THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

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

VOL. XI. FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1900. NO. 3.

CITY DIRECTORY.

Mayor—W. T. Gaulden.
Town Councilors—By Committees.
Finance—W. P. Davidson, W. P. Gilliam and E. L. Martin.
Ordinance—H. E. Walk, J. B. Farrar and E. L. Crumbert.
Sanitary—W. E. Anderson, A. E. Crafle and J. B. Farrar.
Cemetery—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Crafle and E. L. Crumbert.
Light—E. L. Morris, W. E. Davidson and J. B. Farrar.
Street—J. B. Martin, E. L. Morris and W. E. Anderson.
Water—W. P. Gilliam, E. L. Crumbert and A. E. Crafle.
Finance—H. E. Walk, E. L. Crumbert and W. E. Gilliam.
Street Force—E. L. Crumbert, A. E. Crafle and W. E. Anderson.
Fire Department—W. E. Davidson, W. E. Anderson and J. B. Martin.
Police—E. L. Crumbert, A. E. Crafle and J. B. Farrar.
Water—A. E. Crafle, E. L. Crumbert and J. B. Martin.
Sidewalks—J. B. Farrar, E. L. Morris and W. P. Gilliam.
Town Clerk—E. J. Whitehead.
City Treasurer—S. W. Cpenhaft, Jr.
Commissioner of Revenue—Herbert Rice.
City Sergeant—R. H. Shield.
Policemen—Isaac Rogers and H. L. Grange.
Night Policemen—F. Wicker.
Chief Fire Department—G. M. Robeson.
Town Commissioner—J. S. Hart.

PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY DIRECTORY.

(OFFICE AT FARMVILLE.)

Hon. Geo. J. Hamlin, Judge Circuit Court.
Hon. J. M. Crute, Judge Corp. Court.
Hon. A. P. Watkins, Commonwealth's Atty.
E. J. Whitehead, Clerk Circuit and County Courts.
J. E. Garland, Deputy Clerk Circuit and County Courts.
Supervisors: R. M. Barton, E. L. Dupuy, W. H. Hubbard, A. A. Haskins, G. W. Scott.
R. J. Carter, Commissioner of Revenue.
W. H. Ewing, Treasurer.
R. H. Dickinson, Sheriff.
E. L. Grange, Deputy Sheriff.
James J. Garden, Superintendent Schools.

DR. P. W. BECKHAM,

DENTIST.

IN DR. THACKSTON'S OLD STAND,
FARMVILLE, - - VIRGINIA.

H. W. FLOURNOY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in the Courts of Prince Edward and adjoining counties.
Office over the postoffice, Farmville, Va.
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W. C. FRANKLIN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

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Practices in Appomattox, Prince Edward and Charlotte counties, Supreme Court of Virginia and U. S. Courts.

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Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.

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Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

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To Repair Broken Articles use

Major's Cement

Remember MAJOR'S RUBBER CEMENT, MAJOR'S LEATHER CEMENT.

Read This!

At the old stand of Crute & Bugg may be found a full line of

Stoves, Tinware, Crockery,

&c., &c.

Just received from the mills a large lot of

V. Crimped Steel Roofing.

Tin Roofing, Guttering, &c., done and work guaranteed.

J. M. CRUTE CO.,

Notice.—Owing to the dissolution of the firms of Crute & Bugg and Crute & Noel Bros., we will be glad to have all bills due them settled at once. Please see the undersigned.

J. M. CRUTE.

March 2nd, 1900.

Good Bargains.

1,168 acres of land near Southern railway, in Prince Edward county, with improvements. Price $3,500.

350 adjoining at $2 50 an acre.

1,000 acres in same neighborhood, good buildings, well wooded and watered at $2 50 per acre.

For particulars apply to
Farmville Farm Agency.

Do not get scared if your heart troubles you. Most likely you suffer from indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and gives the worn out stomach perfect rest. It is the only preparation known that completely digests all classes of foods; that is why it cures the worst cases of indigestion and stomach trouble after everything else has failed. It may be taken in all conditions and cannot help but do you good. Winston Drug Co.

Vigorous Rubbing

with Dixie Nerve and Bone Liniment will cure Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Muscles and Cramps, Pain in the Back, Shoulders and Sides. Dixie Nerve and Bone Liniment is the best Family Liniment known. For sale by Winston Drug Co.

Feelings of safety pervade the household that uses One Minute Cough Cure, the only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. It is infallible for coughs, colds, croup and all throat and lung troubles. It will prevent consumption. Winston Drug Co.

A Cheap Farm.

Three hundred acres, good improvements, 60 acres low grounds, well wooded and watered. Price $1,000. Reasonable terms. Apply to
Farmville Farm Agency.

Dr. W. H. Lewis, Lawrenceville, Va., writes, "I am using Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in my practice among severe cases of indigestion and find it an admirable remedy." Many hundreds of physicians depend upon the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in stomach troubles. It digests what you eat, and allows you to eat all the good food you need, providing you do not overload your stomach. Gives instant relief and a permanent cure. Winston Drug Co.

An Amelia Farm for Sale.

One of the most valuable farms in Amelia for sale. Improvements of the finest order, fine body of timber, excellent soil. Apply to
FARMVILLE FARM AGENCY.

RICHMOND, VA.

Dear Sirs—About a year ago, having arranged to go on a hunting trip, I found myself unable to raise my arm, having an attack of rheumatism. I went into your store and asked if you could help me out, as I did not want to be disappointed. You sold me a bottle of your "Dixie Nerve and Bone Liniment," which I used freely, rubbing vigorously with it that night, and I was most agreeably surprised, when getting up the next morning, to find the rheumatism entirely cured and my arm perfectly well. I am glad to say I have had no return of rheumatism since.

I told the above to a friend suffering the same way, and he tried your "Dixie Nerve and Bone Liniment" and was as speedily cured.

Very truly,
J. THOMPSON BROWN.

Large bottle 25 cents; small bottle 15 cents at Winston Drug Co.

"BLACK DEATH" Insecticide for Tobacco and Cabbage Worms, and insects that feed on trees or plants.
H. C. CRUTE, Druggist.

Does it Pay to Buy Cheap.

A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something that will relieve and cure the more severe and dangerous results of throat and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes, if possible; if not possible, then in either case take the ONLY remedy that has been introduced in all civilized countries with success in severe throat and lung troubles, "Boschee's German Syrup." It not only heals and stimulates the tissues to destroy the germ disease, but allays inflammation, causes easy expectoration, gives a good night's rest, and cures the patient. Try ONE bottle. Recommended many years by all druggists in the world. For sale by H. C. Crute.

As regards footwear we are always in the lead. Zeglar shoes for ladies and children. Smith & Stoughton's celebrated "Bostonian" shoe for men. They have no equal.
FLEMING & CLARK.

It is well to know that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve will heal a burn and stop the pain at once. It will cure eczema and skin diseases and ugly wounds and sores. It is a certain cure for piles. Counterfeits may be offered you. See that you get the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Winston Drug Co.

Question Answered.

Yes, August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Your mothers' and grandmothers' never thought of using anything else for Indigestion or Biliousness. Doctors were scarce, and they seldom heard of Appendicitis, Nervous Prostration or Heart failure, etc. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system, and that is all they took when feeling dull and bad with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower, in liquid form, to make you satisfied there is nothing serious the matter with you. For sale by H. C. Crute.

VIRGINIA:—IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE of the Circuit Court of the County of Cumberland, on the 17th day of September, 1900:

Elizabeth C. Huddleston, adm'x. of George Huddleston, dec'd.....Plaintiff,
against
Adjo Traylor,.....Defendant.

In assumpsit and upon an attachment returned executed.

The object of this suit is to obtain a judgment against Adjo Traylor for the sum of Twenty-five hundred dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum from the 10th day of January, 1898, and to attach and sell his personal estate. And an affidavit having been made and filed that the defendant, Adjo Traylor, is not a resident of the State of Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within fifteen days after due publication hereof, and do what may be necessary to protect his interest in this suit. And it is further ordered that a copy hereof, be published once a week for four weeks in the Farmville HERALD, and that a copy be posted at the front door of the courthouse of this county on the first day of the next term of the County Court.

A copy—Teste:
J. R. FLIPPEN, Clerk.
Wm. Lancaster, p. q. sept. 28—it.

HERALD and *World* only $1.60.

BITS OF PERSONALITY.

Theodore Roosevelt is five feet nine inches in height, and weighs 165 pounds. He excreises daily.

A movement is on foot in Tennessee to have the state purchase the old home of President James K. Polk, in Nashville, as a governor's mansion.

Ali Ferrough Bey, the Turkish minister to this country, is fast adopting American customs. He now wears a straw hat when out of doors and has joined the Chinese minister in the use of the bicycle.

The German emperor has been an occupant of the throne 12 years, his imperial majesty having succeeded on the death of his father, Emperor Frederick, who died at Berlin June 15, 1888.

A portrait of Walter Q. Gresham is to be displayed with honor in the galleries of the emperor of Japan. This tribute is in recognition of Mr. Gresham's services in carrying through successfully the treaty between Japan and this country during the second term of President Cleveland.

Dr. John Charles Ryle, bishop of Liverpool, who died recently, was twice select preacher at Oxford and once at Cambridge. His father was a banker and the late bishop for a short time took a part in the business. Then financial difficulties came in his way, and, leaving commerce, he exchanged his business career for that of a clergyman.

Baron Hayashi, the new Japanese minister to the court of St. James, is regarded as one of the ablest among Japanese junior statesmen. The early part of his official career was passed in the department of public works, but he was subsequently transferred to the foreign office, where he rose to the rank of vice minister, holding that post throughout the war with China and receiving a patent of nobility for distinguished services.

COMMON MISQUOTATIONS.

"Just cause and impediment."—"Cause or just impediment." (Book of Common Prayer.)

"The even tenor of their way."—"The noiseless tenor of their way." (Gray's Elegy.)

"Fresh fields and pastures new."—"Fresh woods and pastures new." (Milton. Lycidas.)

"Make assurance doubly sure."—"Make assurance double sure." (Macbeth. Act IV. Sc. 1.)

"Benedict the married man" should be "Benedick the married man." (Much Ado About Nothing.)

"Falleth as the gentle dew."—"Droppeth as the gentle rain." (Merchant of Venice. Act IV. Sc. 1.)

"The man that hath no music in his soul."—"The man that hath no music in himself." (Ibid. Act V. Sc. 1.)

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins."—"Charity shall cover the multitude of sins." (1 Peter 4:8.)

"The tongue is an unruly member."—"But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil." (James 3:8.)

"Falls like Lucifer Never to rise again."—"Falls like Lucifer Never to hope again." (Henry VIII. Act III. Sc. 2.)

"Thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa."—"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brook in Vallombrosa." (Milton. Paradise Lost, Book I.)

"A man convinced against his will Will hold the same opinion still."—"He that complies against his will Is of his own opinion still." (Butler. Hudibras. Part III.)

GLOSSARY OF CHINESE TERMS.

Hsien—A district.
Hsiang—A village.
Fu—A prefecture.
Fan Kwei—Foreign devil.
Hui—A club or association.
Totai—Governor of a province.
Kwang Sui—The young emperor.
Chun Chi—The general council of state.
Tsung Li Yamen—The foreign office.
Nei Ko—Grand secretariat and imperial chancery.
Chung Tang—A grand secretary of state, of whom there are six.
Chihtai—Governor general, usually superintendnig two provinces.
Bong Wong Wui—Society for the protection of the emperor—the reform society.
Kwang Yu Wai—The young emperor's chief adviser, and the leader of the reform party.
Liung Kai Chu—Second adviser of the emperor and reform leader. Coming to America.
Ye Ho Chuan—Society commonly known as the Boxers—literally, righteousness, harmony and fists.—N. Y. Sun.

IN THE BALDHEADED ROW.

"He has a very lofty brow, I think." "Yes, and if it were to get any loftier it would hit him in the back of the neck."—Philadelphia Press.

"Bald-headed men generally seem so cheerful and happy." "Of course; they can't remember how they looked when they had hair."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Who was the scientist who made the discovery that baldness was a sign of intellect?" "I don't know his name. All I know is that he was bald."—Indianapolis Press.

Jones — "That bald-headed man is using hair restorers. He must be contemplating matrimony." Johnson—"Very likely he's just got a divorce."—N. Y. Journal.

"When woman gets into politics," asked the shoe clerk, "will she have a pull?" "She will," answered the Cheerful Idiot, "if her husband is bald-headed."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE STORY OF DORCAS

Dr. Talmage Draws a Lesson from a Noble Woman's Life.

Self-Sacrificing Work Assured of a Rich Reward Hereafter—Helpful Words for Those Who Alleviate Suffering.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

Washington, July 15.

Dr. Talmage, who is still traveling in northern Europe, has forwarded the following report of a sermon in which he utters helpful words to all who are engaged in alleviating human distresses and shows how such work will be crowned at the last; text, Acts 9:39: "And all the widows stood by him weeping and showing him the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them."

Joppa is a most absorbing city of the orient. Into her harbor once floated the rafts of Lebanon cedar from which the temples of Jerusalem were built. Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through the town. Here Napoleon had 500 prisoners massacred. One of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in this seaport by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name ineffaceably into the beneficence of the world. I see her sitting in yonder home. In the doorway and around about the burning and in the room where she sits are the pale faces of the poor. She listens to their plaint, she pities their woe, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one, she gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she mingles prayers and tears and Christian encouragement. Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the cry is heard: "Dorcas is coming!" The sick look up gratefully into her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow, and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them, and as she goes out the lane eyes half put out with sin think they see a halo of light about her brow and a trail of glory in her pathway. That night a half paid shipwright climbs the hill and reaches home and sees his little boy well clad and says: "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him: "Dorcas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp. Dorcas bought the oil. In another place a family that had not been at table for many weeks are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread.

But there is a sudden pause in that woman's history. They say: "Where is Dorcas? Why, we haven't seen her for many a day. Where is Dorcas?" And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness the news comes: "Dorcas is sick!" No bulletin flashing from the palace gate telling the stages of a king's disease is more anxiously waited for than the news from this benefactress. Alas, for Joppa there is wailing, wailing! That voice which has uttered so many cheerful words is hushed; that hand which has made so many garments for the poor is cold and still; the star which had poured light into the midnight of wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every forsaken place in that town, wherever there is a sick child and no balm, wherever there is hunger and no bread, wherever there is guilt and no commiseration, wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort, there are despairing looks and streaming eyes and frantic gesticulations as they cry; "Dorcas is dead!"

They send for the apostle Peter, who happens to be in the suburbs of the place, stopping with a tanner of the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door and stands in the presence of the dead. What demonstration of grief all about him! Here stand some of the poor people, who show the garments which this poor woman had made for them. Their grief cannot be appeased. The apostle Peter wants to perform a miracle. He will not do it amid the excited crowd, so he orders that the whole room be cleared. The door is shut against the populace. The apostle stands now with the dead. Oh, it is a serious moment, you know, when you are alone with a lifeless body! The apostle gets down on his knees and prays, and then he comes to the lifeless form of this one all ready for the sepulcher, and in the strength of Him who is the resurrection, he cries: "Tabitha, arise!" There is a stir in the fountains of life; the heart flutters; the nerves thrill; the cheek flushes; the eye opens; she sits up!

We see in this subject Dorcas the disciple, Dorcas the benefactress, Dorcas the lamented, Dorcas the resurrected.

If I had not seen that word disciple in my text, I would have known this woman was a Christian. Such music as that never came from a heart which is not chorded and strung by Divine grace. Before I show you the needlework of this woman I want to show you her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and of all Christian charities. I wish that the wives and mothers and daughters and sisters of all the earth would imitate Dorcas in her discipleship. Before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you enter upon the temptations and trials of to-morrow, I charge you, in the name of God and by the turmoil and tumult of the judgment day, O women, that you attend to the first, last and greatest duty of your life—the seeking for God and being at peace with Him.

Further, we see Dorcas the benefactress. History has told the story of the crown; epic poet has sung of the sword; the pastoral poet, with his verses full of the redolence of clover tops and a-rustle with the silk of the corn, has sung the praises of the plow. I tell you the praises of the needle. From the fig leaf robe prepared in the garden of Eden to the last stitch taken on the garment for the poor the needle has wrought wonders of kindness, generosity and benefaction. It adorned the girdle of the high priest, it fashioned the curtains in the ancient tabernacle, it cushioned the chariots of King Solomon, it provided the robes of Queen Elizabeth, and in high places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's back log and under the flash of the chandelier, everywhere, it has clothed nakedness, it has preached the Gospel, it has overcome hosts of penury and want with the war cry of "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" The operatives have found a livelihood by it, and through it the mansions of the employer are constructed.

Amid the greatest triumphs in all ages and lands, I set down the conquests of the needle. I admit its crimes; I admit its cruelties. It has had more martyrs than the fire; it has punctured the eye; it has pierced the side; it has struck weakness into the lungs; it has sent madness into the brain; it has filled the potter's field; it has pitched whole armies of the suffering into crime and wretchedness and woe. But now that I am talking of Dorcas and her ministries to the poor, I shall speak only of the charities of the needle. This woman was a representative of all those who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for the barefooted, who prepare bandages for the lacerated, who fix up boxes of clothing for missionaries, who go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute, bearing that Gospel which is sight for the blind and hearing for the deaf, and which makes the lame man leap like a hare and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses. What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of the city of Joppa were to be relieved; she took her needle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imaginary sorrows, and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold victuals, or like that charity which makes a rousing speech on the benevolent platform and goes out to kick the beggar from the step, crying: "Hush your miserable howling!" Sufferers of the world want not so much theory as practice; not so much tears as dollars; not so much kind wishes as loaves of bread; not so much smiles as shoes; not so much "God bless you!" as jackets and frocks. I will put one earnest Christian man, hard working, against 5,000 mere theorists on the subject of charity. There are a great many who have fine ideas about church architecture who never in their life helped to build a church. There are men who can give you the history of Buddhism and Mohammedanism who never sent a farthing for evangelization. There are women who talk beautifully about the suffering of the world, who never had the courage, like Dorcas, to take the needle and assault it.

I am glad that there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people: Come now and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor box. The princess of Conti sold all her jewels that she might help the famine stricken. Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII. of France, hearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amid the rabble and took a stick and struck the door as a signal that they might all strike it, and down went the prison door, and out came the prisoners. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I, went down amid the poor and washed their sores and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagorda, appeared on the battlefield while the missiles of death were flying around and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the civil war in America who has not heard of the women of the sanitary and Christian commissions or the fact that before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain the women of the north met the women of the south on the battlefield, forgetting all their animosities while they bound up the wounded and closed the eyes of the slain? Dorcas, the benefactress.

I come now to speak of Dorcas, the lamented. When death struck down that good woman, oh, how much sorrow there was in the town of Joppa! I suppose there were women there with larger fortunes, women, perhaps, with handsomer faces, but there was no grief at their departure like this at the death of Dorcas. There was not more turmoil and upturning in the Mediterranean sea, dashing against the wharfs at that seaport, than there were surgings to and fro of grief because Dorcas was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmissed. There may be a very large funeral, there may be a great many carriages and a plumed hearse, there may be high sounding eulogiums, the bell may toll at the cemetery gate, there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting place, but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sham. The church of God has lost nothing. It is only a nuisance abated. It is only a grumbler ceasing to find fault. It is only an idler stopped yawning. It is only a dissipated fashionable parted from his wine cellar, while on the other hand no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed.

The church of God cries out like the prophet: "Howl, fir tree, for the cedar has fallen!" Widowhood comes and shows the garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes and kisses the cold brow of her who charmed it away from sin, and all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning—mourning because Dorcas is dead. When Josephine of France was carried out to her grave, there were a great many men and women of pomp and pride and position that went out after her, but I am most affected by the story of history that on that day there were 10,000 of the poor of France who followed her coffin, weeping and wailing until the air rang again, because when they lost Josephine they lost their last earthly friend. Oh, who would not rather have such obsequies than all the tears that were ever poured in the lachrymals that have been exhumed from ancient cities? There may be no mass for the dead; there may be no costly sarcophagus; there may be no elaborate mausoleum, but in the damp cellars of the city and through the lonely huts of the mountain glen there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, because Dorcas is dead: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

I speak to you of Dorcas the resurrected. The apostle came to where she was and said: "Arise, and she sat up!" In what a short compass the great writer put that "She sat up." Oh, what a time there must have been around that town when the apostle brought her out among her old friends! How the tears of joy must have started! What a clapping of hands there must have been! What singing! What laughter! Sound it all through that lane! Shout it down that dark alley! Let all Joppa hear it! Dorcas is resurrected!

You and I have seen the same thing many a time; not a dead body resuscitated, but the deceased coming up again after death in the good accomplished. If a man labors up to 50 years of age, serving God, and then dies, we are apt to think that his earthly work is done. No. His influence on earth will continue till the world ceases. Services rendered for Christ never stop. A Christian woman toils for the upbuilding of a church through many anxieties, through many self-denials, with prayers and tears, and then she dies. It is 15 years since she went away. Now the spirit of God descends upon that church, hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of Christ. Has that Christian woman, who went away 15 years ago, nothing to do with these things? I see the flowering out of her noble heart. I hear the echo of her footsteps in all the songs over sins forgiven, in all the prosperity of the church. The good that seemed to be buried has come up again. Dorcas is resurrected!

After awhile these womanly friends of Christ will put down their needle forever. After making garments for others, some one will make a garment for them; the last robe we ever wear—the robe for the grave. You will have heard the last cry of pain. You will have witnessed the last sorphanage. You will have come in worn out from your last round of mercy. I do not know where you will sleep, nor what your epitaph will be, but there will be a lamp burning at that tomb, and an angel of God guarding it, and through all the long night no rude foot will disturb the dust. Sleep on, sleep on. Soft bed, pleasant shadows, undisturbed repose! Sleep on!

Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep!

Then one day there will be a sky rending and a whirr of wheels and the flash of a pageant, armies marching, chains clanking, banners waving, thunders booming, and that Christian woman will rise from the dust, and she will be suddenly surrounded—surrounded by the wanderers of the street whom she reclaimed, surrounded by the wounded souls to whom she had administered. Daughter of God, so strangely surrounded, what means this? It means that reward has come, that the victory is won, that the crown is ready, that the banquet is spread. Shout it through all the crumbling earth. Sing it through all the flying Heavens. Dorcas is resurrected.

In 1855, when some of the soldiers came back from the Crimean war to London, the queen of England distributed among them beautiful medals called Crimean medals. Galleries were erected for the two houses of parliament and the royal family to sit in. There was a great audience to witness the distribution of the medals. A colonel who had lost both feet in the battle of Inkermann was pulled in on a wheel chair; others came in limping on their crutches. Then the queen of England arose before them in the name of her government and uttered words of commendation to the officers and men and distributed those medals, inscribed with the four great battlefields—Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann and Sevastopol. As the queen gave these to the wounded officers the bands of music struck up the national air, and the people, with streaming eyes, joined in the song—

God save our gracious queen!
Long live our noble queen!
God save the queen!

And then they shouted: "Huzza, huzza!" Oh, it was a proud day for those returned warriors! But a brighter, better and gladder day will come when Christ shall gather those who have toiled in His service, good soldiers of Jesus Christ. He shall rise before them, and in the presence of all the glorified of Heaven he will say: "Well done, good and faithful servant," and then He will distribute the medals of eternal victory, not inscribed with works of righteousness which we have done, but with those four great battlefields dear to earth and dear to Heaven—Bethlehem, Nazareth, Gethsemane, Calvary!

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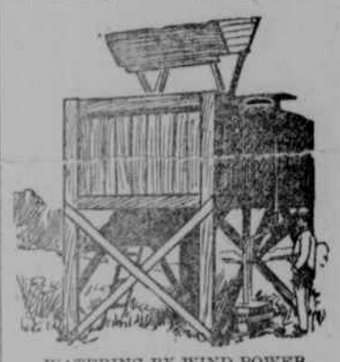
HOMEMADE WINDMILLS.

Some of Them Are Fearfully and Wonderfully Made, But All Are Quite Effective.

Extending in an almost unbroken succession from Omaha to Denver and from South Dakota through Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma, with Kansas plainly the center of the movement, homemade windmills of various designs are in daily use. Whether of patterns variously known as jumbos, merry-go-round, battle-ax, Holland or turbine mills, they are all successful. And it is a strange fact that wherever the homemade mills are found, shop-made, solid and substantial mills are also numerous and satisfactory.

The jumbo or go-devil mill is much like an old-fashioned overshot water wheel, being an overshot windmill. Simple in design, almost any material may be used in its construction, such as old lumber, lath, shingles, split rails, old packing boxes, barrels staves, coffee sacks and even tin from tin roofs. Jumbo mills can be used to pump water for the house, for stock or for irrigation of small patches of orchard or garden. Jumbos have been made large enough to irrigate ten acres of orchard. If the best use is made of the jumbo the results are not to be despised. They must be set to catch the prevailing winds, which in western Kansas are north and south.



WATERING BY WIND POWER.

Where there are but four fans, it often happens the wings are in such a position, as they revolve, that but a single fan is struck by the wind at a time, whereas in the case of six or eight fans, two, three or four may catch the wind at a time, thus giving the mill just that much additional strength.

The cut shows the six-fan jumbo mill on the farm of W. W. Goodrich, of Bethany, Neb., used for watering a six-acre egg plant patch. The fans are each 9 feet long, with arms 5½ feet. The jumbo box is 9x11x6 feet high, with doors below for escape of dead air. With a Damascus steel axis, such a mill cost about eight dollars; with a gas pipe axis, one can be built for three dollars.—Farm and Home.

PROGRESS IN KANSAS.

Farmers of the Sunflower State Are Beginning to Be Interested in Highway Improvement.

The agitation for good roads has reached Kansas. While it is true that much attention has been given the subject, and under the present road laws wherever there is a good road overseer who enforces the law we have fair roads, there is a lack of systematic drainage and thorough work. At a recent convention in this county the trustees, clerks and treasurers of townships, county commissioners and a committee from the League of American Wheelmen met and discussed the subject of good roads at length. The suggestion was made of a state convention to secure uniform action all over the state. At such a convention it was stated that the manufacturers of improved roadmaking machinery would be present to show what could be done.

We believe Kansas is ready to take this subject up. A state convention would result in bringing together an enthusiastic body of men who would cooperate in securing legislation and adopting the most intelligent methods for better roads. The value of this movement cannot be overestimated to the farmers of Kansas.—Topeka Capital.

Bluegrass Seeding for Lawns.

The plat intended for the lawn should be very finely pulverized for the reception of the seed, which should be sown early in the spring either broadcast or with seeder, at the rate of about three bushels per acre. The old-fashioned Kentucky bluegrass is the best for the purpose mentioned; it makes a good, firm sod and is particularly well suited for turfing the slopes of embankments and terraces, where the soil is good. Of course this grass is not so well adapted for hay as for pasture. No grass will do well where the shade is too heavy, but Kentucky bluegrass will do as well as any we know of, and, kept cut pretty short, it will thrive in light shade.—Farmers' Voice.

Essence of Good Farming.

The essence of good farming is to first grow what is required by family and live stock with a proper regard to keeping up the fertility of the soil. Look for cash to the crops which experience has taught you do well on your soil, which you understand how to grow and which bring a fair price year after year in the markets to which you cater. Any plan which means the paying out of a dollar for food for family or stock which might be grown on the farm is a weak spot in the foundation of your farming, and it must be made firm if you would be successful.—Midland Farmer.