

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE

THEY CALLED HIM "STINGY." You cannot always tell what is inside of a man by looking at him.

There was David Ranken of St. Louis, who died the other day.

Fifty years ago Mr. Ranken went to that city at the age of twenty-five from Boyston, Ireland, and by wise investments in real estate he made a big fortune.

You would not have known that Mr. Ranken was a rich man by any exterior evidence. He was as common as an old shoe.

Ranken was a bachelor and maintained a small office of one room without stenographer or secretary. He walked to his office every day.

His home was and had been for many years a couple of rooms over a grocery store in the wholesale district.

It was known that Ranken was well fixed financially, and people sometimes wondered what he would do with his money.

The old gentleman kept his own counsel and shrank from publicity. Some of his friends thought he was a miser.

Young men would sometimes point him out to their friends and call him a "tightwad."

And then one morning not long ago the people of St. Louis awoke to find that they had a philanthropist among them.

Mr. Ranken had given his entire fortune of \$3,000,000 to the endowment of a school of mechanic trades for the practical training of poor boys whose educational opportunities are limited, but whose industrial usefulness might save them from poverty or crime.

Mr. Ranken's project was planned with the same careful thought that distinguished his prosperous business, and educators say it will be a great success.

St. Louis entertained an angel unawares. Curious and incredulous give away a part of their wealth to escape the disgrace of dying rich, but this quiet old man gave away his all before he died, reserving only a bare subsistence.

No; you cannot always judge by outside appearances. Mr. Ranken for fifty years endured hardships and eaten short dinners and put up with plain surroundings, holding in his heart a great life's purpose, making heroic but quiet sacrifices to carry out his beneficent plan.

Judge not lest ye be judged. FISHIN'! The other day I passed by a party of barelegged unshined fishin' in a pond, and the picture made me sort of homesick and ehoky.

Do you remember the old mill pond about a mile from town? The willows grew along the banks, and in their tops the caribid caught his mate.

See those dragon flies skimming along the water? Whisper it low, "They are the devil's darling fellows, and their sting is as bad a poison as a water moccasin's bite."

Up in the marshes you hear the lonesome croak of a bullfrog, and somehow the message speaks peace to your boyish soul. You are far, far away—a mile is as good as a thousand—from that wood box needing to be filled and the puntline that must be pulled for the plops. You are far from all responsibility, and there is nothing to bother.

Happy! The sun shines, and the summer breezes bring the perfume of the blessed isles, and the birds whistle and sing, and you—you are on your back, with your arms under your head, watching the fleecy clouds that deck the blue.

It is paradise regained! Fish! Well, now and then you string wriggling angleworms out of a tin can, throw out the line and take an occasional lazy glance at your pole.

But your main business is just being happy. "Keep still, boys, or you won't catch any fish! Fish have ears. What? You don't believe it? Ask 'Skinny' or 'Freckles' or the preacher's boy, 'Hush!'"

And now it grows dusk. The sun slips behind the hills and throws long shadows, and the damp air of the marsh is keen on a boy's bare legs. The nightly chorus of the frogs has begun.

"What's that in the bushes?" "Say, fellows, once in a while you get out of the circus, and they never caught him. What if?"

"Let's go home." "What a day in what a life! It is life such as you shall never on this earth know again—in its acute and glorious fullness.

And sometimes, when the day is stale, flat and unprofitable, you ask yourself: Must there not be somewhere on some farther shore the chance to live over again the freshness of a child's bright summer day?

THE GAME OF LIFE. The pains of life are its pleasures. The bitterness of life is its sweetest.

"What?" you say. "You are writing a contradiction. You are stating a paradox."

Well, let me get in deeper yet by stating that life itself, real life, is a paradox. Let me illustrate.

The baseball "fan" sits on the bleachers and watches the game, criticizes or applauds as in his opinion the occasion demands. But do you believe he has half the fun or knows a tithe of the pleasure that comes to the players who strain and strive and, lose or win, get out of the game all there is in it?

Not! Because down in the dust of the diamond pain of effort is necessary to the joy of strife, bitterness of hard endurance is part and parcel of the sweetness of satisfaction.

Is it not so? What, for instance, does your leisureed chappie who sits on padded seats and views through his golden fieldglasses know of the thrill of life and strife and victory that comes to the sweaty jockey who rides the running horse?

There is your paradox. We are so made that what we get without effort or suffering or sacrifice is scarcely worth the while. On the other hand, our greatest joy comes with the battle hardest won, our sweetest pleasures are wrung from bitterest pain.

It is the law of compensation. Our world is full of people who try for the box seats or the front row, who sit on the bleachers instead of going into the field, and get no joy of life.

The prizes are for winners. Luxury and a front seat mean that you lose the best part of life.

Always and everywhere have men and women tried to get their pleasures without the pains of winning, the sweetness of satisfaction without the bitterness of conflict, in vain.

Get into the game! Oh, it is a game worth the candle, my friend! There are houses to be built, and ditches to be dug, and lawsuits to be won, and farms to be made, and ed. florals to be written, and errors to be corrected, and lives to be redeemed, and women to be shielded, and children to be saved, and hardships to be suffered, and bitterness to be drunk, and—

Victories to be won! A MIRACLE. "And a little child shall lead them."

In the year 1822 John Tucker was sentenced to prison for robbing a mail train.

He came out of the penitentiary, a middle aged man, with his lesson learned, but with that natural shrinking from the world the convict feels. He was to take a position as man of all work in the home of a prosperous young couple.

Into that home came a baby. The man with a past loved the little one from the first, and as the girl baby grew he cultivated himself into being servant and guardian.

The innocent prattle of the child as it followed him in his tasks helped him to forget. There was no reproach for him in the child's eyes. He was just "John" to her—the helper, play-fellow, big brother.

For many years Tucker faithfully served the family, saving his wages and investing them wisely.

Recently John Tucker died in Chicago at the age of seventy-nine and left his entire estate of \$10,000 to the woman who had grown up from the baby girl.

Do you remember a companion story to that of John Tucker—George Elliot's tale of Silas Marner?

Living alone in his stucco cottage, Silas Marner, weaver, had become a miser, who contemplated his hoard under the floor, bringing it out at night to gloat over it.

One day during his absence the money was stolen, and Marner was left over his loss.

But— A few days after he discovered on his hearth a baby girl, whose angelic touch had touched his heart. Dumbly he misplaced to it.

As the days went by the child nestled in his desolate heart, taking the place of his lost gold.

And the next day he was pressing to him, and he was changed from a miser to a loving foster father and lover of his kind.

Says George Elliot in one of the chapters of Silas Marner: "In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away to pass their certain years in a chariot came to the market place to deal with them that sell merchandise. And the gear of the beasts who drew the chariot was put out of place, and the women feared greatly."

Now, there was a certain young man who was arrayed in fine linen and fared sumptuously every day.

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"Efficiency is business. I have no time for has-beens. If he wears a right he would wear better clothes. I can't use him."

Put yourself in his place. Figure how you would appear in his clothes. Ask yourself how you would feel after being turned down again and again because of your unimpressive appearance. You are a man, and the employer looks at you as if you were a thing!

And some of the weary ones go away from your presence and on through the gates whence none ever return. The nurse corps and the dental corps. The medical corps embraces "a surgeon general with the rank of brigadier general, 11 colonels, 105 majors and 230 captains or first lieutenants, with the rank, pay and allowances of officers of corresponding grade in the cavalry arm of the service."

The pay of doctors is interesting. The lowest rank held by medical officers is that of first lieutenant. The medical lieutenant gets \$2,500 per annum, or \$106.66 monthly. At the end of three years he is promoted to captain and receives \$2,100 a year. In two years he receives an increase of 10 per cent, or five years' service, making \$2,640, or \$220 per month. After ten years' service the pay would be \$2,880, or \$240 per month. The pay attached to the rank of major is \$3,000 per year, which, with 10 per cent added for each five years' service, becomes \$3,900 after ten years' service, \$3,900 after fifteen years' service, and \$4,900 after twenty years' service. The monthly pay of lieutenant colonel, colonel and major is \$3,750, \$4,100 and \$5,000 respectively.

In addition to their salaries, officers are furnished with comfortable quarters and the keep of two horses free, and groceries, fuel, etc., at wholesale prices.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Bald Eagle's Nest. Among birds the home of the bald eagle is perhaps the most striking, possibly because of the majesty of the bird itself. It appeals to the imagination. Built of huge sticks loosely interwoven and situated on some lofty and inaccessible crag, it is the home of the eagle, vulture, hawk, etc.

For a long time the maiden pondered in deep thought. Then her face lit up with a satisfied intelligence.

"What if you fear, Harold, that you were afraid you might have an accident while I was with you and brought along that extra tire like papa carries on the automobile. It was awfully thoughtful of you!"—Washington Star.

A Clock and a Magnet. It is not, of course, possible to seize hold of the hands of a clock and push them backward or forward a tenth or twentieth part of a second, which is about the limit of error that is allowed at the Greenwich observatory, so another method is devised. Near the pendulum a magnet is fixed. If it is found that the pendulum is gaining either too fast or too slow a current of electricity is switched on, and the little magnet begins to pull at the metal as it swings to and fro. It only rarely or accelerates the motion by an infinitesimal fraction of a second each time, but it keeps the operation up, and in a few thousand swings the tenth or twentieth part of the almost invisible error is corrected, thus making the clocks "keep" step at the proper instant of time.

Iron Fighting. The bottoms of many Swedish lakes are covered to a thickness of six or eight inches with fragments of iron ore of the size of peas. This lake ore consists chiefly of ochre, or hydrated oxide of iron, mixed with silicate and phosphates of iron, clay, sand and other impurities, and yields high quality very good iron. In winter a hole is cut in the ice, a scraper attached to a long pole is inserted, and all the ore within reach is collected into a heap beneath the hole. Some of the ore is removed by poles, and the ore is then scraped into bags, which have been sunk and is hauled up on rafts anchored in the lake. Two miners can bring up about four tons of ore in a day. Steam dredges have been used in some of the lakes. About thirty years after the removal of the ore the new layer of the same thickness is found to have been produced by natural chemical processes.—London Globe.

Rice Sowing in Siam. A very ancient Siamese custom which takes place annually in May is the sowing ceremony, when the first rice of the year is sown. A patch of land is selected by Brahmin astrologers, and in a shed built on the spot the minister of agriculture, accompanied by two priests, performs a variety of symbolic rites over a pair of oxen to prepare them for their task. The oxen, decorated with flowers, are then fastened to the field for an hour. When he has finished plowing four elderly women of the king's household sow the ground with consecrated rice, leaving the grain uncovered. The oxen are then liberated, and several kinds of grains are put before them. They are carefully watched, because of whatever they eat most there will be a scarcity during the coming year, while that of which they eat little will yield abundantly, so the superstitious Siamese believe.—Wide World Magazine.

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Aching Voids. "Brooks," said Rivers, "that's the second time I've heard you use the phrase 'aching void.' I wish you would tell me how a void can ache."

"Well," said Brooks, reflecting a moment, "not to speak of a hollow tooth, don't you sometimes have the headache?"—Chicago Tribune.

Matrimonial Felicity. Mrs. Quackebush—Am yo' daughter happily mar'd, Sista Sag? Mrs. Sag—She sho'! Bless goodness, she's done got a husband that's skeered to death of her!—Woman's Home Companion.

You can conquer your cares more quickly if you do not continually carry a long face.

UNCLE SAM'S DOCTORS.

Rank and Pay of Physicians in the Government Service. Uncle Sam employs more than 1,000 physicians.

These doctors are pretty evenly divided between the medical corps of the army, the medical corps of the navy, the marine hospital and the public health service. The complete army medical corps includes 444 medical officers in addition to the medical reserve corps, the hospital corps, the nurse corps and the dental corps. The medical corps embraces "a surgeon general with the rank of brigadier general, 11 colonels, 105 majors and 230 captains or first lieutenants, with the rank, pay and allowances of officers of corresponding grade in the cavalry arm of the service."

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You can conquer your cares more quickly if you do not continually carry a long face.

The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of it. It is kidney trouble. It is allowed to take its course, causing blood to attack the vital organs, causing catarrh of the bladder, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, head ache, back ache, lame back, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell.

Bladder troubles almost always result from a derangement of the kidneys and better health in that organ is obtained by a course of treatment of the kidneys. Swamp-Root corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night. The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, is so realized. It stands the highest because of its remarkable health restoring properties. A trial will convince anyone. Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address, Dr. K. E. Feltz & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this paper. If you are suffering with kidney trouble, or when writing in this paper, don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, and don't let a dealer sell you something in place of Swamp-Root—if you do you will be disappointed.

What's the Use studying color cards, catalogues, etc., and worrying yourself, wife and friends to death trying to decide which of the many ADULTERATED paints is the best? One is just as good as another. If you wish a paint that is not adulterated and PERFECT buy and use

DAVIS' JOINT PURE PAINT

For sale by F. A. Gunby & Son, Irvington, Va.

Headquarters For Building Material. I keep all kinds of North Carolina and Virginia Lumber, dressed and undressed, Shingles, Lath, Sash, Doors, and Blinds. Lime, Cement, Calced Plaster, Plastering Hair, Building and Pavement Brick, Tin and Iron Roofing, Cut and Wire Nails, all kinds of Ready-Mixed Paints and Dry Paint, Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Dryer Varnish and Lewis' White Lead, Paint Brushes of all kinds, Window Glass and Putty, Builders' Hardware of all kinds, Scaffolding, Sheathing Paper and Fire Brick. Keep large stock of Sewer Pipe and Fire Clay Pipe.

E. D. COLE, Agent for sale of brick for Fredericksburg Brick Co. FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

MISTER MERCHANT (AND OTHERS); YOU CAN WORK THIS EXAMPLE, AND NOBODY CAN FOOL YOU ON THE RESULT.

PARDON US FOR ASKING, THEN, WHY MONEY CAN BE FOOLED OUT OF YOUR POCKET BY HIGH-RATE INSURANCE COMPANIES?

You are paying, or asked to pay, from 2 to 6 per cent a year—or \$20 to \$60—on a \$1,000 insurance policy.

It has cost an average of \$8.31 for the best protection, and \$18.75 for the worst risks, in this home association—less than one-half old line companies' rates.

Last year the figures were \$9.75 to \$15.75 per \$1,000 for stores—about one-third what it cost in other companies. And yet we paid out nearly seven thousand dollars for losses. Best dwellings have cost only \$17 per \$1,000 for five years (entrance fees and assessments combined!)

FIGURE, AND ACT, FOR YOURSELF. Respectfully, NORTHERN NECK MUTUAL FIRE ASSOCIATION, Irvington, Va.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT SOME EXAMPLES IN CLASS X FOR PAST FOUR YEARS. (All calculations based on \$1,000 insurance, for the period of one year.)

Table with 5 columns: Year, Rate 1, Rate 1 1/2, Rate 2, Rate 2 1/2, Rate 3. Rows for 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908.

TOTAL COST 4 YEARS— AVERAGE PER CENT— Less than 1 per cent. Little over 1 per cent.

N. B.—Entrance fees and assessments (all costs) included in above. Rate 1 is the cheapest assessment rating in this class; rate 2 is the average store rating, and rate 3 the highest. Find your rate, and see what it cost you.

T. O. Smither, Kilmarnock, rated 3, was asked 6 per cent by old line companies. It has not cost him 2 per cent with us. In 1907, the heaviest year for fires during fifty years, it cost our worst risks only three per cent.

Facts are facts, and "figgers don't lie". Can this record be beaten? There is every reason to believe these low rates will continue as our membership increases.

A million dollars in class X today and two millions in class A! We are thirteen years old.

HERE'S A RECORD BREAKER— 1896, \$ 95,970 1903, \$ 529,370 1897, 130,770 1904, 658,373 1898, 202,365 1905, 1,444,524 1899, 253,965 1906, 1,740,489 1900, 267,400 1907, 2,224,935 1901, 317,030 1908, 2,781,342 1902, 379,905

In four years the business of our home fire association has more than quadrupled, as shown above. Starting in 1896, with less than a hundred thousand dollars, there is 30 times that much on our books today—more than three millions of dollars.

After The Grippe

"I am much pleased, to be able to write and thank you for what Cardui has done for me," writes Mrs. Sarah J. Gilliland, of Siler City, N. C.

"Last February, I had the Grippe, which left me in bad shape. Before that, I had been bothered with female trouble, for ten years, and nothing seemed to cure it. At last, I began to take Cardui. I have taken only three bottles, but it has done me more good than all the doctors or than any other medicine I ever took."

Take CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

For the after-effects of any serious illness, like the Grip, Cardui is the best tonic you can use. It builds strength, steadies the nerves, improves the appetite, regulates irregularities and helps bring back the natural glow of health.

Cardui is your best friend, if you only knew it. Think of the thousands of ladies whom Cardui has helped! What could possibly prevent it from helping you?

Remember you cannot get the benefit of the Cardui ingredients in any other medicine, for they are not for sale in any drug store except in the Cardui bottle. Try Cardui.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free.

1-3 OFF PRICE OF REFRIGERATORS. 18 High Grade Refrigerators to close out at 1-3 less than price. Wire Doors and Window Screens reduced. Thousands of yards of Matting at cost.

E. C. NINDE, FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

Geo. L. Squires, Pres. and Mgr. J. F. Hellows, Treas.

The Lancaster Lumber & Building Co., Inc. Ocran, Va., MANUFACTURERS OF KILN-DRIED LUMBER.

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets, Ceiling, Flooring, Siding, Turned Work, Hand Rails, Balusters, and Building Material in General. Estimates Furnished.

"A Remedy of Merit" The one remedy sold guaranteed to cure Colds, Coughs and Lung Diseases.

Its wonderful curative qualities are recognized after taking the first dose. Try INDIAN TAR BALSAM for your next cold; you will be surprised by its prompt action. It never fails.

On sale at best general stores and druggists. PRICE 25 CENTS. Indian Tar Balsam Co. BALTIMORE.

THE CREAM OF THE NEWS. That's What Readers Get In The VIRGINIA CITIZEN

Local, County, State, National and Foreign—all simmered down.

Book, Card and Job Printing. We have in operation (besides our newspaper department) a magnificent Job Printing Department, and are prepared to do work equal to any that can be done by any office in the state of Virginia.