Virginia Citizen.

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FLOATING.

[The author of this touching poem, after many years of eminent professional success, was obliged, through illness, to give up all activities and lead a quiet life.—Editor.]

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
* * * * * * *
"Row! brothers! Row! The stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past."
—Canadian Boat Song.

Yes, Brothers! Row! Row each his boat!
I row no more; I only float.
The stream, which long has been my road,
On which I hurried as it flowed,
And where the busy oar I plied,
Or shaped my course from side to side,
Still strongly bears my failing boat—
I row no more; I only float.

I see the stream more swiftly run
Than when its course was first begun;
The rapids' boding voice I hear
Still drawing nearer and more near;
The noontide brilliance all is past—
Eastward the shadows long are cast—
But I no longer row my boat,
Or try to row—I only float;
Yet still find round me, none the less,
Abundant cause for thankfulness.

O Lord! Send Thou Thy peace to be
Still a companion unto me,
That I may have no shade of fear
Of unknown rapids drawing near;
That I may hear the distant chime
Of bells beyond the walls of Time;
That I may feel my failing boat
Still in Thy guidance as I float,
Till I shall reach the tideless sea,
The Ocean of Eternity!
—Robert Dewey Benedict, in August National Magazine.

[Communicated.]

THE PROTRACTED MEETINGS.

Now that the season of protracted meetings is here, pastors are asking the members of their flocks how and when shall they hold meetings. You will hear different opinions. They all realize the importance of these meetings, and that this is the harvest time for saving souls. A great majority of the Christians of today were converted in some revival meeting and every Christian should be ready to make any sacrifice that their church should have one week, if no more, of revival services. The church needs it and the sinner needs it. But the questions of dinner and time seem to be the problems to solve. Some say they cannot get help and that they themselves are not able to cook, etc. Some say that they have had this, that and the other misfortune and that they are too busy. Others that their plates, cups and other dishes got broken last year and that they can't afford it. Well, the only solution I see to all that is half-day meetings. Have you ever read how in olden times people observed regular feasts, and took the first and best of their flocks for sacrifice. Apparently we are not so devote now. But I believe if the people would not make this special occasion a time of feasting and display, seeing who could bring the best dinner, they would enjoy the meetings more. No one likes a good dinner more than I do, especially when somebody else has had the trouble preparing it. But I wish the ladies of the church would stop carting out plates, cups, knives and forks and all unnecessary dishes and eatables. Then there would not be so much dread of the protracted meeting week. Ham and bread, chicken, beef or something that could be taken in the hand without taking table-cloths, plates, etc., would be enough for a midday lunch. I have heard of preachers eating so much dinner at a protracted meeting they were too sluggish to preach as they should and the congregation almost asleep. How can such meetings be a success? Let's stop trying to make a show of dinner, but just take a lunch. Often by the time the ladies get through clearing up the table and putting away dishes they are too tired to enjoy the afternoon services. Let us go to the meetings to worship God, like Mary of old. The Master told Martha she was troubled about too much serving. Some of the ladies of today are troubled with too much serving. Take to church a simple lunch and the old time revivals will soon return again.

ONE OF THE SUFFERERS.

HOW TO KNOW A MAD DOG.

Just at this time when so much is heard about mad dogs it is interesting to know what one who has made a study of rabies has to say on the subject. Says Caspar Whitney, in Outing:

"Hydrophobia is in reality so rare and so terrifying that its symtoms and treatment are little understood. As a matter of fact the commonly accepted expression of madness in a dog is often misleading. The real mad dog does not shun water, as it is said. On the contrary, mad dogs often rush to the water and drink eagerly, if they are able to swallow. The mad dog does not froth at the mouth. It does not run amuck, snapping at everything in its path. What then, are the indications of the mad dog? To those familiar with a given dog the surest symtom and the one which should excite closest attention is a distinct and unaccountable change in the dog's disposition—a staid dog becoming excitable and a frisky one dull. That condition does not necessarily mean rabies, but it is suspicious, and if in addition, the dog has trouble in swallowing—as though it seemed to have a bone in its throat—beware! That dog should be instantly tied up, because if it be rabies it takes but a day or two for ferocious insticts to develop. The unmistakable evidence however of a dog with rabies is the sticky, whitish saliva which covers the teeth and shows on the drawn lips. The eyes glare and are red; the dog has paroxysms of running fury, during which it barks hoarsely, alternating with periods of temporary exhaustion.

[Communicated.]

IS IT POSSIBLE?

Across the Pacific, ten thousand miles away, a cluster of island lie. Inhabited by a race crowded together in small space with the necessity on them of water commerce, they were being crowded by a huge neighbor, a neighbor that, had he his way, would have blighted their commerce and hedged them in on every side. The instinct of self-preservation forced them into a costly and destructive war with their big neighbor, and they saved their commercial life. Reduced to great poverty by that struggle, with taxation so great that one-third of the people's income is taken by the government for taxes, they are under the blight of war's consequences. Judging from our own experience it will take them fifty years to get back what they have lost. Yet these poor islanders, with their billions of debt, are charged with being anxious to plunge into another war, more expensive and deadly than the one they have just emerged from, a war with the best fighting people of the earth. The pretext is given out is that they have some little children in San Francisco and the school authorities of that city will not let these children go to the same schools as the natives. The war they had with Russia was to preserve their national life; the war Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hobson predicts is to come from a matter of equal school privileges in a coast city. Who besides these two believes it? J. B. H.

THE FLY—THEN AND NOW.

"Go, poor devil," said Uncle Toby, when he had by chance entrapped a fly; "get thee gone! Why should I hurt thee? This world, surely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me!"

So saying, Uncle Toby, in an immortal burst of sentiment and in an immortal prose passage that is equal to any like number of rythmic words in our English speech, released the captured fly to prey upon the human race.

But Sterne and all the succeeding sentimentalists are in fatal error. The world is not wide enough to hold the fly and us. Had Uncle Toby destroyed that "poor devil" of a fly there would have been millions fewer flies in the world today to scatter broadcast the fatal germs of disease. By sparing the fly the gentle old gentleman is doubtless responsible for many human lives but what are human lives to sentiment? The fly must be spared. We are so instructed from the cradle to the grave into which the fly tosses us with his little poison-laden proboscis. The fly is our enemy, and should be destroyed. We have come to the parting of the ways of sentiment and sentimentality. A single fly, after visiting a diseased man, may trail across the face or hand of another person a veritable highway of disease. It has been estimated that a fly may leave in its footprints millions of germs, each one of which may cause death. And each of these germs at once multiplies its iniquitous race a million-fold. The only just conclusion is that Sterne and his delicious but ignorant Uncle Toby were arrant fools or knaves—Columbia State.

WORDS FROM BISHOP OF LONDON.

(From the Wall Street open air sermon of the Bishop of London:)

"Have you ever thought why there are any rich and poor at all? That is the question I have had to face in London. They have asked me how I reconciled the belief in the good God loving all his children, with the wretched millions in East London who seem abandoned by both God and man. I had to face that question, and have had to face it ever since. There is but one answer—the rich minority have what they have merely in trust for all the others. Stewardship, not ownership, is God's command to every one of us.

"You are not your own. Nothing that you have is your own. We haven't learned the Christian religion if we have not learned the lesson of stewardship.

"My home has been the home of the bishops of London for thirteen hundred years. Suppose I should say that it was my own, and that the Bishop's income of $50,000 a year was my own. I would be called a madman. The man who thinks he owns what he has in his keeping is no less a madman. This applies alike to the boy and his pocket-money and to the millionaire and his millions. Disregard of this trust is the cause of all social evils of London and New York. If every man considered himself as a steward there would be no object in dishonesty. Stewardship would do away with the tyranny of capital.

"This rise of bitter Socialism, the new terror of Europe, is due to the neglect of the elementary principles of the Christian social religion.

"Let every man, be he rich or poor, ask himself how he gains his money and how he distributes it, and let him test his stewardship by these questions and his answers to them."

THE UNDISCOVERED GREAT.

They were discussing who was the greatest man, and names all the way from Buddha to Shakespeare, from Aristotle to Julius Ceasar were called over, while probably the greatest man of all ages is pegging away among us unnoticed, and unrecognized, while we snapshot and interview all the little men, or go back to some one who has been dead long enough for us to find out that we may safely praise him.

Is it possible that the truly great man did not step to the front some fourth of March a few years ago and exclaim: "Here am I; behold me!"

UNTO THE END.

Brief space for tears and prayers
To him who loves and dares,
The high gods send;
But laughter lighted days
Through all life's winding ways,
Unto the end.

I stand beside the sea,
And salt waves cover me
With spray.
I know that I who stand
Betwixt the sea and land
All day,

Shall be as yellow dust
Blown here and there—
Heaven's winds shall carry me,
I wist not where.
But this one thing I know,
Where'er my dust shall blow,
The life of love will go.
—Frederick Marvin.

SOME TEMPERANCE NOTES.

Accomac people have organized a determined raid on illicit whiskey sellers.

The Georgia Court of Appeals rendered an opinion that the solicitation of orders by mail in other States for whisky or other intoxicants, as well as in that State by any individual or corporation, is a violation of the lawe. Why won't the law apply to local option districts?

Massachusetts boasts of one town which expelled the saloon by high license. Through a mistake in the local option election the town voted wet, and in order to keep saloons from coming in through this technical error the Town Council placed the license fee at $1,000,000. No one took out a license.—Page Courier.

Waycross, Ga., with a population of 9,000, has no poorhouse, 9 out of 10 of the white population own their homes and 93 per cent of the children attend school. Incidentally it may be stated that the saloon license has annually for the last 16 years been fixed at $30,000—and no one has offered to pay the amount for the privilege.

Sixty-two Federal licenses to sell "near beer" have been issued to persons in Virginia. The state receives no tax on such sales, but the Federal Government receives a fee of $20. The "near beer" is sold in the dry sections of the State. The State laws make the possession of a Federal license to sell liquor prima facie evidence of such sale.

On the last night of 1907 40,000 employes of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, on 19,000 miles of tracks reaching from the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains, became absolute "teetotalers" and signed a pledge to that effect. And each man pledged himself to use his influence towards securing the signatures of those other thousands of employes of the same railroad who have not yet agreed to quit the use of intoxicating drink.

A wordy war goes on between the Richmond News-Leader and the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot on the relative dangers of whiskey and tobacco. The former enemy of man is thus described by the Richmond editor: "One of the disadvantages under which John Barleycorn lives is that he is an open enemy and a fair fighter and the harm he does is plain, frank and manifest. He advertises himself assiduously and makes his presence known instantly. He rides on the breath and announces that he is inside and active, no matter how much chewing gum or cloves or burnt coffee may be used in the effort to smuggle and smother and hide him. He may be absorbed in secret moderation during many years, but presently he paints the nose even of the most careful and outwardly moral deacon and tells the world of himself. He insists that he shall not be hidden. He declines to lurk in ambush. Human ingenuity through countless thousands of years has been unable to devise methods for hiding John or wrestling with him secretly. No man ever has succeeded in getting drunk without letting the fact be known to all who came in contact with him; and it is a known truth of bibulous human nature that the more certain a man is that he is carrying conviction of his sobriety to all beholders the more distinctly obvious is his inebriation. Crime and sin and misery come from excessive use of alcohol, while the evil consequences from excess in tobacco are less direct, less plainly discernable. We know that tobacco unwisely used has killed people, has put people in asylums and jails, has made men trifling, robbed them of their vitality, ambition and force. The same may be said of liquor.

AS TO DOGWOOD.

Virginia dogwood grows, as we all know, not larger usually than five or six inches across the stump, but out in Oregon dogwood trees attain a height of 75 feet and are a foot or more across the stump. Our dogwood is mostly used up, the demand being extensive for making loom-shuttles, bobbins and spindles. Persimmon is used for the same purpose. Dogwood takes a high polish and wears perfectly smooth by friction under water. It obtained its name in a singular way. A wood of the same sort grows in England, and was used among other purposes for making the skewers used by butchers for fastening pieces of meat. These were made of dogwood, and as they were used to stick pieces of meat the old Anglo-Saxon name, "daeg" from which comes dagger, was used, meaning to stick. Naturally the name came to be used for the use of the wood, and the skewers were called daegsticks, and thence by an easy descent to dogwood. Queer how names originate.

MR. KERN'S POPULARITY IN HIS HOME TOWN.

True to his antecedents and the circumstances of his bringing up, Mr. Kern is a democrat of democrats. In manners, as in principles, he is pre-eminently a man of the people, though he is quite above any attempt to appeal to the voting hoi polloi by the mere affectation of bucolic tastes and interests. In making up an estimate of the man one cannot do better than to accept the judgment of his Indiana neighbors, and especially of his every day acquaintances in Indianapolis. Indianapolis is a flourishing and progressive city, but it has not yet thrown off certain of the characteristics of a big, overgrown country town. One of the pleasantest of these characteristics is the neighborly pride which its citizens take in the honors that fall to any one of their number. Everybody knows Fairbanks, Beveridge, Kern and the lesser lights, and everybody, irrespective of political affiliations is ready to hang out Old Glory, burn red fire, and "whoop things up" generally when unusual distinction has fallen to a fellow-townsman. The non-partisan demonstration spontaneously arranged for the occasion of Mr. Kern's return from Denver was, however, a really remarkable and exceptional testimonial to the nominee's popularity among his own people. In a city like Indianapolis there would have been an ovation for any similarly honored favorite son, but it is doubtful whether the nomination of any other man would have made the occasion for so widely participated in and so heartfelt a reception as that given the present candidate.—From "John Worth Kern, Democratic Candidate for Vice-President," by Frederic Austin Ogg, in the American Review of Reviews for August.

JULIAN HARRIS SUCCEEDS HIS FATHER.

Julian Harris, son of Joel Chandler Harris, succeeds his father as editor of Uncle Remus's—The Home Magazine, retaining also his original position as general manager. Don R. Marquis, who has already made a National reputation through his editorials, poems and short stories, is to continue as associate editor of the magazine.

From his childhood Julian Harris had been the comrade of his father, and he was the organizing spirit of the magazine.

When 17 years of age, the younger Harris became a reporter for the Atlanta Herald. A year later he became connected with the Atlanta Constitution, and when 20 years of age he went to Chicago and became assistant Sunday editor of the Times-Herald. He returned to Atlanta to become night editor of the Constitution when 21 years of age, and two years later was promoted to the managing editorship of that paper—a distinction probably unprecedented for a man of his years in the history of Southern journalism. He is the author of a play soon to be staged by Nixon & Zimmerman, and has written a number of short stories, descriptive articles and essays.

He is his father's literary executor, and not only are "Uncle Remus's" last writings in his possession, but through his collaboration with his father on two important unpublished works—which will be given to the public during the year—and his intimate acquaintance with the purposes and ideals of his father, he is eminently fitted to carry out the cherished plans of the founder of the magazine.

AND ALL SUCH ARE RESPECTED.

Deal Jackson is a negro farmer down in Georgia. He has just marketed the first bale of cotton in his State. This is the seventh time he has performed this feat. He takes a pride in his farm; he hustles to get that first bale on the market—and he gets it there, regularly.

Jackson has relied entirely on his own efforts all of his life. He is independent, and asks no man odds. His credit is good for whatever he wants at any store or bank in Albany. He has never been known to want more than he might reasonably be expected to pay for; that is the keynote of his character. He does not concern himself at all with politics or politicians. He hasn't any "pull" anywhere, save such as is legitimately due him as a reward for his honest endeavor. He has reduced cotton raising to an exact science; he knows just what the plant will do under given conditions. He has generally managed to get his first bale in a little ahead of his white competitors, in spite of all their efforts—indeed, he broke all of his own previous records this year.

Jackson's great card is attending to his own business, and doing it well.

Nobody ever heard of Jackson's being mixed up in trouble of any variety. Business men value his opinions on things agricultural.—Washington Herald.

BRYAN'S POPULARITY.

Much of the prejudice which has attended him in politics has been overcome by close personal association with thousands of people who have listened to him as an instructor. He has been able not only to make friends far and wide, but also to take observations which aid him is measuring public sentiment and in adjusting his conduct and ideas to what he conceives to be the most common chord of harmony. He knows what suits best the people he meets and where to find those who will give him a hearing.—Washington Correspondent Baltimore Sun.

Lightning recently struck a big cedar tree in the yard of a residence at Atlantic City, N. J., and killed more than 500 sparrows.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST.

A Gibson girl of the highest degree
Stood on the coral strand,
Laving her toes in the salty sea,
Cooling her heels in the sand.

"Oh, mamma, may I go in and swim,"
She asked her darling mother,
As she stood first on one shapely limb
And then stood on the other.

"Nay, daughter, nay; it cannot be—
You must not enter the water,
You are not for the sea, you see,
But for to be seen, my daughter."
—Dallas (Texas) News.

GOOD ROADS FUND.

The State of Virginia will be ready to distribute a quarter of a million of dollars to the counties of the State with the beginning of the year for the building of good roads. The counties receiving this money are to raise an equal amount as that received from the State and are to expend the entire sum in improving the highways. The highway commissioner, Captain P. St. J. Wilson, has been at work apportioning this sum among the counties for some time. The counties which are enjoying the benefits of the convict forces on the highways can not participate in the distribution. The sum set aside for such county reverts back to the general fund and will go to making a second fund for distribution. A county can receive what is apportioned for it and reduce the amount to such sums as it sees fit. The belief is that few counties will decline to meet the State appropriation and devote the sum necessary to building the roads.—Ledger Dispatch.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The President—and he seems to have cajoled or frightened a lot of people into thinking his way—says that "the Monroe Doctrine can have no force without a big navy to back it up." Well, some years ago Grover Cleveland, then President of the United States, used the doctrine successfully with England when that country had a navy seventeen times larger than ours. No! there is not a people with waters on the Atlantic who would dream of attacking this country, and certainly Japan does not come under that doctrine.

SURE HE'S RIGHT.

It must be a great comfort to feel so cock-sure of being right as Roosevelt seems to be. Taft's speech (nine pages in all) had 7 pages devoted to laudation of the President and his policies, and he took all this to Oyster Bay and it was approved. Verily, it's nice to "be sure you're right."

Billy Muldooney came down the street the other day. He had a Winchester slung over his shoulder, a revolver stuck in each side of his belt, a bowie knife handle projected from his shirt collar, and a big stick in his hand. "What's out, Billy," we asked; "The Japs coming?"

"Nor; I'm just an armed neutral, that's all."

NOMINI GROVE.

Right much damage was done by the electric storms here the past week. The barn and contents of M. F. Luttrell were destroyed, a valuable horse belonging to W. Moss Hall was killed and a sow and pigs of aunt Betsy Lomax were killed, all in a mile's distance of this place.

Mrs. A. J. Rock, of Oldhams is right much indisposed.

Congratulations are extended Mr. and Mrs. J. A. W. Smith, of Oldhams, on the advent of two fine little ladies.

R. D. C.