all sorts within him—needing to be continually repressed and overcome, and impossible of being conquered in any strength of his own—no one who thus makes himself acquainted with his own being and his own life can fail to be humble in the true sense. It is to be commended to the young especially that modesty and humility are essential elements of true greatness. There is a self-assertion which is legitimate and not unbecoming, but, as the rule, aggressive self-assertion is more likely to be mistaken and dangerous than either beautiful or helpful. — Congregationalist.

"The Living God."

How many times we find this expression in the Holy Scriptures. And it is just the very thing we are practically prone to lose sight of. We know that it is written: "The living God;" we may speak about Him as "the living God;" but in our daily life there is scarcely anything we practically so much lose sight of as the fact that God is "the living God," and that He is now whatever He was three thousand or four thousand years ago; that He has the same sovereign power, the same saving love toward those who love and serve Him as ever He had, and that He will do for them what He did for those two thousand, three thousand, four thousand years ago, simply because He is "the living God," the unchanging One, the same as ever He was. O, how, therefore, we should confide in Him, and in our darkest moments and in our greatest trials and in our heaviest difficulties and afflictions should never lose sight of the fact that He is still "the living God," and ever will be "the living God." —George Muller.

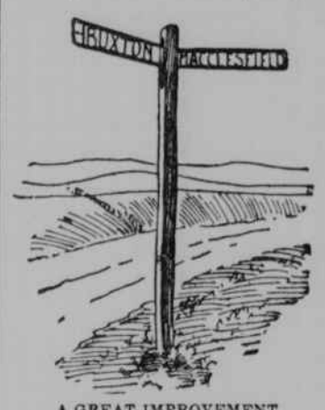
Willingness.

To be willing is a rarer grace than to be doing the will of God. For he who is willing may sometimes have nothing to do, and must only be willing to wait; and it is easier far to be doing God's will than to be willing to have nothing to do—it is easier far to be working for Christ than it is to be willing to cease. No, there is nothing rarer in the world to-day than the truly willing soul, and there is nothing more worth coveting than the will to will God's will.—Henry Drummond.

SAFE GUIDE POSTS.

Their Introduction in Every State of the Union Would Be Welcomed by Bicyclists.

One of the worst annoyances, if not the greatest, which cyclists are compelled to endure in many parts of the country is that which is occasioned by the absence of readable direction posts at cross roads. The sight of a signpost which is readable is, therefore, always a welcome one to those who happen to cycle in a strange locality, for it places beyond doubt the question which every tourist is continually asking himself: "Am I on the right road?" Should the mockery of a finger-post exist, of which it is impossible to decipher the lettering, that suffers from stress of wind and weather, or that the wind has twisted around in the wrong direction, the situation is only rendered more exasperating. It is therefore a pleasure to refer to guide posts



A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

of the kind which have been introduced in a certain locality. The guide consists of an iron post and framework fingers, in which are set, also in iron, the words which indicate the places whose names are shown. The posts are usually painted so that in the dusk of evening they show up very clearly, and, unless the night is particularly dark, it is an easy matter to read the words without the aid of a light. Even if a belated rider should be left in this dilemma, by carefully tracing with the fingers the shapes of the different letters, the whole word can be made out; with an ordinary wooden post it is, of course, impossible to decipher the wording. Another great advantage the new post possesses is that the lettering can be seen from both sides.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

How Far a Man Who Rides a Bicycle Leaves Behind Him the Man Who Walks.

The difference between the distance covered by a man walking the minimum of one step and that covered by the cyclist pedaling one revolution is astounding, to say nothing of the great saving of muscular energy. To appreciate the difference we must first understand what is meant by the "gear" of the machine. There are two notched wheels (sprockets), one fixed to the pedals, the other to the back wheel. Increased circumferential speed is obtained by making the front sprocket larger than that on the back wheel. Thus, if there are 24 notches on the front sprocket and eight on the back one, it is plain that when the pedals have gone round once the chain has engaged the 24 notches on the front sprocket. But as there are only eight notches on the back sprocket it follows that this sprocket must have gone round three times (3x8 equals 24, the number on the front sprocket) in order to keep pace with the pedal sprocket. The back wheel of the cycle, therefore, with one turn of the pedals, goes round three times. The modern bicycle has increased the locomotive powers of man to such an extent that in order to cover as much ground in one step in a walk as he would at each stroke of his pedals he would have to be a giant 35 feet in height. The one revolution of the pedals of a 120-gear machine would be 31 feet 4 inches, and to cover this ground our giant, covering a little over 15 feet at a step, would have to take two of them.—Golden Penny.

EVERYBODY CYCLES.

Among the Natives of Africa the Use of the Wheel Is Fast Becoming a Positive Rage.

Nowadays, everybody cycles. The difficulty is to get into a part of the world where folks don't. One has not heard yet that the Eskimos wheel, or that the Patagonians have cycling gymkhanas. But, no doubt, all that is within measurable distance. Among the native races in Africa cycling is fast becoming a positive rage. This is particularly so in South Africa. The Kaffirs are enthusiastic, and in King William's Town and Graham's Town they have clubs of their own. In Natal there are three native clubs. A little time ago, two blacks invested in bicycles, and started careering about the streets of Johannesburg, till an industrious constable knocked them off their machines and took them into custody. There was no imprisonment inflicted on them for daring to imitate their white neighbors, but they were told that cycling was for white people, not for blacks. So nothing further has been heard of the pair. In Zululand the wheel is quite common. It is the usual vehicle among traders going round to the various stores seeking orders, and the outfit of no missionary is complete without one.

Fecundity of Microbes.

The fecundity of microbes is prodigious, so much so that if 15 drops of water polluted with bacteria are allowed to fall into a cup of broth the germ population would have increased in 24 hours to 80,000,000.

HEMMED IN BY MUD.

Salutary Effect of Good Roads on the Home and Social Life of Rural Communities.

It is not uncommon for agricultural writers and lecturers who wish to make farmers contented with their lot to say that farmers have teams and their wives and families can go to town when they like and attend churches, sociables, lectures, farmers' clubs, granges, history clubs and Chautauqua circles, for study and entertainment. This is all true to some extent, and is excellent—except during the two to four months of fall, winter and spring when a large part of the farmers living remote from any village are practically "mud-bound." There is something romantic, beautiful and poetic in being snow-bound in the way described by our beloved poet Whittier in his delightful

AN UNPAVED CITY STREET.

poem; but there is neither beauty, poetry nor romance in being mud-bound. The first step in civilization is the step up and out of the mud. We know a town that has furnished its full share of inspiring agricultural literature for press and platform in which some of the families and neighbors even of those who furnish such literature are practically mud-bound a part of the year—cut off from church, lectures, social life, by very deep and very unpoetic mud.

At a certain farmers' club, recently, one member by previously assignment discussed the influence of electric roads upon the value of the farm and its products. After speaking of their influence on the cash values, he said in substance: "But there are other values than the cash ones. The farm's best products are its human ones, and whatever makes these human products more happy, intelligent and useful enhances the value of the farm and its products in the highest and best of all ways. Evening lectures and entertainments? Yes, but they close at ten or later and three miles of mud roads and cleaning the horses afterwards take all the fun out of it. Church? Why, I actually lose more religion going and coming than I get while I'm there! The only time my wife is discontented with farm life is when we're mud-bound. If we had an electric road past us farm life would be ideal." Another member thought really good gravel or stone pikes would solve the difficulty even better.

We know a town from which several hundred gallons of milk are shipped to the city daily the year round. Some of the milk is hauled three miles or more to the station, rain or shine, mud or dust, and as much more goes to cheese factories. There are beds of fairly good gravel in three parts of the township or just across the line. It is sandstone, quartz and granitic gravel with very little shale. It is not so good or durable as limestone gravel, but is better far than clay. In the township there are thousands of tons of "nigger-heads," that is, granitic bowlders brought by glacial action, from the size of your fist up to the size of a large hay-cock. They either obstruct farm work badly, or have been gathered into huge piles in fence corners and elsewhere, where they are useless and a nuisance. A good steam-power crusher would make the very best "road metal" of them. Eight feet wide and eight inches deep of such broken granite on a properly graded roadbed, and covered with four inches of gravel well rounded up, and with proper drainage, would make solid roads the year round, and the roads would last for many years, provided very heavy loads were forbidden on them in wet times. Such roads would actually cost the farmers less, if the hauling of material were done by themselves, than it now costs them to wallow through the deep mud daily with their milk to station and to factory, several months each year, year after year, as they now do. And what an uplift to the intellectual and social life of the whole community! There are hundreds of such towns in Ohio and neighboring states, outside of the parts underlaid with limestone and in which limestone gravel abounds and in which the mud roads are already superseded by hundreds of miles of splendid stone and gravel pikes in each county. In such regions the worst features of the isolation of farm life are a thing of the past. They should be everywhere even if road metal must be shipped in by railway. Free rural mail delivery will go hand in hand with such roads in relieving our farms of their isolation the whole year round.—Ohio Farmer.

Mend the Road in Summer.

During dry weather is the time to prepare the roads for wet weather.

Delay Is Expensive.

Fix the road when it should be fixed. Don't wait until it must be fixed.

Don't Go Well Together.

Motor-carriages and mud won't agree worth a cent.