

Nothing succeeds like success except failure, observes the Atlanta Journal.

New York has discovered that policemen left for a long time on one beat lose interest and are more subjected to influences peculiar to that section of the city.

"Taste buds" have been discovered in the larynx like those on the tongue. A long neck is no beauty in a man, but it may add considerably to life's pleasures.

Andrew Carnegie is reported to have said that he wished to diffuse useful knowledge among men. Will Mr. Carnegie kindly put us next to his most useful plan of raking in the shekels?

Happily, there is room in the West and Southwest for every man capable of labor in the fields, declares the Philadelphia Record. There the demand for unskilled labor was never more insistent, and thither the swarming immigrants should take their way and become an instant factor in promoting the general prosperity.

If all the bacteria which the biologists can cultivate on walls, doormats and greenbacks were to live up to their undoubted scientific possibilities we should all of us be dead, asserts the New York Tribune. Happily, however, those of us who do not have hysterics about germs are able to live in comparative comfort, and other people worry along till such time as nervous prostration carries them off.

With its 83,000,000 inhabitants in 1905, which are growing at the rate of 15,000,000 every decade now, the United States is the largest civilized country in the world except Russia. With its \$110,000,000,000 of property in 1905, as compared with \$55,000,000,000 for Great Britain and Ireland, \$50,000,000,000 for France, \$48,000,000,000 for Germany, and smaller figures for the rest of the countries, it is immeasurably the wealthiest of the world's nations.

Hiram Cronk, the last survivor of the War of 1812, flourished in an age when no vibrant warning against race suicide was uttered. But he did not neglect his duty to the race, as he did not neglect the call of his country, says the New York Press. There followed him to the city hall his eldest boy, Philander, a youth of 81; his second born, William, a stripling of 72; his daughter, Mrs. Rawley, a young lady of 71, and his youngest child, John, a mere babe of 66.

The Mexican Herald of recent date, in reviewing the agricultural resources of Mexico, anticipates that its agricultural products will in a few years exceed the mineral output a hundred-fold. It has often been stated, and doubtless correctly, that all the gold that came from California cost more than its legal tender value, and that the great wealth of California came out of the crops of its fertile soil. Our contemporary doubtless, remarks the Louisiana Planter, believes the same true of Mexico, and that its fertile soil and climatic advantages will rapidly bring all of its control to such a development as to overshadow those of mining, no matter how lucrative they may be.

At a convention of the Parents' National Education Union, in London, Eng., Dr. Dyke Acland delivered an important address upon sleep, relates the New York Sun. He said that the hours of sleep allowed the younger boys in the great schools were far too short. Eight hours was the minimum for adults, and from nine and a half to ten hours should be allowed to boys. A careful study of the school-boys in after life suggested that shortage in sleep at school was the true explanation of the disappearance, in after life of the most brilliant boys at school. Many eminent men had admitted that the habit of disregarding sleep at school had resulted in insomnia and even worse disturbances of the nervous system. Dr. Acland advocated the abolition of chapel and study before breakfast.

EL DORADO.

The golden glory of the morn  
Fast fades to dewy night;  
Then swift the darkling hours march  
Into the hurrying light.  
Still burns the desert underfoot,  
Still lures the magic West,  
To where the wealth of India  
Shall crown our weary quest.

A thousand leagues of battle,  
A thousand days of pain,  
The cry of stricken comrades,  
The parched bones of the slain—  
All these we leave behind us,  
Forgotten by the way;  
Somewhere beyond the desert lies  
The Land of Holiday!

Dark forests pressed upon us,  
Strange rivers barred the path;  
In vain the bitter tempest broke  
In impotence of wrath.  
Through want and danger, toil and gloom,  
We struggle on and on;  
So only in the Lush Land  
Of peace and plenty won!

But sometimes, when I lie awake,  
My rusty mail unbraced,  
By dinted sword and battered shield  
Beside my pillow placed,  
I question—what if hapless chance  
To our undoing move?  
What if that distant Land of Gold  
A ghastly phantom prove?

And when my inmost soul responds  
With valiant words and true,  
And bids me follow to the end  
These roads forever new:  
For whether at their end we find  
Or gold or worthless dross,  
We've dared a great adventure,  
And the issue is not loss!

We've known the joy of battle;  
We've borne the flag of Spain  
Where never man has been before,  
Nor man may come again;  
We've drained the utmost wine of life,  
Yea, to the last strong lees—  
What garden hath the East to give  
Comparable with these?

Each seeks the thing he values most  
To garner or to spend,  
Some call it El Dorado,  
And some The Journey's End;  
Some call it slither robes and gems  
To sparkle in the sun,  
But I the Quest alone I seek,  
The joy of brave deeds done!  
—Youth's Companion.

A Little Ambassadors.

"Come in!"  
My office door opened very gently, and a little face I knew well peeped round. In sheer astonishment I dropped my pen.  
"Kathleen!" I said. "How in the world did you get down here? You're not by yourself, surely?"  
"Oh, no; course, nurse is with me," and the blue eyes smiled at me so sweetly; "but she's gone shopping I'm not to go till she comes for me."  
"But what will mother and auntie say? They'll think you're lost."  
"I'm too growed-up to get lost," she said, with a dignified little air. I could not help smiling.  
"Now, you little rogue," I said, "when I've helped you off with that pretty blue coat and hat I shall expect to be told why you've honored me with a visit to the city during business hours."  
She settled herself sedately in a chair opposite to me, quite unconscious of the pretty picture she made with her mass of fair hair and sweet little face.  
"It's a most 'portant visit," she said. "I've come to ask you to my party next We'n'sday."  
"Indeed? I shall be delighted to come. So that's what brought you down here, is it?"  
I had heard great tales about this party, but not from Kathleen. This was evidently her surprise for me.  
"Shall I be expected to do anything particular?" I asked.  
"You'll have to make-believe all the time, like you always do at our house."  
This was certainly a capdri statement. I wondered if the rest of the family shared the same view. I hoped not, because I was as a rule particularly serious after Kathleen had gone to bed.  
"Aunt Merva will be there, of course," I ventured to suggest.  
"Course she will," replied Kathleen.  
Then she made a tour of the room, came back and resumed her seat, and asked me seriously: "Is this where you play all by yourself in the daytime?"  
"Well, yes, I suppose I do."  
"Do you keep your toys in those big tin boxes?"  
"Well, they're not toys like those in your nursery."  
"Do you sit here all by yourself, then?"  
I nodded.  
"And never feel lonely?"  
"Sometimes," I said, smiling in spite of myself at the serious little face.  
"I heard mummie tell daddy one day you were a lonely man."  
"Oh!"  
I was certainly hearing some home truths.  
"But you won't be lonely when you come to my party, will you?"  
"No, dear. I like to come as often as I can to your house," and I spoke the truth.  
By this time Kathleen's nurse had returned—I expect she had been waiting outside all the time—and with strict injunctions "not to forget the party next Wednesday," my little visitor kissed me good-by, and I tried to settle down to work again.  
But a pair of blue eyes would keep dancing in front of me on my blotting pad. Sometimes I thought they were Kathleen's and sometimes I

thought they were—some one else's. Kathleen's eyes and her Aunt Merva's were strangely alike. I had noticed it before.  
The room seemed quite cheerless now that she had gone.  
In the intervening days the postman left strange notes for me.  
Sometimes the missives were stuck together with jujubes, but I had no difficulty in deciphering the signs. They read: "Don't forget the party next We'n'sday." As to the crosses—well, the most ignorant person knows what those mean in a letter.  
"We'n'sday" came at last, and of course I went to the party. It was a great success. The house was turned upside down by a merry crowd of little folks who kept the fun going until long after they ought to have been in bed.  
Kathleen quenced it all very prettily, and after the last little guest had departed and the blue eyes could scarcely keep open, she persisted that she wasn't a little bit tired, "on'y hungry." That was a subterfuge she was always guilty of at bedtime.  
Next day I saw Kathleen in the park and we discussed the party.  
"You were a funny man," she said.  
I was glad to know that I had given satisfaction in this direction.  
"Did you learn all those stories from pitsher books, or were they just make believe?"  
"Both," I said.  
"And you didn't cry when you had to go home like little Charlie did, did you?"  
I assured her I was able to refrain from weeping.  
"And you liked me the best of all the little girls there?"  
"Of course I did."  
"Quite sure?" she said coaxingly.  
"Quite sure," I repeated.  
"Then mummie was wrong," she said, triumphantly.  
"How's that?" I asked.  
"Well, when mummie and Aunt Merva came in to say 'Good night,' I heard auntie say how fond you were of me, and mummie said, 'Yes and I know some one else he's very fond of, too, or would be if she'd let him,' and auntie went quite funny, and said: 'Don't be ridikus, Daisy—Daisy's what daddy calls mummie—but mummie only laughed and said: 'I don't think you're always kind to him.'"  
Kathleen stopped to take breath after this long recital, and then went on: "So after mummie went down stairs, and auntie brought me a sweetie 'fore I fell 'sleep, I asked if it was true if you liked some little girl better'n me. Auntie said, 'Perhaps not, sometimes.' Then I said she ought to love you like I did, 'cos you were lonely and had no nice little girl of your own like my daddy had. Then she stooped down to kiss me and her check was quite wet, just as if she'd been crying. I've never seen Auntie Merva cry before."  
There was a serious look in Kathleen's blue eyes.  
"What made Auntie Merva cry, do you think?" she asked, quite distressed.  
"I think I can guess," I said, and with a full heart I kissed the little upturned face.  
Kathleen had told me something that I wanted to know—something that I have been grateful to her for telling me all my life.—Alan Sanders in Baltimore Evening Herald.

The No-Clothes Cure.

Gustave Nagel was a very delicate child and grew to manhood almost a chronic invalid. His parents had spent fortunes on medical attention for him, and he had consumed barrels of medicine, but all to no effect. Some years ago he conceived the idea that modern man lived too far from the state in which nature intended that he should, and he resolved to return to the habits of his premeval forefathers and become strong or die in the attempt. He discarded all clothes, except what the law required, ate only raw foods and no meat, and bathed only in water of a natural temperature.  
At first of course he suffered severely, but in a few years he was able to walk barefooted in the snow with as little discomfort as the ordinary mortal suffers going shoeless on a sandy beach in summer. When he bathes he never dries himself; when he sleeps he prefers the cold, bare ground; he never has his hair cut short, deeming it a protection from the weather given man by nature; his food is of fruits, vegetables, bread and nuts. Nagel is about to be married, but I am not able to say whether the lady of his choice is a new woman or has primeval tendencies like his own.—London Tatler.

Why a Ship's Called "She."

"Johnny," said the teacher to a small pupil in the juvenile class, "can you tell me why a ship is called 'She'?"  
"I guess it's because a ship is like a woman," answered Johnny. "She needs a man to boss her."

In China a man cannot by will dispose of his land in favor of any one person, whether relative or stranger; it must be distributed among all his male children without exception.

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Schedule in Effect January 8, 1905.

| 67     | 43     | 35            | 36             | 66           | 50               |
|--------|--------|---------------|----------------|--------------|------------------|
| Daily  | Daily  | Daily         | Daily          | Daily        | Daily            |
| 12:25p | 12:55p | 12:10a        | 9:25p          | Lv New York  | Ar. 7:23a        |
| 6:30a  | 4:15p  | 7:23a         | 12:12a         | Lv W. Phila. | Ar. 4:21a        |
| 2:35a  | 1:45p  | 9:42a         | 2:37a          | Lv Baltimo.  | Ar. 1:48a        |
| 11:30a | 11:30a | 10:50a        | 4:30a          | Lv Wash'ton  | Ar. 11:50p       |
| 8:36p  | 9:50a  | 11:00p        | 2:20p          | 9:10a        | Lv Richmond      |
| 6:23a  | 6:23a  | 11:40p        | 2:57p          | 10:02a       | Lv Pet's'burg    |
| 5:49a  | 5:49a  | 1:45a         | 5:10p          | 12:45p       | Ar .Norlina . Lv |
| 2:10p  | 1:40p  | 3:24a         |                |              |                  |
| 33     | 41     | 38            | 32             |              |                  |
| Daily  | Daily  | Daily         | Daily          |              |                  |
| 9:30p  | 9:25a  | Lv Portsmouth | Ar. 5:30p      | 7:50a        |                  |
| 10:02p | 9:54a  | Lv . Suffolk. | Ar. 4:54p      | 7:13a        |                  |
| 1:20a  | 1:20p  | Ar .Norlina.  | Lv. 1:40p      | 3:30a        |                  |
| 1:57a  | 5:13p  | 1:40p         | Lv .Norlina.   | Ar. 1:15p    | 1:35p            |
| 3:21a  | 2:25a  | 5:37p         | 2:10p          | Lv Hend'son. | Ar. 12:37p       |
| 1:10p  | 2:56a  |               |                |              |                  |
| 9:00a  | 4:10p  | Ar .Durham.   | Ar. 10:05a     | 6:00p        |                  |
| 4:15a  | 7:00p  | 4:00p         | Lv .Raleigh.   | Ar. 11:00a   | 11:50a           |
| 1:25a  | 8:55p  | 6:16p         | Lv So Pines.   | Ar. 8:30a    | 9:45a            |
| 11:20p |        |               | (Pinehurst J.) |              |                  |
| 7:15a  | 9:55p  | 7:30p         | Ar Hamlet.     | Ar. 7:30a    | 8:50a            |
| 10:30p |        |               |                |              |                  |
| 7:35a  | 10:15p | Lv . Hamlet.  | Ar. 7:10a      | 10:00p       |                  |
| 9:10a  | 11:55p | Ar .Monroe.   | Lv. 5:40a      | 8:35p        |                  |
| Daily  | 9:15a  | 12:01a        | Lv .Monroe.    | Ar. 5:35a    | 8:30p            |
| 10:30a | 1:20a  | Ar .Ches'ter. | Lv. 4:06a      | 7:14p        |                  |
| 2:53p  | 11:47a | 2:45a         | Ar .Clinton    | Lv. 2:45a    | 6:00p            |
| 3:41p  | 12:33p | 3:35a         | Ar Greenwood   | Lv. 1:56a    | 5:15p            |
| 4:08p  | 12:57p | 4:02a         | Lv Abbeville.  | Ar. 1:33a    | 4:50p            |
| 4:45p  | 1:25p  | 4:32a         | Lv Cal. Falls. | Ar. 1:00a    | 4:21p            |
| 5:23p  | 1:52p  | 5:05a         | Lv .Elberton   | Ar. 12:28a   | 3:55p            |
| 6:35p  | 2:50p  | 6:08a         | Lv .Athens     | Ar. 11:23p   | 2:57p            |
| 7:20p  | 3:26p  | 6:46a         | Lv .Winger.    | Ar. 10:43p   | 2:23p            |
| 7:55p  | 3:55p  | 7:20a         | Lv Law'ville.  | Ar. 10:10p   | 1:57p            |
| 9:20p  | 4:55p  | 8:40a         | Ar .Atlanta    | Lv. 9:00p    | 1:00p            |
| 8:40a  |        |               |                |              |                  |

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